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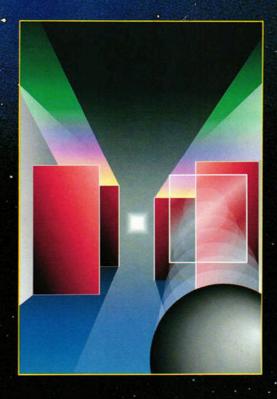
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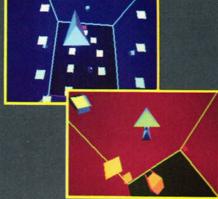
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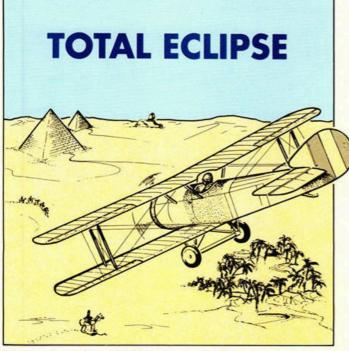
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Introduction: Welcome to Egypt

Background

It is written that, in the heart of ancient Egypt hundreds of years ago, the High Priest of the day had become annoyed. His people were revolting and refused to continue the sacrifices to Re the God of the Sun. His anger had erupted so he set an ominous curse as punishment to the people.

A great Pyramid was erected and at the topmost chamber a shrine was built for Ra the Sun-God. The curse was set. Should anything block the Sun's rays during daylight hours it would be destroyed.

It is now 26th October, 1930 and in just two hours the Moon will totally eclipse the Sun, triggering the curse of Ra, causing the offending Moon the explode showering the Earth with colossal meteorites thus upsetting the ecological balance, and plunging civilisation into a dark age of starvation and conflict.

Your Mission

It is 8 o'clock, you have just landed your bi-plane next to the great Pyramid. Your mission is to reach and destroy the shrine of the Sun-God Re, which is located at the apex of the Pyramid.

Collect as much as possible - you're gonna be rich! First day's target £125,000.

Your Equipment

A revolver plus an ample supply of bullets Your wrist watch - the eclipse is due just before 10 o'clock

A water bottle keep this topped up – it is very hot! It's not healthy to

be without water for long periods

Your trusty compass - an essential item for successful orientation

The Screen Display

Top left - Ankhs collected

Top middle Value of treasure collected

Top right Current state of Eclipse

Main window FREESCAPE™3D generated view of your present

surroundings Message display -

(Under main window.) This normally indicates your current location plus the height of this chamber above

sea level shown in cubits eg. 24c=24 cubits. The entrance to the shrine is at a height of 72 cubits.

Bottom left - Wrist watch, water bottle, heart beat, compass.

Prologue

The High Priest swept into the outer chambers of the Pharaoh's palace with a distinct air of annoyance. The guards to the inner chamber had already been informed of the impending visit and, remembering the last time that they had tried to stop him, stood aside. He brushed past, barely bothering to acknowledge their existence.

As he entered the inner chamber, the Pharaoh finished reading the

scroll he had in his hands and looked up.

'Most disappointing, most disappointing . . .' the Pharaoh muttered quietly to himself. 'Your forecasts do nothing to inspire confidence. Perhaps a change of court astrologer might be in order? Anyway, enough of that. What was it you wanted to see me about?

'Your Brightness,' began the High Priest. The Pharaoh cringed at the use of his title. Any attempt at flattery on the astrologer's part was usually a precursor to bad news. 'I have completed the study of all your lands and dominions, as you instructed. My conclusions are disturbing. I have also consulted the heavens and the results I have obtained only go to prove my

suspicions. The Empire is falling,'
'Falling?' The Pharaoh had a look of astonishment. 'How can it be?

Look around. Am I not the wealthiest Pharaoh of all time?

The High Priest took in his surroundings, not failing to notice the vast collection of golden ornaments and priceless treasures that the Pharaoh had gathered about him. His next sentence was chosen with great

What you say is true, Mighty One, but it seems that your leadership is the last thing holding our great and enlightened civilization together. It is predicted that, in the very year of your death, our civilization will perish, to be overrun by the hordes of barbarians who mock our learning and sophistication. It will be the world's darkest hour.

However, there is a ray of hope. After many lifetimes have passed, and even your memory has faded into obscurity, a new and great civilization will arise from the West, perhaps to become as powerful as our own. Although I cannot foresee the date of your death, I can see how long this uprising will take.

'Will they worship my Divine Father, Ra, God of the Sun?' asked the Pharaoh. He did not think to question the priest's predictions. The priesthood was respected by all men of learning and even the Pharaoh took note of their

'Unfortunately, that information is hidden from me.'

The Pharaoh sat a while in silence, contemplating what he had just been told. The High Priest took great pains to conceal his growing

impatience. At length, the Pharaoh spoke.

'If they are not Brothers of the Sun, like ourselves, then they are not fit to inherit our world, our empires. We must set them a test. To succeed in this they must act and think like Brothers of the Sun. If they do this then they are worthy inheritors of all the riches I have collected. However,' the Pharaoh leant closer to the High Priest and spoke in an altogether more threatening voice, 'if they fail, they must be punished in order to make way for the true Brothers of the Sun who will surely return.

An excellent idea, Your Eminence. In fact, I already have an inkling of

just how it may be done. Permit me to tell you about it . .

The High Priest died before work on the Great Sun Pyramid was completed, but the ageing Pharaoh leant on his gnarled walking stick and admired his creation from the hill.

In the valley, thousands of slaves laboured to place the final capstone on the pyramid, scurrying up and down the scaffolding that completely covered one face of the monolithic structure. All were unaware of being watched by their Pharaoh who, looking down from the hillside, regarded them with the same fascination that one might watch a swarm of ants building a nest.

It was early evening by the time the capstone reached the summit of the pyramid; the largest single stone in the entire structure. The Pharaoh, looking out across the rapidly darkening valley, made a mental note of the cost of this project. One tenth of the entire Royal reserves had gone towards it along with the lives of seven men, not to mention countless

A thunderclap echoed across the valley. Everywhere, people stopped and turned. The capstone had dropped neatly into its carved bed at the apex of the pyramid. The work was done.

The Pharaoh smiled contentedly, knowing that his shrine was complete. He got up, rubbing his chest whilst thinking to himself that the banquet he had enjoyed earlier in the day could have been a little less rich.

Two paces forward, he stumbled and fell. The blood clot that had passed unnoticed through his heart had reached his brain. The tranquil red sunset started to darken as the sun disappeared behind the western ranges.
The first Dark Age had begun . . .

The dank old library looked as though it hadn't seen a duster for a month or two. Anyone with hay fever or of a houseproud nature would not have lasted five minutes in there. Albert 'Tiny' Dorliss, however, was made of sterner stuff. Looking at him, though, you probably would not have believed it. His nickname, far from being sarcastic, was apt almost to the point of being embarrassing. His horn-rimmed spectacles only added to

his academic looks. This impression was very difficult to shake, unless you happened to wander down to the local gym when, on a Wednesday night, 'Tiny Dorliss would be seen knocking seven bells out of someone twice his size in

a boxing ring.





Somehow, the image of one of England's leading theoretical Egyptologists also being one of its finest amateur flyweights seems somehow slightly incongruous.

'Morning, Tiny. Found anything interesting lately?' I enquired.

'Hello.' He pushed his glasses up his nose with one finger and studied me. 'Where on earth have you been? I've been trying to contact you for weeks.'

'Well, you know how it is,' I shrugged. 'One minute I'm sitting at home, the next, I'm being asked by the British Museum to go to South America and, I might add, get paid for the privilege.'

'You're incorrigible. Will you never learn? Money this, money that, all the time. You never apply yourself to your full potential. Anyway, yes I have found something interesting. That's the reason behind me trying to contact you for the past week.'

'If this is going to be another of your damn fool trips to strange temples with supernatural powers and all that sort of thing, then you can count me out right now.'

'I don't believe in supernatural mumbo-jumbo about ancient curses. It

only applies to superstitious primitives who . . .

'All right, I get your point. But if you had been there the last time, I am willing to bet that even your unflappable certainty would have taken a nasty knock.' I shook my finger at him to emphasize my last point, but it did no good.

'I've translated a previously unknown fragment of papyrus from the last years of the Pharaoh period of Egyptian history, discovered in the palace of the last Pharaoh before the empire was overrun. It was written in a dialectic variation of the private language used by the court astrologers . . . '

My attention began to wander. I could never keep up with Tiny once he started on language variations. I wouldn't know a dialect from a pidgin if it

bit me on the nose. My mind started to drift.

"... and what it actually said was quite interesting. Apparently, the court astrologers had predicted the overthrow of their civilization and the rise of ours. They made some quite accurate guesses about us, you know." Guesses! There really is no convincing some people. 'They say that if we are not true worshippers of Ra, the Sun God, then they have set a trap for us which will wipe us all out. Something to do with the moon and the sun

. . . I couldn't make out the rest of that part as there was a tear in the papyrus. It seems that the trap is a graded test, and that it swings both

ways. If you succeed in . .

'Hold it one moment! What is this "you" nonsense? Do you expect me to go back to Egypt at the drop of a hat after what happened the last time I was there? Surely you're not serious?'

'Think of the money if you succeed,' he replied.

I thought of the money. I also thought of the curse. I returned my thoughts to the money.

'Okay, I'll go. What do I have to do?'

'There is a temple built into the top of a large pyramid. Although the river that it stood beside has now dried up, I have managed to find out where it was built.'

'So how do we stop the curse?'

'It's fairly simple really,' he said. Liar, I thought. Nothing about this affair so far sounded simple. 'You just have to get to the temple, which is at the apex of the pyramid and destroy the trigger mechanism. It's a statue of some sort. It shouldn't be too difficult to spot. The records say that the room was built with the sole purpose of housing the statue.'

I extracted myself from the buttoned leather armchair that had obviously seen better days and made to leave. 'Where are you going?'

Tiny asked. 'You only just got here.'

'To pack. There's a total eclipse in Egypt in four days and it'll take at least three to get there so I'm going immediately. If what you say is true, we don't have much time before the curse takes effect. By the way, just what is the name of this place that I'm supposed to go to?'

Tiny told me the name of the nearest village. I paused at the door. 'And don't think that I'm only doing this for the money!'

He looked over the top of his glasses and raised a solitary



eyebrow. 'The idea hadn't even entered my mind. Good luck.'

I grabbed my hat and coat from the doorman and

ran out into the street, my mind overflowing with information and plans for the journey ahead. I hailed a taxi.

'Where to, Guv?'

'St John's Road, please, and as quickly as possible.'

* * *

Shadows contrasted sharply with the almost white glare thrown up by the sand. Clothes once crisply starched had long since wilted into a crumpled mass of cotton glued to my aching body. By the sight of it, my saddle had obviously seen better days and, judging by the bumps and jolts that jarred my spine, I had been correct in my initial misgivings.

Camels have never been my favourite mode of transport and nothing

had happened in the past couple of hours that had brought about a change of mind. Still, I thought to myself, anything's better than walking. Then again, almost anything's better than riding a camel. I muttered oaths under my breath and forced a smile on the odd occasion that my camel driver bothered to look at his passenger. I began to regret ever having accepted this task. I tried to shut out my present surroundings by concentrating on the endless wealth with which I would be endowed if I were to succeed. The trouble was, the more I thought about it, the larger the 'if' seemed to become.

After what seemed an interminable ride, we finally arrived at Ankh-Arah village. A fairly typical Egyptian village, it consisted in the main of dry, dirt streets, square, whitewashed houses and a stone well in the main square.

I jumped clumsily from my mount and paid the camel driver his fare. Twenty one shillings for a 19 mile camel ride. Captive markets such as helpless English Archaeologists obviously lend themselves to exploitation by the locals. I saved some face by getting off the camel without landing on my face, and that in itself probably lowered the price by sixpence or so.

The driver unstrapped my two cases and watched as they fell to the ground. Without any further ado, he wheeled about, spurred his camel and was gone, leaving me looking rather forlorn in a slowly settling cloud of dust. I retrieved my cases and went off in search of some accommodation.

It took me about 20 minutes to find the only inn in the village: a small sandstone building like all the others, with two bedrooms, a hole in the floor for a latrine and enough insect life to supply a museum. One of these was the owner, who charged in a similar vein to the camel driver, and only grudgingly showed me my room.

grudgingly showed me my room.

Although the straw-stuffed bed was lumpy and scratchy, I fell asleep almost immediately, the bed seeming like pure luxury compared to a camel's backside. I intended to make an early start the next morning in order to start my exploration of the pyramid which lay in the dried up river valley a few miles to the south of the village. That should at least give me a

couple of hours before the eclipse.

The innkeeper's cockerel woke me far too early in the morning for my liking. Silently cursing the multi-legged population of my bed, I dressed and packed my equipment for the day. In a sudden fit of reflection, I noted just how calmly I seemed to be taking this matter. After all, the End of the World is not your usual run-of-the-mill problem. Panicking would have helped little in a situation such as this, so I resisted the urge to do so.

The sun was just creeping sleepily over the horizon as I left my room and turned south along the little-used track that ran towards the only airfield within 20 miles. The mechanic, who seemed to be the sole inhabitant of the entire place, showed me to the only



jacket. As I climbed into the cockpit, I reflected that in Egypt you tended to find yourself travelling by Camel most of the time. The mechanic heaved on the propeller a couple of times before the engine slowly coughed itself to life, and he only just managed to jump clear of the blades as I rolled forward. I had never been what you would call an experienced aviator and that, coupled with the early hour, meant that things such as lack of wheel chocks were a minor inconvenience.

Still, he seemed unharmed and he gave me a friendly wave as I

passed overhead. At least, I think it was friendly . . .

It was still early in the morning as I reached the pyramid. I was awed by the size of the task ahead of me; the pyramid was one of the largest that I had ever come across. All the other digs that I had been on previously were much smaller than this, and they had taken months of painstaking effort. I circled once or twice to find the best landing spot and, having decided that a strip of smooth-looking sand down one side of the pyramid looked suitable for putting the Camel down, I prepared to land.

The ground slowly came up to meet me and I throttled back completely and concentrated on keeping the aircraft level at about one or two feet off the ground. Gently trimming the aircraft to keep a slight nose up attitude as the speed scrubbed off, the Camel simply lost flying speed and lowered itself onto the sand. A quick flick of the rudder to compensate for a patch of rough sand that was attempting to upset the aircraft and I was down safely. I trundled to a halt and, on switching off the engine, I really began to feel the effect of three days continuous travelling. Slumped in my seat, it took all my energy to unbuckle the straps and extract myself from the cockpit. Pulling out my limited equipment that was wedged down deep within the cockpit, I jumped off the wing and felt the heat of the sand work its way through my boots.

I kept thinking that the task ahead was just too large to complete within the time available. However, no matter how corny it may sound, the fate of civilization really did rest fairly and squarely on my shoulders. I skirted around the base of the pyramid, searching for the door to the ante-

chamber. The first test had begun . . .



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They stopped their camels on top of the rise where, over 3,000 years ago, the last of the Pharaohs had spent his final hour. Behind them, a tiny silver of crescent moon moved immeasurably closer towards the golden disc of the sun.

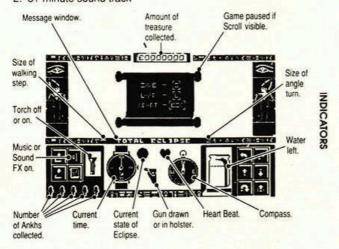
The taller one spoke: 'Look.'

Together they watched with curiosity as a small figure worked its way, ant-like, around the base of the pyramid below them, stopping now and then to look more closely at the worn carvings. It disappeared out of sight around the corner. After a while, the two men tired of watching the blank face of the pyramid and, turning their camels, made their way back along the dusty track

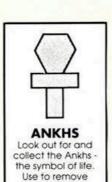
The moon took its first, tentative bite from the edge of the sun.

Features

- Icon Control (using Mouse) extra control option.
- 2. 8+ minute sound track



- 3. End Sequence additional firework display or press 1,9, and fire simultaneously.
- Animated loading screen
- **Animated Mummies**
- Better High Resolution Console with animations
- Areas now dark use torch to view remember to switch it off! Pharaohs E Nephthys D Ramases A Pharaohs G Khepresh B

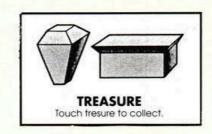


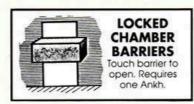
some barriers on

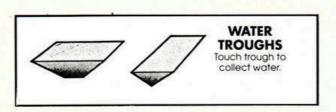
locked chambers

Touch Ankh to

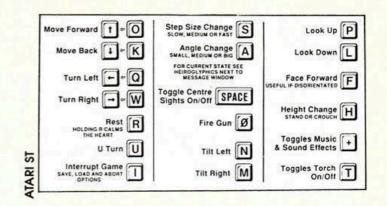
collect it.







To Start Game: Load disk one, click on free game.



Hints and Tips

- Examine the plane closely.
- To move quicker hold joystick forward and press forward key at the 2 same time.
- 3. Save position before trying anything dangerous, then if killed you can restore your position quickly.
- In 'Illusion' use sector names for successful mapping.
- Use 'F' key (face forward) to save time when disoriented.
- Do not use all your 'Ankhs', you may need some later. When each treasure is completely collected, your heart rate is returned to normal.
- Remember each Pyramid has four sides! 8
- To map: use chambers with heights of 24&36 together and 48&60 9 together.
- Match up symbols to open nearby Monolithic slabs.

There are many unsolved mysteries and undiscovered chambers. Watch out for poison darts, many previous explorers have perished by these!



More Hints

- 1. **HEART.** Keep your heartbeat slow. If this gets dangerously fast you may have a heart attack, so it is best to REST (See Controls).
- WATCH YOUR FEET. Look before you walk ensure there is steady ground in front of you by looking down, especially when entering a new area.
- 3. ENTRY. Entry to the shrine is via the Shabaka Chamber at a height of 72 cubits (72C)
- 4. DISORIENTATED? Use the face forward control key for quick re-
- 5. LEAVE NO STONE UNTURNED! Explore everywhere, look around, under and behind everything. Making a map of your travels could be
- 6. SHOOT. If all else fails try shooting it.

THE ONLY WAY IS UP! GOOD LUCK.

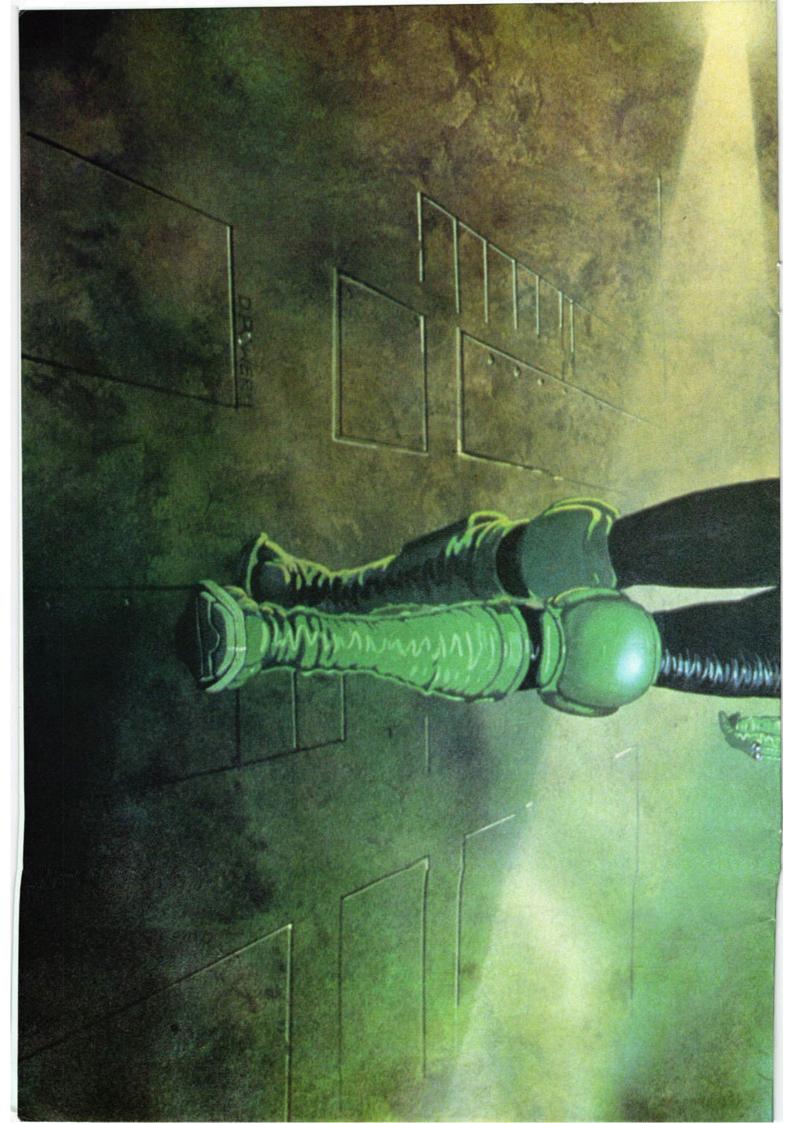
Programmed and designed by Major Developments, Paul Gregory, Chris Andrew, Sean Ellis and Ian Andrew.

Music by Wally Beben Original Story by Sean Ellis 1988. Re-written for manual by Martin Moth.

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MICROSTATUS

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Picture File

CES Show Piccy's - Earls Court 1990



Esther and Bruno open the show with a little help from those Turtles (who?) and Robocop who we think might be battling it out for the Christmas No. 1 spot. (Our money's on Ocean with Robocop 2).



Aaagh! Who let this lot in! and to think they'd waited 21/2 hours for this.



US Gold - who parked my car there?



Before: Stampede getting ready for the onslaught before the start of the show - the calm before the storm!



During - "Next!"



After - Phew! See you next year??

REVIEWED



XIPHOS - ELECTRONIC ZOO



LOTUS ESPRIT TURBO CHALLENGE - GREMLIN







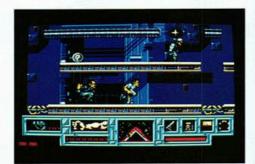
BADLANDS - DOMARK'S LATEST TENGEN COIN-OP



ROGUE TROOPER - KRISALIS

Picture File

RELEASES



TOTAL RECALL (OCEAN)
Be Arnie-Babe in Ocean's film
tie-in



EPIC (OCEAN) New, original – it's an Epic



NARC (OCEAN) Drug Wars



ROBOCOP II (OCEAN)
The tin man returns and this time he's meaner



Special Criminal Investigation (or Chase HQII) (Ocean)



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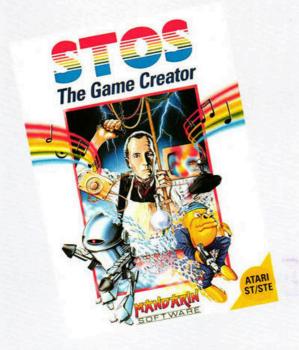
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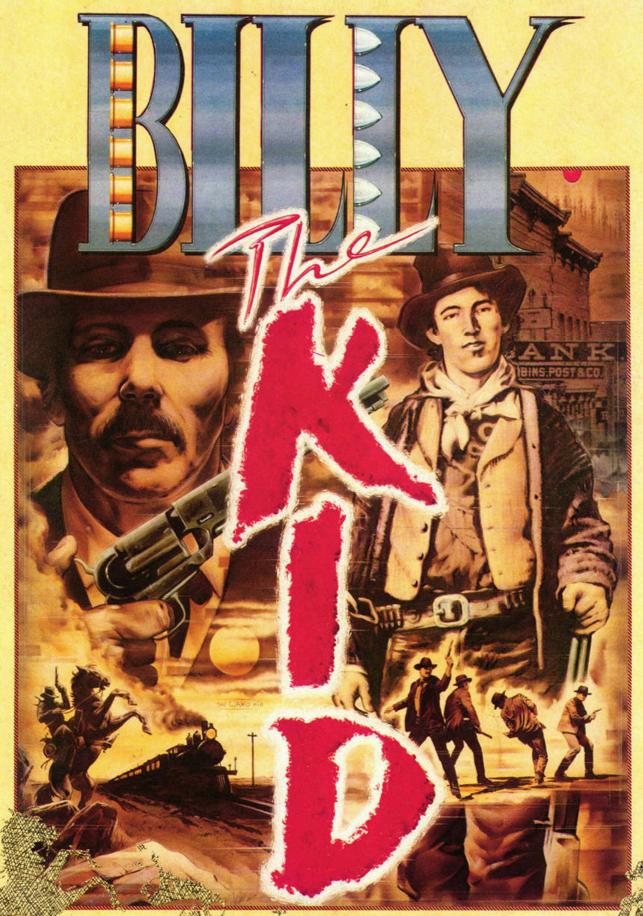
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