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THE MAGAZINE WITH ATTITUDE

THE X-FILES

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HARRY'S BALLOONS

A1200
ONLY

Harry is a hedgehog. Join him and his
coloured balloons in his sporting challenge.

BREED 96

Fight for the sake of the
mutant race and build
them all manner of things.

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WIPEOUT

Shoot things in this rather
good parallax-scrolling, er,
shoot-'em-up.

NOT
A500

AMIGA
POWER

MANIC MANOEUVRE

The Bangles once sang
about a manic monday.
But never a manoeuvre.

BALLUNACY

Use angled surfaces to
guide a ball around a
maze. Yes, it's that easy.

Are You Psychic? Find out on page 26.

REVIEWS, TOO.

Legends, Tracksuit Manager 2, and Final Gate.
And we start our complete guide to Zeewolf 2.
As well.

Future
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of value



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ISSUE 61 £4.50 MAY 1996

ISSUE 61

**OUR AWARD-WINNING PENTIUM P100
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PC

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with the
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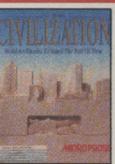
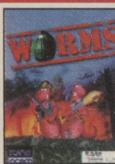
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- = New or re-released
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- NOP = Will not work on A500+, A600 or A1200
- NO12 = Will not work on the A1200

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Amiga A500 continued

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ROAD RUSH		

THIS IS... AMIGA POWER

AMIGA POWER

ISSUE 61 MAY 1996

AMIGA POWER IS WRITTEN AND DESIGNED BY THE MAG-O-MATIC COMPUTER SYSTEM. THE FOLLOWING NICE PEOPLE JUST HANG ABOUT THE PLACE WAITING TO GET PAID.

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groovy.cat@digipix.com

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Sue Huntley

ROUND THE CORNER
Martin Axford

ON THE LANDING
C-Monster, Jonathan Davies, Dave Green, Andy Smith, Dave Golder, Jonathan Nash

IN THE PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO
Rob Scott

ON THE DISK
David Taylor

ON A BONUS
Diane Clarke

ON THE PHONE
Helen Watkins

IN A PANIC
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GROUP PRODUCTION MANAGER
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And remember:
WE DON'T GIVE TIPS OVER THE PHONE.

WE WERE DISTRESSED, while watching this year's Oscars, to note quite how many big stars had died during 1995 without having made an appearance on our Points Of View page. Perhaps we ought to take out a subscription to Variety or something.

BREAKFAST CEREALS OF THE MONTH
This month we have been particularly impressed by Multi Grain Cheerios and by Grape Nuts. Actually, only Martin has ever heard of Grape Nuts but he recommends them highly because they remain crunchy in milk.

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July-December 1995

THIS MONTH WE WERE
Dazed and confused. Mostly.

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REGULARS

8 NEWS

In an attempt to disseminate only the most ESSENTIAL information the news pages have been compacted. Shrunken. And made smaller. Generally.

45 BACK ISSUES

And some mail order goodies. Too-oo-oo. We've collected them here on the same page because we thought that would make them easier to find. And having found them we rather hoped you might buy some. Oh, go on.

46 COMPLETE CONTROL

In days gone by we would rail furiously against the giving of tips, saying that cheating was something that only Bad and Lazy People did. But we can't be bothered any more. So here are the tips.

54 LETTERS

You write them. We print them. You read them. You write more. We print them... It's quite a neat arrangement, really. When you think about it.

58 THE BOTTOM LINE

Encapsulated reviews of all the major releases of the past many months, collected in alphabetical order to make your buying decisions that much easier.

64 READER ADS

Fob off your old tat on unsuspecting passers-by. For free.

66 THE BACK PAGE

At the back of the magazine is the back page. We were going to put an advert on it this month. But this is funnier.

THE AP
THE TRUTH



We were astounded to discover, during the writing of this issue, that someone had decided to release some games this month. And this adventure is one. Of them. Examine our review and decide whether it is worthy of a place in your collection. Page 16.

THE FINAL GATE

It's on CD32. Which make a change. It's not really very good. Which doesn't. Page 22.



CHARLIE J COOL

We reviewed it once before. But now it's out as a 'budget' game. And so we have reviewed it. Again. Page 23.



SUE WOULD JUST LIKE TO SAY: "Nothing is ever quite as it seems."

TIM WOULD JUST LIKE TO SAY: "I thought it was supposed to be like that."

MARTIN WOULD JUST LIKE TO SAY: "Mine's going to be in code too, then."

SIMON WOULD JUST LIKE TO SAY: "Of course Format know."

OVER

THREE PEOPLE AT FUTURE PUBLISHING KNOW WHERE THE NEW AP OFFICE IS.

FILES TH IS IN HERE

The paranormal is much in the news. These days. And now it's in **AMIGA POWER**. Deep in the vaults of the Global Mega Corporation are files so secret that only a select few knew of their existence. Until now. Be astounded as we bring you The AP Files. Page 24.

ARE YOU PSYCHIC?

In collaboration with a top parapsychologist we've compiled a startling new quiz that will test YOUR paranormal powers to the very limit. Could it be that YOU harbour the secret that has eluded humankind for generations? Page 26.



REVIEWED THIS ISSUE

MAY 1996

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Charlie J Cool 23

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THINGS TO LISTEN TO

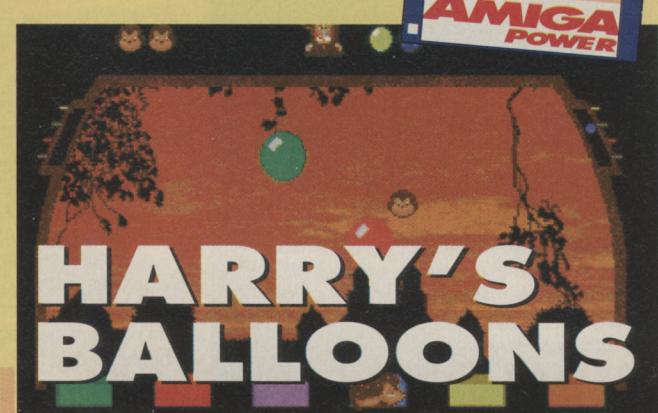
Oasis 44

Alanis Morissette 44

Take That 44

Not one single reader has phoned to complain about last month's coverdisk yet. What a spooky start to our paranormal issue, eh readers?

INTRODUCING COVERDISK 61



Poor old Harry. Surely poking coloured balloons can't be considered normal practice for a little hedgehog, can it? Well yes, in this demo it is. So shut it.

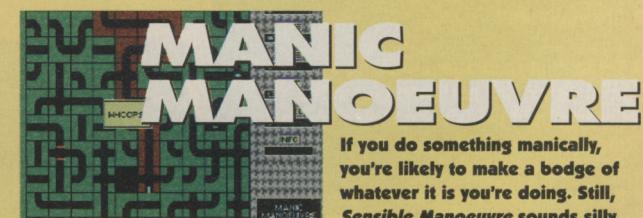


WIPEOUT

We couldn't believe our luck when Multi-Grain Cheerios were placed on special offer in Sainsbury's recently. Express the same level of disbelief at this mighty fine game.

BREED 96

One can only guess what scientists think they're playing at these days, genetically engineering different things with other different things. Um, breeding, er, funny joke about...

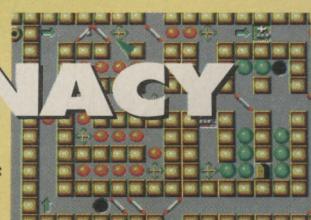


MANIC MANOEUVRE

If you do something manically, you're likely to make a bodge of whatever it is you're doing. Still, *Sensible Manoeuvre* sounds silly.

BALLUNACY

Balloons and a silver ball - usually found at a birthday party, yet we have managed to capture them on this fine demo for our coverdisks. A-maze-ing.



GOT A FAULTY DISK?

• Oh no! Are you sure? Before you go any further, try the procedures described in the panel over the page. If, after all that, you do have disk problems, chuck it in an envelope along with an explanatory letter and a padded self-addressed envelope (don't bother with a stamp; hey, it's their fault), and return it NOT TO THE AP OFFICE but to: AMIGA POWER Disk 61 Returns, TIB, 11 Edward Street, Bradford BD4 7BH. Send them to us and we'll send you Tim's two kids to babysit for a day. No, really.

disk 61

YOUR DISK AND YOU

READ THIS BIT FIRST OR NO ONE WILL TAKE ANY NOTICE OF YOU WHEN YOU SAY THAT YOUR DISK DOESN'T WORK.

• You've only got 512K of memory on your Amiga? Blimey, that's a bit stupid, isn't it? Go and buy an expansion RIGHT NOW.

• To find any of the games, all you have to do is switch off your machine, insert the appropriate coverdisk, and switch your machine back on again.

• The disks will automatically decompress. It's all quite foolproof. You just need 2 spare disks.

• Just to be on the safe side, though, the on-screen instructions lead you through.

• You'll have to reset your machine in order to move on to load the disks. The games can be loaded by either booting the new disks or by loading Workbench for some of them. Instructions for each game are on the disks.

• Remember to keep the disk you are playing your game from in the drive at all times. And remember – switching the machine off for 20 seconds or more before loading a new program will help prevent disks being infected by stray viruses.

• Have a good time.

OH NO! SOMETHING WENT WRONG!

• Are you sure?

• Try all that stuff again, making sure you've disconnected any peripherals that the program might plausibly not 'like', such as external drives.

• If your disk fails to load, then pop it in a padded envelope, along with a letter explaining the problem and an SAE, to:

AMIGA POWER Disk 61 Returns
TIB Plc
TIB House
11 Edward Street
Bradford BD4 7BH

• We're really hoping that you're reading this bit, because it's quite important: please don't send your disks to us at the AMIGA POWER office. We really don't know how to fix dodgy disks, and we'll just throw 'em straight in the bin. So send them to TIB. Please.

• We're hoping you're reading this bit too, because sometimes the advice falls on deaf ears. HEED THE ADVICE OR BE DAMNED!

HARRY'S BALLOONS

Authors: Collide Design

For someone who used a series of expletives when he first saw

Harry's Balloons, Martin has recently shut up. Apart from when he wails, "No, I need a blue!" or, "I have changed it – go green!" or, "Nuts." You see, Martin likes *Harry's Balloons* now and, while that is hardly a form of recommendation, thought it would be quite amusing to put its demo on the coverdisk. Whether you find it particularly funny is another matter, but anyway.

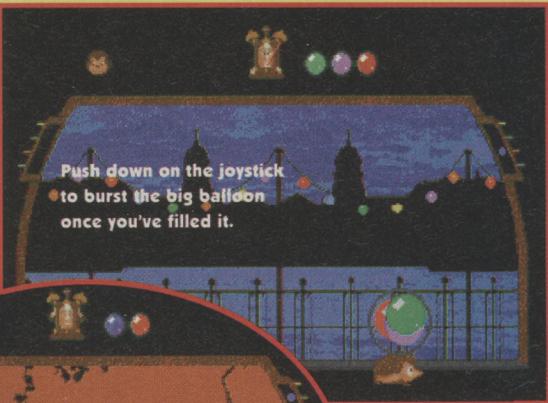
Harry whiles away his hours by poking balloons in the air and changing their colour. Aside from the fact that this is his job, Harry's a hedgehog. And hedgehogs have prickles. One wonders where logic went when someone had the idea for the game.

Still, all you need to do is guide Harry along the bottom of the screen while keeping the balloons aloft. At the top right hand side of the screen, there is a balloon colour indicator. This tells you what combination of colours the balloons need to be. You can change the balloons' colours using a variety of methods (though only one is used per level). If Harry stands in the coloured rings which appear on the floor, and then pokes the balloon, it will change to the same colour as the ring. If he

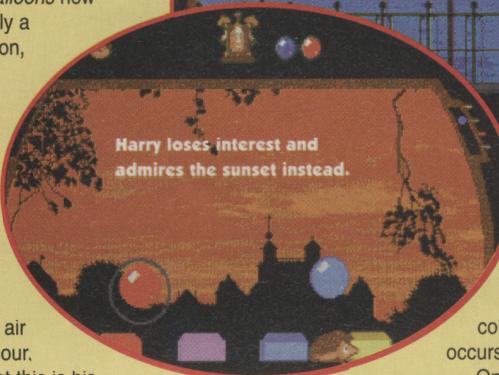


**A1200
ONLY**

Push down on the joystick to burst the big balloon once you've filled it.



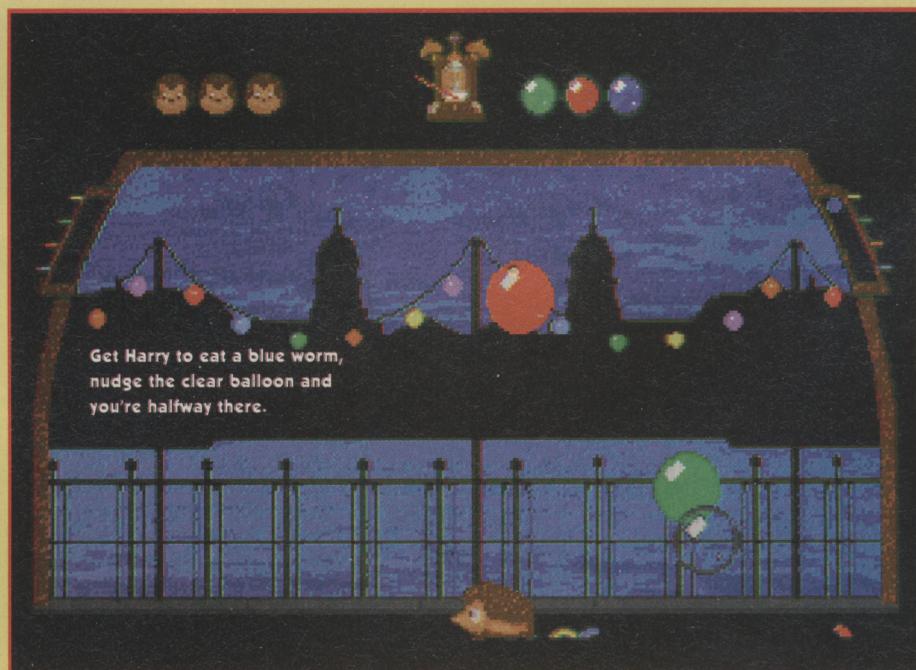
Harry loses interest and admires the sunset instead.



eats the magic worms (by pushing down on the joystick) which appear, the same thing happens. Allow the balloon to land on the coloured boxes and it occurs again. And so on.

Once you've coloured in the balloons correctly, a clear balloon will float down and it's up to Harry to poke the coloured balloons into this before bursting it (pushing down) and collecting the coins which fall from the sky.

It is possible to alter the height the balloons can be poked by using the power control (the meter on the right) which is triggered by the fire button. To start with, it's probably advisable to keep the power to a maximum because while this will slow your progress, it will enable you to grasp an idea of the times when you'll need to use less power. Details of how to obtain the full game are on the disk.





BREED 96

Author: Damian Taranawsky

David the coverdisk bloke comes to work in an overall which has an impressive number of pockets. No one is sure why he has so many of them and because he is such a big bloke, we're too afraid to ask, quite frankly. And even if we were to ask him, we're adamant he'd turn around and tell us, "Ask no questions, I'll tell you no lies" while tapping his nose, and then winking as though a bee had just stung him.

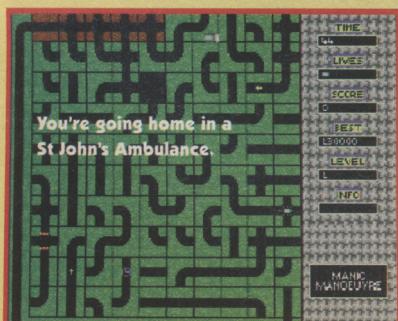
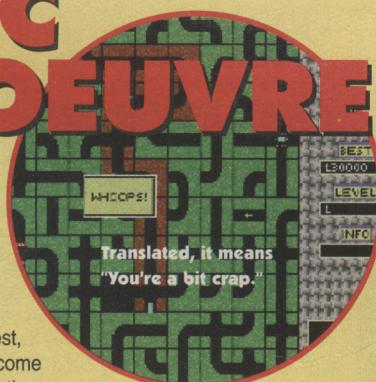
In a manner similar to the SWOS team editor's appearance on our mighty coverdisks, Dave discovered *Breed 96* in the pocket on his left leg, just below the knee, with the furry dice key fob for a zip. And then, without thinking much, he whacked it on the coverdisk with the professionalism of a true professional. So there it stayed, *Breed 96* – a poor man's version of *Civilization* crossed with *Dune 2*. Oh, and full instructions are on the disk. I promise.

MANIC MANOEUVRE

Author: Dion Guy

When we reviewed *Manic Manoeuvre* back in AP58, Dave Golder and Martin were adamant that it was the hardest, most tricky PD puzzler they'd ever come across. The majority of you thought they were big girls' blouses, but because they are so confident with their original disgust at its degree of impossibility, it now appears on the coverdisk. Granted, they'll have cracked it by the time you write to us telling us how easy it is, so don't bother.

Instead, manoeuvre the blocks around to create a suitable path for the car to travel around, picking up points as it goes, and try to avoid seeing it carted off to the scrapheap. If you want to pause the car's progress for a breather, press fire. This will restart the clock which will continue to count down until you press fire again. I'd like to add more, but I haven't been able to get much further than Dave or Martin either. So I can't. Therefore, I wish you the very best of luck.



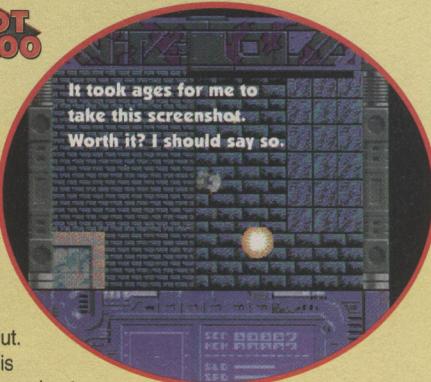
WIPEOUT

Author: **NOT A500**
Tero Lehtonen

All I needed to do was take some screenshots of the game. Two hours later, I'm still fidgeting about on my chair trying to kill off the last of the alien saucers on the level. That is, trying to wipe them out.

For each level, on this above viewed, parallax scrolling, shoot-'em-up, that is the aim – to shoot all the other flying object-type things. And just when you think you've succeeded, more of them will appear from out of nowhere to taunt you in your metal ship.

The controls are fairly basic – use the fire button to establish which end is the front of your ship and then swivel your ship towards the direction you want to travel in before moving forward. The ship is incapable of moving backwards, or sideways so it might be a little frustrating at first, but once you've been bitten, there is no turning back. Unless you're killed and have to start again, that is.



SAVE MONEY!

Rather than wasting your time and money, pay attention to the following information.

- 1 *Breed 96* does work on the A500 and so does *Ballunacy*. But *Ballunacy* requires more than 1Mb RAM.
- 2 Keep both your coverdisks write enabled. Both *Breed 96* and *Wipeout* write to them (Hi scores and save games).
- 3 Both disks should boot up from the hard drive but should you have any problems, try loading them from Workbench.
- 4 Neither Sue or Martin are technically minded. They produce the magazine and play games when they feel like it. Phone them for a chat if you're bored, but don't mention "coverdisks".

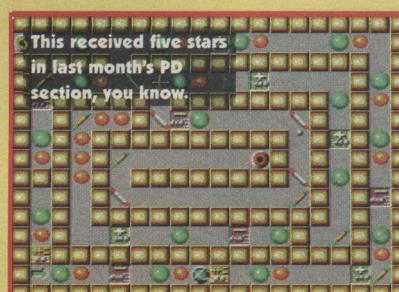
BALLUNACY

Author: Mark Seymour

Something approaching a pattern is beginning to emerge, what with *Harry's Balloons* and now *Ballunacy*. A very small pattern, mind. Or perhaps more of an afterthought. In fact, it's probably just a coincidence. (Correct. Now get on with it. – Ed.)

Balloons. This action-packed puzzler is full of them. Only, the whole point of the game is to get rid of them by using the little silver ball which you are required to negotiate around the maze. The only way you can move the ball around is by placing angled surfaces (using the mouse) in specific corners and places in the maze, which the silver ball bounces off.

Throughout the various levels, there are a series of power-ups which you'll need to use. None more so than the power-up which allows the ball to travel through walls of the maze, in order to reach previously blocked off balloons. Once you have burst all the balloons, you must return the silver ball to the exit and only then will you be given a password which allows you to skip the same level the next time around. And believe me, you'll want to.



TRUE STORIES

The paranormal is a spooky business, especially when the news pages shrink during an issue and can't be explained. Or can it? Hmm.

AB3D2

As a rule, a sequel is never as good as the original.

Runs on: A1200

Publisher: Team 17

Author: Andrew Clitheroe

ETA: May

Eventually, I found out how to remove the transparent map by examining the document file, which in fact listed many controls of which I was previously unaware. Handy things, doc files, which Amiga Format appear not to know at all, seeing as how they've just put our specially-commissioned *Super Foul Egg* on their coverdisk despite the first paragraph of the doc files explaining we hold the exclusive coverdisk rights until June. Will Amiga Format pay the authors of *Super Foul Egg*, which seems fair, or will absolutely nothing happen at all? We'll let you know.

In the meantime, I'd made the map go away and was stomping around in this, an early demo of *AB3D2*. I was bucked to see the stupid pump-action double-B has been replaced by a shotgun you break open to reload, and that you can look up and down, and, indeed, that there's a map – all things we said should have appeared in the original. We are always right. Other additions include clever

AMIGA POWER PREVIEW

lighting – there are dimly-lit caverns, bright courtyards and a great bit where a monster with shoulder-mounted headlamps sweeps along a tunnel – and clever water, so there are proper rippled reflections. (Disappointingly, the monsters

themselves are dull, clanky robots with none of the unpleasantness that made the denizens of *AB3D* so uplifting to destroy; although after jumping across a tricky gap to some sort of secret chapel, I was thoroughly attacked by flying eyeballs, which is promising.) An unlooked-for addition is your screen going squelchy red when you're hit, momentarily blinding you. This must be removed. (Famous reader Roy Nesbit of Crewe may recall the demos of *AB3D* differed substantially from

the final game, so there's a good chance irritants such as this and the way your view doesn't float back to normal automatically when running after looking up or

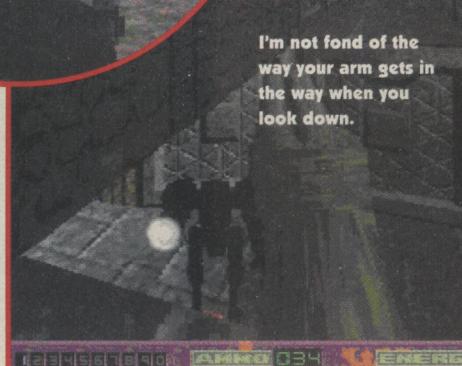
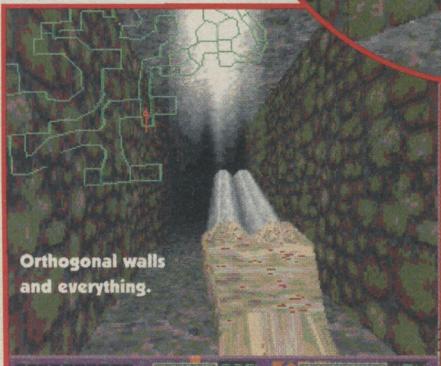
down will be fixed. Incidentally, a look straight forward key would also be warmly welcomed.)

Playing this early demo, I was unable to examine the deathmatch game (an embarrassment in the original) or to try out the level editor. I was able to grimace at the appalling slothfulness of the game, and the ludicrous method of changing the screen size, which strips out the top and bottom of the picture instead of shrinking the screen and keeping the aspect ratio, but the doc files informed me this was because the demo expects to run on an accelerated A1200. The finished game will be friendlier to the vanilla machine, although you'll still need a big box Amiga for the hi-res mode.

AB3D2 is an exciting demo, and I have asked to review the game proper, recalling the splendid thrills of the original, which I awarded 91% in AP56 as it improved on the excellent *Gloom* (the sequel to which, by the way, should be along in May also). I only hope Team 17 invest plenty of time perking

up the performance on an unexpanded A1200; at the moment, it's dreadful.

● JONATHAN NASH

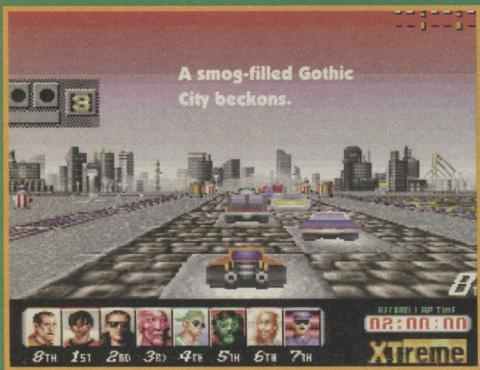


EXTREME RACING DATA DISKS

Runs on: A1200
 Publisher:
 Guildhall
 Author: Siltunna
 Software
 ETA: May

AMIGA
POWER
PREVIEW

Data disks should be renamed. Yes, that is the conclusion we can draw from the fact that every single one we've seen for the past year or so are mere excuses for adding things to the original game which should have been there in



the first place.

Extreme Racing is the latest in a long line of games to 'benefit' from a data disk provision and, despite our scepticism, it looks almost worthwhile. Apparently, the disk will contain a patch which allows owners of the original to improve its playability and even offers a track editor with which you can tinker until the cows come home. Unless they've met a messy death at the slaughterhouse first.

Extra courses and different car characteristics are also included but until we have the disk and can tell you of any other improvements, here are some pictures. A full review next month, then.

Someone's been very busy with their paintbrush.

Lurve Land - painfully pink.

Create your own tracks with the, er, track editor.



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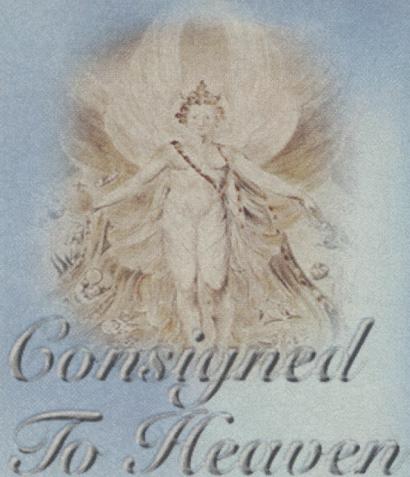
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Consigned To Heaven

Just to re-iterate. These are the things that have gone which we wish had not...

SCABBY KNEES

Past the age of about nine, those wonderfully crusty knee scabs become very much a thing of the past. Unless you play football. (*I got one this week.* – Martin.)

GRAPEFRUIT TANGO

Once Tango decided it was going for a cool image there was no longer any room for a flavour like grapefruit. We mourn the loss.

TOURIST-FREE STREETS

Warm weather and Roman Baths attracts tourists to lovely Bath. Tourists who block its streets in search of Beau Brummel. Who's dead. So they go to the Disney Store instead. Even though they have one of those in their own home town.



...while these are the things that remain, which we wish would go away. We hope this clears things up.

NOT £1 COINS

Oft times, when you're walking along the street, you see something on the pavement that looks like it's a £1 coin and you think, "Hurrah, a pound coin." As you approach you realize that it is, actually, a piece of chewing gum.

YOGHURT POT LIDS

They never seem to come off in one piece. And even insist on cutting your tongue when you lick them clean. Bloody nerve.

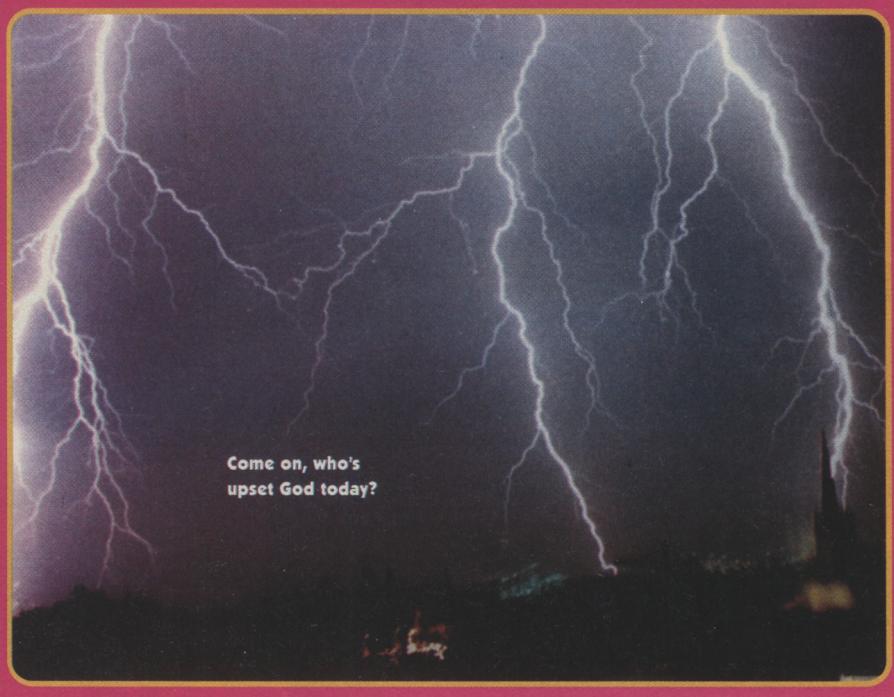
CAREFULLY SELECTED MUSHROOMS

A strange sub-class of humanity spend hours selecting just a few mushrooms. GET OUT OF THE WAY, IT'S ONLY FUNGUS.

MYSTERY PRESS RELEASE CORNER

After a recent dearth of suitable press releases for this regular slot, the AP postbag has been full of them since last month's spectacularly mysterious cardboard packaging for CDs. One wonders if companies thought we had dropped the Mystery Press Release Corner and then, having realised it wasn't the case, decided to send us all their unused entries. (The word 'entires' is used in its loosest term – because contrary to popular belief, this isn't actually a competition. Hell, no.)

It is with great pleasure then, that we present one of our favourites to date. To the untrained eye the photograph may just look like a bit of lightning, when in fact it depicts the Motorola Oncore Global Positioning system receiver which can detect lightning anywhere in the world – proof indeed that not only can it detect lightning, but can also provide such a warning that a photographer even had time to set up his camera and take a photo of it. Marvellous.



THE RETURN OF HFUHRUHURR

The transfer market is quite lively at this time of year. There are comings. And goings. Some amount, as well, of to-ing. And not a little fro-ing. And for the eagle-eyed manager there are top players aplenty to be snapped up.

Which is all by way of preamble to the fact that we've recently signed erstwhile AP prod ed Steve Faragher to rejoin the increasingly strong AP editorial team. He'll be striding in next month and co-ordinating our football special (for which he is uniquely qualified, being the only member of the present squad to own a sheepskin coat).

We have yet to decide upon a suitably impressive job title (we're working on something like 'Associate Executive Editor With Special Responsibility For Editing



Things') and we'll be sure to let you know as soon as we've got something sorted out.

AMIGA POWER RECOMMENDS

Thank heavens for *Slam Tilt*, the first addition to this column for months.

SWOS 1996

(AP57, 96%)

Some people have said that it's just another football game. And that you can't edit the teams. Even with the team editor we put on our coverdisk. But some people say they prefer the taste of low fat spreads on their toast so we say, "Pish." It's great.

ZEEWOLF 2

(AP57, 90%)

Not only is it a damn fine helicopter shoot-'em-up that does almost everything almost exactly right. Almost. But now you can cheat away until your heart's content because we're printing tips for each and every mission starting this month.

SLAM TILT

(AP60%, 90%)

But it's just a pinball game, they all said. Ah, well, yes, but it's not JUST a pinball game it's THE PINBALL GAME. For the moment, at least. There are four tables of varying variety and an assortment of Things To Do. It has instant appeal and a potential for longevity that is second to none. Well, very few anyway.

CIVILIZATION

(AP57, 93%)

Strategy games tend to get a bad press. This, by and large, is because the Press is too lazy to play them properly. We, by customary stark contrast, ARE NOT. And so we played this one. And have deemed it WORTHY. Build a civilization of your very own without ever having to do anything more physically demanding than pushing a mouse around. But beware RSI.

ALIEN BREED 3D

(AP56, 91%)

With a sequel well on the way we might not see this in AP Recommends for very much longer. But then again, we might. Sequels are funny things. Still, this remains one of our favourite 3D shooty 'Doom' things (or 'Wolfenstein' things as we'd like to say but daren't for fear of being out of step with the rest of the cliché-shackled world). And you might like to play it, too.

Nabbing AP's supply of F-Max, he's...

THE DISSEMINATOR

Disseminating essential information is thirsty work and so our once mighty supply of F-Max looks rather depleted now. However, drinking our F-Max is the Disseminator's only crime for he is a champion of truth, honesty and yet more truth. Here is the proof.

	The One	Amiga Action	AP
Airbus 2	—	67%	24%
Breathless	90%	85%	‡56%
Coala	90%	89%	78%
Citadel	—	67%	67%
Dungeon Master 2	—	85%	50%
Extreme Racing	—	85%	59/69%
Fears	87%	92%	40%
Flight of the Amazon Queen	91%	87%	‡84%
Hillsea Lido	80%	87%	54%
PM3 Deluxe	—	88%	82%
Pinball Prelude	83%	89%	81%
Speris Legacy	85%	‡86%	‡50%
Star Crusader	—	90%	17%
Super League Manager	52%	34%	89%
Super SF2 Turbo	—	‡85%	25%
Super Tennis Champs	93%	88%	‡92%
Tracksuit Manager 2	—	80%	65%
Timekeepers	89%	*87%	82%
Virtual Karting	—	64%	80%
Watchtower	—	58%	41%
Worms	94%	‡94%	60%
Zeewolf 2	90%	91%	90%

† Later to emerge as a full game on their coverdisk

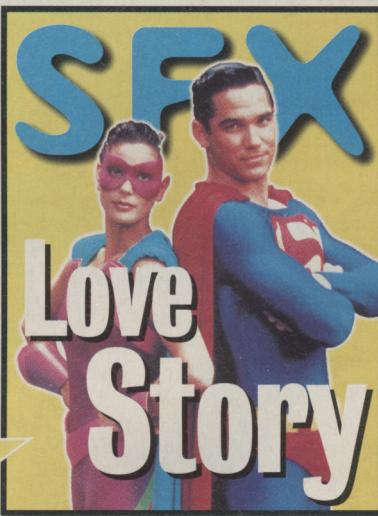
‡ Cover illustration of review issue

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HOME SWEET HOME?

Regular readers will recall that we were recently 'invited' to move offices (irregular readers will have to refer to radio comedy programmes of the 1950s and fill in their own joke at this point). We were offered a choice: the yellow room or the cupboard.

For reasons that are too dull and entirely laugh-free to mention we opted for the cupboard.

Sue has secured a seat by the window, while Martin sits right round the corner. By the other window. Tim just prowls about the place looking bewildered. When he's there.

It's small, untidy, ill-ventilated and difficult to get to. But we like it heaps because no one bothers us (a recent survey showed that 99% of Future employees didn't know we still worked here, let alone how to find us) and it's home. We're off to Habitat to buy a rug and cushions.

AMIGA TECH SOLD!

As an Amiga magazine, we almost feel obliged to tell you some real news. At least, we think the fact Amiga Technologies have been sold again is real news. Yes, folks, SOLD AGAIN. According to a close source, Chicago-based VIScorp have acquired Amiga Technologies for approximately \$40 million. Bargain.

Just to reassure you that this isn't a tie-in with our paranormal tomfoolery, and that it's all genuine, VIScorp, a developer of interactive TV intend the acquisition to become a part of their strategy to build market leadership in the fast-growing field of interactive television. Oh, and it's going to keep supporting the ongoing European sales of popular models such as the A4000T and the A1200. Phew.

While all this may seem a little vague, the news reached us just as we 'went to press' and so we shall endeavour to bring you more details next month. In our small, but perfectly formed, news section. NEWS! Bless it.

THE AMIGA POWER READ-BEFORE-YOU-BUY SECTION

Hey, it's a big, bad world out there, so before you buy anything through mail order, make sure you follow the AMIGA POWER guide to avoid getting fingers, and wallets, burned:

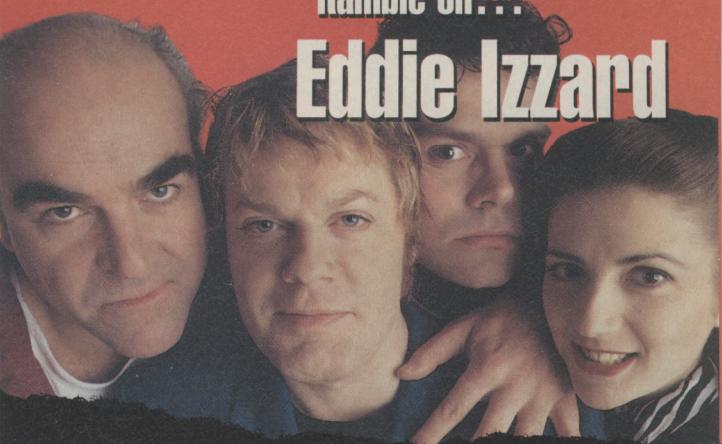
- 1) Don't just read the ad and then send off your hard-earned cash. Ring them up first. This way, you can not only make sure what you want is in stock, but also check out their service. Do they replace faulty equipment? How quickly do they deliver? Are there any charges for delivery? We don't know, but they will.
- 2) Read the small print in the ads. If it's small, they're obviously trying to hide something.
- 3) It's a bit dodgy if there isn't an address on the advert. Also, if you phone them up and they don't answer, avoid, Avoid, AVOID. If you get into trouble, this ISN'T a company you want to be dealing with.
- 4) If you've got a credit card, use it. For purchases over £100, most big name credit cards legally entitle you to claim compensation if the retailer goes bust. Check your card documentation for further details, and ask about extra insurance.
- 5) DON'T SEND MONEY OR POSTAL ORDERS. Credit cards or cheques only. This is the '90s for crying out loud, not some fondly remembered Billy Bunter-esque decade of picnic baskets from rich land-owning uncles.
- 6) Keep records. For credit card purchases, make a note of the time of the order and get them to give you an order number. When ordering over the phone, double-check the price before ordering.
- 7) Keep records. For cheque purchases, fill in the cheque stub with the right amount and full name of the company.
- 8) When your goodies arrive, check everything straight away. If anything's broken or missing, phone and complain straight away.
- 9) Keep up to date: Order from the most recent issue of AP which is what you should be reading now.
- 10) If it doesn't work out, phone the retailer first. Don't yell at them or anything, just tell them clearly what your problem is and the chances are they'll probably tell you it's all been a silly mistake and sort everything out right away. If, however, you think you've just given your money to a grade-A scumbag, phone up your local Trading Standards Officer. He's in the phone book, and good luck.

Comedy Review

"It's like driving a heavy goods vehicle and then driving a mini — when you come to corners you have to do different things. But stand-up and improv — I don't know which one's the juggernaut!"

Ramble on...

Eddie Izzard



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This issue of *Total Football* is so hard it promises to make Begbie out of *Trainspotting* look like a shandy-drinking girl, and if THAT'S not enough to convince you, we'll chuck in a **COMPLETELY FREE** stonking FA Cup photo supplement for good measure.

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The discovery of the AP Files has haunted us this month and has reminded us that all is not quite as it seems. There is much in this big old world that is unexplained. And some of it has happened to us. We began to reminisce about our own paranormal experiences and to wonder,

AP

JUST WHAT DID WE THINK WAS BIZARRE?

TIM NORRIS



"When I was about 11 I had a very vivid dream," mused our sceptical ed, "in which my Aunt Mary's moped was stolen. I saw the face of the man that rode it away and the address where he parked it. It was all very clear. When I awoke I told my mum that we had to tell Aunt Mary where her moped was. It was only as the words left my mouth that I remembered that I don't have an Aunt Mary and that none of my relatives had a moped. It was very spooky." You made that up, we accused. "Of course I did. There's no such thing as the paranormal, you credulous fools."

JONATHAN NASH



"Something downright peculiar keeps happening to me," said Jonathan, making a gesture and flicking his eyes back and forth for effect (and what a good effect it was). "Every four or five days I'm overcome with a strange feeling of distance and the next thing I know, hours have passed. It often happens when I'm writing for AP." He flipped his fingers. "What could it be?" It's sleeping, isn't it? "Really?" Everyone does it. "They do? Wow."

DAVE GOLDER



"I used to share a flat with a huge bloke with loads of hair," explained our PD expert. "We called him Hairy. One night there was a large dark figure at the end of my bed and I was sure it was Hairy messing about. But when I challenged him the next day he denied it." Very scary, we agreed. "Well, yes. And the more I thought about it the more scary it got. You see, either there was a sinister apparition from The Darkness lurking menacingly at the foot of my bed, which is pretty bad. Or it was Hairy at the end of my bed, which is worse."

SUE HUNTLEY



"I am, in fact, and unbeknown to you lot, a medium of great renown," beamed the Queen Of All The Art Eds. "My spirit guide is Henrietta The Hippopotamus and we travel the Nether World together meeting all manner of famous dead people. I've had my dinner cooked by Escoffier, I've discussed philosophy with Aristotle, and Mozart wrote me a charming little piano piece. I'll hum it for you if you like." She began to hum. Is all that true, we asked, somewhat taken aback. "No of course it isn't, you idiots. If I'd done all that I'd be touring the world making my fortune on the chat show circuit, not sitting here trying to keep you lot under control. Tch."

MARTIN AXFORD



"I play for New Inn United," enthused our football-obsessed prod ed. "Over halfway through the season we were lying bottom of the league without so much as a point. Then, Total Football got John Bond (ex-Man City) down to manage us for a day. The night before he came down I dreamt of scoring the last-minute winner and running towards him, kissing my shirt badge. He would admire my enthusiasm and skill and recommend me for a top Premier side. The next day I did score. But we drew 4-4. Our shirts don't have badges anyway. And I'm still working on AP." We wondered how he'd get football into a story about the paranormal. And now we know.

ANDY SMITH



"During one paranormal-packed week," mused the veteran reviewer, "I saw numbers everywhere. In the shapes of the clouds, in puddles – everywhere. It happens to me a lot, I have to say, but this time it was just the same six numbers over and over again. I had a feeling it was something to do with the National Lottery, but I refused to buy a ticket on the grounds that it's a tax on greed and stupidity. Anyway, Saturday night came along and, out of curiosity, I watched the draw. Sure enough all the numbers I'd seen came up. No one won the jackpot so the next week I took a note of the new numbers I saw everywhere and bought a ticket for the rollover. Didn't win a bean." That'll teach you.

HOW DOES OUR SCORING SYSTEM WORK THEN?

1. We play a game until we can bear to play it no more. Then we write our review. Ignoring all a bit more just to be safe.
2. The commercial pressures. Because we write our review, then we play it.
3. The percentage scales. Because we are your friends and we use them all.
4. The games get 100 increments and we use them all.
5. 80% in AP actually get 90%. Unlike other mags, over 50% and only brilliant games get 90%.
6. Who cares if a game's got great graphics or nice sound if it's useless?
7. Who cares if a game's got great graphics or nice sound if it's useless?
8. We're hard on the game as a whole.
9. Fifth points? We're afraid to be spooked.

LEGENDS



This game was finished a year ago. Weep for the Amiga.

Runs on: A1200, CD32

Publisher: Guildhall

Authors: Krisalis

Price: £30

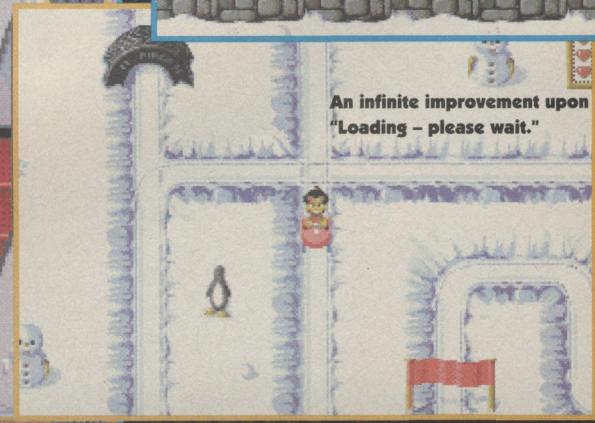
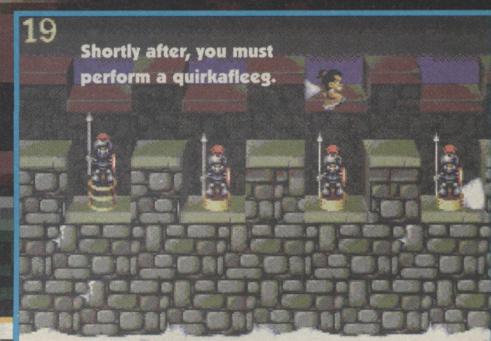
Release: Out now

here's a scene that plays itself across the picture palace of my mind that I hope *Legends*'s (ugly, but I like it) being left on a shelf for a year will prevent ever occurring. The scene shows me being introduced at some sort of post-Variety Performance affair to the people who wrote *Legends*. (I've just escaped from a smugglers' hideout with the aid of Moore Marriott and Graham Moffat, and have been mistaken for the visiting prince of Moldavia, but

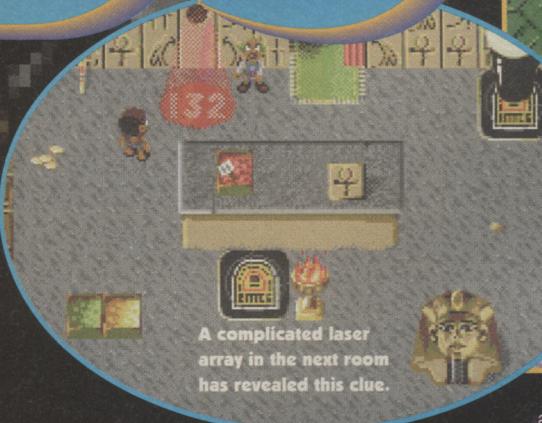
that's not important right now.) The theatre owner and I pass down the line with me smiling and nodding and occasionally crooking a finger in the corner of my mouth and looking around squirrelishly, and suddenly his voice, which has become background noise as I try to spot Graham or Moore, who are disguised as postmen, blinks into crystal-quality reception.

"And this, your highness," he says, letting backhandedly to a beaming figure, "is the chap who vetoed the save routine." He hands me a rowing oar. At that point the scene loses clarity, but I fear bludgeoning is involved. Because, dear readers, there is indeed no save routine in *Legends*. Instead you get a password, one per time zone, meaning if you begin to play, you must complete a level, start to finish, in a single go. ("There are continues," shrieks the figure as I paddle him sturdily. I demonstrate the difference

between complicated action RPGs and, for example, shoot-'em-ups by attacking him with a helicopter gunship.) Of the five levels, the sharpest I completed one was in an hour and a quarter (there's a window showing time elapsed) which explains why I'm writing up my findings at four o'clock in the morning, although you should not be concerned for I am borne up by the disco spectacular Space Themes CD, which long-lived readers may recall was disqualified from the *Super Stardust* Invite Eternal Humiliation competition because Jonathan Davies and I found it curiously



DS



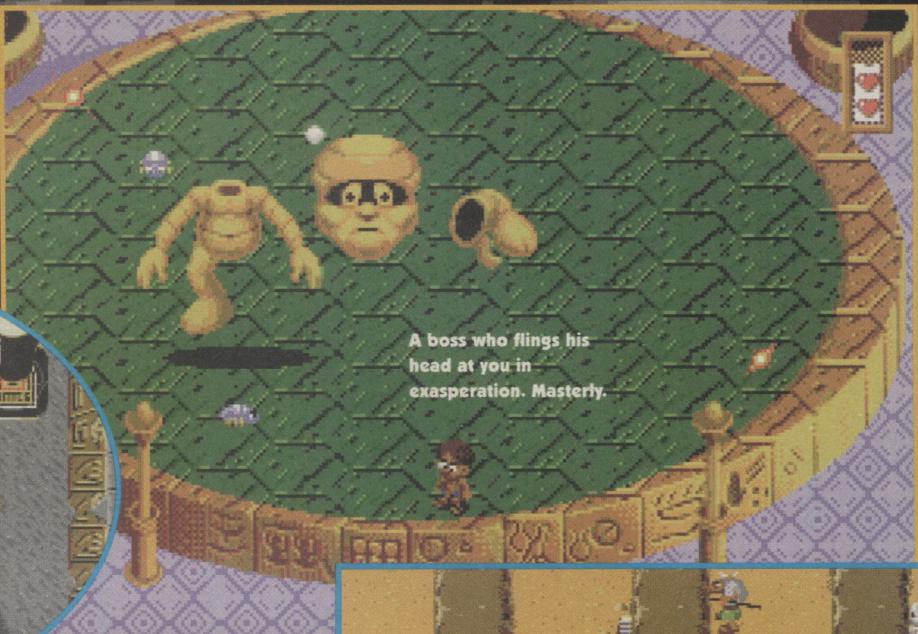
excellent.

Fortunately, two people submitted copies.

LIEGES

It's this stupefyingly cretinous error (a save routine. How hard? A SAVE ROUTINE. I don't want to have to play the game for two hours at a time to make it worthwhile) that's prevented *Legends* from scoring 90 percent. I'd just like to say that now, so that whoever insisted on passwords, should they be reading this, has plenty of time to sit and consider what they've done. Yes. It's all very well to hang your head now, isn't it? Hmm?

Legends, like *Speris Legacy* (AP59, 50%) is an action RPG; Gauntlet with puzzles, if you must. There's a meddling aliens/time travel plot which deliberately introduces anachronisms (microfilm in ancient Egypt, for instance) but which wisely keeps them as background jokes or boss items (a few are robots, and one bunch rides motorbikes) so saving you from kicking your monitor through a window trying to find the one thing the diamond-tipped drill will actually cut down, as happened in the wretched *Speris*. Each level has three or four bosses (which I was immensely impressed to discover could be killed using your lowest weapon skilfully enough if you fancied wading in rather than searching for the better guns)



and if you best one, there's a sub-game such as squashing worms or massacring ducks to win extra (haargh) continues. It's even got the structure right – a big outside area to wander around in using things, and dungeons in which to fight a lot. (Although the dungeons, unlike the level proper, foolishly aren't mapped.)

Oh, hang on. Space Themes has finished prematurely because I skipped the unspeakably dismal Star Trek Love Song. I'll just put on some Emergency Broadcast

Network, whom apparently I alone outside the US think are great.

Delightfully, I could fill perhaps half a page, probably as a vertical strip, with examples of splendid moments from the game. But this would obviously go some way to totally ruining it for you as surely as if I was employed by Empire to talk about any film not yet released.

Suffice it to say the attention to detail in *Legends* is terrifically exact. Spreading out objects, which I rightly detest as a device to make the game seem bigger, is kept to a minimum (you're generally meant to find four pieces of a broken artefact of the time, but you can just store the bits and drop them off all at once), the characters behave logically and don't suddenly remember later on something they should have mentioned in the first



UUGGHH

See how *Legends* is surprising.



You pause momentarily to catch your breath. A skeleton swings in the dungeon breeze.



Suddenly! the skeleton lurches forwards, sacrificing its arms to bite off your head. Agh! Agh! Agh!

Did anyone read the news story about Jesus Christ being trademarked by the Church of England?



SPLOSH



If only this was about a year and a half ago, and the programming team was still working on the Amiga, and people hadn't been lying about saving the Amiga, and Lucas Arts were still doing games for the Amiga, perhaps there would have been a conversion of the similarly-viewed *Zombies Ate My Neighbours*, which I like a lot.

place because the programmers couldn't be bothered putting in a new character (stand up Speris), animals potter about for no other reason that it's fun to trample on them, there are lovely effects (for example, day dawning when you fix the clock) and the incidental animations are first-class. (I was particularly taken with the pratfalling shopkeeper and the bald compere who buffs his head.) As a result, *Legends* hangs together in a way *Speris* never did. It may force you to play for hours at a time, but it doesn't stop you having a good time doing it.

LIGAMENTS

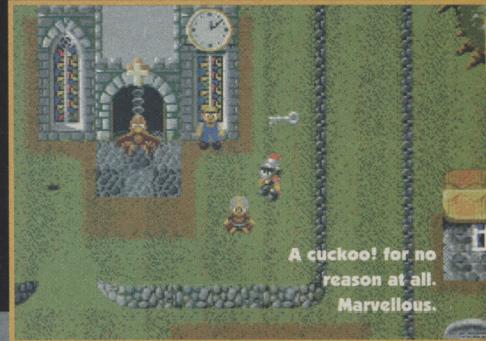
There are, of course, problems. But none so serious as otherwise to have jeopardised that 90% mark, Mr Increasingly-Contrite Password Bloke. (Well, it might have ended up with 89%. But that's beside the point.) I was shoutingly angry at the regenerating monsters – they return when you scroll back about a quarter of the screen, which

obviously you do all the time because the idea is to walk around exploring. But that's compounded by the inexcusable firing mechanism. When you fire, you stop. Until the firing animation's played and you've flung your knife, or bouncing ball, or whatever, you're completely immobile. If you're attacked by two or more monsters, you get hit. (The alternative is to run away and put enough space between you to hit the monsters cleanly, but then, of course, you scroll back down and other monsters regenerate. Maddest of all, it's possible to force a monster back with your shots until it

Fire! Fire! Fire! is a good level of *Marathon*. Tchah.



Let's everyone kill the street theatre bloke.



A cuckoo! for no reason at all. Marvellous.

vanishes from the screen, whereupon it races back as a new creature and your kill bonus is lost.) But just as I started to become incredibly furious, I found myself deliberately playing the scrolling to slaughter lots of low-level monsters and build up my strength. Grumble. (Staying with the monsters a moment more, I was disappointed to see that although imaginatively drawn, they all but one behaved in the same random movement/rushing forwards blindly way. Still.)

EBN's album, *Telecommunication Breakdown*, has come to an end. I shall consume a bag of satsumas.

The text of *Legends* is surprisingly good, with a couple of priceless jokes, though spattered with spelling errors and overmuch concerned with bottoms. Bof – you Britishers. And it's ALL IN CAPITALS, which was funny when we first did it, but has rapidly become tiresome. Surely they could have fitted in a lower-case alphabet. Hey – perhaps replacing that clumsy, bloated password routine with a neat, efficient save game one would have made the necessary room.

What else there is wrong is minor. It's snowing in China, with snowflakes drifting all over the place, but the monsters fire, erk, snowballs. The darts sub-game drove me to distraction – you have to land all three in the blue to win, but if you lose, instead of

playing on automatically, you have to walk a step back towards the compere and ask for another game, all the while the music flipping between the darts and castle tunes. (The music, as in *Speris*, is excellent, with dozens of atmospheric tunes.)



A favourite bit.



Luckily. Because you can't turn it off.) There's a blindingly obvious bug which means you have to reset if you get killed rescuing the lost woman at the start of level one because you reappear on the wrong side of the forest, and she can't use the teleporter. Now and again your hard-worn kill bonus of an energy heart will stick in the scenery. In both the China and America levels, the last task involves wandering the whole map trying to find a well-hidden item. In England, a witch and a jester fire spells at you from off the screen (I mean, what) that turn you into a pitifully unfairly slow frog to be destroyed by the simplest of guards. (But it's your fault for hanging around the quickly-learned danger areas. Arguably.) And tentatively stepping upon an icy patch in a castle, I was unsurprised to see my knight (you change character from level to level) spin away out of control, but was slightly staggered to see him ricochet, get attacked by the wrong monster, knocked off his plane and bounced left to right helplessly until he was dead and the game was over. Forty minutes in. But, again, probably my fault. Pfft. And wasn't I you just now? Blast.) The flying monsters, which describe irregular circles or sine waves, travel in pattern-baffling pairs and are appallingly hard to kill. (But serve up three energy hearts instead of one when slain.) And I consider it slightly churlish not to give you the chance to increase your life meter beyond the initial three hearts, even though the levels increase steeply in danger.

Oh, damn these satsumas and their benign influence.

NED LEGS

In China one of your weapons is a hula-hoop. This made me laugh. In England you ride a mine-cart (no, it's not one of those mine-cart levels, praise the saints) and can control it by switching the points. There are about six exits from the mine, so the track's fantastically complicated, and there's a

bit where you speed towards a sudden rock, but instead of crashing you take off and Evel Knievel across a row of cars. This made me whoop. When you deliver a level's artefact, you're directed to the pick-up point (you're actually a lab assistant possessing these people, or something) and the game switches off the monsters so you can admire the scenery and revel in your victory. This made me admire the scenery and revel in my victories. At the beginning of the game you can broadly choose a route - from America to China (and all points west) or from America to Egypt (and all points east). This made me do nothing, as obviously if I wanted to change my mind I'd have to play through the entire first level again to get a different password, so just plugged away at the one I was on. The final level, the alien base, has no map, squadrons of fast-firing soldiers, armoured tanks, watchtowers, an alien mastermind six times as tough as anything you've fought so far and a 30-second dash to the exit before the place explodes, but frankly I couldn't be bothered as I loathe exactly this kind of last level. But at least the bosses I'd vanquished so far didn't come back.

The best compliment that can be paid *Legends* is that, like the games it's modelled upon, it has the courage to keep things unique. "Look," it says. "Here's an underwater section, with bubbles and sharks. We'll only use it once, because then we've the impetus to do something even better for the next part. If you don't know what's coming next, it'll stay fresh and fun." And they're right.

If only the chap who decided on passwords had worked in a bank instead, eh?

• JONATHAN NASH



UPPERS Big, together and beautifully detailed. Utterly fun. Like *Speris*, outrageously knocks off *Zelda* and *Secret Of Mana* (which is no bad thing) but includes bits I've not seen in either: the direction-giving travellers, for example, or the way when you hit a monster, the number that flies up shows his remaining strength, or the 32-slot message recall. Sensible puzzles. Excellent set-pieces. The best bosses yet seen in an Amiga game. Supports joypads. Hard drive-installable.

DOWNERS Vexing scrolling flaws, all to do with regenerating monsters. Occasionally erratic collision detection. And, instead of, for example, a save routine, those PASSWORDS. Which you can't type in. Oh, and escape to quit without asking if you mean it, and it left the disk whirring all the time.

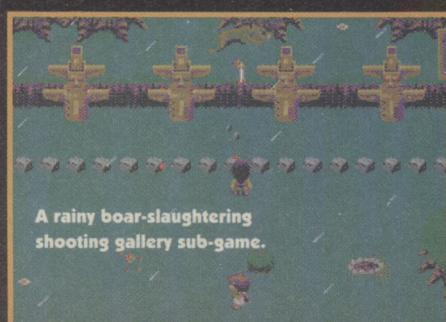
THE BOTTOM LINE

For a game that so comprehensively understands action RPGs, it's bitterly stupid to spoil it with such an obvious error.

80
PERCENT

THE BOTTOM LINE

Apparently identical but for some extra music. But hey, your save memory's probably still full of *Simon the Sorcerer*.



20

TRACKSUITS MANAGER

Big Ron wears a suit on matchday and look where Coventry City are.

Runs on: A500, A600, A1200

Publisher: Alternative Software
Authors: In house
Price: £25.99
Released: Out now

This is probably the best football management game ever. This will delight football fans everywhere. Plays like a dream – fast and smooth, yet fully detailed. Football IS *Tracksuit Manager 2*. *Tracksuit Manager 2* is currently on my desk and I'm copying lots of quotes (unattributed, mind) off its box. And aren't they all a mite familiar? Sigh.

It was six months ago that I first set eyes on the box, when a bloke from Alternative visited our office and showed off *Tracksuit Manager 2*. Although I was forced to watch from a distance, while gazing longingly at the sandwiches, crisps, and orange juice which had appeared from nowhere (someone's idea of entertaining in style), what I did manage to catch a glimpse of looked mighty impressive. I was also impressed when told all the team stats would be updated before release.

Since then, Alternative have stopped talking to us, we've moved office and the game which did look mighty impressive, still does. As for the team stats, six months is a long time in football (and magazines, natch) and unfortunately "The latest season stats" claim made on the box doesn't ring true. To criticise *Tracksuit Manager 2* just because the stats haven't been updated would, however annoying it is, be a tad unfair.

Yet what I couldn't quite fathom was that two of Notts County's more recent transfer dealings have been implemented in the game (Paul Devlin's transfer to Birmingham City and

"Copying lots of quotes"



SELECT CHARACTER

I wouldn't trust any of these with my kids. (Not that I have any, Mum.)



Notts C

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
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8	WALKER	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100																																																		
9	BOOTH	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100																																																
10	COOPER	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100																																																
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16	ROBERTS	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100																																																
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21	SLAWSON	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100																																																
22	WILDER	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100																																																
23	ROBERTS	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100																																																
24	COOPER	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100																																																
25	REID	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68</td																																																																																

TRACKSUIT MANAGER 2

forget your name, there is a name plaque on the desk, littered with other objects which, when clicked on, will transport you into a new area of the game. Apart from the mug of tea. Or coffee. Which is there merely for decorative purposes. Nice touch, Alternative.

Selecting eleven players for Notts County was perhaps a little ambitious, considering the number of rejects, crooks and hopeless individuals I was permitted to choose from. (*Quite realistic then? – Ed.*) What was more frustrating though, was the process by which you have to select your team. The screen which lists your first team squad, lists nothing else. You know, like the usual sort of stats. For players' "attributes" you have to exit the first screen, view their merry figures, and then return to the original screen in order to select your eleven players. The tried and tested attributes are all in evidence – from an individual player's current seasonal stats to their ability to pass and fitness level. Which, incidentally, never seems to rise above seventy per cent. So much for the cliché about not risking Captain Marvel, or whomever, unless he's one hundred per cent fit. Also, when selecting your substitutes, you have to choose two outfield players and one goalie. A clear case of someone not doing their homework properly. Or not doing it at all. Grr.

GEORGIO ARMANI

It was when I came to strengthening my squad that I had most fun. With the option of purchasing players or taking them on loan, I thought "Hurrah! I'll entice Premiership players to the football Mecca of the Midlands (Meadow Lane) to play for Notts County ON LOAN!" Easy. Unfortunately, Collymore, Sheringham, and some other stuck-up ponce told me where to stick my loan deal. So, instead, I resorted to sending my scouts to watch them, in the hope that having a scout from a big club

OVERSEAS PLAYERS		↑	↓	EXIT
BOYD	SCOTLAND	1000000	D	89 12 1
COLLINS	SCOTLAND	1500000	M	89 10 1
COWLER	SCOTLAND	2000000	MA	89 10 1
GORMAN	SCOTLAND	2000000	GK	74 44 0
JONSSON	ICELAND	500000	D	75 17 0
PETURSSON	ICELAND	500000	M	85 14 0
DADASON	ICELAND	500000	MA	71 17 0
GUDMUNDSSON	ICELAND	1000000	GK	71 0 0
LIPPOEN	FINLAND	4500000	A	71 13 0
ROVIO	FINLAND	2000000	GK	70 0 0
HODDIE	FINLAND	2000000	MA	68 13 0
REYNES	FINLAND	1500000	D	86 10 0
LARSEN	DENMARK	2500000	M	87 10 0
BARTRAM	DENMARK	1500000	A	86 10 0
GOTHENBORG	DENMARK	1500000	D	70 10 0
LYNG	DENMARK	3000000	A	89 10 0
CHRISTIANSEN	DENMARK	4000000	D	71 10 1
TAPEI	AUSTRALIA	2000000	A	71 10 0
CLARKE	WALES	1000000	GK	71 10 0

Since when have Scotland and Wales been "overseas"?

would make them nervous and they'd bottle it in one of their big Premiership ties. Heh-heh.

In the midst of the wealth of very impressive statistical and tactical data, the matches themselves are rather disappointing. Two blokes sit at a desk staring into a corner of the room. While the match continues behind them. (And if they are watching a monitor, Alternative, what was the point in paying for a Director's box for them to sit in, eh?) Every second, bubbles come out their mouths and they say something. Slightly more irritating is the fact that there is no indication as to the players' positional whereabouts in relation to the opposition, as displayed in *Premier Manager 3*, for example. There's just a small pitch which indicates the part of the field the ball is in. At least, I think it does.

At the end of the day, when push comes to shove, and when the fat lady belts out whatever it is she sings, *Tracksuit Manager 2* is nothing new. At least, nothing we haven't seen before. In fact I'd much prefer to kick a SWOS plastic football around the office, and it's only because that annoys Sue intensely that I sit down and dutifully play these footy manny games. Yet none of this detracts from the fact that

Tracksuit Manager 2 is okay and if you can pick it up cheaply, do so. As for Fizzy Chewits, I haven't seen them anywhere. Tch.

• MARTIN ALEXANDER

"A SWOS plastic football"

!!! TOTALLY EXPLOSIVE !!!

Fizzy Chewits
in 3 delicious flavours:
Lemonade Explosive? I'm not
Cola
Apple Fizz sure I like the
sound of that.

!!! TOTALLY EXPLOSIVE !!!



This is your office.

ATTENDANCE 3654
HALF TIME 1-1

Note the red and white
stripes TM2 insisted
Notts played in.

2 SCORE

SHOTS 6
CORNERS 0
OFFSIDES 0
BOOKINGS 0
SENDING OFF 0

FULL TIME

CHANGE STYLE

FIZZY CHEWITS
DIRECT BALL

SOFT TACKLING
NORMAL TACKLING
STRONG TACKLING
COUNTER-ATTACK
ZONAL MARKING
MAN

I'm not sure about
counter-attacking as an
actual "style of play".



UPPERS Apart from the usual footy manny things like the office access point, transfer market and players' statistical data, the graphical backdrops are a welcome feature, and there is an endless supply of Fizzy Chewits.

DOWNERS The stats are all hopelessly outdated, the match commentaries aren't funny anymore and it can be frustratingly fiddly trying to access some of the data in order to make informed decisions. And it's not hard-drive installable.

THE BOTTOM LINE

Once over the initial shock of the outdated information, this proved to be the business. However, for the same price, I'd be inclined to just plump for *Premier Manager 3 Deluxe* with its edit facility, price tag, and all round superiority.

65 PERCENT

THE BOTTOM LINE

Apart from the quality of the picture backdrops and the shorter set-up procedure, there is no difference. At all.

THE FINAL GATE

Full Motion Video - not quite the breakthrough we'd anticipated.

Runs on: Amiga CD32

Publisher: Alternative Software

Price: £14.99

Release: TBA

Alternative have missed the point with *The Final Gate*. What they should have done was market it as a sort of interactive music CD, with some funny graphics as an added bonus. The music is, unsurprisingly, a high beats per minute techno affair that's actually quite good. And the great interactive bit comes when you press the fire button which activates a rather awful shooting sound. By using your skill and judgement, you can beat in time to the rhythm of the music.

And that's it. Boot up *The Final Gate*, whack up the sound and spend half an hour pressing the fire button in time to the music. Cool. But then again, fifteen smackers is a lot of money when you consider buying a decent music CD for much less, and hammering a biscuit tin with a wooden spoon would be as much fun.

"Ah, but then you wouldn't have the game to play!" you all cry. (And believe me, after playing *The Final Gate* you really will be crying.) Yet all the

game involves is using the joypad to direct a cross-hair sight around the tiny window in which runs FMV featuring a couple of chaps on a speedboat, rushing down a river. Every now and again you have to move the cross-hair over some funny graphics of faces and things that come towards you, pressing the fire button to destroy them. Unfortunately, these faces and things are reminiscent of stuff that appeared on the Spectrum.

But there's more to *The Final Gate* than that. For example, you can't go around just shooting whenever you want because there is a small energy meter at the bottom of the screen which decreases with every shot (annoying when you're trying to shoot along to the music) so you have to conserve your shots. You also lose energy every time you fail to destroy one of the funny faces (occurs frequently because using the joypad to move the cross-hair around makes it painfully slow). Energy can be re-gained at certain points in the game when you see an E on the screen. Shoot the E and you get more energy.

BEARDED

The other main gameplay feature is shooting baddies at key stages of the journey along the river. Failure to do so and you'll lose a life and have to start the journey all over again. Hopefully

though, you won't have to go right back to the beginning when you might be really far into game, but I have a sneaking suspicion that the re-start points (if there are any) are few and far between enough to really get on your nerves.

anyway. Still, that's adding gameplay value, surely? I mean, you don't want to be able to complete the game first time round do you?

Of course, once you do manage to shoot the highlighted baddies a FMV close-up of some bearded chap's face leering at you appears with the words "Good Shot!" Then, you are required to continue your journey down the river to face more of those other funny faces and things that look like weird birds and crap missiles. Actually, if you miss the baddie you get to continue anyway but you have a penalty energy loss imposed on you which is severe enough to make it nigh on impossible to continue. Once you've lost your three lives it's game over and you have to do it all again. Hnngh.

So that's about the size of it. *The Final Gate* is dreadful. There's no fun to be gained from playing the game and I don't know what possessed Alternative to think that, just because they've got some FMV playing in the background, people are going to be so captivated by it that they'll put up with a gaming idea that's as advanced as *Pong*. Even with the turbo button on my gun thingie is firing at a faster-than-the-soundtrack rate and my cross-hair's dancing all over the highlighted baddie that it is very hit and miss as to whether I well, hit or miss him. Don't buy this game, even if you know all the people in it.

● ANDY SMITH

THE FINAL GATE

Here are our intrepid heroes about to head off on their epic journey. They'll be doing this several more times today...



Some funny shapes you have to shoot and the white highlighter telling you there's a baddie here to shoot.

SCORE 8000 LIVES 8003

THE FINAL GATE

And when you hit the highlighted baddie you get this.

SCORE 2000 LIVES 8001

UPPERS The music and the fact that you can press the fire button in time to it.

DOWNERS The fact that the game's no fun to play, the challenge is simplistic, the sound effects (apart from the music) are rubbish and so are the graphics. You dig?

THE BOTTOM LINE

Twenty per cent purely for the music and the fact that you can fire in time to it. Until your energy runs out.

20 PERCENT

THE FINAL GATE



A flying thing and a baddie on a riverbank, yesterday.

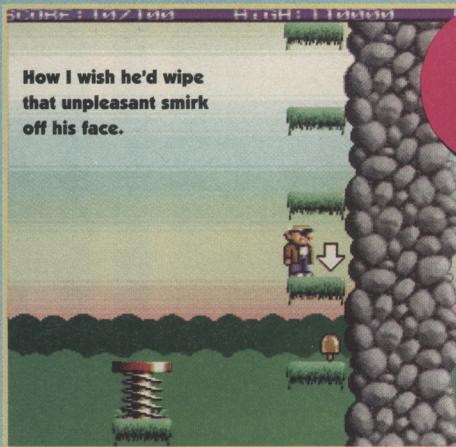
SCORE 2100 LIVES 8003

E 1861 LIVES 8003

BUDGETS

Every once in a while something appears, as if from nowhere. And more often than not, you wish it hadn't bothered. Here's an example.

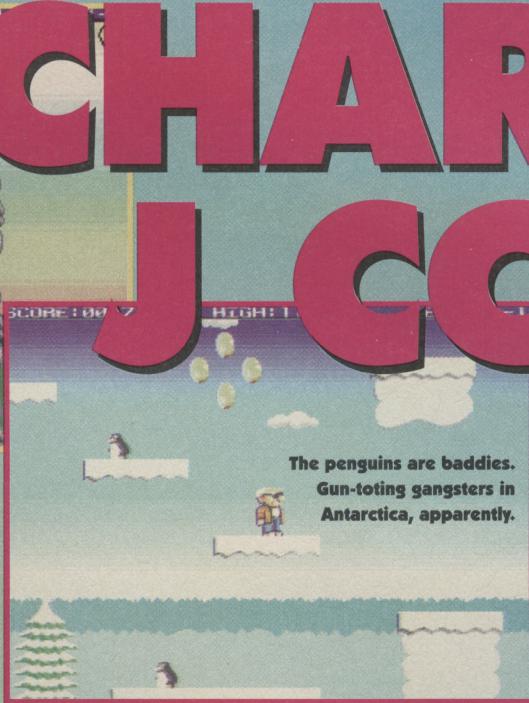
CHARLIE J COOL



Runs on: A500, A600, A1200
Publisher: NRC Software, 131
 Gunnersbury Avenue, Acton,
 London, W3 BLE
Price: £9.99

Before Rasputin ever got around to releasing *Charlie J Cool* over a year ago, they went into liquidation and Amiga owners worldwide breathed a huge sigh of relief. Undeterred by this hint of mammoth proportions, its developers Nevada Software have now made *Charlie J Cool* available by mail order.

Paul Mellerick reviewed *Charlie J Cool* in AP43 and gave it a less than complimentary 45 per cent. And while he concluded that it was a below average platform game, I feel obliged to point out that Paul actually liked platformers. He took a great deal of satisfaction from being the only person he knew who could complete the entire *Mario* selection of games. Something



The penguins are baddies.
 Gun-toting gangsters in
 Antarctica, apparently.

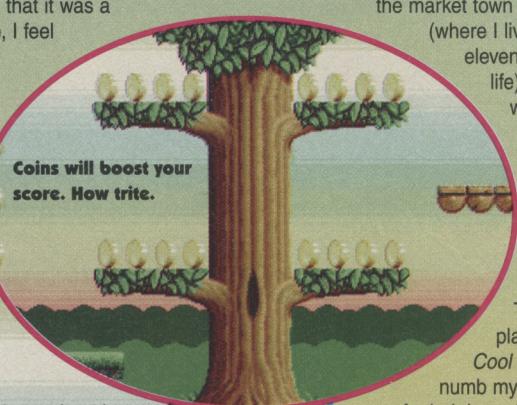
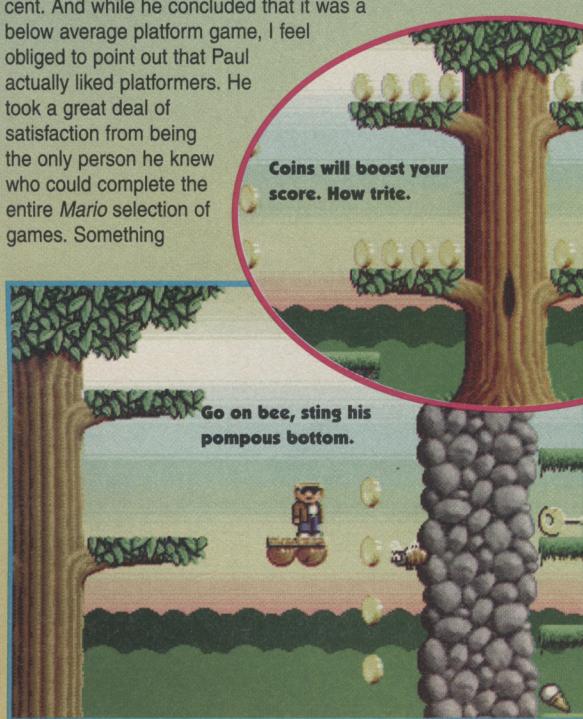
which failed to impress anyone else, particularly me. Sorry Paul, I was humouring you.

So, having tip-toed around playing *Charlie J Cool*, I decided to take it home and play it over the long Easter weekend. At least, that was what I'd resort to if I got bored and, after spending a day in the market town of Devizes (where I lived for the first eleven years of my life) and then watching Notts County lose in the last minute to Swindon Town, it was depression which set in – not boredom.

Thinking that playing *Charlie J Cool* would somehow

numb my depressed state of mind, I sat down and thought "Well, at least it's colourful," before playing it and then thinking "I'd quite like to be buried in Devizes."

As with most platformers there is a plot which, however irrelevant, deserves at least a little bit of coverage. We join the story just as Charlie suffers an untimely death at the hands of a grand piano and some superglue, before finding himself in a dentist's



Go on bee, sting his
 pompous bottom.

surgery (yes, it's purgatory – but you were meant to be fooled) facing an old, bearded man:

"Dentist's surgery?" said the old man as he chuckled, "This is no dentist's surgery. You are in the netherworld."

"What am I doing in Holland?" shouted an ever-so-slightly confused Charlie.

"Not the Netherlands," replied the old man, "the netherworld."

In short, to save you the agony of experiencing more jokes like that, Charlie has been given a chance to determine his destiny – heaven or hell. Or, at least, you have been given the chance to determine his destiny. Personally, I couldn't care less where he ends up. He can go straight to hell for all I care, without picking up £200 on the way.

Each of the twenty-eight levels featured in the game require you to dodge, jump, kill and collect and, should you be successful in guiding him to the end of the level, without losing too many of your three precious lives, you will be shown a meter which indicates how 'good' or 'bad' Charlie is. Kill baddies and his chances of getting to heaven are increased, whereas his slaying of the goodies on each level is looked upon with disgust by Our Father, no doubt resulting in Charlie suffering eternal damnation at the hands of the most horned one. Or something.

The usual selection of collectables are on offer here, ranging from shields for invincibility, shoes for extra speed and hearts for extra lives. However, collectables are there for your benefit, so that you might stand a better chance of finishing the game but quite honestly, I can't imagine why anyone would want to bother.

● MARTIN ALEXANDER

THE BOTTOM LINE

People constantly doubt the demise of the Amiga. Be afraid then, for *Charlie J Cool* illustrates perfectly the tat which will bring about its downfall. This is absolute rubbish. Even at a budget price.

15
PERCENT

THE TRUTH IS IN HERE



MAY 1996

AMIGA POWER

**Footnotes**

1 With our customary thoroughness and diligence we have entirely failed to establish precisely which sources.

2 The MIGHTY BEINGS at AMIGA POWER.

3 Mr Arnold J Wildebeest of 23 The Cuttings, Saffron Walden.

4 Although so-called 'one size fits all' baseball caps would have been the same, fitting, as they do, only those people with tiny heads.

5 See 2.

6 See 1.

IS HERE...

Some sources¹ say that we only use 10% of our brains. We² say that this is plainly nonsense. Clearly if the average human³ only needed to use 10% of its brain, evolution would have favoured those humans with significantly smaller heads, saving space, energy and requiring the construction of much smaller hats⁴.

We⁵ lean towards the idea that the unused proportion of the brain is much smaller, but we are still left to wonder what it's there for. Is it padding? Is it spare? Or is it, as some other sources⁶ suggest, that part of the brain which concerns itself with more sinister things?

There is much that happens in this big old world about which we know very little. Or, more

properly, about which YOU know very little. Because we know. Oh yes. We know.

Fade in.

[cue spooky music]

We see a man and a woman walking along a carpeted corridor. It is a close tracking shot and we see them only from the knees down. They are both wearing well-tailored trousers in a dark colour, possibly navy blue or black. On their feet are expensive leather shoes. They manage to walk in a way that somehow suggests that they know what they're doing. These are professional people. We hear vague office sounds (over the spooky music, which continues throughout) from open doors as they pass them. They stop at a pair of lift doors. The doors open. They enter.

Cut to another view from outside the lift doors. This time the floor is tiled. We hear the lift arrive.

The doors open. The well-tailored legs walk out. This time there is no noise other than the clicking of their expensive leather shoes on the tiles. We follow them.

After a few moments they arrive at a large steel door. We hear clicks, clanks and thuds as the locks disengage. There is a hiss of escaping air as the massive door swings open towards us. The music begins to climb towards its spooky climax.

Cut to a shot through the open vault door, over a well-tailored shoulder. We see long, long rows of steel shelves, stretching impossibly into the distance. They are stacked high with sturdy cardboard filing boxes. The two people walk down the row and then stop. One of them takes down one of the boxes. He opens it and takes out a file.

The music reaches a crescendo as we cut to the well-tailored woman's point of view and see the cover of the file. It says, simply...

THE AP FILES

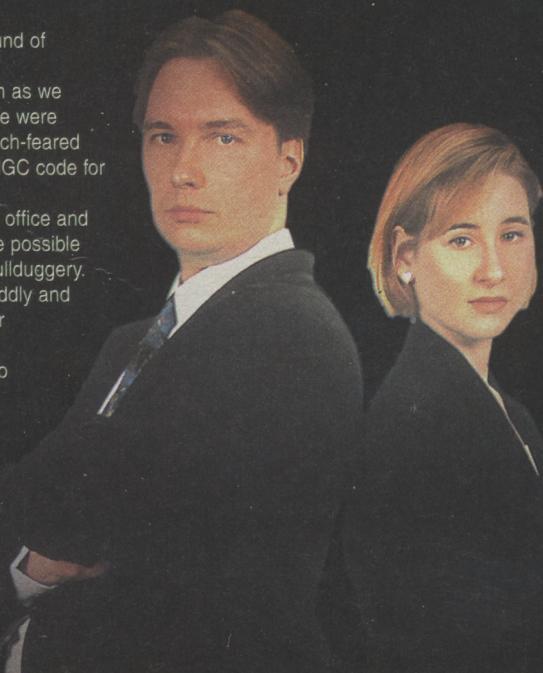
Deep in the vaults of the Sinister Mega Global Corporation that now controls all our lives, is a record of all that is strange and mysterious. THEY would keep it from us, afraid that if we delved too deeply, if we found out THE TRUTH, their power over us would be diminished. The archive has been locked away for many years but recently, while disguised as Government Agents and casually infiltrating SMGC's tight security (something we like to do during those long hours we'd otherwise spend in the office waiting for games to arrive), we chanced upon it.

There, tucked away in sturdy cardboard boxes on long metal shelves, were records of strange phenomena, spooky happenings and bizarre occurrences. We found details of all that is unusual and extraordinary. We were, frankly, astonished (well, who wouldn't be - we were just looking for the personnel files to see if we could get anything embarrassing on the directors to

use as 'leverage' at the next round of pay reviews).

We photographed as much as we could and scurried out before we were caught and subjected to the much-feared 'Career Planning Interview' (SMGC code for 'Career Planning Interview').

We arrived back at the AP office and thought long and hard about the possible consequences of our recent sculldugery. SMGC's PR image might be cuddly and warm, but the consequences for subversive employees are dire indeed. But we are committed to bringing you THE TRUTH and so, as part of that commitment, we have decided to risk everything and to share with you, over the next 14 pages, everything we have discovered about... The Paranormal.



ARE YOU PSYCHIC?



YOU PSYCHIC?

Merely note your responses to the following questions, and then discover whether or not you have some kind of invisible sixth sense.

1 Are you psychic?

- a) No
- b) Yes
- c) Nice try

2 Preparing for a night out on the town with your best friend, you plan to wear your 'little black dress'. On arrival at the pub, however, you discover that your friend is also wearing her 'little black dress'. What do you do?

- a) Just die of embarrassment.
- b) Smile wryly – something, although you're not quite sure what, made you change your mind at the last minute, and you switched to a stunning little red number.
- c) Shake your fist in an ineffective protest at the nature of market forces.

3 All right then. How many goes did it take you to finish *Rick Dangerous*?

- a) 79,938
- b) 1
- c) You didn't buy *Rick Dangerous*

4 You are locked in a dungeon with two doors, one leading to freedom, the other to certain death. Each door has a guard, one who always lies, one who always tells the truth. Do you:

- a) Pick a door randomly. It's a 50-50 chance
- b) Overpower the guards with the bazooka you had the foresight to conceal about your person
- c) Say to one guard, "If your friend was to tell me this door led to freedom, would he be right?" and hope they're able to work it out as well

5 Part 2 of the end-of-series cliffhanger which the last series of *The X-Files* ended on is broadcast, revealing that, against all the odds, Agent Mulder managed to escape from the explosion. You are:

- a) Surprised
- b) Unsurprised
- c) Unsure who 'Agent Mulder' might be

6 Having become well-known as a psychic, you are appearing on stage when a rival psychic jumps up intent on exposing you publicly as a fraud. Unhesitatingly you:

- a) Flee to the roof, grapple with your opponent and fall headlong to the street 30 stories below
- b) Watch the rival psychic plummet through the trapdoor you carefully unlatched earlier
- c) Explain you were being secretly ironic, and laugh

No, of course you're not. Don't be so silly. But just to be on the safe side, let **AMIGA POWER** dismember your mind in search of the answer.

with the surprised audience while inwardly sneering at their gullibility

7 On the way home you walk into a security camera pole, trip over a discarded fast-food carton and fall under a car. You are:

- a) Dying
- b) Having a dream that will cause you to remain inside tomorrow
- c) Experiencing an allegory of modern Britain

8 A series of terrible crimes has been committed in your area, how would you solve them?

- a) It's not your job to solve crimes, you'd leave it to the police
- b) By contacting Chief Prancing Horse, your spirit guide, and asking him for insights from The Other Side
- c) By the painstakingly methodical analysis of forensic research and witness interviews. HOW ELSE DO YOU EXPECT TO SOLVE A CRIME?

9 The telephone rings. You pick it up and answer with:

- a) "Hello?"
- b) "Hello, Luke."
- c) "Yes."

10 Do you know when a close relative or friend is ill?

- a) Not until someone tells you
- b) Yes, you have a strange 'feeling' about them just before the phone rings
- c) Who needs friends and relatives, you've got *Slamtilt*

11 You would pronounce the word 'too':

- a) "Too."
- b) "Too-oo-oooooo..."
- c) "TOO."

12 A friend greets you. You respond with, "Check it out." You are:

- a) Mentally ill
- b) Advising them not to steal the library book you know they will impulsively put in their bag
- c) Cleverly satirising the invasiveness of American culture

13 The National Lottery result is announced. You win:

- a) Nothing
- b) £14,400,322
- c) The game of *Sensible Soccer* you are playing, having denounced the Lottery as A MACHINATION OF SCOUNDRELS

14 Whom do you believe you were in a previous life?

- a) Not sure
- b) Gandhi
- c) You've got a cheat for infinite lives so you are, were, and always shall be

15 Have you ever had a premonition about any sort of major disaster?

- a) No, you only find out about them on the news
- b) Yes, complete with the names and addresses of all those involved. You contacted the authorities but they didn't believe you until it was too late to avert the catastrophe
- c) Your television, being permanently connected to your Amiga, is unable to receive news broadcasts and so you don't know about major disasters even after they've happened

16 You reach into your pocket for your packet of Jolly Ranchers. What happens next?

- a) You unwrap the top-most Rancher and pop it into your mouth. It's of the particularly acrid watermelon flavour, and you writhe about on the floor for several minutes as it disolves
- b) You hesitate, and offer the packet to a friend. They collapse in watermelon-induced discomfort while you enjoy the Rancher that follows, which is apple-flavoured
- c) You crunch your way imperviously through the remaining sweets

17 Have you ever seen a ghost?

- a) No
- b) You host weekly parties for them
- c) Yes. Charming film – even the usually-wooden Patrick Swayze was good

18 For how many more issues will AMIGA POWER survive?

- a) At least 50
- b) Three if it's lucky
- c) It is of no consequence, for the message of truth will live on far beyond these papery confines. In death, AMIGA POWER will grow stronger than can possibly be imagined

HOW DID YOU SCORE?

Mostly 'a's

You would not appear to be unduly psychic. It will remain necessary for you to consult weather forecasts before leaving the house, and the reviews of AMIGA POWER before purchasing Amiga games.

Mostly 'b's

It is likely that you are, indeed, psychic. Use your newly-discovered skill wisely. We wish you luck.

Mostly 'c's

Whether or not you are psychic need not concern you. For you are instilled with the Guiding Spirit Of Truth, and therefore transcend the paranormal. Ghosts and vampires will flee from your path, spoons will crumble rather than merely bend, and evil-doers may be smote 'neath your fist of steel.

ARE YOU PSYCHIC?

Of course, the questionnaire was just a bit of fun (Or was it? Or WAS it? OR WAS IT?). Yes, it was. But now we're going to get serious.



Zena The Mysterious is now appearing at the Winter Gardens, Weston Super Mare.

We don't believe you're psychic. No, really, we don't. We believe it contradicts everything we understand about the universe and that, though transmitting information without any physical proximity is possible (radio seems like a good example), it isn't possible for humans to do it without some sort of help (by using, for example, a radio transmitter).

But we're open minded MIGHTY BEINGS and we're prepared to be persuaded by REAL EVIDENCE. And so we're going to conduct an experiment. We need your help. So pay attention.

THE EXPERIMENT

Time: 13:00 BST on Tuesday 14 May 1996.
What will we do? We (the AP team and some of our friends) will gather at some place yet to be decided and concentrate REALLY HARD on something for five minutes. After that, we'll not talk about it WITH ANYONE.

What will this 'thing' be? We don't know yet.
Oh, come on. All right. Tim The Editor will bring to the meeting a piece of paper upon which he will have drawn something. It might be words, numbers, symbols, shapes, or even a picture. He will make sure not to discuss the content of his mysterious piece of paper with anyone before 13:00 on 14 May.

What do you do? If you want to be part of the experiment, you (the reader) will stop what you're doing at 1pm (BST) on Tuesday 14 May and clear your mind of all its customary clutter. You will concentrate jolly hard on your friends at AMIGA POWER in an attempt to receive our projected thoughts.

And then what? When you think you've got something, jot it down on your own piece of paper and send it to us at: The Great Psychic Experiment, AMIGA POWER, 30 Monmouth Street, Bath, BA1 2BW.

Anything else? Oh, yes. Include your name and address, please, so we know where to send the team of top parapsychological researchers if you get it even vaguely close.

Is there a time limit on this? Oh yes. Given that it's not something you have to think about for very long, we'd appreciate your renditions of your telepathically received images by Friday 24 May 1996, giving us ample time to publish the results in AP63.

Is this for real? Absolutely. We solemnly promise that we'll be doing our bit at the appointed time. Will you...?

WHO YOU GONNA CALL?

"I make it a rule never to get involved with possessed people. [PAUSE] Actually, it's more of a guideline than a rule..."

Ghostbusters! If there's one film whose dialogue has proved more useful than any other to me in my everyday life, it's this one. Whether you're hanging out with your buddies, trying to impress a teacher (or probation officer), or genuinely investigating paranormal phenomena, the following handy phrases (with hints on their accurate usage) will surely prove more invaluable than an unlicensed nuclear accelerator on your back.

"I think we'd better split up."

"Good idea."

"Yeah... we can do more damage that way."

● **DAVE GREEN**

VENKMAN: (when he's interrogating the librarian at the beginning)

Back off, man – I'm a scientist.

Suggested use: When you're examining something (or someone) in too much detail, and someone tries to stop you. Or when someone tries to stop you from doing anything, really.

DANA: (to Venkman when he says he wants to talk to her, while she's possessed)

There is no Dana, only Zool.

Suggested use: If you are trying to pretend that you have been taken over by a malevolent spirit, substitute

your name for "Dana", and the demon's name – Pazuzu, from *The Exorcist* II, say – instead of "Zool". It's especially entertaining on the phone with people who don't know you very well: "Can I speak to Dave, please?" "THERE IS NO 'DAVE' – THERE IS ONLY... ZOOOOOOL!"

Advanced use: You may have an establishment near you which can be abbreviated to "Zool" – a "Zoological Garden", perhaps. At my university, there was a daunting building that housed the Department Of Zoology, which I – naturally – encouraged others to refer to as "The Temple Of Zool". It would have worked too, if they hadn't stopped me.

DANA: (when Venkman arrives at her apartment, and she's been possessed by Zool)

Are you the Keymaster?

Suggested use: A cheery greeting for receptionists or security guards. Or just a nice alternative to asking "Who's got the keys for my car/front door/these handcuffs?"

LOUIS TULLY: (as the Keymaster)

Gozer the Traveller – he will come in one of the prechosen forms. During the rectification of the Valdranaii, the traveller came as a large and moving Torr! Then, during the third reconciliation of the last of the Meketrex supplicants they chose a new form for

him – THAT OF A GIANT SLORR! Many shubs and zuuls knew what it was to be roasted in the depths of the slorr that day, I can tell you!

Suggested use: While waiting for a friend to turn up, especially if he or she has recently changed their appearance by having a haircut, for instance.

RAY: (on trial at the mayor's office)

Everything was fine until the power grid was shut off by (feckless. – Ed) here.

MAYOR: Is this true?

Venkman: Yes, it's true. This man has no (feck. – Ed).

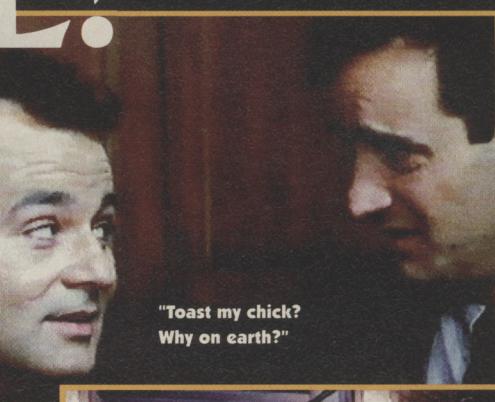
Suggested use: I have no joke here, I just like saying "Yes, it's true. This man has no (feck. – Ed)."

VENKMAN: (when they're going to shoot Gozer at the end)

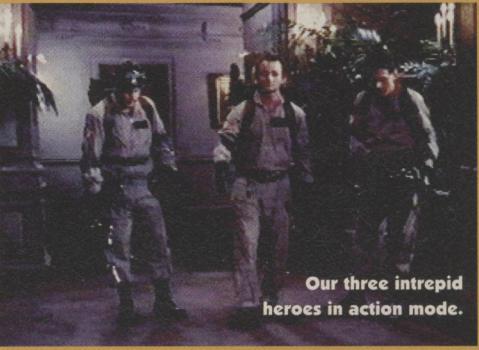
This chick is toast!

Suggested use: An expression of revenge if you have been wronged by a "chick", in either the metaphorical sense of "young woman" or literal sense of "young chicken" (or other avian species).

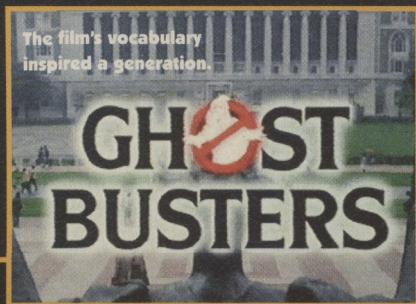
Advanced use: When doing any kind of cooking, especially if it involves a barbecue or similar char-grilling process. If you're not technically cooking a chicken, substitute appropriately; for example (while holding up a slice before putting it under the grill) – "This bread... is TOAST!"



"Toast my chick?
Why on earth?"



"Our three intrepid heroes in action mode."



FORTUNE TELLING

If only we knew what was going to happen to us tomorrow we'd be in a much better position to deal with it.

There's a load of stuff under 'Fortune Telling' in the AP Files. None of it, sadly, has been properly investigated. It seems THEY think it's just a bit of a laugh. But WE know it's a bit more sinister than that. We found descriptions of assorted methods of foretelling the future, most of which involve taking money from FOOLS. We were obliged to consult a psychic debunker and sceptic, whom we have simply called Mr Z, for his views. And he gave them. Freely.

TAROT CARDS

The full Tarot deck contains 78 cards. The 56 'minor arcana' cards resemble those in a modern pack, although the suits are different (Swords, Cups, Coins and Staves) and there's an extra card in each (the Cavalier, or Knight). The remaining 22 cards, the 'major arcana', are the famous ones. This is where you find The Devil, Death, The Lovers, and all those other great horror movie stand-bys.

It works like this: The Subject shuffles and cuts the cards. Their personality and their fate act upon the cards to place them into a meaningful order so that when they are dealt and placed on the table (in a pattern which, itself, has a significance) they will tell the Reader everything they need to know to analyse the Subject's past, present and future.

Mr Z's view: A pack of playing cards, whose symbolism is arbitrary and unknown to the Subject, is sorted by the Subject's subconscious into an order which will mean something to a trained observer. Despite the fact that the Subject's conscious and unconscious mind have no idea what it all means. AND WE ARE EXPECTED TO BELIEVE IT'S A RELIABLE METHOD OF PREDICTING THE FUTURE. HAH!

ASTROLOGY

When the Ancients looked up at the night sky they saw stars. Over time they saw that the patterns of the stars remained unchanged with the seasons, although their positions changed. The

more imaginative among them saw shapes in the patterns of stars and gave them names. Certain that they must signify something, they began to predict future events based on their observations of the changing patterns.

It works like this: Twelve of the constellations, forming a rough 'band' in the sky, form the basis of modern astrology. The position of the planets relative to the constellations at the time of a person's birth will determine their character and abilities. And affect their general health. And as the planets and stars move throughout the person's life, these new positions will influence daily events, too.

Mr Z's view: The constellations DO NOT look like the things they represent. The constellation of Pisces, for instance, DOES NOT look like two fish joined together and swimming in opposite directions. It looks like a bunch of dots. It could just as easily represent a horse with a hat on. And if you include other,



nearby stars, you could make it into anything you choose. But those who are born when the sun is in the constellation of Pisces are said to exhibit personality traits consistent with the image of two fish joined together and swimming in opposite directions. But the naming of the constellation is arbitrary. The shape chosen for it is wholly subjective. How does any of this make sense to anyone at all.

And how, IN THE NAME OF ALL THAT'S LOGICAL, does the position of the planets at one's birth influence one's personality? Gravity is a mighty thing, and the mass of the Moon is enough to change the height of mountains on a daily basis. But personalities? No. IT'S JUST PLAIN SILLY.

PALMISTRY

Much beloved of seaside fortune tellers, palmistry is based on the idea that the lines on the Subject's hands will tell you something about them.

It works like this: Human hands are all lined in broadly the same way but the subtle differences between individual hands can be used to determine characters and plot futures.

Mr Z's view: When you screw up your hand, the skin creases. If you screw up your hand enough times the creases WILL STAY THERE. And the way your skin creases is influenced by events that have yet to happen to you. Yeah, right. You might be able to guess that someone plays the guitar if they calluses on their fingertips, but to tell that they'll have three children by the shape of one of the creases on their palm is PREPOSTEROUS.

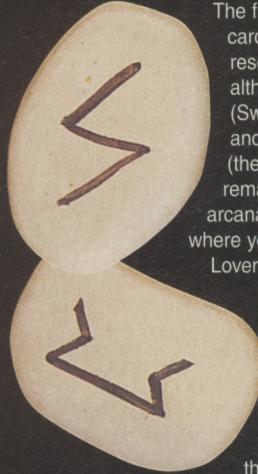
RUNES

The casting of bones, sticks, stones and, indeed, anything else that might be cast is a frightfully old method of fortune telling.

The Vikings (or, more properly, the people of Scandinavia) used to use stones painted or carved with runes, the letters of the Germanic alphabet. They were believed to control the forces of magic and

Odin was said to have used the runes to contact the spirit world.

It was this association with the 'other side' that gave them their fortune telling powers.





It works like this: The village's mystic person (whoever that might be) would cast the stones on the ground or pull them from a bag. Their fall, or the order in which they were chosen would be influenced by the spirits and could be interpreted by a trained observer.

Mr Z's view: See Tarot Cards.

I CHING

The ancient Chinese Book Of Change. Written before 1,000 BC, it's one of the oldest books we know of. There are 64 texts, each of which can be interpreted to give some sort of clue as to how life is changing for the Subject at that moment. Number 54, for instance, is called Hêng, The Long Enduring. The text says, "Success and freedom from error! Righteous persistence brings reward. It is favourable to have in view some goal (or destination)."

It works like this: Consulting the I Ching is a lengthy process involving the shaking of 50 sticks from a container and placing them on trays as they

fall. The Subject must frame a very specific question for the I Ching and concentration and ritual are vital to the outcome of the divination. Once all the shaking and placing has been done, the chapter to which the results point is consulted and an interpretation made. There's a quick version involving three coins, but it's really something over which time must be taken.

Mr Z's view: One of the few methods of fortune telling that makes it clear to the Subject that it's pretty much their own effort that's going to solve the problem for them. There's some mystic bilge about the periodicity of Nature and the universe, but you'd expect that. The Subject uses a lengthy random process to select one of 64 very vague texts. By the time they've finished they've been thinking about the problem in question for so long that they've solved it for themselves and the vague text is interpreted accordingly. Hurrah.

TEA LEAVES

Another seaside favourite involving patterns in the tea leaves at the bottom of the Subject's cup.

It works like this: Oh, come on, really. It doesn't work like anything. Get a grip.

Mr Z's view: Hahahaha.

This tea cup was kindly lent to us by Sue's mum. The tea leaves are our own.



CRYSTAL BALL

Through the swirling mists of the spirit world we can see that which is otherwise hidden. Or something. It's a ball. Made of crystal. And you look into it. It serves as a sort of lens to 'the other side'.

It works like this: The

Reader demands a sum of money and stares into an expensive glass ball. Shapes within the ball resolve themselves and are interpreted by the Reader to foretell future events.

Mr Z's view: Bollocks.

OUIJA BOARD

More a method of contacting 'the other side', really, but worthy of a mention if only for the fear and loathing it stirs in people. Ouija is, in fact, a trademark formed from the French word 'oui' – yes, and the German word 'ja' – er, yes. As well. With no mention of the word 'no'. Which also appears on the board. Strangely.

It works like this: A group of frightened teenagers sit round a board with an upturned wine glass on it. They all place their fingertips on the glass and ask questions of those on 'the other side'. The other side spells out its answers by moving the glass to point to letters of the alphabet drawn on the board.

Mr Z's view: Everyone denies it was them when the inevitable, "Who's moving the glass?"

question is asked. And then they all have nightmares, believing that they've been talking to dead people. Except the one who was moving the glass who has nightmares from the guilt of having given all the other kids nightmares. Hours of fun for all the family.

And, of course, as time passes vast numbers of other strange ways of predicting the future emerge. There's the pendulum (a bit like a Ouija board only not as scary); crystals (which can also heal, apparently); the reading of 'Auras' (one of the most bizarre rip-offs ever conceived where the Reader draws some fuzzy lines with coloured pencils and tells you about your psychic aura); and many more.

The official AP advice (confirmed by Mr Z) is that if you want to find out what's going to happen tomorrow, just wait until tomorrow and see what happens. Or something.



It was a few years ago – the tail-end of the '80s if Dame Memory hasn't swatted us too many times over the head with her knobbly broom – that a major toy manufacturer put out Ouija, the Home Ouija Board. There was a furious outcry from eight or nine people warning the Major Toy Manufacturer about "meddling in forces it didn't understand". The same eight or nine people organised pickets against the Major Toy Manufacturer, and possibly stoned its employees. Ouija, the Home Ouija Board, was withdrawn.

But the major toy manufacturer had not been the first to try to popularise talking to dead people. In 1958, children's comic *Whizz-z-z Bangg-g-g!* (like the later *Whizzer and Chips* it was supposedly originally two rival comics) printed a DIY ouija board in Professor Desmonde's Kraft Korner, ghostwritten for film star Jerry Desmonde. The board was in the shape of the giant face of Tiger Bythetral, the zany mischievous tiger who was *Whizz-z-z Bangg-g-g!*'s most popular character. The comic was closed the next week following a flood of complaints, perhaps from exactly the same eight or nine people, or possibly their parents. Anyway, we've more or less stolen *Whizz-z-z Bangg-g-g!*'s idea outright, because we're pretty sure everyone involved with the comic is dead, and have adapted it here, updating the design and deleting the occasional reference to colonialism but changing little else.

OUIJA BOARD FOR KIDS! (TM)

Ouijette The Friendly Ouija Board For All The Family

HOW TO PREPARE OUIJETTE

Cut out and glue to cardboard. Do the same with Tiger's extra nose, which will be the pointer. Gather together some older members of the family, and if grandfather or grandmother aren't with you any more, don't worry because they soon will be again.

USING OUIJETTE

Ask everyone to sit around a table and place the tips of their index fingers on Tiger's extra nose, being careful not to tickle him. If any men in the family have lost one or both index fingers in the war, ask them respectfully to leave the room now.

You should now all look up through the ceiling to God in his heaven and say together, "Tiger, Tiger Bythetral, bring the dead and do not fail!" If mother and father are worried you'll fall foul of an evil demon from the bad place where boys and girls go who don't do their homework, reassure them with the Tiger Bythetral Club Growl.

Tiger Bythetral would never let anything bad happen to his club friends. NB: if you do raise an evil demon, show it your shoe and say, "Leave this place and I pledge you my sole." It is extremely important to use the word sole.

If all has gone well, you'll feel Tiger's nose begin to move as the spirit

communicates. Ask it questions and let it spell out answers. Don't be tempted to move Tiger's nose yourself – that's cheating. And do not use it to spell out vulgar words and blame your younger brother or sister. Good questions to ask are, "Who are you?" and "Do you have any interesting anecdotes I could share with readers of Chumps the Office Boy's page?" Poor questions to ask are, "Do you know anyone who was murdered?" and "Religion, eh?" When your questions have been satisfied, thank the spirit and dismiss it. It's best to do this before summoning another one, otherwise the letters tend to get jumbled up. You should not attempt to correct any spelling. Have fun!

OUIJETTE – THE GAME

Clever old Tiger didn't just get letters stamped into his face to contact the dead. You can also use him to play a fun, and educational, game. Place his nose on the A and roll a die. Move forward that number of letters. When you make a word with your letters, score 10 points plus the length of the word. See how many points you can score. If you play against someone else, buy another copy of *Whizz-z-z Bangg-g-g!* and cut out one of Tiger's eyes as a second counter.

PROFESSOR DESMONDE'S KWIK TIP: DO NOT MISTAKE OUIJA WITH

WEEGEE – A 1930s crime photographer.
SQUEEGEE – A window-cleaning tool.

WIDGET – Sandra Dee's character in that film. No, that was Gidget. Then who am I thinking of? Tch.

GIGI – That's the one. Except it was Hermione Gingold.

OOYAH – A comic-strip exclamation.



One of the worst things about *Whizz-z-z Bangg-g-g!*'s closure was that the adventure serial, *Mystery Maze*, was left unfinished. Using Ouijette, we managed to contact Leslie Cheddar, the author, who revealed they all escaped in the end. Phew.

As AMIGA POWER "went to press" (these wacky publishing terms, eh?) we learned another major toy manufacturer was close to finishing OUIJA – BOARD OF FEAR, a board game with supplementary video. We'll let you know if it gets released.

WELCOME TO THE WORLD OF THE STRANGE

We open our investigation of all that is odd, with a quick peek into the section of the AP Files marked "Telepathy, telekinesis, and general psychic stuff".

Everyone know what ESP is? Well, it's the ability to transmit and receive thoughts. It's mind reading. It's sending messages to your friends just by thinking about them. It's foreseeing tragic events. It's nonsense. Let's point the mighty MICROSCOPE OF SANITY AND REASONABLENESS at a few of the claims, shall we?

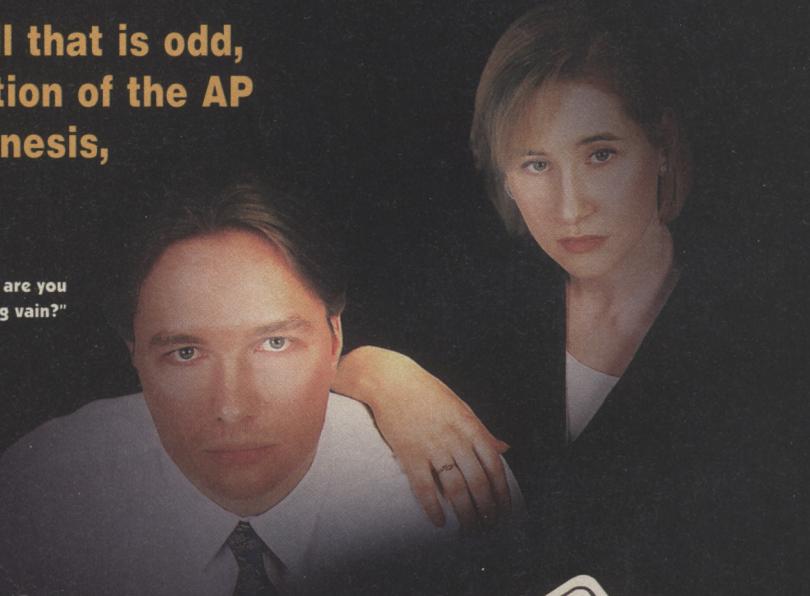
PRESCIENCE

There's an astonishing amount of anecdotal evidence from around the round world concerning people who claim to have 'seen' tragedies before they occurred. One story, commonly reported on British telly, is of a woman who saw a factory fire in a dream, complete with some convincing details. When she awoke, she discussed it with a friend on the telephone, believing that she'd heard it on the news earlier that day. She hadn't, and the friend didn't know what she was

talking about. Later a factory fire was reported on the news, and (but you've guessed already) some of the details matched. Believers say that coincidence is too wild a notion to explain something like this and that there must be another, paranormal, explanation. Like that's not a wild notion itself.

The world's a big old place and it's full of stuff happening.

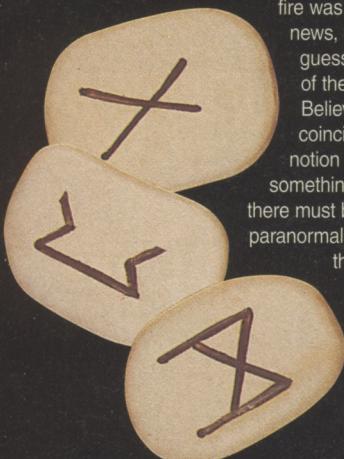
"Who are you calling vain?"



Not a moment goes by without something going on somewhere. It never stops. And the diversity of the stuff is astounding. People are born, die, buy new cars, jump in the air, watch football matches – it's all going on. Meanwhile, cars crash, factories catch fire, trees fall, apples roll off tables and into people's laps... Stuff. Lots of it. All the time.

And then there are thoughts. A recent car advert tried to tell us that the average person has around 12,000 thoughts every day (roughly one every five waking seconds, which doesn't seem a lot but we'll run with it). This means that in the UK alone there will be something like 684,000,000,000 thoughts thought in an average day. Or 249,600,000,000 thoughts every year. Just in the UK (and we haven't even begun to try to work out how many dreams we all have).

People are thinking about all sorts of things: what to have for dinner; ooh, she's nice; my toe hurts; factory fire... And all over the world stuff is



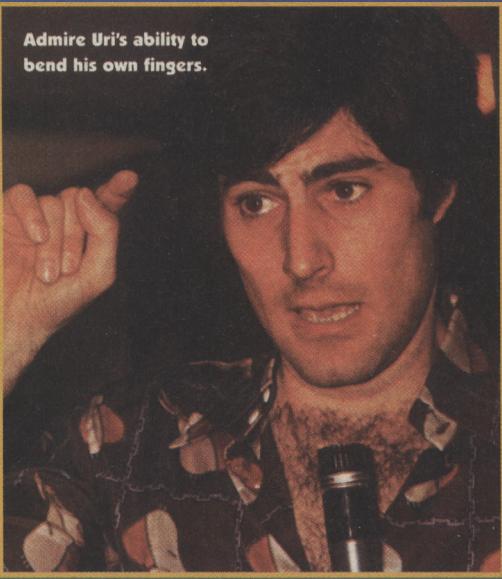
URI GELLER

In the early 70s a young Israeli called Uri Geller caused something of a stir by bending spoons. Lots of spoons. And by stopping watches. And by doing all manner of other telepathic sorts of things. He was quite a sensation for a while.

He met the famous psi-debunker James Randi in 1973 at the offices of Time magazine. (Randi, an accomplished illusionist, spends his time, much like AP, trying to discover THE TRUTH. He carries with him a signed cheque for \$10,000 which he will give to anyone who can prove existence of paranormal powers. He's been carrying it since 1965. And he still has it.) Randi is convinced that Geller is nothing more or less than a stage conjuror and that all his 'powers' can be reproduced by any reputable magician.

Paul Daniels (yes, yes, we know) has claimed in a television interview that he and his son were denied admission to one of Geller's performances. No reasons were given, but the claim was that a 'psychic' wouldn't let a couple of stage magicians watch him at work. You may infer from that what you will.

Admire Uri's ability to bend his own fingers.



The world famous pianist Marco Fezzietti mislays his piano and is forced to improvise.



With a face like that is it any wonder things wither when Uri looks at them?



happening all the time. It strikes us as unusual that with nearly 250 million things being thought every year by the good people of this land of ours, and with an unceasing parade of diverse stuff happening, there aren't more 'coincidences' like the one experienced by the woman who dreamed about the factory fire. Perhaps there are. But no one troubles to mention them.

We could all try it right now. Think about something (not too outrageous or improbable, mind you)... now. Just give it a few seconds... and somewhere in the world it just happened. You didn't make it happen. You didn't predict it. It was a coincidence. Or was it? Or WAS it? OR WAS IT? Yes, of course it was.

TELEPATHY

Sending thoughts. To other people. Without any mechanical means. How? Energy can be transmitted about the place willy-nilly at any time of the day or night by means of electromagnetic waves. You must have heard of them, they were in all the papers. We can use radios and all sorts these days and most people have a pretty good idea how they work. But still no one knows how telepathy works. Nor are they able to observe it 'under laboratory conditions'. Which is strange, really, given the amount of effort that's been devoted to studying it over the years. Actually, that's not quite true. A great many 'experiments' have observed ESP, but in any repeatable, usable way.

Particle physics has offered a glimmer of hope to the believers because it's been explained to them in a way that seems to conform with their views on ESP. But for the rest of us it just defies everything we understand about the nature of the universe. AND WE REJECT IT.

But... That's not to say that there aren't one or two interesting stories in the AP Files. People have, apparently, been able to draw things that other people, but not they themselves, have seen. A husband and wife were, apparently, able to send images to each other over long distances and kept the evidence to astound their friends. It's all very entertaining and very hard to explain.

But we say that it's the logic of the playground to suggest that because we can't come up with a better explanation then whatever else is offered by the 'believers' has to be true, no





Kasparov's secret weapon - unveiled at last.

AP's very own
Little & Large.



matter how bizarre or implausible it is. We'd rather leave it unexplained. Frankly.

PSYCHOKINESIS

Actually, we just like writing the word. It's the ability to move things without touching them. Anyone possessed of this astonishing power could make a passable living at the casinos of the world playing roulette. It's damned hard for punters to cheat at roulette (although, according to the movies, it's not so hard for the casino owners) so no one would suspect them. Or something. And you could play great practical jokes on people - tipping their drinks over, pulling their chairs out from under them - and no one would know it was you. And you'd be able to play *Psychic Space Invaders* (see the *Psychic Space Invaders* box for more information).

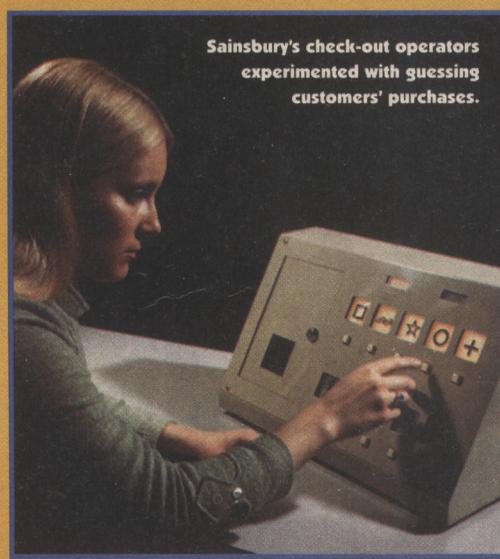
And, of course, there's more. Books and books of it. The AP Files were bulging with stories about mysterious powers. We also noticed that they were bulging with stories of frauds and fakes. And poor lab techniques. And scientists whose vanity prompted them to 'massage' the figures to make it look as if they'd discovered things they hadn't. And then there's a lengthy report (made in the Daily Telegraph by Stephen Fry, of all people) of an American TV show where \$100,000 was on offer to anyone who could prove they were psychic. None of those that tried came even close.

And they probably never will.

ZENER CARDS

In an attempt to bring the science of statistics to bear on the examination of telepathy, Dr Joseph Banks Rhine used a pack of 25 cards which were named after one of the researchers (his name was Zener, but you guessed that). There were five symbols (circle, star, cross, square and wavy lines) and there were five cards of each. The idea was that the researcher would look at a card and the subject would try to read the researcher's mind to determine which card they were holding. Blind probability gave them a one in five chance of getting it right and made it possible to gauge ESP (Rhine also coined the term 'ESP', by the way) by how far the subject's success varied from the expected one-in-five probability.

Oh, and they look good in movies. Especially that bit in...
(I thought we weren't going to obsess about movies any more. - Ed.)



Sainsbury's check-out operators experimented with guessing customers' purchases.



ZANY DICTIONARY!

Dictionary of strange mental powers

ALBARNISM (n): The ability to sing popular songs in a fake Cockney accent.

ELEMENTALISM (n): The strange belief in weather gods.

PELMANISM (n): A card game.

PSYCHOSOMATIC (adj): Of the strange power to be ill because you think you're ill.

PSYCHOTEMPS (n): The strange power to project a ring from your head.

PSYCHOTHERAPY (n): A song by the Ramones.

SOCIOKINESIS (n): The strange power to bend spoons, but you don't care if you use your power for good or evil.

SPECTRAVISION (n): When *The Man With The X-Ray Eyes* was filmed in.

TELEROLMORTION (n): The strange power to inset you invented jazz.

TELESAVALIB (n): The strange power to strip hair from heads.

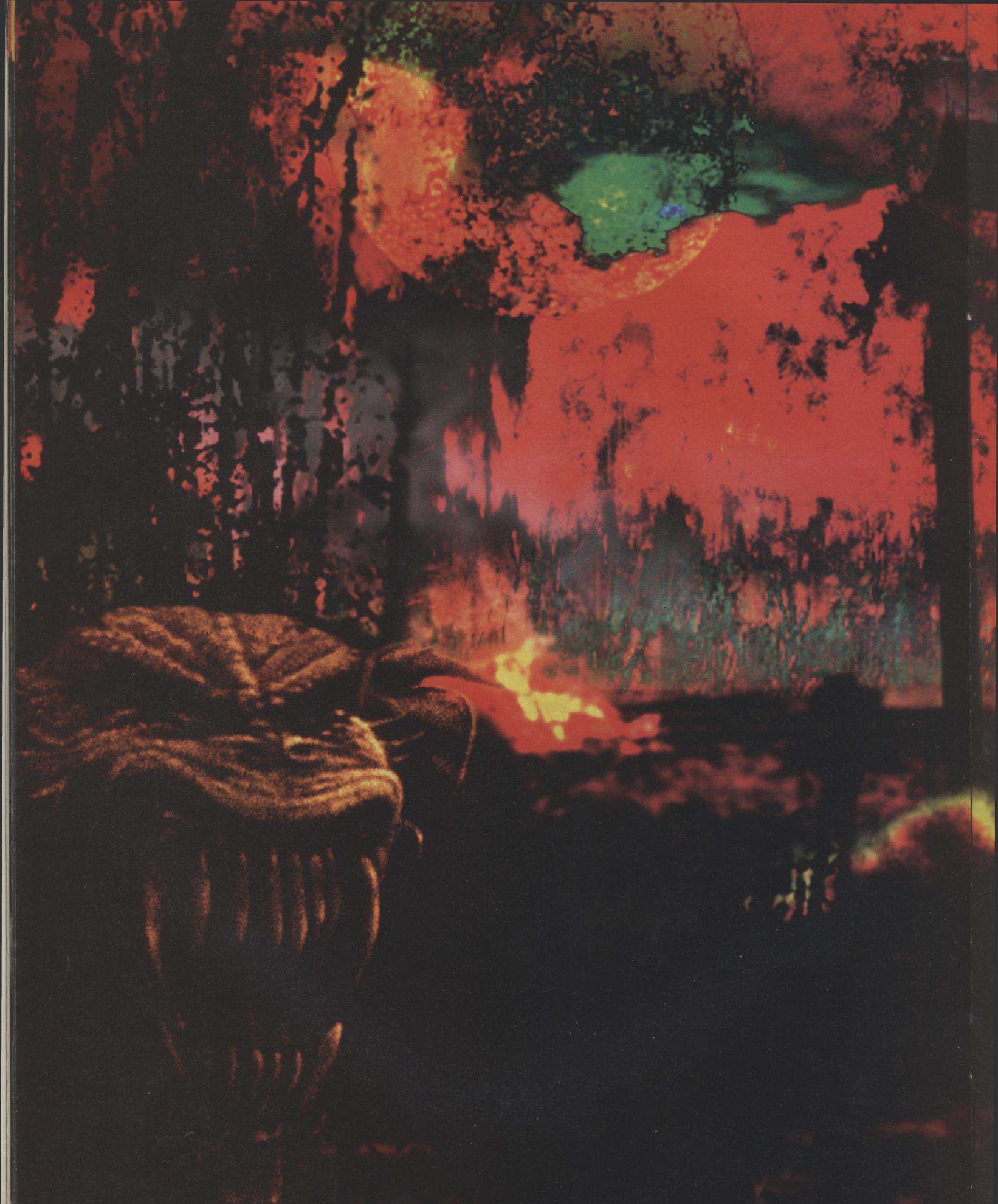
TURBOKINETIC (adj): Of laws supplanting the normal science of kinetics; essentially slightly faster and with more moves.

PSYCHOANTHONYPERKINESIS (n): Gnuk.

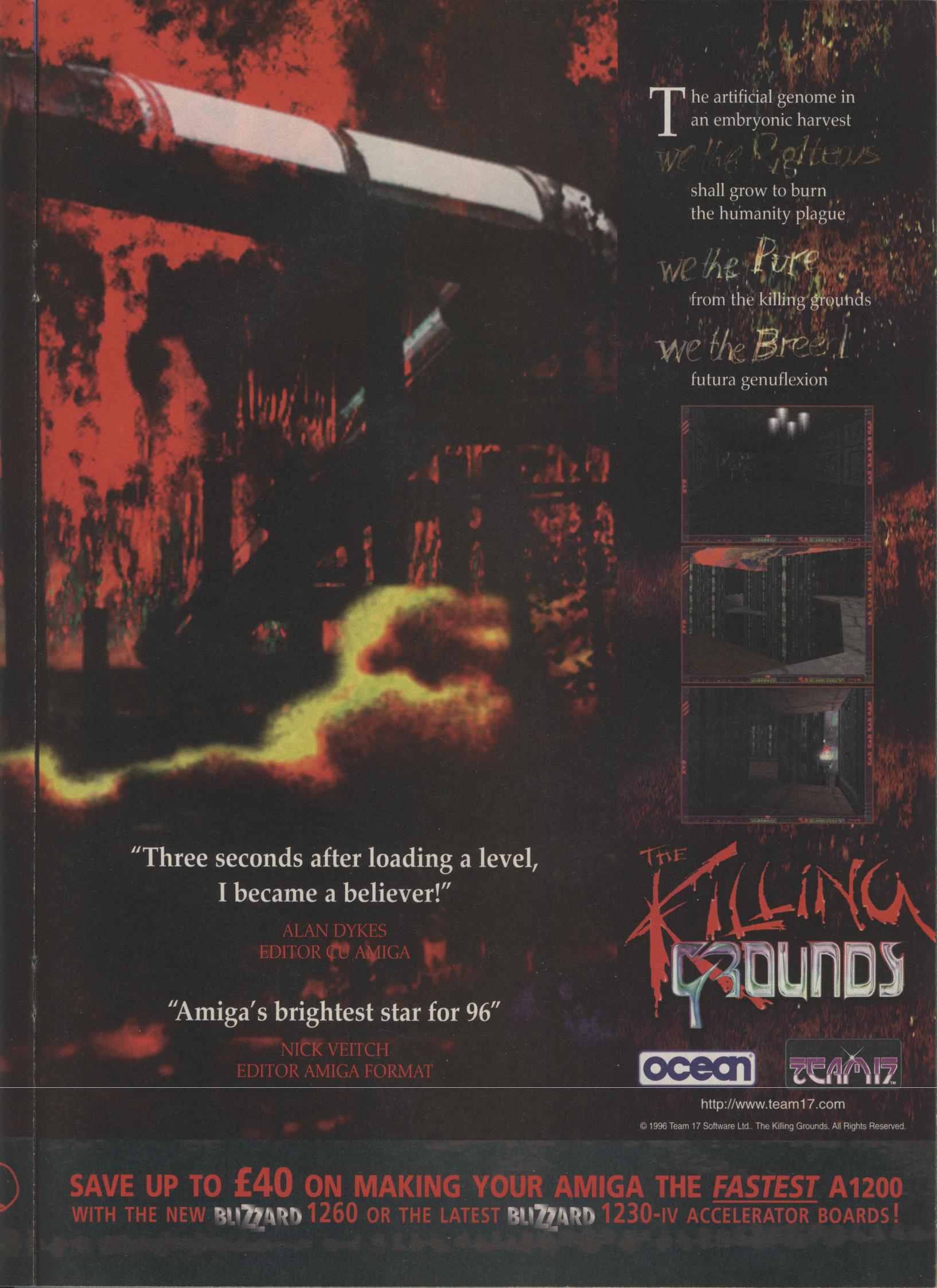
PSYCHIC SPACE INVADERS

Perhaps the most famous experiment linking the world of computers with the world of the paranormal was *Psychic Space Invaders*. Exhibited at the 1980 World Science Fair and heavily featured on Newsround, or possibly Blue Peter, the experiment involved a *Space Invaders* machine slightly reprogrammed to include a random factor: when you pressed fire, there was a 75% chance your guns would jam. If you possessed unearthly powers, of course, you would influence the circuitry to ensure a clean kill each time. At the end of the fair, a significant high score would show someone had played the game who was a psychic.

The experiment was a complete failure; the highest score was under 100. Does this prove CONCLUSIVELY (there were computers involved, after all) that psychics do not exist? Not necessarily. They may just be crap at playing *Space Invaders*.



Blood Flies Faster in a Blizzard



The artificial genome in
an embryonic harvest
WE THE REGENES

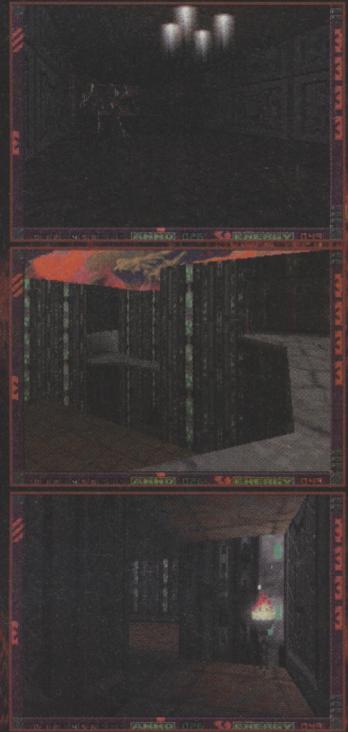
shall grow to burn
the humanity plague

WE THE PURE

from the killing grounds

WE THE BREED

futura genuflexion



"Three seconds after loading a level,
I became a believer!"

ALAN DYKES
EDITOR CU AMIGA

"Amiga's brightest star for 96"

NICK VEITCH
EDITOR AMIGA FORMAT

THE
KILLING GROUNDS

ocean

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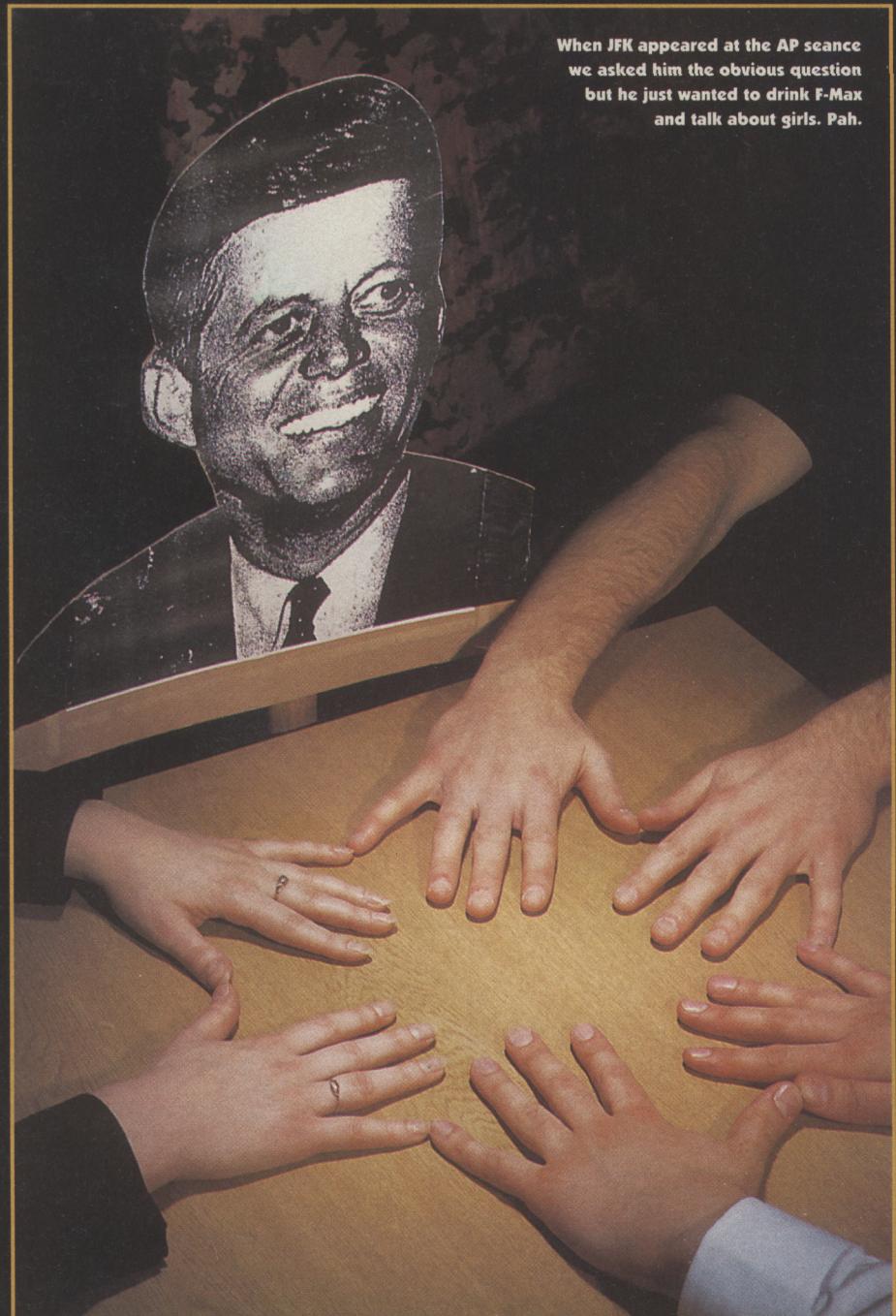
<http://www.team17.com>

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WITH THE NEW BLIZZARD 1260 OR THE LATEST BLIZZARD 1230-IV ACCELERATOR BOARDS!**

SPIRITUALIST AND GHO

Even with just the material in the AP Files we could happily fill an entire issue with the work of those who would contact The Other Side.



When JFK appeared at the AP seance we asked him the obvious question but he just wanted to drink F-Max and talk about girls. Pah.

In a darkened room, hands clasp around a table. The medium slips into a trance. "Is there anybody there?" they ask, in a wailing, moaning, long-drawn-out sort of way. There is a tap on the window pane, a gust of wind, the candles gutter. "It's coming through.. It's your Auntie Myffanwy..."

Over the years a great many people have gained a great deal of comfort from knowing that they've spoken to dead loved ones. Over the years a great many mediums have made a great deal of money from facilitating this contact. It seems like a perfectly good relationship to us and one that we'd rather not fool with. Frankly.

The fact that mediums in the early part of this century were being tried left right and centre for fraud need not detain us. The fact that, if you listen closely to a medium's patter, you can hear just how many names they get through before they get to one that's significant to someone in their audience is a trivial matter indeed. What's important is that everyone is happy. Yes.

Truth? Who needs it? It's just 'hurt' with an extra 't'. And in a different order. Of course.

WILLINGNESS TO BELIEVE

There's a magazine called *The Skeptical Enquirer* which is the official organ of The Committee For The Scientific Investigation Of The Paranormal. A recent article, *Eyewitness Testimony And The Paranormal* has been reprinted on the Internet (URL <http://www.csicop.org/si/>) and it describes how recent studies have shown how thoroughly unreliable eyewitness testimony is when it comes to supposedly paranormal events. Even when they are TOLD that what they are watching is a trick, many people will still believe that they have seen something paranormal. They mis-remember events and often assert that things happened which plainly did not. Which only goes to show that you can't trust anecdotal evidence of the paranormal. At all.

HARRY HOUDINI

Houdini, the famous escapologist and magician, was devoted to his mother and, when she died, was determined to find a way to get in touch with her again. He devoted much of the later part of his life to trying to find a genuine medium who could contact her for him. He never succeeded.

TS, MEDIUMS OSTS

Despite his efforts and his willingness to believe, all he found were fakes and frauds.

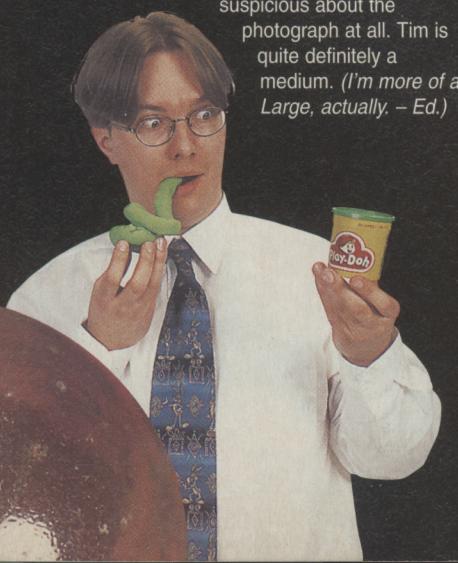
THE OFFICIAL AP SEANCE

We held a seance in the comfort of our own office to see if we could make contact. We (Sue, Martin and Tim) sat round a table and cleared our minds of everything (unfortunately, we are obliged by the Old Jokes Act 1995 to repeat the obvious line 'it didn't take long'). With our hands flat on the table, fingertip to fingertip, we called to the spirit world to see whom we could summon. Before long, there was a papery rustling and the ghostly figure of Kennedy-On-A-Stick™ appeared before us. We asked him about the Grassy Knoll, but all he'd offered for was to try to get some F-Max to take back with him. Ghosts, eh? Tch.

ECTOPLASM

In the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries there was quite a seance craze. Mediums sprang up from all over the place and each had to have better gimmicks than the others. One of the tip-toppy-tip-toppest of all the gimmicks was the production of 'ectoplasm'. There was much debate over the exact nature of ectoplasm, but that produced by Frau Maria Vollhardt of Berlin was a rubbery fluid in which some observers noticed the marks of her teeth.

While we were getting ready to take the AP Files photographs for this issue, Tim The Editor suddenly claimed to be in communication with 'the other side' and showed us the glowing green ectoplasm that had resulted from this contact. Luckily, we were in a well-lit photographic studio with an alert photographer standing by and we were able to capture this bizarre incident on film. We are utterly convinced and can see nothing suspicious about the photograph at all. Tim is quite definitely a medium. (I'm more of a Large, actually. - Ed.)



DORIS STOKES, PSYCHIC INVESTIGATOR

Chapter 18

Doris Stokes, Psychic Investigator, glanced sharply at each occupant of the library. At her feet, a sheet concealed the body of Lord Pembleton Thrisk, especially returned by the police for the occasion.

"I suppose you're wondering why I called you all here today," she said, inhaling through thin lips, which things are supposed to be impossible simultaneously, although Roger Whittaker maintains he can do it. "I've examined all the evidence, and I'm certain I know who killed poor Lord Thrisk." She nodded imperceptibly to Inspector Geezer and the redoubtable Constable Aaargh. They remained where they were. She nodded again, perceptibly this time, and they subtly moved to cover the door.

"And...?" Judy Goddew's voice trembled with



anticipation. After all, her fiancé Lubis stood accused of the dreadful crime.

Doris Stokes, Psychic Investigator arched an eyebrow. "I'm getting a name," she said. "It's... Bob. Robert. Any Roberts here? No, it's James. Jack. Definitely John. Does anyone know a Sarah? Or Eulalie. Desmond? It could be a pet. Some sort of dog. Or cat. Parakeet."

"I once had a mouse," confessed Wilbun Cokes, the nephew. "That's it - a mouse."

"My uncle had a leopard," said the cook.

"Or leopard. Definitely. You were clever, my friend, but no match for Doris Stokes, Psychic Investigator. Officers, arrest that woman."

Later, Inspector Geezer congratulated Doris Stokes, Psychic Investigator over a glass of wine.

"Well done, Miss Stokes. The cook would undoubtedly have got away with it but for your amazing psychic powers."

"Indeed, Inspector. I 'leopard' she won't be doing that again!" And they all laughed until the police came.

REINCARNATION

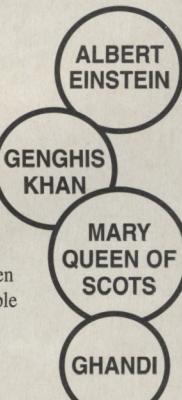
HAVE YOU REINCARNATED?

*Were You A Famous Person
In A Former Life?*



DOCTOR N TOMLINSON

No, you were not. How can everyone who claims to have reincarnated possibly have been famous in a past life? There have not been even approaching nearly enough famous people to accommodate everyone who says they have been reincarnated from one.



Institute

It's never a famous goat-herder, is it? Or a cleric who helped people throughout his life but was unknown outside his home town. No, it's always someone world-famous, a superstar like James Dean or powerful leader like Catherine The Great. Do you know how many people claim to be reincarnations of Catherine The Great?

Evidence

Reincarnation originated in Buddhism - you had to complete a full circle of the wheel of life from one form to another to reach heaven. Noticeable lack of being a reborn country-and-western singer or Mongol emperor, isn't there? And how do you explain more than one claimant to a famous soul? The only way you can all be right is if your celebrity had multiple personalities, and if you're saying Madame Curie, the mother of radiology, was a schizoid loony, I'm going to have to ask you to step outside. Eh? Eh? You want some? Pull yourself together. Oaf.

Send No Money Now!

PD

However regular a slot may be, this month's PD section has particular relevance. As with the world of the paranormal, many things are left unexplained in PD, as a puzzled Dave Golder will testify.

SATURDAY NIGHT SNOOKER

Shareware

Don't expect a perfect snooker sim," excuses the document files, covering the game's back. "This is supposed to reflect the party atmosphere of playing the game." Party atmosphere? Snooker? And I thought it was all low lights, smoke and spilling lager all over the tables. Hmm, that does sound like a few parties I've been to.

But the party atmosphere here is altogether different, mainly provided by a quartet of busty lasses who'll strip for you if you beat them at a game. Sexist? Of course. Nothing wrong in a bit of bawdy, British, seaside humour is there? Well, apart from the fact it's rarely funny, yes. But let's not get into sexual politics here. Let's just say that in theory, strip snooker sounds a lot more distasteful than it is in practice. In this

game at least, which does manage to make the whole affair fun rather than sordid. Then again, I never could get worked up about digitally created women (or Wilma Flintstone, for that matter).

Saturday Night Snooker is the sequel to *Friday Night Pool* (what next, *Sunday Morning Throwing Up*?) and a pretty darned good game it is too. Not without its faults, sure, but a lot better than you'd normally expect from the public domain. With options for normal snooker or a colours game (sort of speed snooker), two-player games against an opponent or a computer opponent (one of those brazen hussies I told you about) and even a

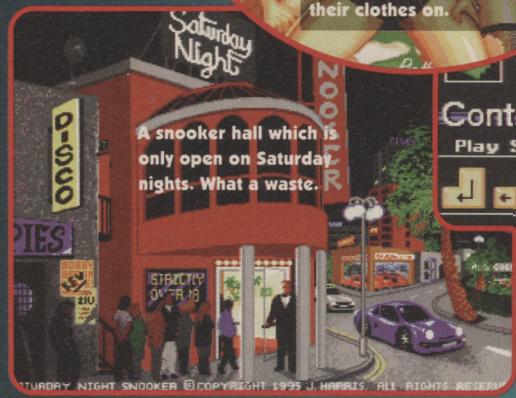
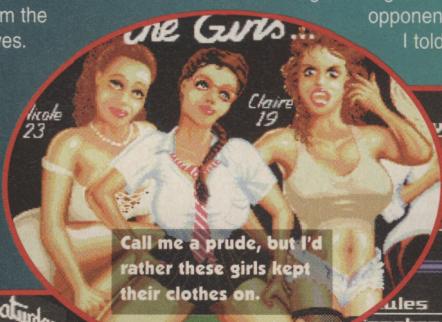
want the cue ball to go in using the mouse or keyboard, then click to set the power before letting fly. The ball mechanics are slightly dubious but at least consistent so you can get used to their idiosyncrasies, so it's no major hassle. More problematic is the lack of variety in the shots – no spin, stun, swerve or whatever (there seemed to be hints in the rules that you could do this kind of thing, but nowhere is it explained fully how).

There are only ten red balls which might alarm purists, but speeds up the games ("and," claims the document files, "means you get to those stripping girls more quickly.") And the computer opponents range from a pushover to one who's near impossible to beat (and should you beat her you're promised an extra treat – ooh-er).

Saturday Night Snooker features excellent presentation, with some reasonable cartoons of the girls, and for shots where your ball goes spinning off the table, it's well worth checking out. Don't expect a realistic sim, but accept it on its own merits and it's innocent enough fun.

Unless you're Germaine Greer.

★★★



practice mode and choice of baize colours, it's an impressively comprehensive game and, once you get into the game, impressively playable too.

The control system is pretty straightforward. Line up the direction you



want the cue ball to go in using the mouse or keyboard, then click to set the power before letting fly. The ball mechanics are slightly dubious but at least consistent so you can get used to their idiosyncrasies, so it's no major hassle. More problematic is the lack of variety in the shots – no spin, stun, swerve or whatever (there seemed to be hints in the rules that you could do this kind of thing, but nowhere is it explained fully how).

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Unless you're Germaine Greer.

★★★



PIC-IT 2

Shareware

Imagine a cross between Catchphrase, a pub quiz and Noel's Telly Addicts. (No. - Ed.) Your worse nightmare? (Yes. - Ed.) Well, eliminate Noel Edmonds, fat drunken old men who insist that Arch Duke Ferdinand was shot in the head and not in Sarajevo and that Irish bloke who says, "it was a good answer, but not the correct one" from the equation, and not only is the nightmare a lot more bearable, but you can chuck it on the Amiga and call it *Pic-It*.

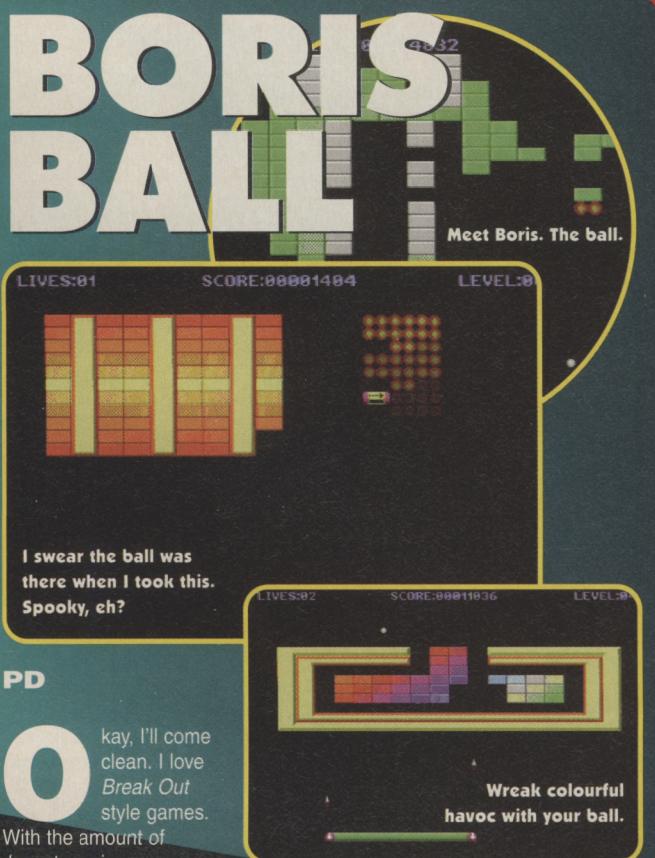
The main playing area (which would be a huge video wall if this were an ITV quiz show, or a load of cardboard placards turned around manually by some slightly gone-to-seed ex-model on the BBC) is divided into nine squares, each bearing a category of questions – sports, entertainment, geography, science and nature, but strangely, no history. Or stamp collecting.

Up to five players can take part, each answering a randomly selected question, chosen by a rapidly moving question mark which moves around the grid like a demented mug on a ouija board. If they get the answer correct, then that part of the grid dissolves away (accompanied by what I suspect is supposed to be clapping but sounds more like a dodgy floorboard) to reveal either a picture of a celebrity or a Catchphrase style visual conundrum depending on which game you've chosen to play. That player then gets the chance to guess who the celebrity is/what the catchphrase is to gain a few extra points.

This carries on for a few rounds and then whoever has got the most points is, would you believe, the winner.

It all works fairly well, looks fairly impressive (the digitised pictures of stars are pretty good) and is mildly diverting for a while, but does suffer on two counts: there's no variation to the gameplay and the bank of questions and selection of stars/catchphrases isn't large enough. Yup, in two hours of playing, three questions and one star re-occurred, which is a bit worrying. Perhaps the authors should hurry up and release some Trivial Pursuit style supplementary question disks pronto.

★★★

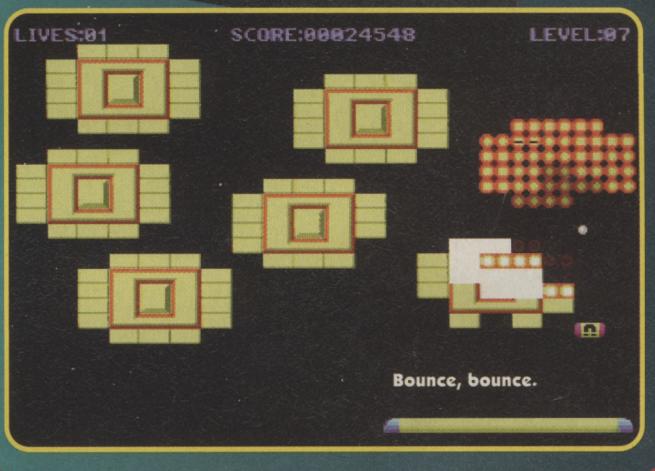


Yup, this is one of those bounce-the-ball-off-the-bricks-to-destroy them games with a moveable paddle at the bottom of the screen and various bizarrely-shaped walls at the top. What makes *Boris Ball* notable, apart from the neon-like graphics which glow almost radioactive out of the screen, are the number of power-ups and power-downs it drops in your direction, the best of which are the multi-ball facilities. It's really quite spectacular watching six balls all bouncing around at once.

Other power-up/downs include the more traditional elongated bat, extra lives, missiles, speed ups and speed downs. More unusual is the dynamite (which will blow up certain bricks) and the "reset" which invariably appears at the end of a level and resets it back to the beginning.

Boris Ball is a faster *Break Out* clone than most which eliminates a lot of that tedious 300-attempts-to-get-the-last-brick syndrome by not restricting the power-ups to emerging from destroyed bricks – they tend to just fall randomly. Things like the multi-balls and the dynamite also speed things up. The only problem with this is that you'll be romping through the levels so fast the challenge is somewhat diminished. Then again, you can always try and make things harder for yourself by designing your own levels in the editor supplied.

Decent, mindless fun. ★★★★



Ah, fond memories.



PD

I don't know what's happened to the ASI collections recently. When I last used to review PD games for AMIGA POWER they were a constant source of diverse software, much of which was good, all of which was the latest stuff. However, the last disk we were sent had three games, none of them more recent than 1994, and all of them dreadful. But I had to mention this version of *Connect Four*, which must rate as one of the worst PD games ever (just in case you're ever tempted).

You see, I consider myself a bit of a demon at *Connect Four*. So I started off playing against the computer, expecting it to put up a fight. Five wins later I decide to take it easy on the poor thing. Six wins later I stop trying. I carried on winning.

I kid you not. I ended up placing three counters in a row so obviously the computer must have noticed them, but no. It still didn't choose to block me. I began to suspect that its choices were completely random... ★

PRO LOTTERY

PD demo

You can prove anything with statistics, seems to be the motto of this particular little curio. After spending ages trying to convince you that there is a system of predicting which numbers will come up in the National Lottery, it then raises its hands, admits to being not much more help than Mystic Meg and says it can't guarantee you'll win. What a surprise.

Having said that, it is a rather fun little program, which advocates the idea that the law of averages comes into play where "random numbers" are concerned, ie, if you flip a coin 500 times, the heads/tails split will be roughly 50/50 give or take a minimal percentage. It then applies this to the lottery, producing charts and tables to back its case. It also describes how using "perms" will realistically increase your chances of winning (so how come '70s footballers aren't multi-millionaires?).

It's all complete bunkum, of course, but curiously interesting all the same. I suppose you just can't help wishing. The demo has so many disabled functions it's hard to work out if the real thing would be of any use, but if the thought of keeping a record of all the chosen Lottery numbers for the rest of eternity sounds like your thing, you must be a very strange person indeed. ★★

Tosses 89
Heads 49
Tails 40

You win. Or lose.

The lottery is an elaborate form of the poor giving money to the rich. Apparently.

pro96
lottery

100
52
49
No. 3 43
No. 4 51
No. 5 49
No. 6 56

Finished - Have a look at the results, then press any key ...

WARGAME PROCESSOR V1.7

Shareware
On-Line PD

I'm scared. I mean, does this make any sense to you?

"When you click on a hex containing units, you will see the hex marker over that hex, a list of units in that hex will be displayed to the right of the map and a summary of six module specific values for the unit in that hex." Er, come again?

And that was in the HELP menu. (Under MOVEMENT, just so you know.)

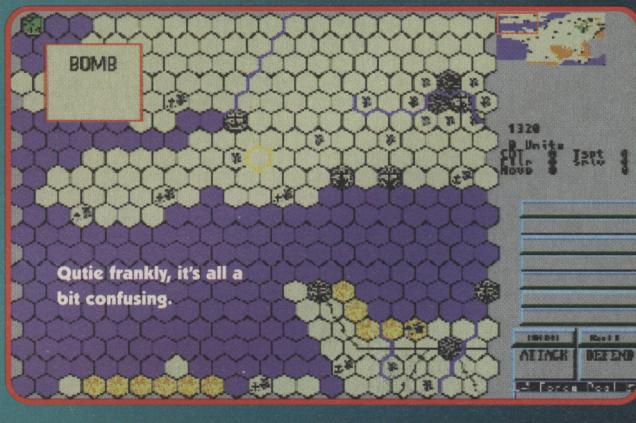
Wargame Processor V1.7 may very well be the greatest wargame simulator program ever. Hi-res, bursting with menus, littered with figures and pretty darned fast, it all looks very impressive. But I get the feeling you'll have to have been a wargame fanatic for centuries to make head or tail of it, because a) there are no playing instructions on the disk and b) the HELP in-game menus are merely long lists of jargon that make your average technobabble speech in Star Trek: The Next Generation seem like Jackanory.

Presumably, experienced wargamers will just be able to treat it as a computer version of what they already do. Whatever that is. And the HELP menus tell them how to do it on an Amiga. But unless you're au fait with the actual rules of wargaming already, this game will remain a complete and utter mystery.

Though even then, it never seems to be made clear where you get extra "modules" from (I garnered from the various bits that I did understand that various "war" scenarios can be loaded into the processor). My version came with some England versus France WWII affair (I think I let France win as my forces couldn't work out how to cross the channel) but nowhere could I find an address to send to for new "modules".

I want to go to bed. With a cup of cocoa.

★ or maybe even ★★★



WHERE? HOW MUCH?

F1 Licenceware, 31 Wellington Road, Exeter, Devon EX2 9DU.
Tel 01392 493580. E-mail steve@dcandy.demon.co.uk
On-Line PD, 1 The Cloisters, Halsall Lane, Formby, Liverpool L37 3PX. Tel 01704 834335. BBS 01704 834583

<http://www.futurenet.co.uk/games/amigapower.html>

43

Compiling this net page each month is akin to painting a work of art and then selling it to a wealthy Arab businessman, only for him to then lock it away in a Swiss bank vault. (Only two people ever see it.)

Still, this month's selection of tasty sites, at which we recommend you nose in the direction of, also allow you

to gaze in awe at the programmes which have MIGHTY BEINGS talking about all the time. And if you don't believe us and think we just cobble this together at the last minute, you're wrong. So hop on your WeetabixCerealBoard and ride the milky waves of AMIGA POWER's television heaven. Or do something less boring instead and watch the programmes.

**ER**

<http://www.nbc.com/entertainment/shows/er/index.html>

FAST SHOW

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/2694/fast.html>

FRIENDS

<http://www.nbc.com/entertainment/shows/friends/index.html>

HOME & AWAY

<http://www.ozemail.com.au/~rellis/>

NYPD

<http://force.swing.upenn.edu:8001/~sepinaln/ypd.html>

RUGRATS

<http://www.gti.net/azog/rugrats/>

THE SIMPSONS

<http://www.snpp.com/index.html>

EASTENDERS

<http://www.nyu.edu/gsas/admin/beads/ee/>

BROOKSIDE

<http://www.connect.org.uk/brookside/>



POINTS OF VIEW

The fact that we now feature anything to fill the gaps seems to have passed unnoticed. Or has it? Etc.



TAKE THAT



ALANIS MORISSETTE



OASIS



CHARLIE J COOL



TRACKSUIT MANAGER 2



LEGENDS



DAISY

Where was Tim Curry?
★★★

TIM NORRIS

Not another one
★

CHARLIE J COOL

People are shot for less
★

THE FINAL GATE

Thank God they've gone
★

TAKE THAT

She's small but happy
★★★★★

ALANIS MORISSETTE

Too much for me to take
★★★★★

OASIS

Displeasing
★

CHARLIE J COOL

Decidedly unhip
★

THE FINAL GATE

Not another one
★

TRACKSUIT MANAGER 2

Where was Tim Curry?
★★★

LEGENDS

Where was Tim Curry?
★★★

DAISY

Top Zelda-like game
★★★★★

MARTIN AXFORD

Shellsuit Boss
★★★

CHARLIE J COOL

Not another one
★

THE FINAL GATE

Decidedly unhip
★

TRACKSUIT MANAGER 2

Decidedly unhip
★

DAISY

Bye bye
★★★★★

TAKE THAT

Bless her
★★★★★

ALANIS MORISSETTE

Awesome
★★★★★

OASIS

Moving
★

CHARLIE J COOL

Let's hope it is
★

THE FINAL GATE

Shellsuit Boss
★★★

TRACKSUIT MANAGER 2

Shellsuit Boss
★★★

DAISY

Take it away
★

TAKE THAT

Who?
★

ALANIS MORISSETTE

Tremendous
★★★★★

OASIS

Final Game, more like
★

CHARLIE J COOL

Slim Grin GRIM
★

THE FINAL GATE

Not another one
★

TRACKSUIT MANAGER 2

Not another one
★

DAISY

Likeable in moderation
★★★★★

ALANIS MORISSETTE

Zany blue cool sneakers zany
★

OASIS

Uncannily accurate
★★

CHARLIE J COOL

Extraordinary
★★★★★

THE FINAL GATE

Uncannily accurate
★★

TRACKSUIT MANAGER 2

Uncannily accurate
★★

DAISY

Moo
★★★★★

TAKE THAT

Moo
★★★★★

ALANIS MORISSETTE

Moo
★★★★★

OASIS

Moo
★★★★★

CHARLIE J COOL

Moo
★★★★★

THE FINAL GATE

Moo
★★★★★

TRACKSUIT MANAGER 2

Moo
★★★★★

DAISY

Bang
★★★★★

TAKE THAT

Bang
★★★★★

ALANIS MORISSETTE

Bang
★★★★★

OASIS

Bang
★★★★★

CHARLIE J COOL

Bang
★★★★★

THE FINAL GATE

Bang
★★★★★

TRACKSUIT MANAGER 2

Bang
★★★★★

DAISY

Burger anyone?
★

TAKE THAT

Burger anyone?
★

ALANIS MORISSETTE

Burger anyone?
★

OASIS

Burger anyone?
★

CHARLIE J COOL

Burger anyone?
★

THE FINAL GATE

Burger anyone?
★

TRACKSUIT MANAGER 2

Burger anyone?
★

DAISY

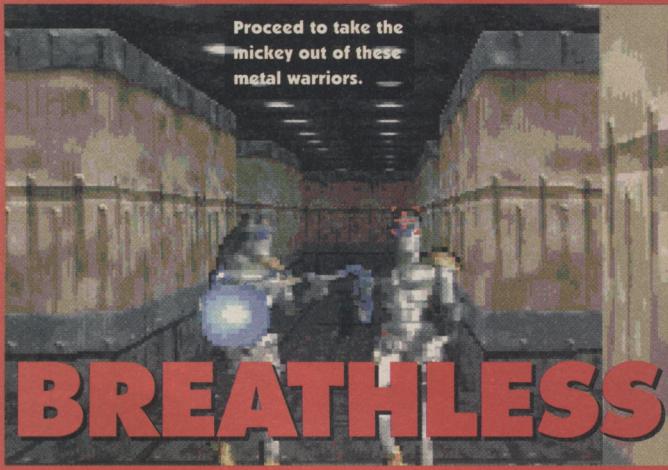
NEXT MONTH

ON SALE
28TH MAY

XP8 for you to cheer about, lining up alongside a footy extravaganza. So make sure you kick-off your month on the right foot and not, er, the left.

COMPLETE CONTROL

Lies are the lubricant which grease the cogs of society. It's only deception which allows lovers, friends and foes to continue their never-ending dance. More potent are the lies we tell to ourselves. "I'm really good at this game," you smile. "Everyone will be impressed at my score," you girlishly giggle. "I am lowly cheating scum," you wail in the darkest corners of your mind, "C-Monster will eat my soul." And I will, you know.



Recently I had a truly transcendental moment when the Claymore bearing hero of nineties game reviewing stepped out of my way so I could go through a door! My AP-fanboy heart could have burst with the simple joy of it all. Mr. Campbell reviewed *Breathless*. Ed Borrie of Welywn Garden City ignored his advice in purchasing it, but obeyed my order to send in tips. Bad show and well done respectively.

World 1: No code
World 3: 181A59LRTR6999PT

World 2: 181A59MRTR6999PD
World 4: 181CEIDGLJRJSE4D

8 PAGES OF PREMIUM PLAYING TIPS START HERE

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Eye of the Beholder 2 ..	53	Theme Park A500 ..	47
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GALAGA DELUXE V2.6

In this famine of games the Amiga finds herself in, where the smallest bean seed is attempted to be passed off as a hearty feast, it's good to know that AP can serve up a mighty half-pounder of pure gameplay beef for your tasteful palate. Tim Causer of Wester-Ross feels the need to reveal some of the hidden ingredients:

"I have some tips I wish to disclose on *Galaga Deluxe V2.6*. For a start, the red smart bombs equals loads of gems and the purple smart bomb will lead to a whole phalanx of armoured credits. On the asteroid belt, you can fly into the asteroids which have numbers on them for extra points, and some of the square ones are actually credits in disguise.

"Now for the games secrets (including the programmers' comedy exclamation marks) which, at a thousand credits a throw, weren't very easy to get:

- 1) Catching a skull will add to the chances of extra cash, lives and multiply bonuses appearing!
- 2) By shooting the hurry up ship, you can collect the rank markings you're missing!
- 3) When gems are falling, after a smart explosion, pull down on the joystick for the gems to fly to you like wasps to jam!
- 4) If you have a multiply active when entering the asteroid belt you'll get loads of points!
- 5) Catching a warp or asteroid belt icon during a bonus level will destroy all aliens and give you a perfect bonus score!
- 6) Collect one red, green and blue skull, and get a much better weapon (plasma, for example) and a good ship speed!
- 7) When the hurry up ship has appeared eight times, a money ship will arrive. Nuke it for rakes of dosh!
- 8) Catch another of the same weapon you're carrying for extra firepower!
- 9) If you complete the asteroid belt you'll get 100,000 points and a 1000 credit bonus!
- 10) You can figure out what skull you haven't collected, by looking at the colour of the asteroids in the asteroid belt!
- 11) Grab two aliens with the scope and, while it's still active, get barrel-loads more points by hitting more aliens with the scope!
- 12) If you have an Admiral rank, buy another rank marking and gain 1,000,000,000 points!
- 13) Having a multiply active when completing the game will give you (literally) millions of points! Which is a bit obvious.
- 14) If you have collected each coloured rank marking, and buy another in the shop, you'll actually go up another rank!"

Anything else?

"I've also thought of a competition you could run using the game. You can bring in other peoples' high scores on disk, so get people to send them in. It'll be like *Nipper* all over again! I am a *Galaga God!* Tioraidh! (Gaelic)"

Let's hope that's not too rude, eh? Also, we have a pseudo-cheatmode thing from the strangely named FDMS of Chichester:

"On the options choose that NTSC/PAL thingy, and start the game. This should leave you off the bottom of the screen, but invulnerable."

THEATRE OF DEATH

I used to do English Literature, so got carted along to a variety of excretal Amateur Shakespeare productions. During those lambic hours my only wish was for a purring chainsaw so I could turn the stage into a theatre of death. The desire burns in my soul still, so you can imagine my disappointment when this game turned out to be a poor *Cannon Fodder* clone. However, Potassium Jiffy-bag from Wiltshire thought it was ace. And wrote me a letter about it:

"I am writing to give you all the mission codes for the fantastic game *Theatre of Death* (No it's not. - Ed). These codes, along with a cheat that I will give you will enable you to finish this game.

GRASS AREA

37424DAC521D0	3741430438BD0
37466C7051100	374EC98C067C0
3749B36830880	37676B780EF80
3744A5F6670A0	374AF9C96EB70
37760C9871580	368D389845580
339D88DE32220	23A35EFE1F020
772B8AF10F481	



SNOW AREA

60310C4108A12	60316CDA773A2
6036E41528712	6024499C0AA42
6024962F41132	6041A3D70B9B2
6071C30853E02	6150F78628762
61736D4E5ADE2	62BE3771207D2
6BFCDD8810F8D2	6F9D2F9836D02
58401FA753FA3	

LUNAR AREA

564067717EB13	56402A6D53343
5642C84C25273	
THE END	

You may also enter the following password "Shed Software". This will enable you to play with unlimited air strikes."

But surely that would be cheating?

DESERT AREA

772BF9444FC71	772BA49F33081
772ABA2F18C01	772D924A1D471
7726FF99642A1	773E31D859441
77614C3C54E91	77445B127D471
7674669562CE1	7491C87647C31
7181A22509BE1	7EF713DC72891
6031769A19012	

I suffer from chronic insomnia, and spend many nights lying by myself, staring at the empty sky through my trendily half open

venetian blind. My only thought throughout those long evenings is how everything would be okay if I just had some good level codes for *Worms*. Now James Caygill of Northampton provides my much needed succour. I can barely type through the tears.

AMIGA POWER
CAMERON WI

WORMS

J-CDAVIES
AMIGA 1200
A BIT FAFF
FUTURE PUB
BRILLIANT
2171127566

AMIGAPOWER
BEEZEBUB
BIG JOBBY
C U LATER
YEEEEEEER
1233145554

And he drew a really sweet cartoon of a sheep too. Bless his cotton socks. Or woolly socks.

ALIEN BREED 3D

Have I got time for my Alien Creed joke? No? Well how about a final set of level codes which guarantee bountiful health and maximal firepower on every level? From Antony Clayman of Swansea? Yes? OK then.

Level 2: KOKOFNKPPPKFFFFKF
Level 3: OKKOFPKPPPKFFFFKF
Level 4: KPKOFPKPPPKFFFFKF
Level 5: PLKKNFKPPPHKNFFKF
Level 6: POKKNNKPPPHKNFFKF
Level 7: KKKONHKPPPHKNFFKF
Level 8: PPKKNPKPPPHKNFFKF
Level 9: LLKOHFKPPPHKNFFKF
Level 10: LOKOHNKPPHKNFFKF
Level 11: PPKOHHKPPHKNFFKF



Level 12: LPKOPHPKPPHKNFFKF
Level 13: OLKOPFKPPHKNFFKF
Level 14: OOKOPNKPPHKNFFKF
Level 15: LLKOPHPKPPHKNFFKF
Level 16: OPKOPPKPPHKNFFKF

THEME PARK A500

I feel that the balance of trade between us and commonwealth chums New Zealand is strangely unbalanced. We popped our most vicious New Zealand convicts aboard a galley and sent them off to their sun-drenched shores. They send us postbags of high quality tips, a tradition followed by Auckland homme David Taylor.

"While playing my A500 version of *Theme Park* I found a mysterious cheat. If you are hard up for cash press Ctrl and "c" (short for 'cash' or 'cheat', no doubt) and a box will appear in the middle of the screen telling you that you have just cheated. You will now be 50K richer! The same sort of thing as typing FUND in *SimCity* but with no side effects from doing so."

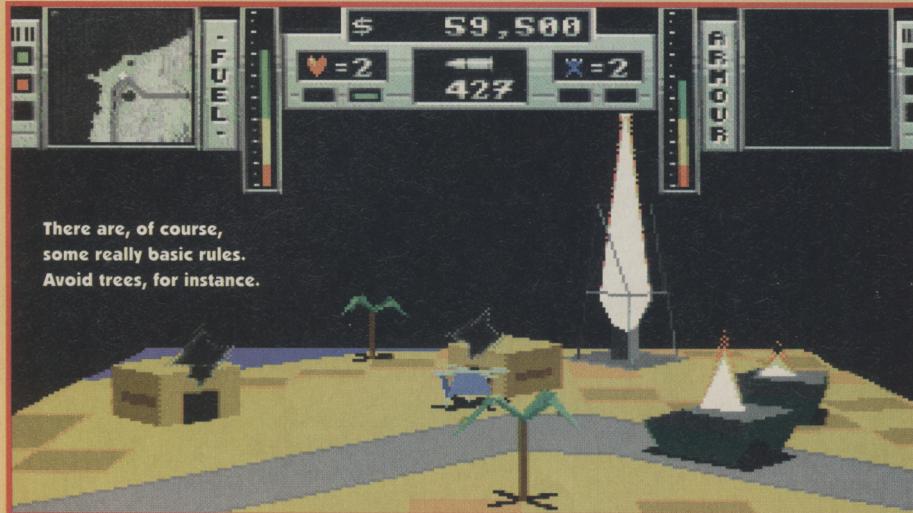
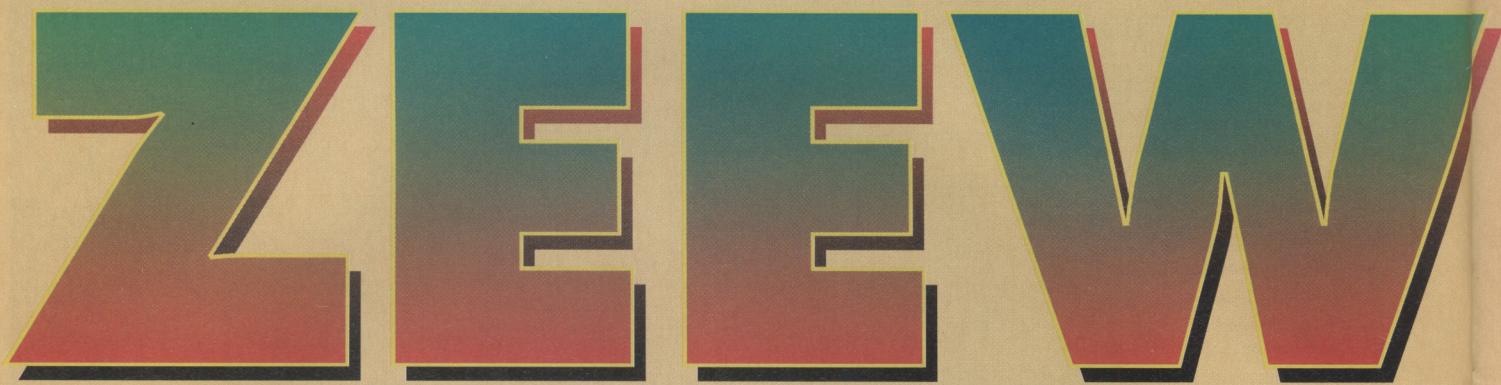


DON'T FORGET!

I got recognised as C-Monster for the first time this month, and was generally pleased to find these two readers were better looking than me, and generally amicable beings. However, I fear that not all of you slide into this category and, since I can't meet you all in nightclubs, you'll have to prove your worthiness by sliding your thoughts and pointers about games inside an envelope and posting it to me. Nothing is more attractive to a member of the opposite sex than appearing in these pages. Trust me.

Complete Control
AMIGA POWER
30, Monmouth Street,
BATH,
BA1 2BW

Or pop an ElectronA4Sheet to
bs4kmg@bath.ac.uk



The first in a new series for cheating scum, like you.

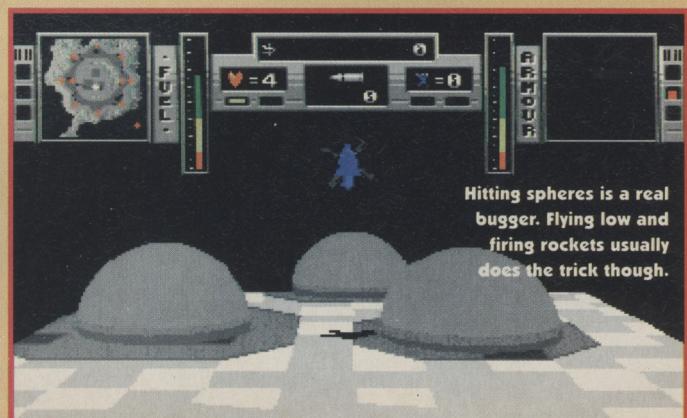
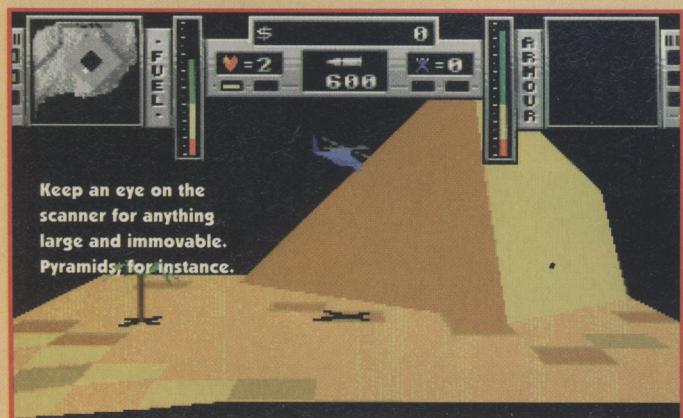
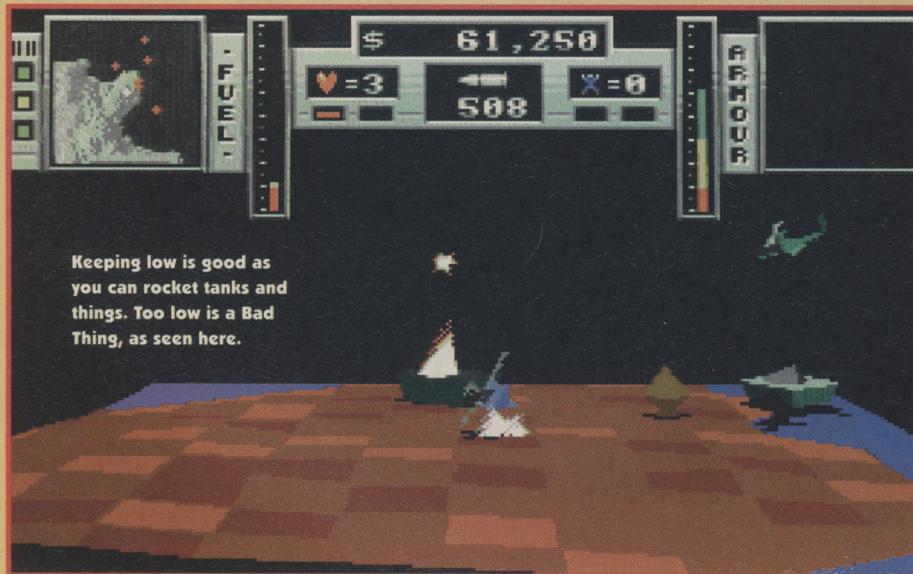
ACT ONE

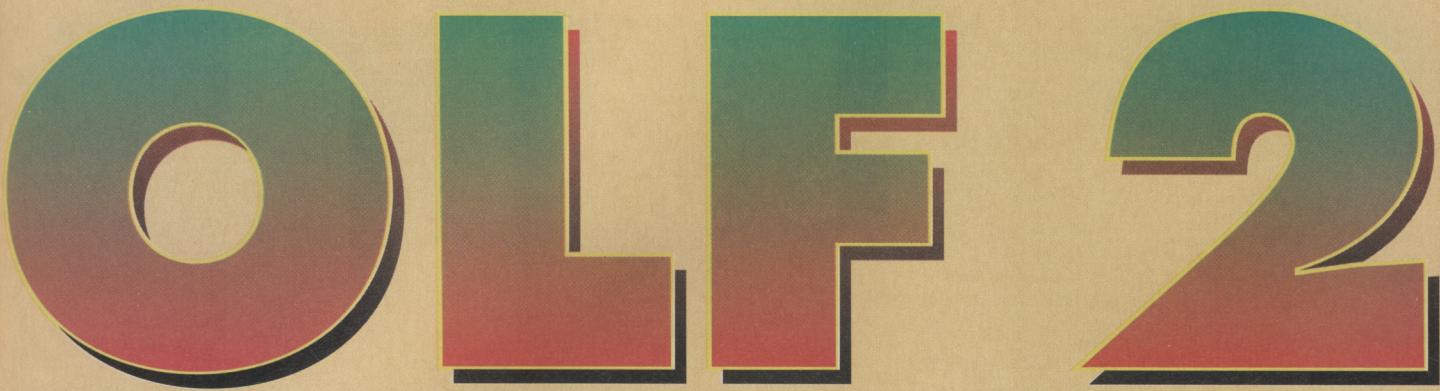
Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born on 21 October 1772 and, after education at Jesus College at Cambridge, he became close friends with William Wordsworth. Both proceeded to define themselves as romantic poets of the first order, with Coleridge producing works as varied as Kubla Khan, The Rime of the Ancient Mariner and the wonderful (but unfinished) Christabel. However, soon his poetic muse deserted him, and he found himself unable to produce work of this greatness ever again. He died in 1834, his initial promise never fully consummated. In his sixty-three year lifetime he never once played *Zeewolf 2*.

SCENE ONE: GENERAL TIPS

The secret to success in this virus-originated military blaster is to master control of your chopper when using mouse control, as it allows you to be generally more manoeuvrable. If you have trouble landing in this mode then switch to joystick control after lowering the landing gear. The autopilot will now reacquaint you ship with terra firma. Also, it's useful to maximize the number of points you gain from rescuing men by performing this mission first whenever possible. If you find yourself in a position where all the men won't have registered before the level ends, swiftly zoom off the screen the soldiers are on to assure you of their valuable points.

Remember that docking with camels makes you ridiculously vulnerable by a blitzkrieg-fast attack, so be aware of the friendly blipping of your scanner. Also, annihilate Watchdogs before the targets they are supporting, as they are better prey than Cobra or Mantis sites. If disaster looks





imminent, and all hope seems to have popped off to see it's grandmother for the weekend, remember that any mission can be restarted by pressing escape. Cunning people could use this to survey the level before making a serious attempt to conquer it.

You should always check the supply levels in the Zeewolf, remote controlled vehicles and camels before deciding on your strategy. As a rule of thumb, plan to sacrifice your drone vehicles before your main Zeewolf to save your precious lives. If massive hit-ratios are your aim, most of the remote controlled toys will give considerably higher values, the Barracuda being particularly proficient in this. Also, turn to your radio-wave activated chums when your Zeewolf is low on ammunition/armor to pacify areas and prise open bunkers, before swapping to the Zeewolf to collect whatever it's containing.

SCENE TWO: THE COUGAR

This tank-like weapon is a particularly vehement foe for your nemesis' (or is that nemisi? I digress) to overcome, with the cannon being ideal for downing air targets, and the shells for pulverizing terrestrial or aqueous opponents. It's quite capable of driving through shallow water, but will sink if you proceed deeper. So don't. Cease movement for a second before releasing your mighty shells, as this will allow the turret to take aim and increase chances of a hit. However, if your cannon clicks on empty, and enemy aircraft are homing in on you, turn tail and run before swapping back to the Zeewolf to provide air support. In situations like this remember that a Cougars' motor performs best on the harsh Concrete floors. Don't forget that Cougars can be slung beneath the Zeewolf and whisked off to a new island to continue its path of destruction.

SCENE THREE: THE BARRACUDA

This silent barge of death is your number one

choice when going hunting for sharks, but in your primal excitement never forget that you're in a boat and attempting to cross an island. You'll die. Also, don't forget that the Barracuda is a delicate beast, so close combat situations should be avoided like a party of a particularly noxious friends: your cannon is no good in places like this either (though I suppose it'll be quite handy at tedious parties. I'll get back to you on that one), as it's only suitable for zapping things which don't fight back. You can

steer clear of getting too near your sea-based opposition by using the scanner to estimate their position, and letting loose a torpedo. The guided missiles should be stored up for a rainy day when you should use them against air opponents, earth-crawling foes and ship installations. As with the Cougar, flee from air forces when you've got no way of fighting back, and return with Zeewolf.

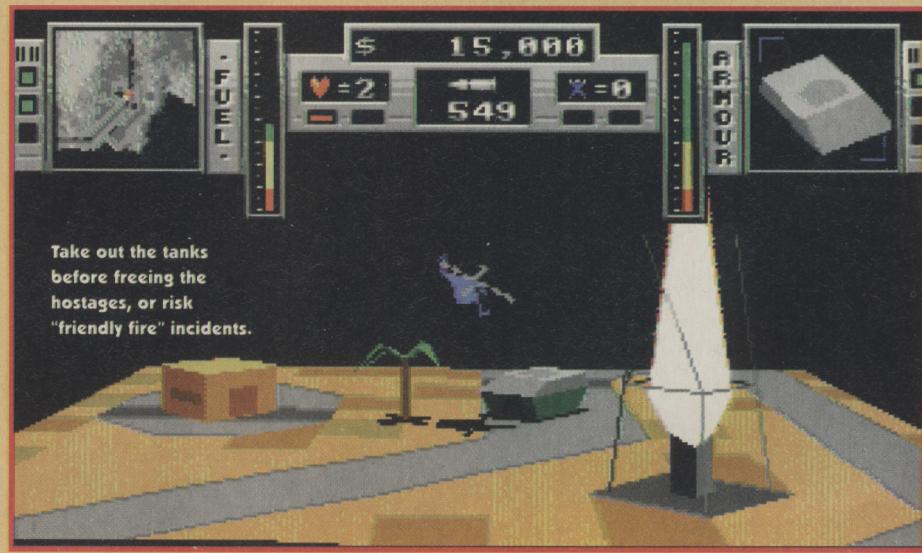
SCENE FOUR: THE KESTREL

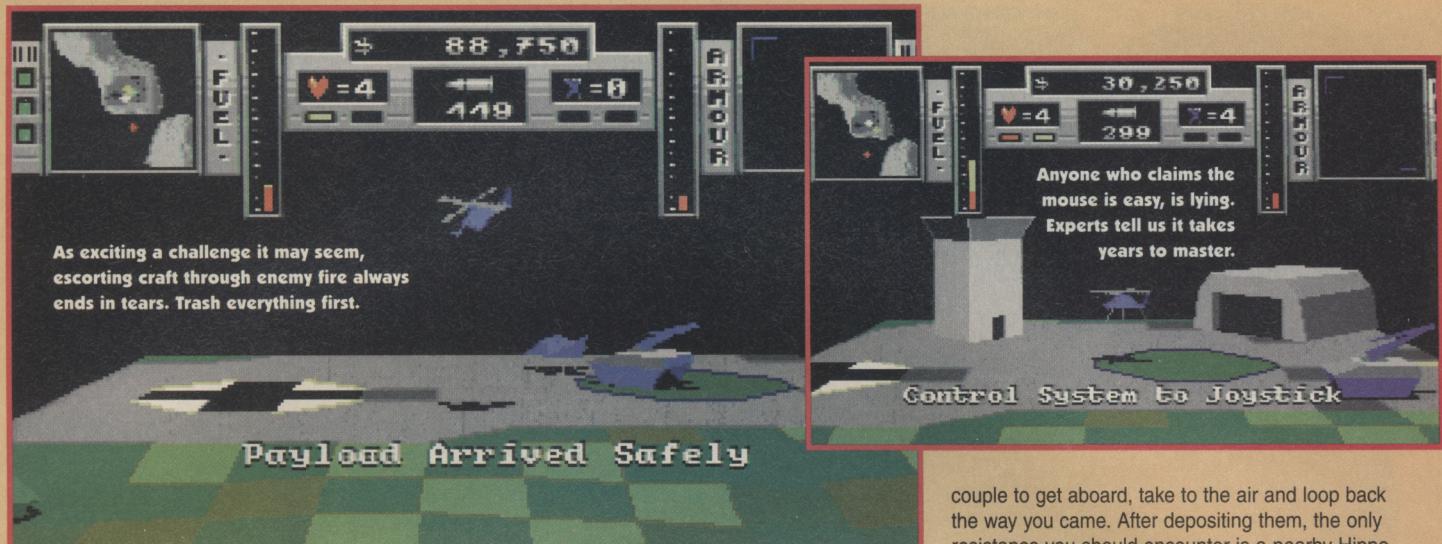
If you've got a choice between a little tank, a small boat and a monstrously vicious vertical-take-off jet which are you going to pick? Trust your instincts (except when shark hunting, natch).

SCENE FIVE: THE MISSIONS

A few pointers? Why not.

Mission 1 Pretty simple, but with two optional ➤





rescue opportunities on the top and middle islands (but one is in a house next to the other). Taking them to the bunker-side pad will earn you a few more points and increase armour.

Mission 2 Two men are all you require to save, but there are actually six of them. Four of the chaps are hiding inside the bunkers indicated on the tactics screen. The two remaining soldiers are in the buildings on the bottom left island. Sightseers might also be interested in the pyramid on the top left island, which was constructed by thousands of slaves from huge blocks of stone over a period of roughly 50 years. The result, as you can see, would not be possible with modern building techniques and regulations.

Mission 3 Two extra men are available to the most points-hungry Zeewolfist, making a possible sextet of rescues. One is stationed in a building at the top left of the top left island, the other slightly below on one of the smaller islands.

Mission 4 I know the r/c camel is a tempting target but cast it from your mind until you've well and truly strafed the tank positioned to the south west. It'll

surely ambush you if you don't. The snapshots provided mid briefing don't indicate the tower. This is also true of the tactics screen, but take comfort that the location dot on the tactics screen is 100% true. Follow this and sneer at visual recognition.

Mission 5 Turn your helicopter towards the sea at the bottom left of the middle island. The landing force will be crawling towards land and vulnerable to your overwhelming firepower. There's also a bonus man in the house at the bottom of the centre island. He's a passport to points-and-armoursville.

MORE MISSIONS

Mission 6 The most effective tactic is to escort the Kestrels to the enemy base and then switch to defending the Pelican. The Kestrels' fate is of no merit, but the Pelican is as precious as a whole box of highland toffee. Mission failure awaits if you lose it. There are a brace of men on the bottom right island (one hiding in a building). However, if you chill here too long an APC turns up, delivering sappers to make your life a little bit more troublesome. Be sure to perforate them with cannon fire before landing, checking for emerald dots on the scanner to see if there're any which have decided to be particularly cunning and hidden. The cads.

Mission 7 Immediately fly south east and loop round the map to approach the base where the commandos are situated. If you do this correctly then the enemy airstrip will be halfway through breakfast when you arrive, allowing the Mantis sites to be detonated to free the men. Wait for at least a

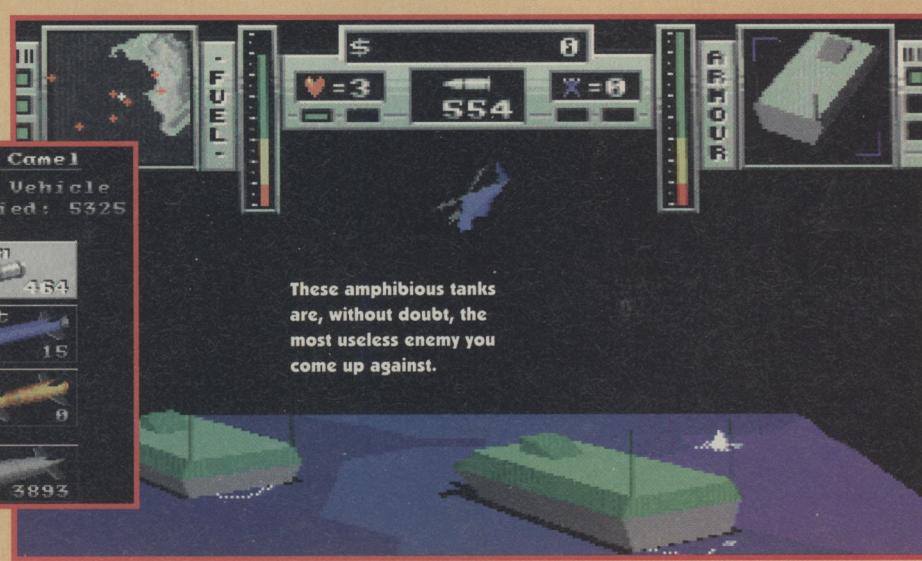
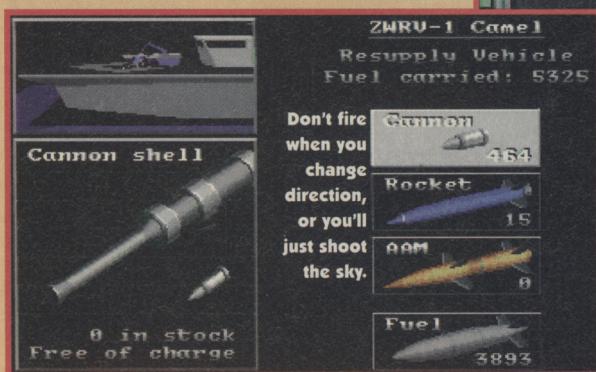
couple to get aboard, take to the air and loop back the way you came. After depositing them, the only resistance you should encounter is a nearby Hippo (if you get this right).

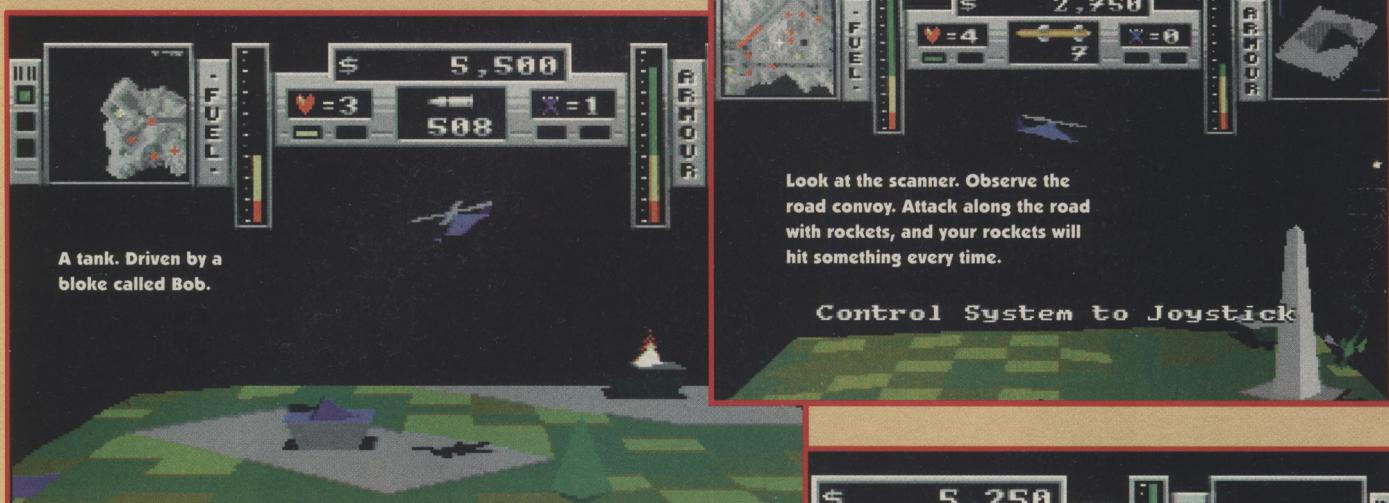
To rescue more than two men, drop them off at the base and quickly fly so that they are off screen before the mission ends. The R/C Kestrel on this mission isn't as efficient, as it's unable to carry men. However, if you make a mistake, its overwhelming firepower should be concentrated upon your foes.

Mission 8 SHOCK! Your Zeewolf starts with no air to air missiles. Swiftly stock up by heading to the centre of the map where a Camel is waiting for you. The next task is to recover the men. Four of them are on the bottom right base, secreted away in bunkers round the Watchdog. The remaining couple are in buildings either side of a strip of road extending from the north point of the road triangle.

Mission 9 A strict compliance to the briefing instructions will be enough to ensure your success on this mission. Any time spent trying to save the stolen Albatross (that's the green helicopter to *Championship Manager* fans) is a complete waste of time. If you weren't paying attention during the briefing, the scientists are in a building on an island in the bottom left corner of the map.

Mission 10 Your first task should be to open the green domes to acquire the supplies they guard. Head to the far side of the west dome, loop around to encourage the Bear on the other side to start shooting at you, then land so that the dome lies between you and the Bear. When the Bear shoots the dome open, turn your guns on him and proceed to dock with the Camel. You should possess enough ammo to detonate the other domes, but if you've been firing into the sea again





then the bear/dome can be repeated as many times as you feel like. I won't care.

Mission 11 The Barracuda is a wise choice for the major part of this mission, before reverting to the Zeewolf to clear the islands of stubborn stains. If the Barracuda is destroyed prematurely then don't cry. You can always press escape to restart the mission. There's no international-quitter-police in this game. Make sure you haven't landed on the road when you dock with the R/C Camel, as the friendly tank will simply squish you as it goes about its merry (yet stupid) patrolling.

Mission 12 Ammunition is short, so none should be discharged at the friendly vehicles. Instead, merely attach your hook to their armoured carapace and lift them into the wide blue yonder. Then allow them to plummet into the sea (natch). Partway through the mission (indeed at a set time) the landing craft will arrive on some of the islands. And remember, you'll need to save enough shells to annihilate the enemy base later on the level, without being tip-topped up with a resupply. Armour is less of a priority as there's a man waiting to be rescued at the south end of the top right island.

YET MORE MISSIONS

Mission 13 Convincing the enemy ship to move house to the bottom of the ocean can be tricky, but not if you escort the chummy Kestrel from your base to the firezone to aid you. And those buildings in the hostile boat yard? That give out men. Well they're actually sappers, so landing to pick them up will just lead to going down the pub with the Grim Reaper for a "I should have seen THAT one



coming" conversation. If armour becomes a problem then you can always go to rescue the single man on the tiny island at the south west corner of the map, but the star prize for the really observant lies elsewhere. At the area of concrete north east of your friendly base, where an abandoned Zeewolf awaits. Merely airlift it to the concrete pad by your base to gain an extra life.

Mission 14 The bottom right island contains a well endowed Camel. Restrain your desire to bound over to it like an over-eager child on Christmas morn, as two ECM watchdogs wait to trigger an ambush. Perforate them with your rockets (and any of their chums about) before touching down, and

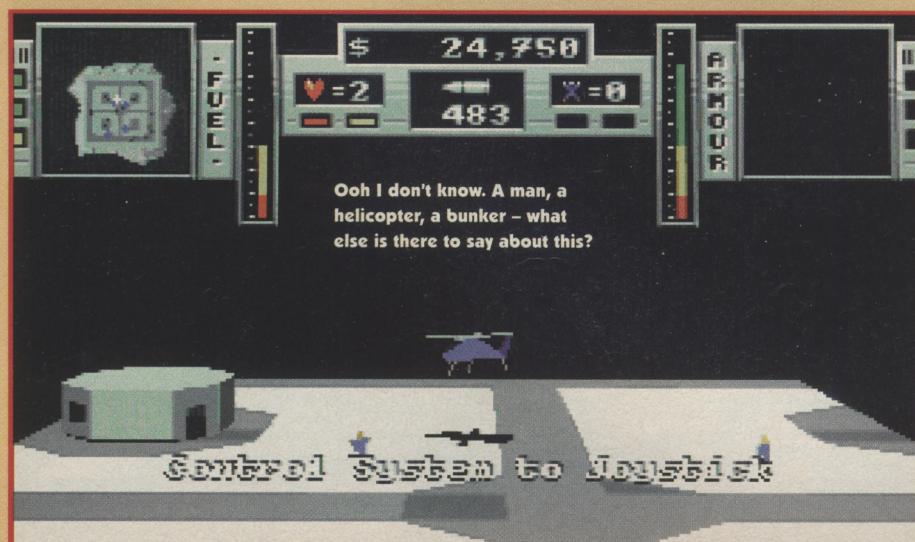
even then keep one freshly peeled eyeball on the scanner at all times.

Mission 15 Your first dilemma is how to get your petulant Cougar to the mainland. You can do this by slinging it below your heaving chopper or jacking into its R/C camel and driving it through the shallows to the west of the island. To tone up Zeewolf's much abused defensive muscle you can rescue the man situated near the Cougar's starting position. Building up your offensive powers can be achieved by landing by the Camel on the carrier deck and taking its plentiful supplies.

Mission 16 Those with bulging craniums will be quick to realise that the rogue units you have to investigate are merely hostile Hippos daubed blue. Reward their deceit with a sound military thrashing. Next is the Pelican escort but, before commencing, examine the tactics screen and clear the route of enemy ECM watchdogs and related hostile foes. Remember that the amphibious craft will land nearby after a set period, so either wait until they reach the beach to deliver their marching orders or patrol the sea to catch them knee deep in sludge. If your armour's tide ebbs dangerously low, then you could always rescue the man on the small island at the edge of the map, north west of your base. A hellfire-injection can be gained by visiting the Camel who's relaxing near the obelisk, which lies across the sea, to the north and across the sea.

And as the crowds howl screams of delight, the curtain drops on the first act of Zeewolf 2. Watch out for the Second Act next month. These tips were originally composed by Binary Asylum's very own Seb Grinke but translated into AP speak by a Sylvia-Plath-reading genetics student.

● C-MONSTER AND SEB GRINKE



METHYLATED?

Then you need...

THE LAST RESORT

with C-Monster



In a bid to free yourself from the stranglehold of agony that your hopeless gameplaying skills have gripped you with, you crawl to us.

LOOSE ENDS

BE LITTLE LOVES AND HELP ME LOSE THESE LOOSE ENDS, EH?

Q "I need help with BLACK CRYPT. I'm on the last level and cannot defeat Estoroth Paingiver in a straight fight. I know I need to go through a teleport on this level, as it's marked on the map. But I can't find it? Which cod has nabbed it? HELP ME, PLEASE!"

Sue May, Nottingham

Q "Please help me, someone. I've had EXILE for years now and I still haven't managed to complete it. Somebody must know the answers to these questions: How do I kill Triax? Where is the secret passage? Where do I find the food that's "not for me but for somebody else"? Who, or what, is Serendipity and where do I find it? I really hope someone can help me out."

Matthew Keyworth, Wolverhampton

Q "Superbeings! Is there a cheat to get loads of money on FRONTIER?"

Fred, Doncaster

Q "I'm on the level of Zelda the Sorceress in CRYSTAL DRAGON and I have entered the Apothecary, study, library, stores, temple,

vaults and a key-shaped area with two teleports. But I need help with the following:

- 1) How do I get to hell's heroes?
- 2) How do I open the door in the temple that is opposite the entrance into the temple?
- 3) The three doors on a diagonal before you reach the temple.

4) And what use are the Stars of David on the walls, for heaven's sake?

"Please help. I'll be at the newsagents at the crack of dawn."

Frank Devlin, Devon (*C'mon Miss May. This man needs you. – CM.*)

Q "I have had HOOK for my A600 for over six months. I'm really fed up as I can't get the whole uniform to allow me onto Hook's ship. I've tried the cheat in bait and tackle, but it doesn't help at all. What now?"

Steven Brown, Falkirk

Q "Help! I am stuck on the King Kong level of VIROCOP (Urban Jungle Boss). I have tried many things to complete this level, such as shooting him with many weapons including lasers, cannons, plasma rings, mines, bombs

and rockets (these don't appear to work – they just hit the wall in front of him). When I shoot him, should I wait for the blood to go back up his nose or should I just shoot him all the time, or should I, or SHOULD I, OR SHOULD I? Please help as I'm losing sleep."

Dave Hoare, Tonbridge

Q "Dear Amiga Action, could you... (*What the dickens? – Ed.*)

Martin Fickling, Nottingham

Q "I've recently purchased THE CLUE A1200 version. After reading the manuals and messing around with it, I still haven't a clue (*No pun intended, eh? – CM*) how to play it. Any chance for a few pointers?"

David Smith, Carlisle

Q "Is there a cheat for the THEME PARK A500 version so you can play SINISTER THEME PARK? I can't wait to play it."

Anon, Somewhere

Q "I'm horribly stuck on the classic game CIVILIZATION. You see, I keep on running out of money (*hire taxmen in major trade towns, spend less, produce less forces, make a marketplace, increase tax rates, change government style. Just play it! – CM*). Please, please, please help me with a cheat or similar. I know the whole map one, but that doesn't seem to work."

Liam Cox, Cornwall

Q "I whizzed through MONKEY ISLAND and BLOODNET but now have to swallow my pride because I need help on INDIANA JONES AND THE FATE OF ATLANTIS. I have reached the middle ring of Atlantis, thrown Sophia's necklace in the lava and picked up the sceptre. But, after that, I can't get the drilling machine to work. Any suggestions?"

Little Tommy, Address Unknown

It seems unlikely that the man (and yes, it was a bloke) who invented CFCs really had any conception of the nightmare he was unleashing into the world. I occasionally ponder whether Lucasfilm realised the behemoth they were about to let loose, would still be prowling AP's hints and tips columns four years later. And if they did, would they have been ebony-hearted enough to do it? Do they care for the lost minutes, deserted seconds and empty lives it has created? Or are they just complete bastards? Who knows.

MONKEY ISLAND TWO

Q "I am unable to find Largo the Embargo's (He's called Largo Le'Grande. Pay attention - Ed) shirt. Please help by telling me how I may successfully collect this object."

Marc Lewis, Doncaster

A You've got the bucket? Well, if not, toddle off and get it. It's near the three disreputable pirates. If they give you any trouble, just keep insisting they hand it over. Go to the swamp and fill the bucket with mud. Return to Herr Le'Grande's room, close the door and place the bucket precariously on top of it. Hide behind his dressing screen and await the inevitable chaos. Follow Largo to the laundrette, speak to him, then return to his room. Slam the door shut to reveal this laundry ticket cheerfully pinned to it. Take it, return to the laundry ship and pass it over to Marty. He'll be swift to hand you Largo's shirt.

AN EXTRA SLICE OF MONKEY ISLAND TWO

Q "How do I turn the pump off?"

David Roberts, Clywd

A This is a most disagreeable puzzle. You need JoJo the Monkey, who's gained from Scabb Island bar by placing a banana on his metronome to hypnotise him. Now you use him as a monkey wrench. Illogical game design exists only to sell official guide books to desperate punters.

MORE MONKEY ISLAND? WHY NOT?

Q "Can you please tell me how to get the helmet which will allow me to do the cannonball trick?"

Zak Littirin, Perthshire

A Have you ever considered becoming a superhero, Zak? I digress. It's not really a helmet you need, rather a substitute. Head to the kitchen, waiting until the cook has popped out. Grab the meat and the pot. Now return to the fabulous flying Fettucini Bros and use this stout cooking device as a helmet.

(FUNKY SMILING - ED)

Q "How do I defeat the Swordmaster?"

David Roberts, Clywd

A This one's quite fun, but it relies on your natural wits. Your first step should be to go around every single wandering pirate and duel with them so you can learn the insults and their cutting replies. Now toddle off to the swordmaster, where she'll use her special ones (which none of the pirates can defend against). However, one of your sixteen comebacks will make a suitably witty parry to this new character slur - you just need to think

CASES CLOSED

ONE WOMAN. THREE ANSWERS. IT'S THE SUE MAY COLUMN!

ISHAR 2

Q Magic shields! Even if you're a rubber chicken (called Berta) and you're accompanied by close Norwegian chum Kotrine, you might have trouble locating them. If you were Sue May of Nottingham, then the locations of all defensive arms would be as intrinsic as the situation of your little finger. Sue?

A "Just buy any shield (preferably a +3 (Obviously. - Cynical RPG Ed)) from the shop on Zach's Island.

"Take it to Thorm's Island and give it to the Stone druid. Wake him up with a blast on the rhino horn. He'll then turn it into a magic shield. Should you have more problems, just ask - I've completed all the Ishars."

Sue May, Nottingham

EYE OF THE BEHOLDER TWO

Q Xavier Laurence was locked in a staring competition with this retina-fixated RPG, and constantly coming off worse due to a green shield related problem. Trust the fiery gaze of Sue May to make the digital adversary slam its eyelids shut in horror.

A "If you can't pick the strange lock then it must be the crimson lock, for which you need the crimson key. This is in the azure tower which is accessed through the green shield. To break the offending force-object you'll need the green crystal hammer known only as "Shieldbreaker". This is on the same level as the test where you gained a cross on your hand. At the beginning of that floor kill the first beholder that comes out of the right hand door. Take a short cut by entering his room, pushing the button on the South wall. Take the goodies and continue south through

an invisible wall behind the equipment. Keep walking south, ignore the right hand turn to the test area, pass through another invisible wall and eventually you'll hit something solid. It's a wall.

"You're now in a maze. Step east, south twice, west, south twice, east, south, east, south twice, west then south. You'll find yourself in an open room. Make sure you don't fiddle with any of the buttons you pass on the way. You'll find a Beholder stuck in a hole in the ceiling. Give him a swift slapping then follow him up on the lift to the floor above. Kill him and his chums before collecting all the loot, including the much searched for green hammer (but the Bracers are cursed!). There's a room near here packed with Beholders, which is groovy for XP though Arch-mage San-Raal is needed.

"If you need anymore help, just ask. I've completed EOTB One and Two."

Sue May, Nottingham

MORE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER TWO

Q Ed Tobin came up with a riddle. I guessed the answer was coins. I was wrong. Trust Sue May to rub my nose in the filth of my mistake.

A "You need five rocks from the swap room on this level. It's behind an invisible wall on the left hand of the corridor to the dying cleric, opposite an alcove. Place five unwanted items in the niche to get five rocks. Lob these into the open mouth and on you go!

"If you need any more help, just ask."

Sue May, Nottingham

Suddenly, I feel strangely inadequate. Nevermind, I feel sure it will pass.

carefully. If your sense of comic timing is razor sharp enough, and your mind diamond strong, you'll find victory falls neatly into your palm.

KGB

Q "I'm having a spot of bother with the second part of the first chapter of KGB. Where is Hollywood's apartment, and how do I get to it? Some KGB agent I'd make, eh?"

Ben Hilliar, Hertshire.

A You should have chatted to Yuri about Hollywood or Buyer 2. In turn, he'll have suggested you talk to the apartment dwellers. You need to enter the door in the side street around the corner from the bar front. Enter, go upstairs, but do not turn on the light (use your matches to see). Carry out a careful inspection, grab hold of the clipboard, before continuing on your mission.

If one of your friends came to your door late at night, covered in the dust of an arduous journey, fiery tears burning their way across their cheeks, and asked your advice, would you turn them away? Well, why do many of you continue to ignore the calls from the increasingly desperate inhabitants of these two pages? Remove your guilt by writing to:

The Last Resort
AMIGA POWER
30, Monmouth Street
BATH BA1 2BW

or send your slice of Karmic joy to
bs4kmg@bath.ac.uk

DO THE write thing

"SINISTER ORGANISATIONS MAY"

Dear AP,
I'm so sorry. When I saw my letter in AP59 I realised what a complete nonce I'd been. I had no right to bad mouth AP when you're clearly doing the best you can. (*This is ironic, right? – Ed.*)

Therefore I seek forgiveness, oh MIGHTY ONES, for my blatant disregard of good manners and also my comments about sinister organisations. May they rule over us forever and show us the way when we wander off somewhere. (*Oh, yes, it is. That's all right then. – Ed.*)

Have mercy upon my soul because I love you really (in the platonic sense, of course).

Chris Luke, Exeter

PS I hope you enjoy the instructions on how to make some impressive paper airplanes I have included. May you have fun chucking them at each other.

'Airplanes'? Airplanes? AIRPLANES? It's AEROPLANES, for heaven's sake. What are you, American or something? Or what? You'll be 'disoriented' next. Then you'll start talking about 'aluminum'. Goodness gracious. Anyway, thank you, they were fun. Oh, and less of your sarcasm, young man.

"IN MY RECENT WHIRLWIND"

Dear AP,
Some things in life are bad. But nothing, not even letters that arrive marked "This Is Not A Circular" EVEN THOUGH THEY QUITE CLEARLY ARE, can compare to the sheer stupidity of one thing I have discovered on my recent whirlwind visit to Exam City.

Imagine the scene. You open your 60 minute technology paper CLEARLY MARKED "This paper consists of 24 printed pages" and you begin.

Here at AP, we used to look forward to the summer. However, as the evenings get longer, more time is seemingly at your disposal to write to us. Isn't it Brett?

● Address your letters to:
Do The Write Thing, AMIGA POWER, 30 Monmouth Street, Bath BA1 2BW. Or 'netsurf' us at: ampower@futurenet.co.uk.

You complete the second question on page 3. You look up at the clock. Half an hour has passed.

'Rugger!' you exclaim, convinced that you are but an eighth of the way into the paper, with half the time used up. You begin a SuperExamQuestionFrenzy, and complete seven questions in ten minutes. The dizzy heights of page twelve are reached.

You turn the page. It is blank.

"This is a blank page" proclaims page 13. And page 14. And 15. And, indeed, EVERY SINGLE REMAINING PAGE.

Just what is this Mr Government? Are you intent on ruining my tech grade, and therefore my choice of higher education establishment?

I hope my moaning has brightened up your otherwise dull and bleak existence.

Yours blankly,
Brett Davids, Loughborough

We would be heartbroken to think that an AP reader were really that stupid. Please stop writing to us now.

"OUT FELL OUT"

Dear AP,
My Canoe Squad pull out fell out thirty minutes after I bought Issue 60.
You crazy, crazy guys,
Flossie, email

"PROPOSE TO MORPH"

Dear AP,
Safe in the knowledge that AMIGA POWER is being slowly murdered by the sinister 'corporate executives' who rule Future Publishing in order to discretely eliminate the only magazine published by them which, by ignoring all pressure from the outside and continually disseminating ESSENTIAL INFORMATION 'THEY' TRY TO HIDE FROM US, can pose a serious threat to their secret GlobalDominationStratagy, I wish to propose a solution which might allow AMIGA POWER's task to be continued. (*Great merciful heavens, what a sentence. – Ed.*)

I propose to morph AMIGA POWER into a new PC magazine with 200 pages, four disks on the cover and a name like "PC Blood" or "PC Sex" or, even better, "PC UltraViolenceAttack". (*Not "PC Plod", then? Or "PC 99 – Evenin' all?" – Ed.*) Such a magazine may function as a "secret disguise" allowing the AP team to carry on their vital work as they pass unnoticed in the middle of all the crap new PC mags around.

TRUTH AND JUSTICE winner

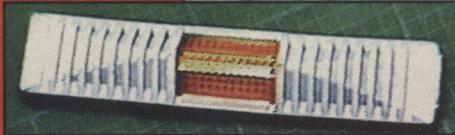
Dear Ageing Prostitute

You must help me, you're my last chance. I have enclosed the package I received on the 7th of February. As you can see, my situation is very grave. I have been to the police, but they don't take me seriously. When I try to ask my family for help they just laugh and walk away. There is no way I can raise that sum of money, and I couldn't bear to inflict this on my slightly arthritic postman – he couldn't take the strain. You are famous throughout the west coast of England as the agents of TRUTH and JUSTICE, so I beg you, find out what monster is doing this and stop them. Yours in anxious desperation,

**Alex Mesoudi,
Abbots Langley**

Far right: Chilling threat sent to Alex. Right: Proof that these cowards mean business.

We have your car...
We will send
you it piece by
piece until
you pay us



DO THE write thing

I think you should strongly consider suggesting that to your EvilPaymasTers in order to stop AMIGA POWER from fading into the dark shades of oblivion.

Yours, not very hopefully,
André Alves, Portugal

Actually, we have a plan even more cunning... but we can't talk here, you never know who might be listening - we've heard a rumour that letters pages on some of our 'sister' magazines have been bugged. Let's just say, "Aubergine, sliced thickly, sprinkled with a little sea salt, and fried quickly in olive oil." We think you'll know what we're getting at.

"APART AND PUT"

Dear AP,
Why does your Amiga fail to work when you take it apart and put Micro Machines between the circuits?

Richard Crusty Hepburn, email

"JOB WHEN DO"

Why, hello there, AP!
The reason I am writing this letter is because you seem to have taken up the practice of not printing peoples' email addresses along with their letters. You just print "email". Why is that so? (It's just a whim. - Ed.) I would prefer that you printed the addresses with the letters. Please print at least my address.

And you could get the magazine thicker, 100 pages or so. Don't whine that nobody makes anything for the Amiga any more, just do a 40-page feature of Hoi Hup Lal or something. Anything. Please. And please, if people write you stupid letters about 50MHz 68030 processors or IEEE ports or something, just laugh at them and tell them they are stupid. Like you do nowadays. Good job.

When do we get to see a picture of Jonathan Nash? Would you like to have my "In The Style Of..." picture I drew about 18 months ago? (Christ no. - Ed.)

Oh blimey, I've run out of things I can think of. So see you around then, luvvies.
Peas and carrots,
Joona Palaste, email

"TRANSPARENT IT WAS"

Dear AP,
Despite the continued reduction of pages in your illustrious magazine, AMIGA POWER continues to bring joy and happiness throughout the Amiga-owning world. Of late, this has been complemented nicely by the nostalgic references to Your Sinclair (sorry, YOUR SINCLAIR) (Which nostalgic references? By whom? - Ed.) which, though I never owned such a computer myself, was a constant source of amusement to me when I went round to friends' houses to play such classic games as Jet Set Willy and Manic Miner (anyone remember Yi Ar Kung Fu? (Yes, but I preferred Way Of The Exploding Fist. - Ed.) Ah, those were

SUBLIMINAL MESSAGE winner

"HOOTS A SQUAT"

Dear AP,
The camera pans across a mist enshrouded graveyard at the dead of night. The full moon hangs low above the winter deadened trees. An owl hoots.

A squat grey stone building stands amid the carved memorials, an eerie light flickering from its window. The camera tracks toward the window, past four anorexic cyclists hanging around nervously where the dead fear to tread.

Sound of hammering and an odd, echoing laughter come from within the ancient, tomb-like structure. The light from the window spills out like thick paint around the sill, staining it with colours never seen in the rainbow.

The camera pans up, looking into the window above.

The room is cluttered with occult devices. The obligatory stuffed crocodile hangs from the ceiling. In the centre of the room Professor Corpse and his sidekick, Megor, stand bowed over an acid-pitted desk.

The professor, dressed in a heavily stained lab coat, stands, revealing his totally bald pate. Megor remains hunched, for this is his form. On the desk is a heinous device more wicked than any contraption hitherto devised by even the most crazed of men.

Professor Glowball Corpse lifts his head and cackles in a manner only achievable with a limited special effects budget.

"Those pesky kids are for it now," he laughs. "Finally I have in my grasp the means to stop Ambrose and Igor Powers. Behold the Shrink-O-Ray!"

"Master," slobbers Megor, "truly you are the most malignant man ever."

"I know, Megor, I know." A diabolical smile plays at the corners of Glowball Corpse's thin-lipped mouth.

The door bangs open admitting a fetid breath of graveyard air. Framed by the door are Ambrose and Igor Powers, with their loyal dog, Mags - the most feared trio of cartoon heroes ever.

"Desist your treachery, you foul fiend!" commands Ambrose, known to his friends as Am.

"Never!" crows Professor Corpse.

With a theatrical flourish and a manic giggle, Professor Corpse and his assistant Megor spin the chrome and black plastic Shrink-O-Ray towards the stalwart trio. Depressing a large red button marked 'GO' prompts an electric blue lance of energy to leap across the room towards the three heroes.

The valiant dog, Mags, leaps from her friends' side to intercept the ray, catching it full on her shaggy-coated flank.

The ray goes to work, sparkling and fizzing, shrinking the unfortunate mutt.

Am and Igor look on in horror - Megor/Glowball Corpse have shrunk Am/Igor Powers' Mags.

Outside, eight bony feet press hard on pedals, scrambling away. Even the Four Cyclists of the Apocalypse cannot withstand this evil lunacy.

Yours most sincerely,
Iain Benson, Stalybridge

gone before. It was only the acquisition of my Amiga that persuaded me that things were improving, as there were numerous new and different games to play and the ability to use other utilities as well. The thing is, history now appears to be repeating itself, with the emergence of the so-called Superconsoles.

The fact is that, even though the Amiga is on its last legs, when it finally calculates its last it will not be forgotten, and neither will AMIGA POWER. In the meantime, we can only look forward to the future and hope that the departure won't come too quickly.

Yours,
Matthew Smith, Somerset

Haven't you written to us before?

"LOOK STUPIDER YOURS"

Dear AP,
This is my first ever email. What do you have against beards? They may look stupid in the full face version but the goatee style is okay. Anyway, sideburns are much worse. They look stupid. Yours-in-a-this-is-my-first-email-I-have-ever-sent-type-of-way,
Michael Carroll, Australian email

Goatee beards are NOT okay. Mark Ramshaw used to have a goatee. And look what happened to him.

"IN OR REGISTERED"

Dear Reader,
Some time ago you expressed an interest in, or registered as a part of, various activities at Team 17...

Best regards from all at Team 17

At least the automatic email system is still talking to us. Sigh.

"PULLOUT MY DID"

Good Morning,
Cower in awe and feel honoured at receiving my first ever Internet-bound email message.

I like to consider myself to be a fairly intelligent person (albeit with a poor grasp of grammar and spelling) yet I am deeply ashamed to admit to being deeply confused by the "Dead Magazine" pullout.

My, did I laugh at the poor fools who attempted to define the oft' used 'natch' term and the cretins who, even now, want their very own copy of *Sinister Theme Park*, feeling safe in the knowledge that I KNOW the truth. I am sure that someone out here in Readers' Land will want to know where they can acquire the graphically impressive *Kill The Prez*.

However, "Dead Magazine" threw me, is it real or is it just another elaborate AP (that's Amiga Power, but you already knew that DIDN'T YOU?) hoax? I know that you, the mighty AP, will neither confirm nor deny its existence just to prolong the agony of our ignorance, though I'm sure its continued non-appearance on news stands will confirm my suspicions.

Yours confused,
Mark Binnington, email

We kindly corrected as many of the errors of spelling, grammar and punctuation as we could, but there are almost certainly more. What on earth are they teaching you at the University Of Humberside?

"SYSTEM I TELEPHONED"

To my friends at AP,
I know how much you like to make fun of other people's gross stupidity so I have enclosed an advertisement that was sent to me recently. Just in case you don't realize Microsoft's stupidity straight away, here is a handy guide:

1. I do not own Windows 95, the system required to run Softimage 3D.
2. I work for a large insurance company and therefore have no use for an expensive computer art system.
3. I telephoned in January, the last time they sent me information and told them I didn't have Windows 95.
4. Microsoft sent me three invitations addressed to CS Parfitt, Colin Parfitt and C Parfitt.
5. Read the invitation. check the spelling.

I would write to Microsoft to complain but there's an upcoming Seattle launch and I'm hoping they'll mistakenly fly me out there.
Yours (but not everybody's),
Colin Parfitt, Bristol

We used to quite like Microsoft. Apart from Windows. And Windows 95. And their

People dressed up as the Coneheads from Saturday Night Live. Only they're not.

THE RETURN OF ISABELLE**"POSSIBLY NO ONE"**

Hi guys,
I'm back to haunt you! Just want to give my belated condolences on the death of Bob (may she rest in peace) and on the loss of the spine (not that these have the same amount of importance, you understand...).

Thanks for printing my last letter (poor effort though it was) and especially for the star you gave it... I can't tell you how much it meant to me <sniff>. Also nice to see the return of the wildly unpredictable subs letter (you never know what it's gonna do next, do

ISABELLE REES LETTER

you? It's got a mind of its own... Or possibly no one can be bothered to write it).

I hope that the impending death of the Amiga (oh no, I'm not being pessimistic, am I???) hasn't meant that you've all been forced to relocate to some dark and cold street corner... And if it has, well, I'm sure that the readership of AP will be willing to find you a couple of tins of baked beans.

Okay, Okay... I know I've been going on a bit... but that's it, I promise.
Hugs,
Isabelle, L'Elf, email

appallingly inept marketing department. Word is very good. As is the Wine Guide CD-ROM. But then we read the invite. "Received"? "Registartion"? "Immediaite"? We despair, frankly.

"HE OR AM I"

Dear AP,
I just bought a pair of trousers. They fit like a glove, so I'm going to take them back because I want them to fit like a pair of trousers. Ha-ha. I'm so funny, aren't I? Oh. Sorry.

I shall now, as is my wont (what does 'wont' mean? Is it like 'habit') analyse some of AP59's letters. And blimey, people are grumpy, aren't they?

Matthew Smith needs to acquire a better sense of humour, because The Fast Show is fab. (And isn't it Boutros Boutros Ghali, AP? I'm sure it is. He's head of the UN or something, isn't he? Or am I going mad?) (Yeah, yeah, all right, we know. - Ed.)

Bill Hewitt needs to calm down, Stuart N needs to be put down and Chris Luke needs to realize that people can't just 'go on strike'. People need money to buy things with. Fact of life. Like manure. Horrid but necessary. Perhaps. What am I drivelling on about? (I was afraid to ask. - Ed.)

And finally. A-ha-ha! You fools AP. You fell for my cunning double bluff. I knew you'd print my address as Wideopen to spite me. But I knew that your vanity would prompt you to tell the world how hard you'd been by doing that. So, you see, you told everyone that Wideopen is in Newcastle. Ho-ho, chuckle. Double bluffing's a bit of a lark, actually. Let's try

another: AP,
I don't

think you should slit your wrists with rusty razor blades.
Yours bleedingly,
Dave, Wideopen

Actually, it was a computer error. We put 'Newcastle' at the end of your letter but the Linotronic™ machine mysteriously changed it to 'Wideopen' during the typesetting process. We'd never do anything to spite you. We're your friends.

"BUILD IT AFTER SIX"

G'day AP,
A few months ago I was on my early morning walk when I came upon a large area of scrubland. All of a sudden a voice boomed down from the sky. "If you build it, they will come," it said. First, I thought I'd had one too many Foster's but, sure enough, the voice said it again. I then knew that I must follow this advice so I sold my house, my family and all my shares in the SINISTER GLOBAL MEGA CORPORATION, and I bought the area of scrubland and began to build 'it'.

After six months and spending my last cents on a stadium, goals and that machine that puts white lines on the ground, I had finally finished it. My soccer field was complete. Now I sat down and waited... and waited... and waited. Two months later I saw a speck in the distance. It was them. They had come.

The speck grew larger as they got closer, my heart was thumping with anticipation. I could almost see the shapes. It's... it's... it's... bloody West Ham.

That's the last time I ever listen to voices in the sky.

Ben 'Wild Boy' Riley, Western Australia

"ELUDES THEM OF COURSE"

Dear AMIGA POWER,

Isn't it about time that ELSPA lifted their age-old ban on complete covermounted games?

After all, with the Amiga falling fast the amount of retailers selling Amiga games is falling faster, thus making it harder for people to obtain that 'classic' game that constantly eludes them.

Of course, years ago when it was 'allowed' most of the offering were, frankly, complete crap. But with a few good years behind it there is now an extensive back catalogue to pick from.

I, for one, could bear paying £4.50 for a copy of AP with a decent (perhaps Top 100) game on one of the disks, much more than I can in its present state.

DO THE write thing

The old idea that the disks are merely a nice addition to the mag isn't really applicable these days of waif-like issues.

The threat that publishers will pull their advertising doesn't really matter anymore, either, since hardly any games publishers advertise in AP these days, unless the makers of F-Max (the lightly sparkling fish drink) have shares in EA or Special Reserve or something.

What do you think?

Yours with flu,

Craig Hesmondhalgh, Blackpool

Watch, as they say, this space. Or that one. Yes, definitely that one. Over there. Yes, that's it.

"PAMPHLET I AM"

Greetings and salutations, increasingly threatened writers (and editors and God-knocks-what-else) of "Amiga Pamphlet".

I am writing to you in order to provide you with the benefit (or not) of my own analysis of

In Tim's words: "Jo Brand needs bringing down a peg or two. She has clearly run out of material." Judging by her size, it's no surprise.

Buy The Entire Jo Brand Joke Book!!!!



Highly rated comedienne, Jo Brand, has produced her own joke book for connoisseurs of bad jokes about cakes. AND IT IS ONLY AVAILABLE FROM CREATIVE GIFTS!

Squeal with uncontrollable laughter as Jo tells us many jokes about her methods of eating Chocolate cake with lots of cream in! Die from you sides splitting as Jo tells us about how she can't pull, mainly because she is inherently repulsive to the naked eye!!

Squeal again with uncontrollable laughter as Jo tells many more jokes, including ones about chocolate cake, being fat, chocolate cake, not being able to pull, being fat, and of course, chocolate cakes. And chocolate cakes. Again.

Cat No: 000001

All These Gifts And Many More Can Be Ordered From: Creative Gifts (Catalogue 2) Alan E Towerer And Associates, 4 Bagley Close, Loughborough, Leics. LE11 3RJ.

THEIR enforced movement of the AP base of operations.

Clearly THEY are becoming increasingly and exponentially antagonistic towards your MIGHTY SELVES, and will soon resort to deadly force in order to silence your CEASELESS UNVEILING OF THE TRUTH. Your new quarters should therefore be chosen in order to give you the greatest possible tactical advantage when this occurs.

I suggest selecting THE CUPBOARD due to its L-shaped character, which will provide adequate shelter from THEIR attack, and which an open corridor like THE YELLOW ROOM cannot.

Of course, THEY probably know this (THEY know everything) and so have almost certainly booby-trapped THE CUPBOARD, and you should seek out and remove any such traps using a chemical sniffer and a suit of Kevlar/carbon fibre armour (with Teflon™ coating, natch).

Yours Anticipating-An-AP-Victory,

Sam Skipsey, Norwich

PS In order to combat your ever shrinking pages, why not extend your coverage to include the MIGHTY APPLE MAC, thereby increasing AP volume at least threefold and giving you a better excuse to play *Marathon* – THE OFT-MENTIONED DOOM-GAME-OF-THE-ALMIGHTY-GODS-OF-OLYMPUS.

The cupboard it is, then. Oh, and we're AMIGA POWER, we don't need an excuse to do ANYTHING, especially not to play Marathon.

"8MB OF RAM"

Dear AP,

It may please some A500 owners to know that life in the world of the PC isn't so great either. Just a few months ago I bought a £1,500 PC. (*Guffaw, guffaw. – Ed.*) Now I find that my double speed CD ROM drive, my 8Mb of RAM and my 486 processor may, by the end of the year, be obsolete. Believe me, I'm not happy.

Cheerio,
Chris Luke, Exeter

"THIS I AM NOT"

Dear Do,

I cannot believe it – I am shocked! Your latest edition has brought me into the Top Ten in the shocked chart, such is the impact.

While I was touched to find my Valentine's Day card reprinted in your stapled, yet still sexy pages, I was immensely surprised to find mine to be the only one you received.

Not a drop of February love from Matthew Smith, not a smidgen from rampant emailer Lud. Even flawed, yet gorgeous still, Izzy Rees for once left you off her list (I, too, was saddened by the lack of a card from the Goddess of Surrey on February 14th.)

And what can be made of this? I am not sure, but it would seem to suggest that I AM THE ONLY ONE WHO STILL CARES. The others are but pretend-AP-readers – only I can be relied on in your hour of need.

Yours greenly,
Brett Davids, Loughborough

Brett, love, honey-bunch, listen to us. AP is a MAGAZINE. No one else sent a Valentine's card because AP is a MAGAZINE and NORMAL people don't send Valentine's cards to magazines. You may infer from this what you will.

"WOULD CH..."

Dear AP,

AP has always been good, clean fun, and I had reason to believe that Tim's reign would ch... (*Hang on, I recognize that writing. Brett, go away. – Ed.*)

AND ANOTHER THING...

I asked for AMIGA POWER and they gave me a postage stamp. I usually pay 24p for these.

Lee Rogers, Barnsley

Which would explain why no one replies to your letters. First Class postage is 25p. Buffoon.

It's "Boutros Boutros Ghali", not Poutros. Dots.

Brett Davids, Loughborough

Yeah, yeah, we know. But look first to the beam in thine own eye, we say.

My IQ, just in case you want to know, is over 150.

Stuart Brown, Preston

We didn't. But thanks.

My friend D Timiney once saw J Nash outside Future Publishing in YS days.

Derek Williams, Doncaster

So, by coincidence, did we. Spook.

I would just like to say: Craig Hesmondhalgh, Blackpool; Stuart N Hardy, Sheffield; C Bucky, Sheffield and Tim Cant, Essex.

Fulox Shyrdliw, Chichester

GO AWAY.

Cheers
Brett Davids, Loughborough

GO AWAY.

Er, do you still exist?
Joy Dehany, Paradise

It's a bit early in the day for metaphysics, wouldn't you say?

In AP60, my name is spelt wrong. I CONGRATULATE YOU ON SUBTLY KEEPING MY ANONYMITY.
Anon, Loughborough

AND THAT ADDRESS,

don't forget, is:

**Do The Write Thing,
AMIGA POWER,
30 Monmouth Street,
Bath BA1 2BW.**

Or e-mail us at:

ampower@futurenet.co.uk,
but we'll only reply in these
pages, okay?

THE BOTTOM LINE

Simplicity has become our watch word in these complicated times. Obfuscation is now a thing of the past. We attempt to cut through the confusion by casting aside linguistic complexities and getting straight, as it were, to the point.

THE BOTTOM LINE (AND HOW TO UNDERSTAND IT)

★★★★★ The best ★★★★★ Very good
★★★★ Good ★★★ Not bad
★★★ Bad ★ Very bad

The whole point of The Bottom Line is to cram as much information as possible into this small space. Here's how it works... The top bit is easy:

GAME NAME
Publisher's Price
Then we get (just for your information

really) the issue of AMIGA POWER in which the game was originally reviewed, the mark it got at the time, and the reviewer's initials. If the game appeared in our new All-Time Top 100, its position comes next, followed by the mini-review and a final rating out of five stars (with red

ones to show which ones are real 'must buys'). And there you have it – all you could ever possibly need to know about every game we've laboured over, considered carefully and marked accordingly in the last year and remember WE'RE ALWAYS RIGHT.

WHO'S WHO CW – Cam Winstanley • JD – Jonathan Davies • JN – Jonathan Nash • RP – Rich Pelley • SC – Stuart Campbell • MA – Martin Axford
PM – Paul Mellerick • SF – Steve Faragher • SM – Steve McGill • RD – Richard Dodge • CM – C-Monster • TN – Tim Norris • DG – Dave Golder

AIRBUS A320 2

Mirage £30



AP58 24% JD

It is a convincing simulation of the A320 Airbus – even more convincing if you can imagine such a thing, than *Airbus A320*, whose sequel it is. You fly an A320 Airbus hither and yon. You take off. You land. There are many realistic instruments and controls.

AKIRA

Ice £30 (£35 CD32)



AP48 16% JD

Petrifying multi-stage film licence from the people behind *Total Carnage* which, despite repeated assurances that lessons had been learnt from *Total Carnage*, is easily the equal in catastrophe of *Total Carnage*. Hardly anyone is going to get past the first level's horizontally-scrolling obstacle course in which your magnificent 400mph armoured motorbike explodes on contact with stones and people just standing there: having played the wretchedly loose platform levels and spectacularly unfair shoot-'em-up sections, this is something of a heavily disguised blessing. The CD32 version is identical. ★★

ALADDIN A1200

Virgin £30



AP44 86% JD

A handsome conversion of the Mega Drive game, which plays slickly and breathes up the platform stuff with a couple of chase levels and bonus

games. But, like all these post-*Cool Spot* platformers, *Aladdin* suffers from a severe lack of longevity. It's highly impressive while it lasts though.

★★★★★

ALIEN BREED 3D A1200

Team 17 £30



AP56 91% JN

Amazingly amazing *Doom* – but on the Amiga contender that crushes *Fears* technically (bits splatter out of the monsters when hit, weapons recoil, chain reaction explosions tear up corridors, walkways span caverns, you get to go outside) and takes *Gloom*'s side in being terrifically hard and fun to play. More sophisticated than *Gloom*, but oddly (though not at all disappointingly) more blasting-oriented. Run around and shoot things; run up stairs and shoot things; run across bridges and shoot things; run through water-filled passages and shoot things. Still no option to look up and down (you'll get confused in more than one helter-skelter shootout) and twittter even on a 'fast RAM' machine (brownie points though for not shirking the vastly complicated many-monster ambushes just because of slowdown) but stuffed with 'vavoom' and absolutely entertaining. Terrible deathmatch game, however, and our copy wouldn't work from hard drive.

★★★★★

ALL-NEW WORLD OF LEMMINGS

Psygnosis £30



AP46 50% JN

Peculiar re-embodiment of the sadistically fussy original *Lems* rather than the make-amends sequel. Larger graphics, less icons and only three lem tribes because Psygnosis say you told them *Lems 2* was too complicated; pixel-perfect lem positioning, exactly overlapping lem hordes and dictatorially precise cursor control because that's what *Lems* is all about,

right? The 'all-new' parts are ability-replacing collectable objects (a terrific idea) and rampaging monsters (a terrible one). *Lems 2* is frankly much more fun. ★★

AMBERMOON

Thalion £36



AP51 30% RP

A crap RPG divided into crap *Dungeon Master* and crap *Zelda* bits. ★

ANTS

Kellion £15



AP49 23% CW

YOU ARE THE ANTMMASTER, and you must command your ants to CONQUER THE WORLD. An impressive idea – sort of *Sim Ant*, but good – but the execution's terrible. The screen fills with dots. You point at some of them and command them to attack a stationary blob representing a spider, or something. The ants attack, dying in the attempt. You command the remaining ants to feed, so they breed. You then attack again, until the spider is dead. That's it. Provided you keep one (yes, one) ant back each time, and allow for the random wandering of the ants, and can cope with the squeaky speech, and have the patience of Job, counting to ten, preferably in Greek, you've got it licked. An impressive idea indeed, but body death is a far more attractive alternative to playing the game it's spawned. ★

ATR

Team 17 £25

AP48 38% JN

Overdrive 2 via *Tower Assault*, more like. This stylish overhead racer, having taken the trouble to get the car movements right, bafflingly throws it all away by having courses that don't have the common courtesy to mark out the track. Yet folks, with *ATR* you can thrill to the experience of driving blind, coming off at unadvertised corners and



getting trapped in belligerent roadside scenery. The overwhelming prevalence of sharp corners makes a nonsense of the 'battle' mode as player two gets scrolled off the screen without chance of recovery, and the identical 'league' game just makes six people unhappy instead of two. The usual power-up/choice of car/shop sequences don't help. Buy the friendlier and grandly more fun *Micro Machines*. ★★

BASE JUMPERS

Grandslam £26



AP47 70% JD

Aaron Fothergill's follow-up to *Jetstrike*, with a similar patina of care and attention to detail, but a noticeable lack of 'there'sness'. It's a two-stage game for up to four players. First you scramble aloft a vertical platform building in *Rick Dangerous* fashion, collecting letters to spell secret words and so get to bonus games like *Joust* and *Invisible Space Invaders*, and then you leap off the roof and scrap with the others in freefall, jostling them against flagpoles and leaving opening your parachute to the last possible moment to earn those cash awards. Bursting with secret bits (our favourite is the straitjacketed plunge to death) and causing hearty guffaws during play, *Base Jumpers* regrettably fails to the mighty walls of over-too-quickness in the multi-player mode and no-thanksment of the one-player game. Shame. ★★

BEHIND THE IRON GATE

Black Legend £25



AP52 55% CW

Slickly programmed 3D shooty game that falls down on keeping the player happy by instead infuriating him at every turn. Each level opens with a hair-raising chase between you and the monsters as you scurry around trying to find (particularly groovy) weapons, develops into an exciting shootout as you pick off your opponents, and then collapses into wandering around an effortlessly confusing maze trying keys in doors and hoping you won't end up a key short because you got the order wrong. A strong finish as you set off a bomb and then sprint for the exit, but (again) those confusingly blank walls mess it up. Look out also for the awful passwords that lose all your weapons. It does, however, work (equally speedily) on the A500. A valiant attempt. ★★

BLOODNET A1200

Gametek £35



AP47 90% JN

Initially repellent but (once you've mastered the preposterously over-complicated controls) tremendously

rewarding point-and-click adventure without orcs in it. Gleefully amoral (you're a vampiric 'cyberpunk' who has to kill to survive while hunting for a cure) and engrossingly scripted, it's the best such game since *Monkey Island*. And you get to shoot people without any tiresome moral questions being asked. It demands installation to a hard drive though.

★★★

BREATHLESS
Power Computing £30



AP58 56% SC

It's *Doom* - but on the Amiga. For the fourth time. It's terribly close in look and feel to *Doom*, except that it's not nearly so much fun to play. From the lava pits to the frustrating password system, rather too much about *Breathless* has been badly thought out. If you want to wander up and down grey corridors and occasionally fight impossible fights with naughty people then this is the version of *Doom* - but on the Amiga for you. Otherwise you'll be happier with *Gloom*.

★★

BLOODNET A500+
Gametek £30



AP50 89% JN

Exactly the same, except! you don't get any music (a Good Thing), and you don't get the option to review past conversations (a very Bad Thing indeed). At least it's £5 cheaper.

★★★

BRUTAL
Gametek £20



AP53 27% SC

Beat-'em-up with animals that blows its single good idea (you start without special moves, but earn one every few bouts) by giving you an unfailingly unbeatable one on level four. (Get in a punch and then hide in a corner to defeat opponents one to three.)

★

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK
A500

Audiogenic £26



AP45 83% JN

Properly taking note of the criticisms of the A1200 version, Audiogenic have substantially increased the fun factor by beefing up Stupid Blue Thing's intelligence levels to a point where he no longer falls from a ledge if, for instance, he feels like it. Uses the CD32 joypad as well. But the watery time limit's still too nasty.

★★★★★

CANNON FODDER 2

Virgin £30

AP44 89% CW

Disappointingly, a data disk rather than



a sequel, and one that inexplicably takes our muddy, terrified heroes out of the grimly realistic warzones where they belong and shoehorns them into an implausible time-travelling plot. The quality of the levels isn't affected - the design is consistently better than the original's, and it's far more of a tricky trickster - but fighting blobby aliens on blazingly purple planets 'feels' wrong for the game. Rather more importantly, *Cannon Fodder 2* is outrageously expensive considering there's nothing new in there at all. It's still brilliant, but pointedly less so.

★★★★★

CITADEL
Black Legend £30



AP56 67% PM (69% A1200)

We're getting incredibly fed up with games that blow it with such an obvious fault that it staggers the mind to think how they missed it. *Citadel*'s is that guns and ammo are severely limited so that what should be *Doom* - but on the A500 turns into a dismaying game of running away and avoiding things. Just think. You're not bound to a single path through the levels, you can set fire to people, there are locked doors and teleports and that, you can elect either to escape a level or search for bonus objects and it runs comfortably on an A500 (no, really. Really) and - erk - you spend your time running away and avoiding things. Dicksome things like having to hit monsters centrally and LOSING ENERGY WHEN YOU BUMP INTO WALLS slip away in relation. Faster and bigger on an A1200; hence the extra 2%.

★★★★★

CLUB AND COUNTRY
Boms £30



AP44 38% PM

Fearsonately well-presented, but - oh no! - clotted and boring footy manner.

★

COALA
Empire £25



AP56 78% CW

Thanks to *Coala's* Virtual Cockpit™ you can zoom up to things then look out of the window to blast them sideways, and thanks to the open-endedness of it all you can whizz around any old where and even choose your side (by popping at someone from the other, natch). But there's no structure at all to the game so you rapidly end up flying around cluelessly, and it's a bit silly to have battles where by merely turning up you decide the outcome. It has excellent scraps, but you have to work hard to get into one. There should've been

more to do than flittering about (blowing bridges, for example, or toasting convoys) and without any sense of direction or achievement, you within a few hours give it up. Pity.

★★★

COLONIZATION

Microprose £35



AP52 93% SF

Hugely engrossing sim by TV's famous Sid Meier, covering the colonisation of the USA from whomever's point of view you damn well please. (We tend not, for example, to slaughter the natives.) Turn-based and predominantly action-free, you'll nevertheless find your children becoming successful senior accountants before you think to turn from the screen and tell them it's time for bed. Protect and survive. Produce and sell surplus! Attack the French! Declare the Dutch heretics and start a religious war! All can be done here and all but a small part of what is, essentially, America - but on the Amiga. And it runs on an A500.

★★★★★

COMPLETE CHESS
SYSTEM

Oxford Softworks £35



AP45 81% SF

Chess. ★★★★

CRYSTAL DRAGON

Black Legend £30



AP44 38% PM

Pick an RPG, any RPG - it's more than likely to be better than this redundant *Dungeon Master* clone.

★★

DAWN PATROL
Empire £35



AP47 80% JD

WW1 *Overlord* follow-up with typical Rowan friendliness (multiple views, 'combat lock', wads of background material) and some grand ideas (such as catching planes by surprise by zooming out of the sun, and lesser enemies running for it) but which doesn't quite come off. You don't feel that you're in a rickety biplane beyond your wings occasionally falling off and (hng!) your guns jamming, and the lack of scenery and ground action lets it down lots. Deep, detailed and dependable, *Dawn Patrol* nonetheless pales beside the magnificence of *Knights of the Sky*.

★★★★★

DEATHMASK

Alternative £26 (£30 CD32)

AP47 62% SF (69% CD32)

Every review we've seen of this damn it for not being *Doom*. Except ours, of course, because we're not, for example, cretins. It's a simple fast-but-jerking-from-square-to-square 3D maze game with guns, and enjoyable



on this level, but the overwhelmingly un-clever design of the 32 piddlingly easy mazes means you'll complete the whole thing in less than a day. Much better in competitive two-player mode, with lots of running around and away, but once you realise you may as well slug it out toe-to-toe as play properly what with the regenerating ammunition and impossible-not-to-peek-over split-screen, you've broken its spell. Not as big, clever or exciting enough as it should have been. Impeccably speedy on both A500 and A1200; the CD32 version scores higher because of the better controls.

★★★

DRAGONSTONE

Core £30



AP46 49% CW

SNES *Zelda*, but on the Amiga, and rubbish. Here be regenerating monsters that always hit you due to the intermittently effective combat system, obvious mazes and stupid collision detection that mean, say, a mushroom clearly not in your path at all (and yet somehow so) forces you to go all the way around the map to reach the other side, puzzles of the dead end/old herb/artist/present collected herb/receive travel spell school, secret areas essential to the game and an uninvolved swords-and-strawberry plot. Take it, or take it not; we care for neither.

★

DREAM WEB

Empire £35



AP46 24% JN

Disastrous 'adult' futuristic point-and-clicker in which every screen is cluttered with tiny objects, all of which belabour you with a lengthy text description before you're allowed to see whether they're of any use. Very *The Clue*-like in that it's really a verb-noun text adventure in disguise, but greatly more stupidly obscure in its puzzle solutions. Typical of the hamfisted design is the gun you're logically allowed to use only at certain points; typical of the storytelling is every hardened street-scum sub-human speaking like a slightly apologetic junior shop assistant. Really, the mystery of your character's madness is the only driving interest and you find that out on level two. ★

DUNGEON MASTER 2

A1200

Interplay £40



AP56 50% CM

Spook. Eek. And, indeed, yikes. Seven years after *Dungeon Master*, they've done it again. Exactly the same. Except you need a hard drive, the game reacts slowly to your commands, buffers them so you go out of sync and has sets of numbers instead of (for example) characters. The few good

ideas (automapping, neat shop sequences, above-average puzzles) are wasted. ★★

EXILE A1200
Audiogenic £30



AP49 89% CW

Prettied-up (and CD32 joypad-supporting) version of legendary key-swatted 'arcade adventure' that's probably the only game ever worthy of the nasty label. Sort of non-3D *Doom*, sort of single-player *Gravity Force 2*, it's all about flying around with real physics and shooting things and solving (occasionally unfathomable) puzzles. Quite fabulous. If you can cope with the keyboard madness controls, go for the otherwise identical original, now out at £15.

★★★★★

EXTRACTORS CD32

Millennium £30



AP50 62% CW

Sequel to *Diggers* that hasn't learnt from the original's mistakes. A *Lost Vikings* sort of game in that you're trying to co-ordinate a bunch of characters so everyone contributes to the larger task at hand, it's plagued with only marginally less miserable controls than before (this time you can make your minions jump over things, and stop without having to plough through endless sub-menus) and a preposterous 'free will' feature (so you can spend ages getting one of your blokes in position, only to see him get bored and teleport back to base). Beyond that, we hated the game itself (it's remarkably bereft of fun, and seems more a grimly drawn-out exercise in mechanical repetition) but concede that its size, complexity and general 'togetherness' might appeal.

★★★★★

EXTREME RACING

Guildhall £30



AP58 59%

(Expanded A1200 69%) DG A technically very impressive attempt at a sort of *Mario Kart* - but on the Amiga that needs at least an accelerated A1200 to run at any kind of entertaining speed. On an unexpanded A1200 it's very slow, even when you tweak the display options to maximise performance. The controls are 'ropy', too. ★★

F1 WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP EDITION

Domark £30



AP51 67% PM

It's *F1* again, but more expensive and with a quit option that instantly ends the entire game instead of, say, that particular race. Still, this is the fastest racer around (exhilaratingly so), with crashes that stop you or slow you down (rather than crippling your car) and the same stupidously

exciting two-player mode that Cam and Steve McGill played non-stop for an entire day when the original game came in. Domark have also improved the graphics slightly, and have promised to include a save game option after we pointed out you had to stick at it for hours to play properly. But you'd still be better off buying the original. ★★★

FEARS A1200

Guildhall £30



AP54 40% JN

The second *Doom* – but on the Amiga contender to make it, but not a good one. Technically astounding – the default full-screen display is damned fast on a standard A1200 (with lifts and stairwells, yet), and the use of near-subliminal sound is masterly – the game is let down horribly by its cock-eyed design. Monsters that can 'see' you without your having the slightest idea where they are, no up and down views (it's possible to get completely lost on stairs) and INESCAPABLE LAVA PITS combine to destroy any sense of fun get from playing it. Exceedingly foolish, Mr Bond. ★★

FIELDS OF GLORY

Microprose £30 (£35 AGA)



AP44 61% CW

Waterloo wargame swathed in options and featuring ingenious three-scale map system tempting you to follow single units instead of examining the Big Picture and so fall foul of the Fog Of War. But it blows it all horribly, because – insanely – the game doesn't take terrain into account. So you just run everybody straight at each other and see who crawls out alive. ★★

FLIGHT OF THE AMAZON QUEEN

Renegade £30



AP51 84% JN

1940s comic book point-and-click adventure from fans of the Lucas Arts games, so it's funny, charming, looks beautiful and plays like a raspberry ripple. Even the music's good. You'll be quoting the set-pieces at each other later over tea, but simultaneously cussing at the ease with which you completed the game and the way the last quarter crashes out of ideas and fun. Still, it's brilliantly entertaining while it lasts. ★★★★

FLINK CD32

Psygnosis £20



AP47 79% JD

Almost-but-not-quite platform game with much to commend it – varied levels and trinkets looted shamelessly from the best of the rest of the best – but horrid ersatz-inertia controls and hopeless use of forced scrolling which

traps and kills you WHEN IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT. Still, the mix-it-up spell bits and got-it-together 'feel' of the thing makes it great fun to play up to the point where your character falls through the edge of a perfectly legitimate platform AGAIN and you punch a hole in the fridge. ★★★

FOOTBALL GLORY

Black Legend £26



AP45 66% (68% A1200) PM

The coincidental *Sensi* lookalike that, while playing a largely acceptable game o' football (aside from the idiot ploy of having the computer opponents 'slip' up by rocketing the ball into their own net or something, rather than playing poorly) pales in comparison with *SWOS*. There are mechanical troubles as well: the jolly collection of special moves are wasted because the computer teams don't give you time to set them up before legging it with the ball; the aftertouch is madly sensitive; and the passing is problematically inaccurate. Interesting, but flawed. The AGA version's slightly faster, with better sound. ★★

GLOOM A1200

Guildhall £30



AP52 90% JN

Few games are scary, unless they are film licences. *Gloom* is a genuinely spooky game with an atmosphere you could cut with a knife, were demons not busily sucking you in from across the room and biting off your head, and were there a knife in it. Dazzlingly revolting, with monsters that explode up the walls when you shoot them (there's an option to retain the pieces to mark your path), it's unswervingly thrilling for NOWHERE IS SAFE. And that's before you get to the levels that have ghosts passing through walls. And, hey, there are always the secret bits to ferret out. Disappointingly your weapons are restricted to differently coloured balls of light (confusingly, so are the monsters), and the 'deathmatch' game isn't up to much (you inevitably slug it out toe-to-toe) but as a one- or (co-operative) two-player shooter, it's near-unbeatable. *AB3D* and *Fears* are going to have to move some to surpass this. ★★★★

GUARDIAN A1200

Acid Software £30



AP47 90% JN

While *Guardian A1200* may lack the thrilling 1970s cop show music and condemns non-CD32-joypad owners to clumsy mouse/keys controls (or a keyboard-only option) it nonetheless IS *Guardian CD32* but on the A1200. ★★★★

HIGH SEAS TRADER

Impressions £35

AP51 22% SF

You remember *Pirates Gold*, right? Where you were a pirate, shuttling from port to port, capturing ships, waging war, courting governors' daughters, yo-ho-ho-ing and a-bottle-of-rumming with the best of them? It's the same sort of idea with *High Seas*



Trader, except you're a merchant. Exactly as exciting as it sounds. ★

HILLSEA LIDO

Vulcan £13



AP57 54% (Hillsea residents 60%) TN Sub-Theme Park end-of-pier sim with fish and chip shops instead of burger bars, dingy hire instead of teacup rides, and spectacularly odd theatre shows instead of rides exploding entertainingly. Competent, but not as good as *Theme Park*, so contravening Law 10 of Kangaroo Court. Tsk. ★★

HOLLYWOOD HUSTLER

Desert Star £25

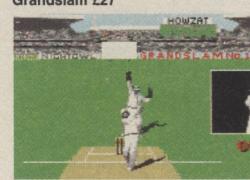


AP54 35% PM

Neat idea for a poker game – play against three digitised 'real' players who speak – but – erk – it falls apart after a remarkably short time. The other players don't have, for example, 'tells' (facial tics, say, or nervous blinks that hint they're bluffing), you can't try to cheat, nobody loses their temper (nobody does anything, in fact, apart from move their hands to deal and glance around) and your opponents take defeat philosophically ("Huh!" is about as animated as they get). And strangely, the best hand we got all the time we were playing was a three-of-a-kind. There are better PD poker games than this. *Hollywood Hustler* is available from Desert Star at 120 Burden Road, Beverley, N Humberside HU19 9LH. ★

ITS CRICKET

Grandslam £27



AP47 65% PM

Sloppy bowling and ghastly fielding sections let down the well thought-out batting part of this contender to *Graham Gooch's World Class Cricket* sensible flat cap. Graham wins on lovableness. ★★★

JUNGLE STRIKE A1200

Ocean £28



AP45 77% JN

Console action games are great. You switch them on, play them for a bit and then switch them off when you get bored. *Jungle Strike* is a conversion of the Mega Drive console action game, and they would have got away with it if it hadn't been for that meddling lack of depth. The 40 or so levels can't disguise their similarity beneath excited mission briefings; you're either flying off to shoot something, or to rescue someone. A couple of extra vehicles to

commandeer here and there do break up the pattern (although you're just doing the same stuff but at a different height) but the tiring faults (like having to search minutely for your own fuel on later levels – a-ha ha ha) drag it down. A great console action game, and as such best taken in short doses. ★★★★

KICK OFF 3 EUROPEAN CHALLENGE

Anco £30



AP46 57% PM

A couple of cosmetic changes, proper sound, more teams and tidied-up controls. The competition – *Wembles* and *SWOS* – make it look even worse second time around. ★★

KINGPIN

Team 17 £13



AP48 47% PM

Cheerful, pleasantly-presented but predictably tedious ten-pin bowling game whose only assets are a league game and the ability to create players and so mock up a career for yourself. Like all those terrible PD darts sims, *Kingpin* is pointless – all the clever samples and glitz effects aside, it's a devastatingly boring piece of fluff. And the computer opponents always appear to do the same thing. This doesn't deserve a spare, let alone a strike. ★★

LEADING LAP A1200

Black Legend £26



AP57 57% TN

Well-intentioned first-person racing game with dozens of tracks and five special-car characters, but it's JUST ANOTHER DRIVING GAME. Essentially it lacks 'oomph' (or, indeed, 'vavoom!'); specifically, why not play *F1GP* (for realism) or *F1* (for 'whizz')? There'll be an A500 version along shortly, we are informed. ★★★

LION KING

Virgin £30



AP46 59% JD

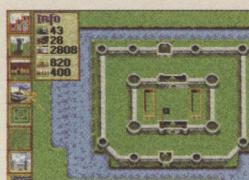
Virgin's follow-up to *Aladdin*. The platform levels are dull and empty, two of the break-it-up sections are missing and the lion is a blighter to control. The original wasn't much to work with but that doesn't excuse this disgracefully loose and unfinished conversion. ★★

LORDS OF THE REALM A1200

Impressions £35

AP44 82% RP

Extremely professional peasant/castle wargame where you have to keep everybody happy then kill hundreds of



people in a neighbouring county 'cos they looked at you funny. High feeling of involvement and gratifyingly complex, but it's not going to win any converts to the cause. ★★★★

MAN UTD – THE DOUBLE

Krisalis £30



AP49 58% PM

Man Utd Premier League Champions with a *FIFA*-ish 3D perspective and a *Premier Manager* 3-like editor. Fiddle with the teams, admire the new player transfer section, become angry with the actual football-playing bit. You can turn this off, but if you're going to do that, why not play a dedicated footy or footy manny game? Or *SWOS*, of course. ★★

MARVIN'S MARVELLOUS ADVENTURE A1200

21st Century £30



AP45 26% RP

No unexpected monsters, no end-of-level bosses, no unsightly traps, no leaps of faith, no control troubles, no disk drive problems, no illogical passwords, no reason to play again after you complete it in four hours and thirty-two minutes on your first go. A wacking shame. ★

MORTAL KOMBAT 2

Virgin £30



AP46 63% JN

Giltzy, vacuous conversion that relies on artificially complicated joystick moves. Fast-moving and exciting to watch, but deathly dull to play. Fights are over so quickly, and you're as likely to win bashing the fire button as juddering through the unnatural 'special move' sequences, that you're blasé about losing. Whither affinity with a particular character? Wherefore just another-go grudge matches? Not here, friend. It's got the best 'feel' of any Amiga bashed game and there's fun to be had from its maximum hurtage, but the illogical controls mean it's less a case of discovering secrets than waiting for us to tell you the moves. And you can fox your one-player mode opponents with a single attack. Constrained by the get-it-over-with-quick coin-op, *MK2* is ultimately just a novelty alternative to the mighty *Shadow Fighter*. Intrusive disk swapping and sparser sound are the limit on the A500, but the A1200 version is entirely accurate to the arcade machine. ★★★★

MR BLOBBY

Millennium £20

AP45 37% JN

Super Troll Island on the SNES, but on the Amiga and with Mr Blobby. Sloppy



Sports is the most entertaining table of the three.
★★★★★

PINBALL MANIA A1200
21st Century £30



design and stupid faults (like leaping through the ceiling to land on the platform above when you merely wanted to hop over a monster) don't help; neither does the ease with which you can coast through the game. Bizarrely though, it is tolerably playable for a couple of hours. It's bad. Not as bad as you'd think, but still bad. ★

OBSESSION
Merlin £30



AP50 78% JN
Charming but disappointingly simple old-style pinball game which scores in thousands and has none of the exciting slickness of *Pinball Fantasies*. For your £30 you get two excellent tables, one solidly commendable one, and one that's so poor it's more poor than v poor, with the best of the great tables having an ingenious 'curvy bowling' feature to complement its baseball theme. Inadequate ball physics and heavily combo-based scoring (where you have to knock down targets, but then shoot ramps within a strict time limit to keep the points) let it down. There'll be a special A1200 version with multiball in a few months, we are told. ★★★★

ODYSSEY
Audiogenic £30



AP54 79% CW
Exile-inspired (hurrah!) arcade adventure with you, as some bloke with a sword, springing around, throwing switches, ducking arrows, battling gnomes and turning into different animals and insects. Obviously painstakingly designed (arranging it so you need a specific power to pass something must have been a headache) and replete with clever bits, it annoys with leaps of faith, jumps you can't quite make, monsters which follow you from their crafty initial positions to get hugely annoyingly stuck on vital ledges and - hnngh - lives. Generally lovely, but if only, eh? ★★★★

PINBALL ILLUSIONS
CD32

21st Century £30



AP50 90% PM
Staggeringly more attractive than the vanilla A1200 version, with some tremendous Swedish samples and accomplished use of the joystick. (Although the mistake of having one button launch a ball while another instantly quits the game is beyond belief.) Neat 'on-line' manual, as well. Pity you can't turn off the music, because we've discovered Extreme

PINBALL MANIA A1200
21st Century £30



AP55 11% JN
Exquisitely poor pinball game purporting to be the sequel to *Pinball Illusions*, but by someone completely different. Badly programmed (the ball physics are particularly amateurish), badly designed (only one of the four tables is at all fun, but none are exciting) and 108 times less snazzy than the A500-compatible *Obsession*, it's a joke at £30 and an embarrassment as the lead game in the new A1200 bundle. ★

PINBALL PRELUDE
Effigy Software £20



AP58 81% SF
Other pinball simulators attempt merely to simulate pinball, but *Pinball Prelude* makes use of the fact that the game is being played on a computer to include bonus levels and extras that could never be included on a real table. It's funny no one ever thought of that before. What's that? They did? Damn. Still, it's a fine game and no mistake. ★★★★★

PINKIE
Millennium £26



AP48 20% JN
Promising platformer with likeable gimmick of multi-purpose car, but whose sprawling, featureless levels, smothering tedium and complete set of Kangaroo Court crimes slaughters it with a rusty hatchet. ★

PLAYER MANAGER 2
US Gold £30



AP53 35% PM
Fearlessly in-depth but - oh no! - clogged and boring footy manner. ★

PLAYER MANAGER 2
EXTRA

Anco £25



AP59 32% SC
A bit like *Player Manager 2* but with Extra bits. Sadly, they don't make it much better. ★

POWERDRIVE
US Gold £30

AP45 61% JD

Empty tracks, trying to reproduce realistic car handling with a joystick,



computer drivers that never crash and the financial burden of having to succeed just to repair the car you've smashed up speeding realistically around an empty track in order to succeed, are but some of the problems found in this rally sim. A challenge tangibly vanquishable after a few hours of practice is but one of its attractions. Actually, that's it. And you'll get fed up before you master the game, anyway. ★★★

PREMIER MANAGER 3
Gremlin £26



AP44 83% SF
Zenith of stats-based footy mania games (probably) but one that suffers ironically from the depth of its cleverness. A sort of remix of the previous games in the series with all the clumsy bits ironed out, PM3's sole gimmick is its SWOS-like adjustable player positions. But unlike SWOS you have to spend ages rejigging your team after every loss, because you're not given enough information about the opposition. It's exceptionally difficult and demands unbroken concentration, but rewards with thunkingly solid fun. Unlike playing for New Inn United. ★★★★★

PREMIER MANAGER 3
DELUXE

Gremlin £25



AP60 82% MA
It's PM3, but with a 'Deluxe' on. The extra value added 'Deluxe' gives it up to date team information (as long as you buy it before the end of the 95/96 season) and the Multi-Edit System which is intended to remove the need ever to buy another management sim (although it doesn't work on SWOS, natch). Complex. Comprehensive. Cor blimey. ★★★★★

REUNION A500

Grandslam £35



AP45 81% PM
A mere three months after we reported it couldn't be done, it's been done. Those rascally software publishers, eh? Graphically simpler than, but otherwise exactly like, the A1200 version. And you don't need a hard disk to run it, although a couple of external drives are recommended. ★★★★★

RISE OF THE ROBOTS

Time Warner £40

(£43 A1200, £35 CD32)

AP45 5% JD

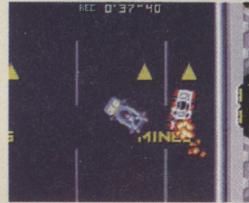
Words cannot fully convey the extent to which *Rise of the Robots* is the poorest full-price release ever. Player One can complete at any moment by holding down diagonally up and right and the fire button captures its essential visibility. The nearest the



software industry has yet come to robbing an elderly deaf woman in a wheelchair whose son has just died in a car accident returning from the funeral of his father and sister killed when their ancestral home burned to the ground and then severely beating her. With the diseased family pet. ★

ROADKILL CD32

Acid/Vision £30



AP45 84% JD
Rocky Roll Racing on the SNES, but on the Amiga and viewed from overhead. It's an ultraviolet *Super Sprint*, using the old futuristic game show ploy to create a fantastically exciting smoking wreckage experience. "Get the jackpot," booms the announcer as you fire missiles at hapless opponents. "Get the super-jackpot," he roars as more cars spin into your door. The piddly damage indicators and surprisingly low number of courses (12, explicit numeric fans) annoy; the lack of a two-player game hurts. Let's hope the forthcoming A1200 version corrects things with a serial link option, eh? ★★★★★

ROADKILL A1200

Guildhall £25



AP52 79% MA
That two-player mode, eh? We'd have welcomed it. O-ho. *Roadkill A1200* is, however, £5 cheaper than the CD32 version, so that's all right then. Still doesn't save the high scores though. ★★★★

RUFFIAN

Grandslam £20



AP50 10% JN
A platform game of barely credible tediumness with no redeeming features. Truly awful. ★

SENSIBLE GOLF

Virgin £30



AP52 66% PM
Half-finished, delayed, rejigged, delayed and rewritten, Sensi's swansong has turned out to be a fairly entertaining game about golf. Which, from Sensible, is a let-down of innocent Derek Bentley proportions. It's

exasperatingly simple (no hazardous wind or stance adjustments, for example), stunningly tedious in one-player mode and naught but okay with up to three other people. And you can't even call it SWOG. ★★★

SENSIBLE WORLD OF SOCCER
Renegade £30



AP44 95% JD
Sensible Soccer, but with management, but for *Sensible Soccer* fans, it's not *Sensi* meets *On the Ball World Cup*, but you are empowered with phenomenal abilities. That to command the movements of a non-controlled player with extraordinary exactitude, for example. Or that of constructing a team from the pool of 26,000 'real' players. Essentially it's the same old *Sensi* that (of course) you know and love, but this time you're allowed to twiddle the behind-the-scenes knobs. Our highest mark ever in the history of all things. ★★★★★

SENSIBLE WORLD OF SOCCER 1996
Renegade £25



AP57 96% MA
SWOS - but debugged, and with a few extra things such as controllable headers, ability stars and updated stats. It's back, and this time it works, as it were. Our highest mark ever in the history of all things, plus one. Be in no doubt that this is one of the finest games ever to grace a Philips monitor. When linked up to an A1200, with *SWOS* in the hard drive. ★★★★

SHADOW FIGHTER
Gremlin £30



AP46 91% CW
A textbook example of how to do a game properly. Three Italian beat-'em-up fans looted the best bits from any number of tedious biffing games, applied sinister and special processes to them and came up with the best beat-'em-up ever in the history of all things. It's got heaps of character in the wildly diverse and carefully mismatched fighters, a beautifully simple 'special move' control method (you just swirl the D-pad in various directions and press fire) and options a-go-go. There's even a practice mode where you fight seemingly innocuous master of terror Pupazz the Puppet. Truly the *Gravity Force* 2 of beat-'em-ups. The A1200-specific version's on the way, but even this A500 version looks lovely. ★★★★★

SHADOW FIGHTER AGA

Gremlin £30

AP50 92% PM
Cosmetically spruced-up but otherwise identical to the A500 original. The CD32 version dispenses with the horrible disk-swapping (hence the extra point) but adds a silly fault in that you press both shoulder buttons to quit the game, thereby penalising all



those players who (quite rightly) get really excited and panicky when struck dizzy and bash at the joystick to make their character recover. Tish.

★★★★★

SHAQ FU

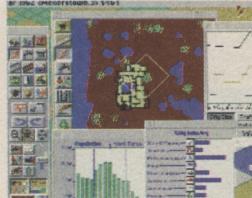
Ocean £26



AP46 51% PM
Uninteresting, plastic beat-'em-up saved from the fires of perdition by the choice of fighting opponents in any order and the eight-player mode. ★★★

SIM CITY 2000 A1200

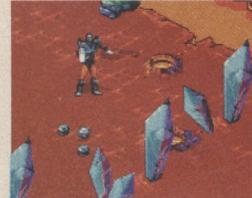
Maxis £40



AP44 85% PM
An appalling drain on the pocket (to play, you need an A1200 with 3MB RAM and a hard drive, and an interlace-compatible monitor, and even then it's horribly sluggish) but a terrific strat game. Recall everything from *Sim City*, and then multiply it by 2,000. A worthy companion piece to *Theme Park*, if you've got the kit. ★★★★★

SKELETON KREW A1200

Core £35



AP47 59% PM
Sub-standard *Escape From the Planet of the Robot Monsters* clone that's all the more disappointing when you find out it was worked on for over a year. Half-hearted aliens, no power-ups, no variety between levels – it's all here. Or not. Even the score-bumping two-player mode's lacking in sparkle. It looks great, but who cares? ★★

SLAM TILT

21st Century £30



AP60 90% TN
Four pinball tables - but on the Amiga. Not much (apart from the design of the tables themselves) to distinguish it from earlier releases by 21st. Century apart from the fact that it's a bit better. Just one more go. Oh, please. I'll put the bin out in a minute. Just one more go.

★★★★★

SOCCER SUPERSTARS

Flair £30

Abysmal side-on footy game peppered



with shocking bugs. You do get a freefootball with it, though. ★

SPEEDBALL 2 CD32

Renegade £15



AP51 93% PM
Yes, it's *Speedball 2* again. Except, instead of the stupid headband thing, opposing teams wear differently coloured suits. An amazingly better game than the original. ★★★★

SPIRIS LEGACY

Ocean/Team 17 £30



AP59 50% JN
Imagine, if you will, a graphic adventure a bit like a certain Nintendo favourite – but on the Amiga. It has an air of Japaneseeness about its graphic style which is a joy to behold and many of the puzzles are pleasantly challenging. But an equal number are infuriating and arbitrary and the result is a merely average game. ★★★

STAR CRUSADER

Gameteck £13



AP59 17% SF
Uh-oh. Quite the worst blend of *Wing Commander* plot and *Elite* gameplay you could imagine. It may be cheap, but it's still not worth buying. ★

STRIP POT AGA

Guildhall £15 (A1200) £30 (CD32)



AP51 22% CW
We went to see Guildhall recently. They cheerfully admitted their enormous range of PC porn games were crap, but apparently they can't get them off the shelves fast enough. Here's one they've converted to the Amiga. It's a fruit machine sim that has several pictures of women taking their clothes off. ★

SUBWAR 2050 A1200

Microtron £35 (£30 CD32)

AP45 82% CW
Intriguing mixture of *Syndicate* plot and 'underwater flight sim' (although obviously the submarine handles differently from an aeroplane) set in a corporate-run world where it's an accepted business tactic to blow up



your rivals with torpedoes. Liney graphics (though the PC version looks really nice – cheers ("Michael Jackson" – Ed)) but evocative atmosphere (so to speak) and fun, fun, fun. It's a mite slow, though. Bah.

★★★★★

SUPER LEAGUE MANAGER AGA

Audiogenic £30

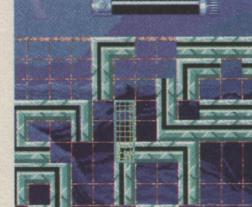


AP48 89% SF
Outstanding footy manny game that dispenses with numbers in favour of telling you about a player IN ENGLISH.

"He's been playing well, but is feeling unenthusiastic," it might say. Imprecise, yes, but infinitely preferable and more atmospheric. There are no tedious 'real' players either, so you're free to form your own opinions. Deeply clever as well. And *Wembley International Soccer* is there. Hard to get into at first, and continually having to set up training schedules is a chore, but still, eh? A tremendous companion piece to *On the Ball World Cup*. Best played with a mouse, CD32 owners. ★★★★★

SUPER LOOPZ A1200

Audiogenic £15



AP49 29% JN
Baffling reijg of the terminally dull *Loop(hnghh)z* – a sort of *Pipemania* without the excitement of glop flowing through the shapes you're making – that doesn't ever change except for getting faster. Dull bonus games finish it off. ★

SUPER SKIDMARKS

Acid £25



AP48 86% (91% A1200)
Really quite beautiful racing game sequel which corrects the disk accessing clumsiness of the original and tidies up the Quadratic B-Splines™ so the cars judder and bump even more realistically. Eight types of car from dragsters to cows, optional caravan-towing, different speeds, 32 tracks, pointless horn-honking, the label 'last' if you're last, sinister black cars, *Pong* while you choose your options. *Super Skidmarks* rapidly loses its appeal in one-player mode, but that's not the point. The more people and equipment you have, the better it gets, with options to link Amigas, split the screens and play with eight people. And there's a phone modem option. It's a hoot. The A1200 version adds hi-res to the split-screen modes, faster disk accessing and the ability to connect two monitors and play a track in Cinemascope.

★★★★★

SUPER SKIDMARKS CD32

Guildhall £30



AP51 92% PM
Like the A1200 version, but for only two players. You do, however, get a demo of *Guardian*, a fantastic joystick-compatible *Defender* and the *Roadkill* movie (though, oddly enough, with a scene missing). ★★★★

SUPER SF2 A1200

US Gold £35



AP52 71% CW (81% hard drive)
Largely successful conversion of the coin-op, with (as far as we know) everything in it. But the undeniably exciting, intense thumping is extremely diluted by the ludicrously intrusive disk swapping, nutty controls, feeble sound and teeny graphics. CD32 joypads helps enormously, with all the buttons used correctly, and a hard drive cuts out the loading problems. (If you possess both, award the game another twenty percent.) As it stands, you'll be disappointed. The lower score's for running it on a vanilla machine.

★★★★★

SUPER SF2 TURBO

Gameteck £20



AP60 25% JN
In this case 'Turbo' means 'jerky animation (with missing frames to mess up your timing), indecisive collision detection, and an absence of handicap and timer options'. To be fair it also means 'bigger graphics', by that's scarcely enough to make you want to buy it. ★

SUPER TENNIS CHAMPS

Audiogenic £25



AP65 92% MA
Deliciously excellent sequel to the AP52 coverdisk *Tennis Champs*, with temper tantrums, play-affecting court types, 16 different characters, tournaments, net-clipping drop shots, replays and the FOUR-PLAYER MODE OF CHAMPIONS. No option to contest line-calls (annoying), no Vinnie Vega after we put him on the cover (exasperating), slightly fiddly shot selection (acceptable) and no women (tsk) but – and here we speak with all the authority the rapidly-diminishing hesiodic theogony that is AMIGA POWER can command – one of the most deep-down gosh-darned fun games we have seen during our mighty lives. The *Super Skidmarks* of tennis games. ★★★★★

SWORD OF HONOUR

Megatrion £20

AP49 58% PM

'Odd' Exploding Fist Plus-type beat-



'em-up-cum-puzzle-game that looks great and is initially highly playable, but every level is exactly the same. You can get the game from 21 Tiled House Lane, Brierley Hill, W Midlands DY5 4LG. ★★

TACTICAL MANAGER 2

Black Legend £26



AP50 25% PM
Fussy to work with and foolishly predictable footy manny game. To top it off, you don't even feel involved in the matches. ★

TEAM

Impact £30



AP57 42% TN
Try-hard *Sensi* clone with customisable bits (a variably-evil ref springs neatly to mind) but which misses the point – players all run at the same speed whether they've the ball or not, for example, and it's incredibly difficult to control. Buy *Sensi* or *SWOS*, instead. ★★

TFX A1200

Ocean £40



AP47 62% (85% A4000) JD
Modern-day flight sim with all manner of 'stealth' and 'laser-guided' things. Impressively sophisticated and that, but it does mean dogfights consist of spotting a dot on your radar, pressing the space bar and waiting for your missile to hit. Surprisingly absorbing but ghastly on a standard A1200, with overwhelming amounts of disk swapping and once-per-second screen updates; best on a top-of-the-range A4000 (if still noticeably jerky); somewhere in between depending on the contents of your RAM expansion/extraneous disk drive cupboard. ★★★★

THEME PARK A500

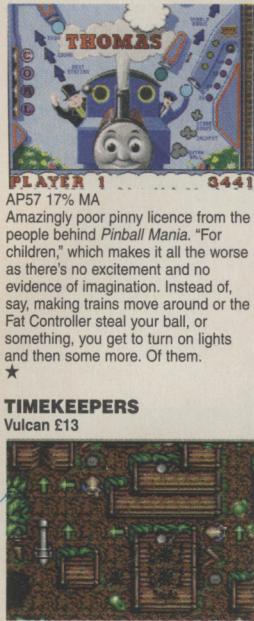
Electronic Arts £35



AP44 91% CW
Slightly slower, graphically streamlined and financially simplified, it's sort of *Theme Park Lite*. But otherwise exactly the same fantastically great fun sim as its bigger brother. And that is decidedly a Good Thing. ★★★★★

THOMAS THE TANK ENGINE PINBALL

Alternative £17



PLAYER 1 Q441

AP57 17% MA
Amazingly poor pinny licence from the people behind *Pinball Mania*. "For children," which makes it all the worse as there's no excitement and no evidence of imagination. Instead of, say, making trains move around or the Fat Controller steal your ball, or something, you get to turn on lights and then some more. Of them. ★

TIMEKEEPERS

Vulcan £35



AP52 82% JN
Startlingly brilliant puzzle game from the programmers of the *Valhalla* duo. It's an overhead *Lemmings*, but where lems 'make', tims 'do'. You lay out their path beforehand with directional arrows and action icons, grappling not with real-time shivery reflex panic-o-thons, but Vulcan's amazingly devious level designs. A terrible bit at the beginning of a screen where you have microseconds to stop everybody falling down holes is the big bad thing, but it's also leisurely rather than exciting, and you'll fall into the 'rhythm' of the puzzles fairly quickly. Wizard green-and-brown fun otherwise. ★★★★

TOURING CAR CHALLENGE

OTM £25



AP53 3% SF
F1 Challenge, a PD race management game, but with different graphics, and £25. They've even left in the pitstop option, although it's utterly without use. Monstrous. ★

TOWER ASSAULT

Team 17 £20



AP45 46% JN
Alien Breed 2 was hard. *Alien Breed 2* was incredibly hard. But *Tower Assault* is self-indulgently grotesque. Slack collision detection, illogical dead ends, radioactive rooms that KILL YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE STANDING IN THEM and 30-second dashes to the door before the level explodes so ending the game you've just played for an hour while carefully building up your lives and ammo reserves collaborate to mow down the spirits of fun. Then the indestructible and incredibly powerful security lasers, non-allowance of player two joining in halfway through and bugs step up to finish off the heaving, crawling wounded. But hey – it's so atmospheric. The Casino Royale of Amiga games. ★★

TOWER OF SOULS A1200

Black Legend £30

AP50 34% SF

Absurdly fiddly RPG that, for example,



demands you select one of four lockpicks if you haven't the key to a door, insert it in the lock and use the mouse to wiggle the lockpick in a way you think will spring the mechanism. You're also compelled to examine, use and open everything for fear of missing the passageway or object that will get you to the next section. The plot's orc-related tedium as well. ★

TURBO TRAX

Arcane £30



AP53 46% JN
The long overdue overhead racer turns out to be *Overdrive* again. Purely 90 and 180 degree turns make up the courses; purely random circuit choice and no maps make playing repulsively difficult. To complete the picture, you often appear to be racing alone, so spread out are the five computer drivers. Extraordinarily poorer than the competition (*Roadkill*, say, or *Micro Machines*). You might learn to like it for the few thrillingly jostly corner incidents. ★★

UFO

Microprose £35



AP43 75%/85% CW
It's *Laser Squad* again. Except with perfectly-isometric 3D graphics. Oddly inconsistent (there's an involving stats bit and tedious air combat sequence in addition to the main clomping around an invaded town shooting things section) but still as fun as it ever was. Horribly sluggish when the aliens move, though, and you really have to play it from hard drive. (Hence the two marks – the lower's using floppy.) ★★★/★★★★

UFO A500

Microprose £26



AP51 36% (66% hard drive version) CM
The same, except! It's unplayable on an A500, with forty-five minute waits between turns as the wee machine works out the aliens' movements. Obviously no intrusive loading on the hard drive game, but it's still hideously slow. Which is why the higher mark's for the latter version. ★★★

ULTIMATE SOCCER MANAGER

Daze £30

AP50 84% SF

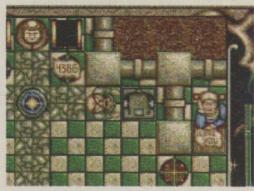
Along with *On the Ball World Cup* and *Super League Manager*, one of the new wave of footy manny games that tries hard to be fun to play. Still stat-based, unfortunately, but with splendid presentation and those all-important 'human interest' bits as players complain about pay and conditions. You can even rig matches for financial



gain. It's too easy, though, and the vaunted commercial bits (signing merchandising deals and the like) don't add as much as you'd have thought. Definitely third of the three. ★★★

VALHALLA – BEFORE THE WAR

Vulcan £35



AP47 19% JN
The unspottable traps have gone, but the tedium remains. Four gigantic, obstacle-cluttered levels lay before your shambling, hamstrung would-be assassins, levels replete with embarrassingly simple-minded puzzles and people who give you silly objects. The use of speech is terrific, there are some entertaining puns and you can wander far and wide without obviously being blocked off, but all atmosphere is lost due to bunging hi-tech electronics into the mediaeval setting without justification, and you'll plod through to the end in a weekend. Horribly dull. ★

VIROCOP

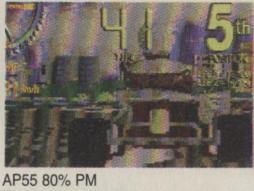
Renegade £26



AP51 81% CW
And it's a big 'Hello Nurse' to Graftgold's (probably last) Amiga game, a sort of *Chaos Engine* set inside a computer, but we'll forgive it that. Flawless presentation and a hoot of a two-player mode (one drives, the other controls the tank turret) perfectly complement the spot-on level design and (yes!) immaculate attention to detail. And it's hard drive-installable. But – oh no! – somehow, peculiarly, there's no real feeling of danger as you play. It's all much more pleasant than, for example, exciting. ★★★

VIRTUAL KARTING A1200

OTM £25



AP55 80% PM
Technically astounding race game which biffs around (oh lord!) Fully Texture-Mapped 3D and periodically spins the screen and changes perspective to show off but cuttles its gaming fish (and quite a fish it is, ladies and gentlemen, what with zooming around mere inches off the floor in a go-kart, jockeying for position (*Jockey For Position* – what an episode of *Pinky and the Brain* that was. – Ed) and driving off the track to fiendishly cut corners) with some silly, silly flaws. 'Up' to accelerate, for example, and the computer cars never, ever getting knocked about in a crash (you, on the other hand, will always be sent spinning). We're willing to forgive it that for the magnificent experience of the game (it's quite unlike anything else on the Amiga, if lacking a feeling of truly terrifying speed), but you'll be better off waiting for the two-player *Virtual*

Karting 2 just after Christmas.

★★★

VITAL LIGHT

Millennium £30



AP48 11% JN

Appalling shoot-'em-up masquerading as a puzzle game. Watch a falling line of blocks, count the blocks to ascertain the dominant colour, select that colour to fire from your rotating gun so you destroy the line in the shortest time, turn your attention to the next line of blocks. Repetitive and boring and horrid. ★

VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY

Kompakt £30



AP44 52% RP

Takey-turny naval-based wargame scuppered by no short-term goals and no 'feel' of competitive play, even though it supports up to four 'captains'. ★★

WATCHTOWER

OTM £30



AP60 41% CW

A seriously flawed *Chaos Engine* clone with poor controls and poorer graphics. It's extremely heavy going and not really worth the effort. Frankly. ★★

WORLD GOLF

Apex Systems £15



AP59 32% MA

If you're looking for a tedious computer golf game that seems to take longer to play as a round of real golf then look no further. This is it. It's not much to look at, either. ★

WORMS

Ocean/Team 17 £30



AP58 60% JD

Scorched Tanks, but 'clever', which loses it almost everything it had in the first place. Entirely unnecessary extra weapons! Random wind to make everything randomly harder to hit randomly! Exploding dead worms severely damaging, for example, the worms who killed them! Extraordinarily strung-out games where you comfortably outnumber your opponent but his remaining worm gets a go every time you move! Mind-crushing tedium with more than two players as you wait up to 15 minutes for your turn! ★★★★

Play serviceably using only the bazooka and grenades! Excellent tunnelling bits! Amiga Format have stopped playing it now. ★★

X-FIGHTER CD32

Thalion £TBA



AP51 60% JD

A worthy attempt at a beat-'em-up, with 32 fighters, worthy computer opponents, combos, 'special' special moves and the like. Regrettably, it's been astonishingly poorly programmed, with intrusively horrible, jerky presentation and shabby collision detection. You don't care about the generic streets-of-Detroit characters, either. Buy *Shadow Fighter*. ★★

X-IT

Psychosis £20



AP47 80% CW

Soko Ban for the '90s. The 1990s, that is. No, hang on. In truth a push-block fill-hole puzzle game with all sorts of 'new' obstacles, features and things to pick up and use, and with nary a fault beyond the typical ones of stringent time limits and (remarkably pointlessly) lives. We've not seen a puzzle game for ages, but this is a good example of the type. ★★★★

ZEEWOLF

Binary Asylum £30

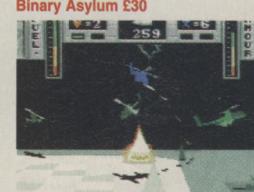


AP44 90% (A1200) 74% (A500) JD

Terrific helicopter arcade game that looks like *Zarch* (3D patchwork polygons) and plays like a terrific helicopter arcade game. 32 excitingly difficult missions, fantastic flying effects, glorious explosions, lots of differing missions, machine guns, rockets, air-to-air missiles, accidentally shooting down your allies, bullets hitting the water, one disk. It's awkwardly slow on an A500 (so knock off a star for that), but completely splendid on a 1200 machine. ★★★★★

ZEEWOLF 2

Binary Asylum £30



AP58 90% (65% A500) CW

Still the excellently excellent chopper blast game, sprucer than the original, and *DEAD ENEMIES DISAPPEAR FROM THE SCANNER*. Remote link vehicles are the just-enough-to-justify-the-2 Sequel Gimmick (drive a tank! Pilot a boat! Etc) but they're not properly exploited, and there are some foolish annoyances (being bounced between buildings, the fantastically fantastic mid-air chopper battles being dropped for limited-ammo missions later on) which make you wave your fist a bit. Drop two stars for the tortoisey A500 version. ★★★★★



SOFTWARE

● *Soccer Kid, Monkey Island 1&2, John Madden's American Football and Indiana Jones and The Last Crusade*, all £10 each. *Indiana Jones and The Fate Of Atlantis*, £15.

Paul Fairclough (01925) 825574 after 5pm

● *688 Attack Sub* £8, *Aces of the Great War* £7, *Zool 2* £7, *Magic Pockets* £4, *Dyna Blaster* £10, *Sim City Classic* £7. All boxed originals.

James Foster (01458) 850887

● *King's Quest VI*, *MicroProse F1GP* £8. *Hero Quest: Legacy of Soracil* £7, *Mr Nutz* £6, *Monkey Island* £5, *Bubba and Stix* £5 or £45 for the lot.

Neil Thomas (01536) 724309

● *SWOS '96, Zeewolf 2, Monkey Island 1&2, Super Skidmarks, Sensible Golf, FIFA Soccer and Gloom*. A1200 only and prices vary between £5 and £10. **Paul Japp, 52 Halford Road, Richmond, Surrey, TW10 6AP**

● A1200 owners – *Theme Park, Soccer Kid, Alien Breed 2, Body Blows Galactic, Nigel Mansell, Trolls, Morph, Second Samurai, Aladdin, Super Stardust*. A500/A600 owners – *ShadowWorlds, Arkanoid 2, Rainbow Collection, Swiv*. All Amiga owners – *Mortal Kombat, Addams Family, Centurion, Apache, Overdrive, Disposable Hero, Benefactor, Populous 2, Player Manager 2, Blob, Sierra Soccer, F1, DPaint 3, Lemmings/More Lemmings, SWOS*. ALL games priced between £2 and £10.

Lee Stanford (01132) 713532

● Issues 24-69 of *Amiga Format*, plus coverdisks, £130. The One, October '92 to November '94 and February '95 to July '95, plus coverdisks, £80. *Classic Zero* magazines, Issues 21-36, no coverdisks, £45. Or £230 the lot.

James Mitchell (01707) 650583

● *Alien Breed* £5, *Nigel Mansell* £6, *Test Drive 2* £4, *Harlequin* £5, *F1GP* £7, *Another World* £4 and *Scrabble* £6 or the lot for £25.

Fida Gilani (0171) 237 7353

● Assorted games (full-price and PD titles) available for sale. Call for prices.

Mark Titmuss (01206) 384003

● *SWOS + update* £10, *Theme Park* A1200 £12, *Syndicate* £7, *Civilisation* A1200 £8, *Frontier: Elite 2* £8, *Sabre Team* A1200 £9, *Chaos Engine* A1200 £7, *Lemmings 2* £4, *Nick Faldo's Golf* £6, *Super*

Methane Brothers A1200 £5. All boxed originals with instructions.

Tom Woolvett (01323) 505428

● *Ultimate Soccer Manager* A1200, boxed original £12. **Jonathan Brand (01904) 795170**

● *Championship Manager '93, '94 and '95* £5 each or £10 for the lot. *Sensible Soccer* and *International Edition* £5 each or £8 for both. *Mega Drive: FIFA '94 and '95* £8 each or £14 for both. **Steven Thomas (01495) 249279**

● A600 plus 2 games for £80. *Gameboy* plus 8 games, powerpack and mains adaptor for £80. Loads of games for sale including *SWOS '96* £12, *Sensible Soccer* £6, *F1GP* £8 and *Worms* £12. Willing to swap all this for A1200 plus 6 good games. **Ben Keeling (0181) 579 4368**

● *AMIGA POWER* back issues 1-38 for sale. Pristine condition. Make me an offer.

Lee Foxcroft (0181) 695 1822

● 20 games for sale including *Skidmarks, Simant, Xenon 2* £5 each, plus *Streetfighter 2* for the SNES £10, or £50 for the lot.

Wayne Marsh (01473) 689450

● *Lotus 2&3* £5 each. *International Sensible Soccer, World Champs* £6.

Paul Greenhough (01512) 581613

● A500 owners – *Hiemball* £5, *Hiemball 2* £15, *Jurassic Park* £10, *Cannon Fodder 2* £15, *F29 Retaliator* £5, *Caesar* £5. A500+ owners – *Second Samurai* £12, *Genesia* £12.

Daniel Evans, 63 Penlee Park, Torpoint, Cornwall PL11 2PZ

● *Cannon Fodder* £5, *Pinball Dreams* £5 or will swap for something good. Call me.

Gary Brotherton (01270) 875057

● Really cheap, older boxed original games for sale for £2-£3. Please send SAE for list.

Andy Ash, 52 Albany Road, Newport, Isle of Wight PO30 5JA

● *Sensible Golf, Skidmarks 1&2, Cannon Fodder 1&2, A-Train* £10 each. *Theme Park, UFO Enemy Unknown* £15 each. *Lemmings 2, Body Blows Galactic, Graham Gooch's Cricket, Man Utd* £5 each.

Oliver Coles (01732) 773322

THE CAR PARK

This is where we invite you, the readers, to park your proverbial cars, open up your boots and flog old tat to other unsuspecting readers. Whom you then write to.

HARDWARE

● A600 for sale with 25 excellent games plus 3 joysticks, magazines and mouse mat. All boxed and in perfect condition for £150.

Mark Holden (0181) 883 2653

● A1200 with external disk drive, external speaker, sound sampler and about £400 of software, foot pedal, mouse switch, mouse, 2 joysticks and mat. £350 or offers.

Al Taylorson (01642) 563032

● A1200 with 200 Mb hard disk and Swift 9C colour printer. Chaos pack, excellent condition, loads of software and magazines for £400 ono.

Daniel Pipe (01892) 824783

● A500+ computer for sale. Boxed, with joysticks, second disk drive, 50 games, and magazines with coverdisks. All for £250 ono.

Doughnut Upton (0181) 789 4035

● Amiga 14385 monitor with built-in speaker, 3 months old and still under warranty, £200 ono.

Mark Smith (01214) 226962

● A1200, 340Mb hard disk, light pen, external disk drive, 2 joysticks, Amiga Dos books, boxed games, over 70 magazines and coverdisks, dust cover for £350. **Leigh Chappell (01256) 882069**

● A1200 Desktop Dynamite pack, 2 joysticks, 12 original games and loads of demos and coverdisks. Boxed, with instructions, in very good condition, for £180. Also, HP310C Deskjet printer for £100.

Colin Meney (01292) 317634

● Overdrive hard drive, 340Mb, in good condition, for an A600/A1200 set up utilities and games to install software. Some games already installed. £100 ono.

Marcus Cowles (01733) 64103

● A500, 1Mb, Philips CM8833 MkII monitor, joystick, 2 joypads, mouse, mat, manuals, lots of games. All for £270.

Karl Corby (01590) 677126 after 6pm

● A1200 and A500 (A1200 has 520Mb HD, 2Mb memory, Blizzard 1260 board [68060 processor] Workbench 3[+2]. The A500 has 1Mb memory board). Lots of games, 3 mice and 3 joysticks and

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four-player joystick adaptor for £1,000.
Paul Ewen (01224) 635459

WANTED

- Cannon Fodder disk 1 for A1200 and any unwanted A1200 software, with or without instructions.

Robert Colman, 54 Lowther Avenue, Chesterle Street, Co Durham, DH2 3BN

- Has anyone got MUDS for the A500? I'm willing to pay £5 for it.

Marc Cartmell (01253) 782596

- Bards Tale 1 wanted desperately. Please put me out of my misery.

Peter Spencer Cowan (01902) 22686

- Articles required on any subjects for Beyond Sanit-E diskmag. (ASCII/IFF on disk or even paper). All disks returned.

Scott Lamming, 91 Tennyson Gardens, Newcastle, Lincs, LN9 6DF

- I need a 40-80Mb hard drive for my A500. Will pay around 50p per Mb.

Michael Platting (0181) 840 3425

- I am willing to pay £5 for your original Dizzy or Magicland Dizzy games or £10 for Deathmask. All for A500+ please.

Andy Knox (01244) 570509

- Any EOTB games. Will pay cash and/or swap Dragonstone, Darkmere, Humans 2, Smash TV or Puggsy. Two for one. Steve Welch (01592) 745045
- A1200 workbench disk.

Another Winding Hill (01934) 621904

- Wanted urgently: Battle Isle and Scenario disk one. Boxed, with manuals, please. Will buy or swap games. Andy Newson (01904) 791400
- Crusaders of the Dark Savant, Knight Mare, Bane of the Cosmic Forge, Abandoned Places 1&2. All for the A500.

Maggie Greenhough, 19 Grainger Court, The Ridge, Shirehampton, Bristol BS11 0BS.

SWAPS

- My SNES with 7 games (Zelda, EWJ, NBA Jam etc) 2 control pads and 5 SNES mags to swap for an A1200 with mouse and joystick.

Scott McMahon, 40 Birch Court, Kirkshaws, Coatbridge, Stratchclyde, Scotland, ML5 5ED

- I have Switchblade 2, Dizzy -Prince of the Yolkfolk, Mr Blobby, Chuck Rock and Streetfighter 2. I'll swap them for Ultimate Soccer Manager (A500) and FIFA International Soccer. Originals only please.

David Ripley (01325) 482553

- Swap MK2, Exile, Heroquest, Silly Putty (A500 only) Kingpin Bowling, Sensible Golf, Ultimate Soccer Manager or any 2 for F1, Super Skidmarks (A500) or Shadow Fighter. Martin Stebbings, 58 Wallace Road, Neath, South Wales, SA11 1YH

- Swap my Cannon Fodder 2 for Theme Park A500 but will listen to any other offers. Boxed originals only please.

Michael Berry (01142) 466126

PEN PALS

- 10-year-old male with an A1200, wants male or female pen pals to swap games and ideas. Any age, 100% reply. David Fry, 7 Walkley Road, Dartford, Kent DA1 3BH

- 13-year-old, A500 owner looking for pen pals to swap games, cheats, tips etc. I like most sports, 100% reply. Chris Kidd, 1 Chirton Place, Trowbridge, Wiltshire, BA14 0XT

- I am a 20-year-old American mack daddy that wants to hear from some nice looking British women around the same age. Send a picture of yourself to get one of me.

Mark Zarich, 445 Wayland Street, San Francisco, California, 94134, USA

- Amiga contacts wanted for A500/A500+. UK only. Send your list for mine. Stephen Matthews, 19 Malabar Road, Turo, Cornwall TR1 3NU

- A1200 and CD32 owner needs to know if there are other A1200 owners on the planet! If so,

contact me. 100% reply. Tyler Jamez, 249 Pinner Road, Harrow, Middlesex HA1 4EX

- 25-year-old male with an A500 seeks pen pals to swap games. Reply with your games list. Cal Phillips, 64A Blaby Road, South Wigston, Leicester, LE18 4SD

- Veteran Amiga guru seeks Amiga contacts to swap games and PD. Send your lists/disks now. Adventure games wanted particularly.

Stephen Boyes, 16 North Road, Ripon, North Yorkshire HG4 1JP

- Amiga contacts wanted. 100% reply. Stuart Slater, 9 Nevil Road, Wellington, Telford, Shropshire TF1 3DE

- Amiga contacts wanted to swap A1200 games. Send your list for mine. 100% reply.

Zoe Green, 35 Constantine Place, Baldock, Herts, SG7 6ST

- I am a member of a group of Amiga users wanting to exchange games. 100% reply so write now! Assorted Melia, 2 Meteor Crescent, Orford, Warrington, Cheshire WA2 0DU

- I'm 21-years-old and would like to hear from A1200 owners, to chat, swap PD software and have fun. Liam Murphy, 25F Pine Crescent, Johnstone, Renfrewshire, Scotland PA5 0BX

- 14-year-old A1200 owner seeks pen pals of same age, male or female. Likes computers, reading and horror films. Send photograph if possible. Michelle Sneddon, 114 Jerviston Road, Craigend, Glasgow, Scotland G33 5QL

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PUBLIC INFORMATION

COWS - THE TRUTH

People of Britain. You may be aware that the Government, in association with the rest of the world, plans to destroy several millions of cows. This may seem to the layman slightly harsh on the cows. But you would be unwise to think so. It is a necessary act. Cows pose a distinct threat to the population. The evidence is compelling; the facts unassailable.

i) In the period 1974-1995 cows killed one hundred and seventeen people, mostly by running them down in packs like the crazed mules of the Gobi desert and then trampling their exhausted bodies. The case of telephonic jingle composer Bannister Peebs was well-documented in the newspapers of August 14th, 1977. Leaving his house that morning to post a letter of correspondence, he was brutally attacked by a drunken cow. That night, the cow gained entry to the hospital where Peebs was being treated for his grievous wounds and smothered him with a pillow to prevent Peebs identifying his assailant. Fortunately the cow was apprehended by the policeman on duty in the room who was alerted by its triumphant mooing.

ii) In 1968, the first year they were included in national crime statistics, cows were found to be responsible for 0.7% of criminal activity. This figure has risen to 4.2% in under 20 years, an alarming increase. Originating in rural areas, cow gangs have become emboldened by their success at eluding the police by hiding in fields and have moved into the towns. The infamous 1971 "Spring of Terror" saw 618 post office robberies alone committed by highly-organised cows.

iii) The Surrey Puma was recently discovered not to be a puma at all, but a cow.

iv) Much terrorist activity has been traced to cows. There are devastating proofs that the "Eighth Man" of the Iranian Embassy siege was a cow. It was not politically expedient to release these proofs until now, when it is.

v) Intelligence service documents released under the 82 year rule show cows started World War One. Gavrilo Princip was a paid assassin who was not expected to escape with his life. A cabal of

cows dedicated to furthering Prussian expansionism controlled Princip through his dependency on drugs.

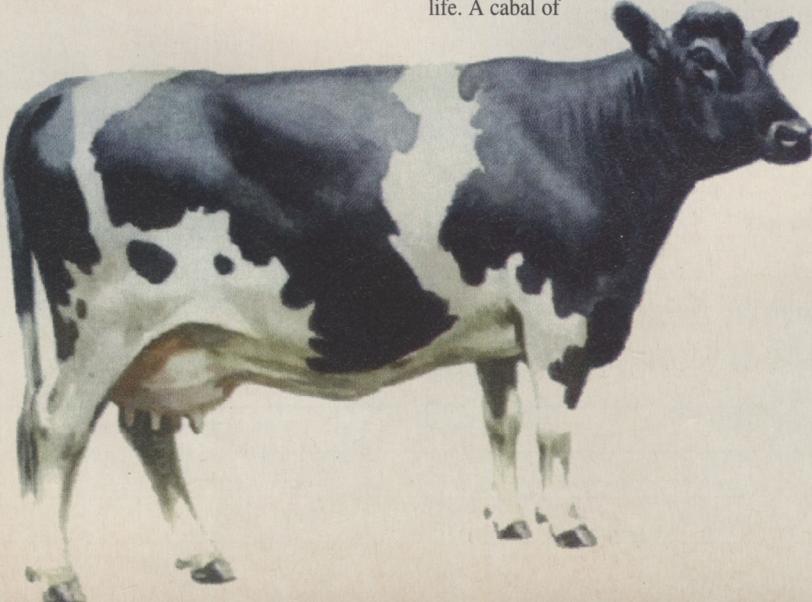
vi) Cows have been strongly linked to dangerous subversive elements such as road protesters and farmers.

vii) Files of photographs held by MI5 show cows being filthy.

viii) The recent disaster which deprived America of a great Secretary of Commerce was caused by a cow being sucked into the jet's air intake.

ix) Unemployed cows come over here stealing our jobs. If they won't go back of their own accord, it's up to us to protect our heritage and our children's children.

The board recognises that many cows are honest and law-abiding, and are good at giving milk, but they're statistically likely to run with gangs and become dope peddlers. It's all very well to bleat about cow rights, but you'd be peeping upon a different pipe if you were accosted in a dark alleyway by a foul-smelling cow with a flick-knife. You can't argue with the facts. Efficient death is the sensible solution.



This tissue of outrageous lies should do the trick. Hope this wasn't the copy for printing or anything. - QQG

I'm going to kill you. - YW

Oh no! What a giveaway! - MLS

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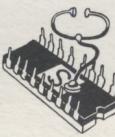
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