

A stone lintel above the cellar door of this olde worlde country pub had been deeply engraved by the previous landlord, a well-known gentleman, with these words.

Clearly the strange message had some significance for him. It couldn't have been more than a couple of weeks after chiselling the words that he died mysteriously and he was now reputed to haunt the cellar. Indeed it was a favourite past-time of the older locals to frighten sensitive townspeople who visited their pub by telling them the story of the cellarman and his encounter with the ghost

John Macadam was his name. He had come rushing through the cellar door and up to the crowded bar, yelling and shouting. His face was chalk-white and his eyes appeared wide and wild as he threw himself into a seat in the corner, shaking violently. He took off his glasses and whispered "It was him" pointing to a large portrait of the previous owner which hung on the wall, urging people to believe him. "He was just standing in a corner and when I saw him I tried to run but he commanded 'Stand fast, man!' and I became rooted to the spot".

"Don't be daft" said 'Kojak', calling from the other end of the bar. "You remember when I was metal detecting in the copse just north of here and I found a hoard of Roman coins? Well, I was studying them closely and I was startled by a noise nearby. I looked up quickly and was *sure* I saw a legionnaire beside a rampart, but it was only the power of suggestion".

Three pretty women trapped in an alcove by the window giggled hysterically. "That one's a candidate for hauling off to the nuthouse, I say" whispered one to the others, in kinks of uncontrollable laughter. In their merriment one of them, wearing a long line of bangles from her wrist up to her elbow, knocked the table and a glass of diamond white fell heavily to the floor and it smashed loudly, making everyone jump.

Ted, wearing a tweed cap stood, mouth open, at the bar, his hands held in mid-air just two feet apart as if miming the story apropos the one that got away.

"Did he say anything else?" asked Rhonda the barmaid. All eyes turned on John again as he started to recount in a monotonous tone, eyes never leaving the painting on the wall -

"Leave immediately for the coast and greet many others who have also travelled to the same place. From there cross the sea to the fair Island of *Aran* and seek its northernmost point. Now go on safari through the whole island, travel wisely and you may find something which is to your advantage. Go past the hanging albatross and use the old key to unlock Nelson's sweetheart. Stay awhile to enjoy the splendid view but be wary of being trapped within a circle

of people. Watch out for a cross upon the water before coming to a halt. Once you get the go-ahead negotiate the pools at the foot of the streaming water where you will definitely get wet, and soon you will be at the base of a glacier. Cast your eyes some distance to the north and look for the hill without the cairn hi

“STOP RIGHT THERE!” shouted someone from the audience. “You just made that whole story up, didn’t you?”

Before John could respond, Rhonda helped him “Don’t listen to him, John. Did he say anymore?”

“Look behind me” John whispered.

“That’s all?” said Rhonda, disappointed. “Whatever did he mean?”

John continued to stare at the painting and this gave her an idea. She went over to the picture hanging over the green mantelpiece, between a large photograph of a Bahama sunset and an old map of Singapore, and asked for a chair to stand on.

“Right” said Fred, bringing over the piano stool. Rhonda stood on top but found that the portrait was securely attached to the wall. Someone brought her a screwdriver and a few minutes later she carefully lifted down the large dusty frame revealing a clean rectangle of deep purple wallpaper.

She turned the portrait round and exclaimed “There’s something on here! A sketch of a tree in black crayon with a small stone pillar at it’s base, and in red crayon a list of some sort.” Everyone gathered round as she simply read “Albatross eight, eleven, fourteen; Sweetheart one; Station two, three, four; Noddy seven, eight; Glacier seven, twelve”.

“Should we look at a chart?” asked Cliff.

“Don’t waste your money” said Richard, adamantly. “I bet you won’t find anything there. After all, its hardly Treasure Island is it!”

“This appears to have all the ingredients for a real mystery, but you’d need to be a pure genius to work it out” said Alec, trying to maintain a calm exterior and taking a long drink from his frothy pint. However he was more nervous than he thought and it went down the wrong way, causing him to cough and splutter.

“Find it hard to swallow?” laughed Cliff.

Everyone in the pub returned to what they were doing before John had come running up from the cellar and Rhonda returned the painting to its place. The whole episode may have ended there, but it wasn’t over yet.

Ernie, ‘Daft Ernie’, as he was affectionately known by the locals was delivering milk to the back door of *The Red Herring* early the next morning. He was a man of habit and would *always* return to the dairy by 7.30am. When he hadn’t appeared by 8.15am his close friend Ian set out to look for him.

He found him in a state of shock sitting on the doorstep at the back of the pub. He was babbling almost incoherently but Ian could understand some of what he said. Apparently he was just bending down to take a note from the neck of one of the empty bottles when a ghostly hand came right through the solid oak door and clutched his sleeve. He had obviously collapsed with fright at this stage.

Poor Ernie never recovered. When they managed to prise his tightly clenched fists open in hospital they found a slip of paper. On it was exactly the same drawing of the tree which had

been behind the portrait, except that in this sketch there was a small cross on the trunk. It is said that if someone can solve the mystery of *The Red Herring* they will find the exact location of this tree and a treasure will be theirs to keep. No-one, *so far*, has been cunning enough to do this.

To this day they say that if you are alone in the pub of a windy winter's night then, just before dawn, you may hear the sound of clinking chains from the cellar*or is it Ernie's gold tops a rattlin' in their crates?*



Please read this information carefully:

Solve the puzzle correctly and you will have directions to a location where you will find an engraved metal token at the base of a tree. It is **not** buried or hidden underneath anything. So do **not** dig or move anything. On this token are eight numbers. Replace these numbers with the corresponding letters from your solution and you will now have the location of a little hidden fish somewhere on the Landranger map covering the area where the token was found. You must send this fish with completed Claim Form **immediately** to the address on the Claim Form. If the prize remains unclaimed at 31st March 2003 postal claims will be accepted *after* that date. The full solution must be sent on the Claim Form below. Please include a £1 coin (for the charity) and SSAE for reply. If you are incorrect you will be sent a new Claim Form. Good luck! *(As the token and fish are only hidden there is the possibility that they could be found by chance. If you cannot find either, take some photographs of yourself at the location(s) and nearest village sign(s) and send immediately with completed Claim Form. You may still win the prize if the fish has not been returned first).* Neither the token nor the fish will be found on private, commercial or domestic property. They will not be found within the grounds of church property, in a wildlife sanctuary, on National Trust property, on golf courses, at any dangerous location or where nuisance would be caused. The fish is not hidden at the same location as the token.

If the prize has not been claimed by 31st December 2004 then an extra clue may be released. If you enjoyed this hunt then why not join The Armchair Treasure Hunt Club, a club which sets its own hunts for real buried treasure! For more information send an SSAE to:
TATHC, Chine House, Station Chine, Herne Bay, Kent CT6 5SS

CLAIM FORM

(This numbered form has been registered to you alone and must accompany any claim by you).

Name _____

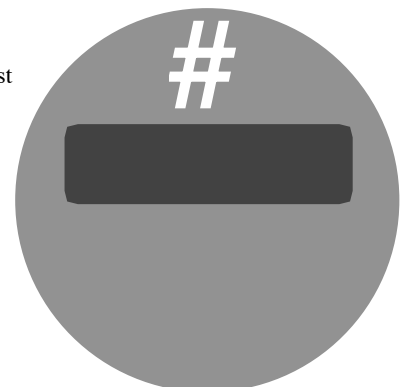
Address _____

_____ Post Code _____

Tel. No. _____

Solution _____

O.S. Grid Refs. Token _____ **Fish** _____



Thanks to Robin Antrobus for the pub sign and cellar door artwork.