

A CALL FROM CRANE, A CALL TO DANGER!

...Here I am, Pitfall Harry, plummeting toward the dark thunder of rushing water below...and thinking of the night David Crane called.

"I hope you're well-rested," he had said.

Too rested, I said. I was ready for action.

He asked if I'd heard tales of the legendary lost caverns of Machu Picchu in Peru. Or of a roaring, uncharted underground tributary of the Urubamba River replete with waterfalls and deadly electric eels.

"Yes," I said.

He asked if I knew of the infamous, cursed Raj Diamond. Or of the recent robbery of gold bars from the U.S. Gold Bullion Depository in Fort Knox. And had I heard of vampire bats? Poisonous frogs? Albino scorpions? The dreaded Andean condor?

"Yes," I said.

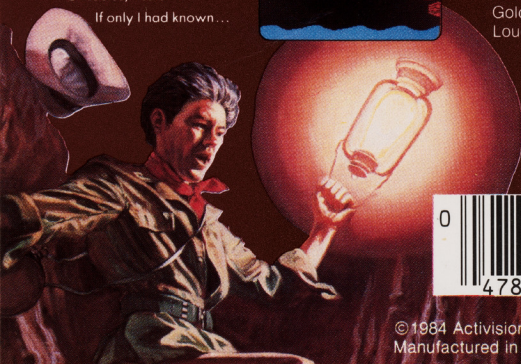
And could I still run? Climb? Jump?
Could I...swim?

"Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes."

"Good," said Crane. "Then you'll do it?"

"Of course," I said.

If only I had known...



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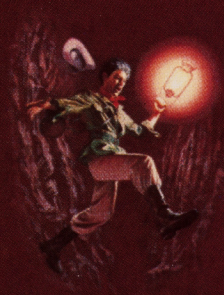
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LOST CAVERNS PITFALL II

CRANE

COMMODORE
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DAVID CRANE'S

PITFALL II

LOST CAVENS

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