

DARK SIDE



A FREESCAPE 3D ADVENTURE OF THE FUTURE

The logo for 'Dark Side' features the words 'DARK' and 'SIDE' stacked vertically in a white, stylized, cursive script font. The text is set against a solid black rectangular background, which is itself enclosed within a thin white border.

A FREESCAPE 3D ADVENTURE OF THE FUTURE



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INTRODUCTION

Evath is a planet billions of miles from Earth's galaxy, yet it was chosen to succeed the dying planet where humanity began. To our human race. Evath is all, and the survival of Evath – now our home – must be paramount.

If you've read the Federation Briefing that accompanied Driller, and played that game, you'll already know the story of how Evath was threatened by the Ketar outlaws early in it's existence, and how a young member of the Driller Federation managed to overcome the danger.

But that was more than two centuries ago, and though history always helps us to understand Evath's present, it is NOT essential; nor is it a guide to the challenge which now faces you. What matters is that you understand why you have been chosen for the Tricuspid assignment, and that you understand the long and often tense arguments and intrigues that went on at headquarters before we even decided to launch such a dangerous mission.

You'll find technical details of the mission elsewhere in this briefing; what follows is 'deep background'. Good luck, and remember the data crew are rooting for you!

1) AURA OF TRICUSPID 25th Tertiary, 534

At first, nothing. The probe hovered (or seemed to hover; anyone actually on the moon, standing at that remarkable boundary between the light and dark sides of Tricuspid where the phenomenon of the Aura occurs, would have barely been able to detect the battered sphere of electronics as it raced overhead).

Nothing to measure but the unchanging eternal. Temperature (subzero, as

always on Tricuspid). Wind speed (none, as Tricuspid had been still for aeons). Atmospheric particle movement (none, as there was no wind). Oxygen presence (so negligible as to be almost unmeasurable by the near-obsolete probe). Radioactivity (high). Moisture (none). Surface structures (none).

2) DATAROOM 32, GARISTIA CONTINENT, EVATH

'Life?' Pet Halleigh spoke the word without thinking what it meant: after three weeks of monitoring the Tricuspid probe (what a job!) he just couldn't believe that a sensor was actually picking up something. Wearily, three quarters of his mind fixed on the Dataroom staff bar opening at 18pm, he reached to the console and idly requested a data-integrity check on the life reading, running three fingers casually over the 20-odd command pads.

Dataroom operators never believe anything they see on the Rubicon-powered lightscreens; 300-year-old software takes no account of environmental changes or worlds newly discovered in the last three centuries, and will often assess (say) the superheat temperatures of Sol Ludlovis as indicating a fireball rather than a planet perfectly inhabitable below ground!

Hence the data-integrity check. In theory, it rechecks all the data received by a probe within a given timeframe – not by actually retesting the environment, but by running the raw, uninterpreted data through a supposedly foolproof expert system that should avoid the errors so often caused by bugs in the main data interpreter.

Unfortunately, a data-integrity check is a pain for the Dataroom operator and a worse pain for the Systems staff. Systems had hammered out the software for this during a long hot summer about 160 years ago, and hadn't given it all the testing that such a crucial part of the long-running spaceprobe project deserved.

So Halleigh settled down for a long wait that would a) probably crash the

system and b) almost certainly keep him from getting to the bar at a bearable hour. It was then that the sensor registered life again– and stayed that way.

'Life!' This time Halleigh yelled it.

3) DATACONTROL, GARISTIA CONTENT, EVATH

'The chances of a REPEAT fault in the SAME environment within such a SHORT period are MINIMAL.' When Gil Illan was adamant he was also slightly sarcastic with it, and this manner did nothing to make the other data officers – many of them his superiors – want to agree.

They all knew Illan was right, of course; though the results of the data-integrity check weren't back yet, there was no know bug if there were it would have been the result of a complex set of conditions unlikely to repeat themselves. Life is complex to detect, and where positive life readings are concerned the probes had never been wrong.

Illan's attitude never helped him, and it certainly wouldn't here. For a start, he was known to admire the Ketars; not for their crimes, of course, but for their intrepidity after they had been expelled from the nascent civilisation of Evath.

On the rare occasion when senior officers ventured into the Dataroom bar, they would often hear Illan in the corner, loudly but persuasively arguing his case: 'The Ketars were given nothing. They built their lives. They colonised Mitral when it was a wasteland, and...' – here he had to stop to fend off the outraged counterarguments – '...and, okay, we had to send a force in when they got a bit aggressive, but basically they made a civilisation out of nothing!'

Everyone knew what came next, but Illan would still go on: 'And what about us on Evath, the so-called pioneers? We got everything from Earth! Everything we needed for life was sent with our ancestors in the Exodus when it looked like Earth was on her way out! We're like kids sent to some expensive private dataschool and the Ketars are like... like... strong perfect wild animals who've

done it all for themselves!'

It was the way Illan always went just a little over the top with his rhetoric that made the senior data officers, who reported directly to the Elders, regard him as a bit of a security problem and a great deal of an irritation. And so now, in the translucent Datacontrol room where Illan was duty officer until 22pm, they set about destroying his arguments as if by unspoken agreement.

Rog Nell always spoke first on these occasions, and his measured tones seemed persuasive. 'Illan,' he said as if no-one else were in the room, 'we can't hide behind probabilities and data-integrity track records. Life on the Aura of Tricuspid is environmentally impossible for ALL know organisms, let alone Ketars, and there could be bugs in the sensor software we don't know about! That's perfectly possible. Previous data shows that life there is entirely impossible, and you can't tell me that conditions on the Aura have changed that much since the last routine probe in...'

'523.' Jon Rill, always ready with the facts, helped him out and Nell sat back, folding his hands as if the matter were already settled.

Illan looked around the group and seemed to be preparing a riposte when Ugo Skerrit spoke up, his rage now reaching boiling point: 'I'm sure you're right, Illan I'm sure your friends the Ketars have managed to colonise Tricuspid, I'm sure the could perhaps they're relying on you to do the job for them?'

Nell moved quickly to quiet Skerrit, realising that as ever the wrathful old martinet was carried away by his dislike of Illan, to the point where his arguments made no sense. And the gathering in the datacontrol room now faced a stalemate: Illan insisting that the probe's results must be taken seriously, Nell regarding Illan and the probe as a bit of a joke, Skerrit paranoidly convinced that the whole affair was set up by Ketar spies, and Rill playing the perfect organisation man, without an opinion of his own.

They might have stayed that way for hours, locked in fruitless speculation, if

there hadn't been an almighty surge of shouting and running around in Dataroom 32, which brought then all running to the viewglass.

4) BACK IN DATAROOM 32

Later, Halleigh would think he had been something of a hero that night, and more often than not buy himself a drink in self-congratulation. There was some truth in this machismo: for Halleigh had acted quickly.

The results of the data-integrity check had STILL not come through when the probe registered again – but this time it wasn't life, it was rapid and concentrated atmospheric particle movement. Years-old training sprang into Halleigh's mind, and he moved quickly, realising that a huge number of densely-packed atoms rising from Tricuspid's surface could only mean one thing: another spacecraft taking off.

Within a split second, Halleigh had jammed his hand down on the keypad which summoned his immediate superior, the Dataroom controller. A moment's consultation later, they both knew what had to be done: the dozens of Evath satellites around Tricuspid all had to be rushed into action, tracing the trajectory of this craft.

Normally these satellites fulfilled mundane, routine functions: shuttling data around Evath and to and from it's few space stations, collecting data for weather forecasts, keeping an electronic eye on the continent of New Asia lest the Ketars attempt to settle there again, and monitoring the nearby planet of Loa, where the Ketars had made their home since being banished from Mitral. (In fact, the satellites also gazed over Mitral itself, for even 200 years later no-one could be sure that the Ketar's near-disastrous attempts at mining that moon had been thoroughly defused.)

But now the satellites would come into their own. For if, as Halleigh already half-expected, the strange craft was headed on Tricuspid. It would explain the life reading. Unfortunately, it would pose a bigger question: what were they

doing there?

5) BACK IN DATACONTROL

'What were they doing there?' Illan, a triumphant look on his face, leaned back and surveyed the other officers as if expecting them to solve the mystery. He didn't really expect an answer, of course. Ever since they'd rushed out into Dataroom 32, and discovered to their chagrin the Halleigh's trajectory trace had proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that the mysterious craft was headed for Loa, these doubters had been subdued.

Now Illan had taken charge, and – because he was acknowledged as probably the whole dataverse's leading Ketarologist – they were all listening to him.

'Let's look at what we know, which isn't very much. We picked up a life reading, and sure, that could have been an error, but then there was another life reading. We're still waiting for the data-integrity check on those, but we can assume' – he glanced at the smouldering Skerrit with a catlike smile of superiority – 'we can assume that earlier tonight there was some living form on Tricuspid, however briefly.

'Okay. Now, at about 1870pm, a small craft – volume about a hundred cubic oldmetres – left the Aura, close to where our probe took the life readings. The Dataroom team ordered a trajectory trace, with radiofocal lines from all 36 satellites, so it's pretty reliable, and it showed the craft heading directly for Loa. We lost track about a thousand leaps outside the Loa atmosphere, but the craft was going so fast that if it hadn't been going to land on Loa it would have crashed there. No time to avert.

'All this time, we were still taking life readings, and no result. So there's only one conclusion: a Ketar was on Tricuspid, probably alone, and then spacelifted back to Loa. But there must have been more Ketars there before, because we've picked up on what looks like a major landing site on the Dark

Side. What were they doing there?

'It's unlikely that the Ketars would attempt to settle Tricuspid, particularly on the Aura. They're not that crazy.

'And there's nothing they could want there. There's not enough Rubicon to make Tricuspid worth mining, it'd be so dangerous and expensive, and anyway intelligence reports suggest that the Ketars are moving away from Rubicon-based energy.

'Any suggestions?'

Skerrit spoke first: 'Obviously they're on the offensive again. They're attacking us from Tricuspid, somehow.'

'From the Dark Side?' laughed Illan. 'Hardly! The only thing they could destroy from there would be the Vasculan sun, and that'd do them as much harm as us!'

Point disproved, his grin seemed to say, Skerrit scowled silently.

'Maybe they've discovered more Rubicon,' offered Nell. 'We've never really explored the Dark Side of Tricuspid thoroughly, to be fair, and there could be enormous deposits. What they'd want it for I don't know, though, because this sort of – what d'you call it? agricultural? – setup they've got on Loa hardly seems energy-intensive.

Illan considered that one, then spoke slowly. 'Could be. I mean, as I said, I doubt it because the Ketars don't use Rubicon much these days, don't need it. Unless they're building Rubicon explosives –'

'Wouldn't put it past the crater rats,' muttered Skerrit, though he in his time had suggested that Evath develop the forbidden weapons and risk going the way of Earth...

'-but,' Illan continued without acknowledging the interruption, 'there's a basic flaw in that theory. Rubicon mining is a HUGE operation, particularly on the scale you'd need to power anything more than a kid's toy probe. And they seem to have abandoned Tricuspid now. No more life readings, remember?'

'Solar power.' Rill had been sitting with his elbows on his knees and his chin in one hand (looking just like the Thinker icon on a dataconsole!). When he spoke now, it was almost as if he was speaking to himself, as if his thoughts had just seeped out of his brain as it turned over the problem; but the effect on Illan was like a Rubicon supercharge.

Yet Illan was careful not to appear too excited; he had to take some of the credit for this, at least. 'Good idea, Rill,' he said, stalling for time while he quickly thought what polite blandness to come out with next. 'We can't jump to conclusions, of course, but it does seem the most likely hypothesis ANYONE has advanced yet.' Illan mocked Skerrit out of the corner of his eye, as only he could.

'The Ketars have always been innovative with power sources,' he continued, and once again Illan's small audience listened intently. He might act like a Ketar sympathiser sometimes, but that was because he knew more about the Ketars than anyone else in the Evath administration, almost made a hobby of it, and had grown to respect them as any good soldier should his enemy. 'And solar power is one thing they might want, can't get on Loa and could easily find on Tricuspid,' Illan went on. 'What's more, it's comparatively easy to collect and doesn't require much manpower. That Ketar we discovered leaving Tricuspid could have been on routine maintenance.

'So,' he said after a deep breath, 'let's say that's all true.

What are we going to do? It's technically illegal for the Ketars to be on Tricuspid at all, of course, and even if we decided they weren't doing any harm and let 'em be, imagine the public outcry if it got on the mass datalines! All the patriots will be up in arms about protecting the integrity of our moon

rules, there'll be whole hypersticks of letters saying 'remember Mitral!', and so on and so on. We must follow the RULE – Research, Understand, Locate, Expel.¹

A lot of this was said simply to irritate Skerrit, of course: the dig at the patriots, and the teacherly way of repeating the RULE which an ex-combat officer like Skerrit could repeat in his sleep (and probably did). But there was also good political sense in Illan's speech, and without actually saying so the other officers appeared to recognise his as their leader in this potential crisis.

That night, Illan ceased to become a mere Datacontrol duty officer. He didn't change his uniform, and nothing about a promotion went on the datarecord, but he set up the Datacontrol room as an operations office and turfed out anyone he didn't want there. Then, with the deft, steady manner of an expert Illan began hacking into the dataradios, until he got through to the Ketar informants who had provided him with so much of his expertise.

6) INTERLUDE

AURA OF TRICUSPID

27th Tertiary, 534

Still nothing; everything was still. If the probe had been sentient it would have been irritated by now, delayed on Tricuspid a day beyond its scheduled departure in the fruitless search for Ketar constructions or artefacts. But in its dutiful electronic way it continued to comb the moon's surface in a crisscross pattern, throwing out radar pulses in a way that had hardly progressed since Earth days, covering every square oldmetre of the desolation, and feeding the endless nil readings back to the Dataroom, where data-hungry processors sat idly waiting for something more than mere flatness.

The probe software was ancient, based on per-Evath time, so it was every 15 oldminutes that it performed a visual search, casting out light in place of the radar pulses and slowly rotating its datacamera, directly linked to the

Dataroom. A visual search on Tricuspid would, in ordinary circumstances, be futile. But – though the probe did not know this, and therefore performed its task no better and no worse than ever – it was becoming essential, borne of a desperation in the Dataroom, where no evidence to explain the Ketar presence on Tricuspid had yet been discovered.

So it was no particular shock to the probe, but a near-miracle back on Evath, when the lights and datacamera locked on to a distant, indistinct structure on the Dark Side. Then there was a REAL surprise, guaranteed to startle even the most blasé hunk of metal: devastating energy immediately shattered the probe into a quillion subatomic particles.

7) ILLAN'S OPERATIONS ROOM

Moments later

With his lightscreen taking unprocessed visual data straight from the probe. Illan had been the first to see the Plexar. He knew what it was – the surreptitious delivery of a fine Rubicon-fibre outfit to a greedy Ketar had earned him all the information he needed. But even Illan, with his encyclopaedic knowledge of Ketar technology, had no inkling of the unmanned weapon's destructive force.

As ever, Machiavellian political thoughts came topmost in his mind. If the Ketars were simply collecting solar power on Tricuspid, it's unlikely they would bother to protect their comparatively cheap installations with such a powerful weapon. Even if they did, surely they wouldn't fire on an unarmed probe and risk destructive war with all Evath?

Of course, there was always the possibility of a bug in Ketar software; perhaps the Plexar had registered Evath's probe as a hostile craft? Perhaps they'd simply forgotten to put in context-sensitive firing controls? He smiled at the thought, and waved through the office's transparent wall to summon Halleigh, who was well hung over and looking at his own datascreen with more bemusement than shock.

To Illan, Halleigh had become something of a confidant as the Tricuspid mystery had unfolded over the last two days. Illan liked the idea of plucking such a junior character out of the Dataroom and into the thick of things: it would annoy Skerrit, if nothing else: and inevitably Halleigh, now looking upon Illan as something of a demigod, would do the most tedious datasearch tasks without even the thought of complaint.

Now, both to flatter the servile Halleigh and to discover how much he really knew, Illan's first question was sly, 'What did YOU see?' Halleigh seemed to be stretching his befuddled mind around the question, and he faltered and fumbled for a while before venturing: 'The probe picked something up on visual, a... uh, I don't know what. Then somehow the probe blew up.' He paused. 'Probably it was a Ketar installation and one of their patrols round there sighted the probe and took it out.' stopped again. 'Though I don't know, we weren't picking up any atmospheric movement at all.'

Illan smiled – inwardly, this time for he knew he had Halleigh in a trap of ignorance – and observed, as if it had just occurred to him: 'But that's because the radar was off while we were on visual. Any kind of basic Ketar craft could have come from behind or above' – he made a savage sweeping gesture with one hand – 'and blown the probe to Vasculan. The structure itself was just some harmless mining device.'

Point proved.

8) SEVERAL DAYS LATER

You've probably heard the rest in the operative forces bar, or wherever cadets hand out these days. Grapevines are wonderful things, though goodness knows why they're called that, and it's no secret that Skerrit eventually got his own back on Illan.

It all happened when Halleigh was smarter than Illan gave him credit for. Halleigh did some private research on the closed datalines that night, and

quickly figured out a) that the structure on Tricuspid was a Plexar, b) what a Plexar is, and c) – most important of – that Illan must have know that all along.

We never knew whether Illan was a Ketar spy of just a rank-climber, trying to put Halleigh and the senior data officers off the track so he could claim all the credit for himself. For Halleigh took his findings to the first senior he could find, who happened to be Skerrit, and without much deliberation the old soldier ordered Illan's arrest. A few words in the ears of a few Elders, and Illan was executed as a traitor – a general-purpose offence, really, that covered whatever he was trying to do.

For a drunkard, Halleigh excelled himself, and though Nell and Skerrit took immediate control of the operation, he contributed a lot. It's largely thanks to him that we calculated the location pattern of the 18 Ketar energy-collection devices, and it was thanks to the lunar astronomy people that we extrapolated the Ketar plan.

There's been so much confusion at the Evath end. so much behind-the-scenes plotting and scheming, that we haven't had time to really map out the mission for you. For instance, we don't there may be undiscovered Ketar defences too.

But time is running out, and it's up to you now. Don't let on that you've heard all this, because it's confidential until Tertiary 684 at least. Just thought that if you're brave enough to volunteer for something this dangerous, you should know the full story.

SECTION 2

LOADING AND KEY INSTRUCTIONS

ST

Insert disk in drive A and reset machine. Dark Side will automatically load. If problems are experienced reset and repeat procedure.

AMIGA



Insert game disk at Work Bench prompt.



Dark Side can be played with key and/or mouse control. The mouse is used to control your direction through the game by highlighting certain icon controls as follows.



CONTROLS



MOVEMENT MODE




Move Forward  or 



Move Back  or 



Turn Left  or 



Turn Right  or 



Fire 



OTHER CONTROLS



Look Up  Music 



Look Down  Sound Effects 



Tilt Left  Increase Step Size 

Tilt Right  Decrease Step Size 

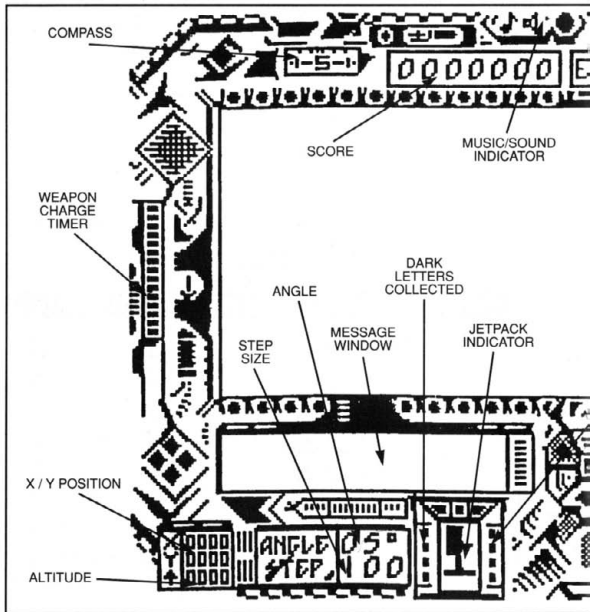
Increase Angle  Rise Vertically 

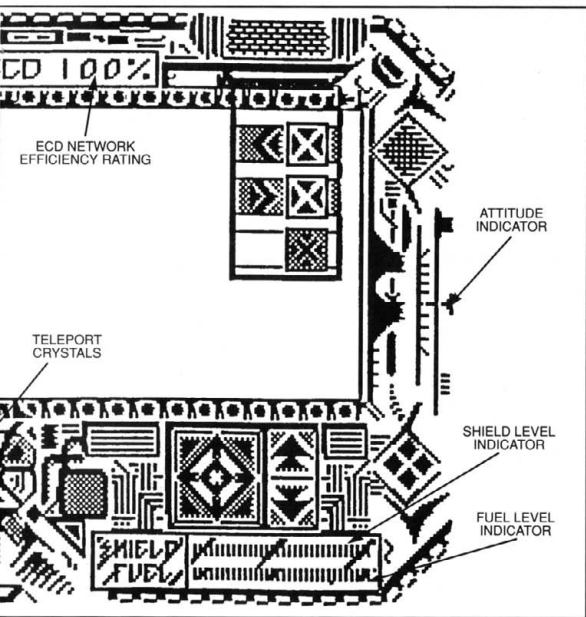
Decrease Angle  Fall (Crouch) Vertically 

Interrupt (load, save and terminate options are available here)  U Turn 

Sights On/Off  (toggle On/Off) Jet Pack 

DARK SIDE





MISSION BRIEFING

To avoid mass panic on Evath this mission is highly confidential.....

BACKGROUND

You will be transported by high speed shuttle to a safe drop zone on the surface of Tricuspid, close to the recent discharge of energy that destroyed our probe.

The shuttle will deflect every know tracing beam and will remain undetected, even on the moon's surface. Because of this advantage you will be transported to 200 metres distance to the perimeter of the alien complex.

INTELLIGENCE BRIEF (ESSENTIAL READING)**ECDs**

In addition to the cryptic clues now in your possession the Data crew have only scant information as to the possible working of the Ketar edifice. High energy particle beams were produced by the edifice - these can only be produced by energy, produced by Energy Collection Device or ECD's. These crystal like stones only exist in their present state by an anti matter gossimar which contains the proton repulsion. The ECDs are highly effective photon receivers and channel energy to a main transmitter. The ECDs will be located on metallic pillars around 15 old metres high.

Notes

1. The anti matter gossimar is easily breached by your pack mounted lasers and thus easily destroyed.
2. ECDs are connected in the form of a grid. They must therefore be destroyed in a sequence. If an ECD is connected to two other active ECDs THE DEVICE

WILL REGENERATE IMMEDIATELY.

3. The sequence of disabling ECDs and you progress through the Ketar edifice is given in the CRYPTIC CLUES but they have defeated our attempts at deciphering.

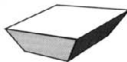
PLEXORS

While sensors now give a negative life reading for the surface of Tricuspid, there is every reason to assume that the Ketars will have left Plexors to defend their edifice. Plexors are robot "tank like" devices. Compared to similar machines in our defenses, they are primitive but can prove deadly. Their fire power is limited and the metal skin of your suit will absorb the first couple of charges. They are programmed with only limited intelligence and will only really attack if you make your presence obvious or get in their way!



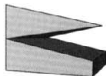
ECD's

If an ECD is shot—it will be disabled. If the ECD is connected between 2 other active ECD's the device will regenerate immediately



POWERPORTERS

A product of future technology. These suspended slabs are Instant Teleportation devices



PLEXORS

These are "tank like" defences placed around Tricuspid. They will attack if you are within range.



TELEPOD

This was used by the Ketars to gain access to restricted areas. Before abandoning the moon the Ketars hid the telepod crystals.

These must be located before the telepod can be activated.



TELEPOD CRYSTAL

POWER PORTERS

Ketar technology is ahead of our own in transportation devices. The diagram on page 17 is a representation of spy reports of Ketar Power Porters.

Power Porters resemble suspended slabs but are INSTANT TELEPORTATION DEVICES.

TELEPOD

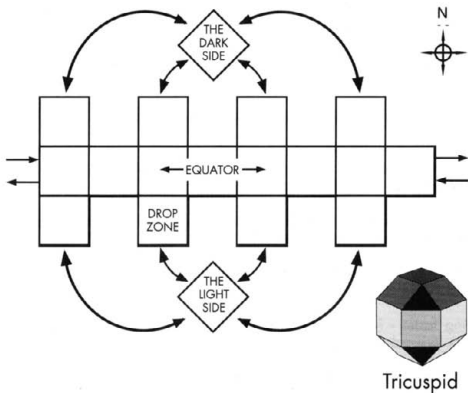
This was used by the Ketars to gain access to restricted areas. We believe ve that before abandoning the moon, the Ketars hid the telepod crystals. THESE MUST BE LOCATED BEFORE THE TELEPOD CAN BE ACTIVATED

OBJECTIVE

To save Evath from total destruction by destroying the Ketar ECDs in sequence to prevent the activation of the particle beam transmitter. Each time an ECD is successfully disabled, thus allowing more time.

TIME IS CRUCIAL - EVATH IS LIKELY TO BE ONLY A FEW OLD MINUTES FROM DESTRUCTION!

**LAYOUT OF THE PLATFORM STRUCTURE
CONSTRUCTED AROUND THE TRICUSPID MOON.**



**REMEMBER: A STEP IN THE DARK –
IS A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION!**

PLAYING HINTS FOR DARK SIDE

1. Disable 3 or 4 ECD's straight away to slow the timer down immediately.
2. Make repeated contact with the fuel rods in the various store areas to refuel.
3. Make repeated contact with the Pentagon shaped power points to recharge your shield.
4. To enter the overhead walkway - lazer the rod above the door, so it spins, repeat until doorway opens.
5. Shoot Radar beacons to prevent being thrown into prison.
6. Make contact with telepod crystals. These are then positioned on the centre console within the telepod. To activate shoot the crystals then leave the telepod. You will be in a new area.
7. "Buy" your way out of confinement by lazering the slots in the pillars - energy and shield will be reduced.

Advanced tip - After destroying the lonely switch before it disappears, you can make dark out of light.

Moving faster - Forward - hold both forward keys down at same time (or joystick forward and keys).

To aid climbing in and out of tunnels - reduced step size to 100.

MESSAGE FROM THE DATA CREW
MESSAGE FROM THE DATA CREW
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Your mission is indeed difficult in the extreme - we in the Data crew have 'extracted' the following cryptic clues from a Ketar spy. Unfortunately, he took his own life rather than give us the full answers and they have beaten our experts in the Data crew, but we do believe they give sufficient information to complete your mission.

If you make it back and decipher the clues the Mission Controller will send you a well deserved R & R in what was the USA on Earth.*

1. In-house sustenance is required for the task that awaits you.
2. In the cupboard that is bare, Jerry Mouse may find a Royal reception. However, before you roll back the carpet, make sure that you are well fed.
3. Turn to the Axeman to provide an opening to the Brightest Star.
4. The brightest speck of the Dog Star is where you should start your crusade.
5. Crossing the kennel of the Lesser Dog, beware of getting your goose cooked by microwaves.
6. Within the East End, the decrystallisation of the gem in the eye of the Southern Fish will allow you to head towards the land of the Penguins.
8. Emulate the journey of Scott the adventurer.
9. Head for the God of Water's large heavenly body and remove the Sun's influence in three areas.

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10. If you're too left-wing, you could find yourself out of your depth.
11. You do not need any support when in the company of the Cup Bearer to Zeus.
- 12 Whilst in orbit around Saturn, remember there are two sides to every argument, but one more to this clue.
13. Don't be square-Go for it!
- 14 Animated Mondrian provides the next step.
15. The argonauts went in search of the Golden Fleece, their vessel will shop you to new heights.
16. We've got the green light, who's going to use it?
- 17 Defect to the East. Do not pass Go. Do not collect -200
18. The postal service is so expensive these days.
19. Head for the seedier side of the tunnel. Or as the electrician's wife said, "Wire you insulate?"
20. Use BR's Underground to get to the middle of this place. The death of another crystal must fall on deaf ears.
21. Take the cubed root of 729, multiply by 10 and add the first number you didn't think of and head in the direction. Shoot the eye of the Southern Fish.
22. Stride out under the heavens to reach this land.
23. Blindfold the Unicorn completely.

24. Thence onwards to usurp the king and Queen of the Fairies.
25. The Antipodes hides the next like in the chain.
26. Follow the chain to destroy Poseidon's satellite links.
27. Enter the successor to the Liberator. "Kill the three of them", said ORAC.
28. Head towards the land where the shadows are strongest.
29. Destroy the two crystals that are unable to take a bearing
30. Gut the remainder of the Fish to destroy Mondrian's junction.
31. Between 21 May and 21 June, find yourself a twin to erase.
32. Now for a test of personality. Who would win?
33. Shoot to the port side. Oh, no it's the wrong one-beam me up, Scotty!
34. Help the Post Office. No, not like that you Duncel Go stand in the corner.
35. Who knows where to go next?
36. More postal pranks aRe in store for the Boys in Blue.
37. Answer the travel agent's call in the Police phonebox.
38. Take red from orange and you will find the answer in the eleventh letter.
39. I thought I could sing a rainbow, but I only know the first colour.
40. For your finale, go out in a blaze of darkness.

DARK SIDE

* The first correct solution to all the cryptic clues drawn in the MicroStatus Offices on 1st September 1989 will receive a 2 week, expenses paid trip for two, to Baltimore, USA. Offer closes 15th August 1989.

NOTES

*DARK
SIDE*

NOTES

CREDITS

Dark Side featuring Freescape™

Programmed and designed by Major Developments Sean Ellis, Chris Andrew, Ian Andrew and Paul Gregory. Music by Wally Beben (C64, St and Amiga)
Original Cover Artwork by Steinar Lund

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