

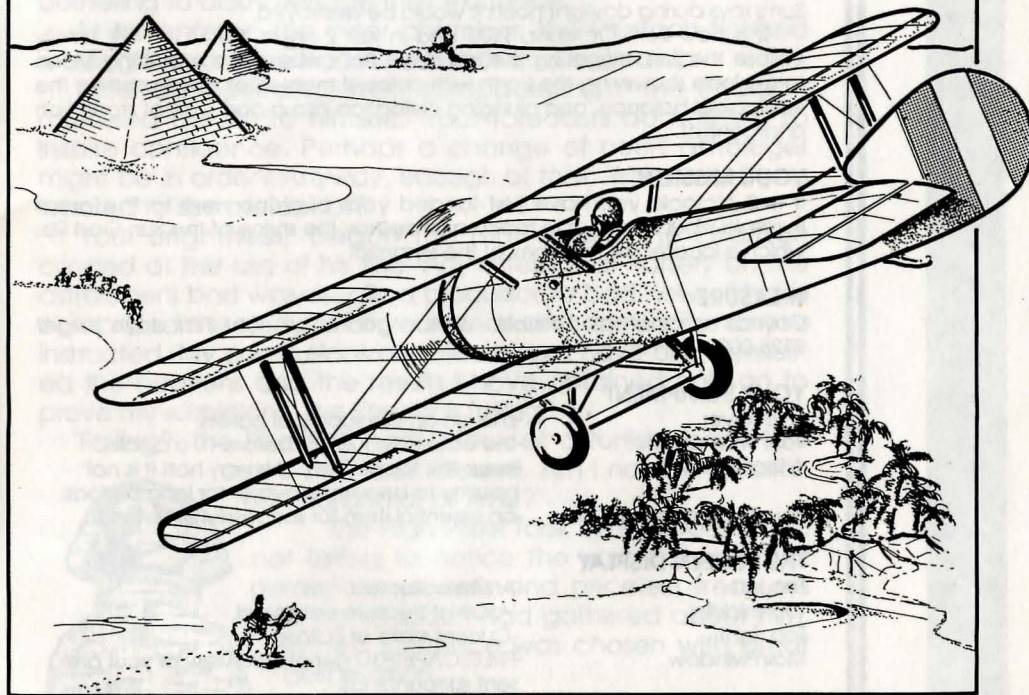
TOTAL ECLIPSE



MICRO
STATUS

A FREESCAPE 3D ADVENTURE SET IN THE HEART OF EGYPT.

TOTAL ECLIPSE



GAME CHARACTERISTICS DESCRIBED IN THE DOCUMENTATION MAY
VARY ON SOME COMPUTERS

WARRANTY: IF TOTAL ECLIPSE FAILS TO LOAD, PLEASE RETURN THE ACTUAL DISC OR
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INTRODUCTION

WELCOME TO EGYPT



BACKGROUND

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

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

It is now 26th October, 1930 and in just 2 hours the Moon will totally eclipse the Sun, triggering the course of Re, causing the offending Moon to explode showering the Earth with colossal meteorites thus upsetting the ecological balance, and plunging civilisation into a dark age of starvation and conflict.

YOUR MISSION

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

TREASURE

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

YOUR EQUIPMENT

A revolver

Your wrist watch

A water bottle

Your trusty compass

-plus an ample supply of bullets.

-the eclipse is due just before 10 o'clock.

-keep this topped up - it is very hot! It is not healthy to be without water for long periods.

-an essential item for successful orientation.

THE SCREEN DISPLAY

Top left

Top middle

Top right

Main window

Message display

-Ankhs collected.

-Value of treasure collected.

-Current state of Eclipse.

-FREESCAPE™3D generated view of your present surroundings.

-(Under main window). This normally indicates your current location plus the height of this chamber above sea level shown in cubits eg. 24c=24 cubits. The entrance to the shrine is at a height of 72 cubits.

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



PROLOGUE



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

As he entered the inner chamber, the Pharaoh finished reading the scroll he had in his hands and looked up.

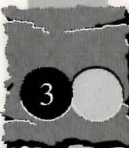
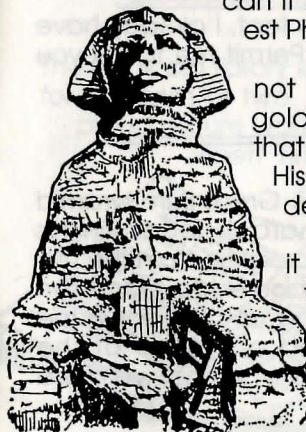
'Most disappointing, most disappointing...' the Pharaoh muttered quietly to himself. 'Your forecasts do nothing to inspire confidence. Perhaps a change of court astrologer might be in order? Anyway, enough of that. What was it you wanted to see me about?'

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

'Failing?' the Pharaoh had a look of astonishment. 'How can it be? Look around. Am I not the wealthiest Pharaoh of all time?'

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

'What you say is true, Mighty One, but it seems that your leadership is the last thing holding our great and enlightened civilization together. It is predicted that, in the very year of your death, our civilization will perish, to be over-





run by the hordes of barbarians who mock our learning and sophistication. It will be the world's darkest hour.'

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

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

'Unfortunately, that information is hidden from me.'

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

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

'An excellent idea, Your Eminence. In fact, I already have an inkling of just how it may be done. Permit me to tell you about it...'

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

In the valley, thousands of slaves laboured to place the final capstone on the pyramid, scurrying up and down the scaffolding that completely covered one face of the monolithic structure. All were unaware of being watched

by their Pharaoh who, looking down from the hillside, regarded them with the same fascination that one might watch a swarm of ants building a nest.

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

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

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

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

The first Dark Age had begun...

The dank old library looked as though it hadn't seen a duster for a month or two. Anyone with hay fever or of a house-proud nature would not have lasted five minutes in there.

Albert 'Tiny' Dorliss, however, was made of sterner stuff. Looking at him, though, you probably would not have believed it.

His nickname, far from being sarcastic, was apt almost to the point of being embarrassing. His horn-rimmed spectacles only added to his





academic looks. This impression was very difficult to shake, unless you happened to wander down to the local gym when, on a Wednesday night, 'Tiny' Dorliss would be seen knocking seven bells out of someone twice his size in a boxing ring. Somehow, the image of one of England's leading theoretical Egyptologists also being one of its finest amateur flyweights seems somehow slightly incongruous.

This morning, as most mornings, he was sat at his small, leather-topped desk in the Egyptian section, the dustiest part of the library. Egypt had not really been fashionable for serious research since the late 1880's. Fifty years of neglect meant quite a lot of dust.

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

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

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

'You're incorrigible. Will you never learn? Money this, money that all the time. You never apply yourself to your full potential. Anyway, yes I have.'

'Have what?'

'Oh, come on. Pay attention. Yes, I have found something interesting. That's the reason behind me trying to contact you for the past week.'

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

'I don't believe in supernatural mumbo-jumbo about ancient curses. It only applies to superstitious primitives who...'

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

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

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

'...and what it actually said was quite interesting. Apparently, the court astrologers had predicted the overthrow of their civilization and the rise of ours. They made some quite accurate guesses about us, you know.' Guesses! There really is no convincing some people. 'They say that if we are not true worshippers of Ra, the Sun God, then they have set a trap for us which will wipe us all out. Something to do with the moon and the sun... I couldn't make out the rest of that part as there was a tear in the papyrus. It seems that the trap is a graded test, and that it swings both ways. If you succeed in...'

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

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

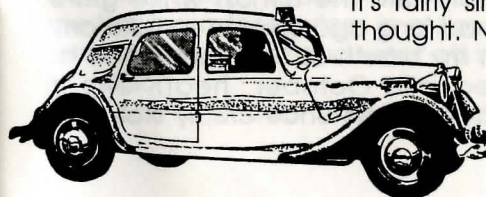
I thought of the money. I also thought of the curse. I returned my thoughts to the money.

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

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

'So how do we stop the curse?'

It's fairly simple really', he said. Liar, I thought. Nothing about this affair so far sounded simple. 'You just have to get to the temple, which is at the





apex of the pyramid and destroy the trigger mechanism. It's a statue of some sort. It shouldn't be too difficult to spot. The records say that the room was built with the sole purpose of housing the statue only.'

I extracted myself from the buttoned leather armchair that had obviously seen better days and made to leave. 'Where are you going?' Tiny asked. 'You only just got here.'

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

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

He looked over the top of his glasses and raised a solitary eyebrow. 'The idea hadn't even entered my mind. Good luck.'

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

'Where to, Guv?'

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

As I sat back in my seat I was filled with excitement and dread in roughly equal amounts. After my last fiasco in Egypt, I had no doubt that the powers the Ancient Egyptian priesthood had at their disposal could quite easily bring about the sort of thing described in that papyrus. The taxi made a hasty U-turn in the street and lurched off to my destination.



Shadows contrasted sharply with the almost white glare thrown up by the sand. I had long ago ceased to take any notice of the salty tang in my mouth as, unaccustomed as yet even to the so-called mild October heat, sweat enveloped my entire body. Clothes once crisply starched



had long since wilted into a crumpled mass of cotton glued to my aching body. By the sight of it, my saddle had obviously seen better days and, judging by the bumps and jolts that jarred my spine, I had been correct in my initial misgivings.

I found myself becoming more and more uncomfortable as the journey wore on. Camels have never been my favourite mode of transport and nothing had happened in the past couple of hours that had brought about a change of mind. Still, I thought to myself, anything's better than walking. Then again, almost anything's better than riding a camel. I muttered oaths under my breath and forced a smile on the odd occasion that my camel driver bothered to look at his passenger. I began to regret ever having accepted this task. I tried to shut out my present surroundings by concentrating on the endless wealth with which I would be endowed if I were to succeed. The trouble was, the more I thought about it, the larger the 'if' seemed to become.

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

I jumped clumsily from my mount and paid the camel driver his fare. Doing a quick calculation in my head, I came up with the same answer as when I started the journey. Twenty one shillings for a nineteen mile camel ride. Captive markets such as helpless English Archeologists obviously lend themselves to exploitation by the locals. At least I saved some face by getting off the camel without landing on my face, and that in itself probably lowered the price by sixpence or so.

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

It took me about twenty minutes to find the only inn in

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

Although the straw-stuffed bed was lumpy and scratchy, I fell asleep almost immediately, the bed seeming like pure luxury compared to a camel's backside. I intended to make an early start the next morning in order to start my exploration of the pyramid which lay in the dried up river valley a few miles to the south of the village. That should at least give me a couple of hours before the eclipse. As I drifted off to sleep, I dreamily wished that I had remembered to bring an alarm clock.

I need not have worried. The innkeeper's cockerel woke me far too early in the morning for my liking. Any thoughts as to why the cockerel was still alive and crowing in a small village such as this were soon put to rest on looking out of the window. There wasn't enough meat on that bird for more than one or two scrawny sandwiches, let alone a proper meal, so I suppose the villagers put up with it out of pity. Silently cursing the multi-legged population of my bed, I dressed and packed my equipment for the day. In a sudden fit of self-reflection, I noted just how calmly I seemed to be taking this matter. After all, the End of the World is not your usual run-of-the-mill problem. Panicking would have helped little in a situation such as this, so I resisted the urge to do so.

The sun was just creeping sleepily over the horizon as I left my room and turned south along the little-used track that ran towards the only airfield within twenty miles. The mechanic, who seemed to be the sole inhabitant of the entire place, showed me to the only aeroplane. Tiny had called ahead and arranged everything, so all I had to do was pay for it. Again.

It was a clapped-out Sopwith Camel. I didn't look too closely on my pre-flight inspection; to do so would have brought to my attention loose rigging wires, numerous oil leaks from within the engine bay, and more holes in the

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

Still, he seemed unharmed and he gave me a friendly wave as I passed overhead. At least, I think it was friendly...

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

Turning carefully onto the downwind leg I began the final checks. Dropping down to around three hundred feet, I throttled back and turned the mixture to fully rich. Flying parallel to the makeshift runway, I continued until I was level with the beginning of the strip. Gently banking the aircraft into a descending left turn, I put in a little bit of left rudder to balance out the Camel and throttled back slightly more. Thankful that there were no air pockets waiting to plummet the aircraft like a stone, I finally started to line up on my chosen landing spot.

The ground slowly came up to meet me and I throttled back completely and concentrated on keeping the aircraft level at about one or two feet



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

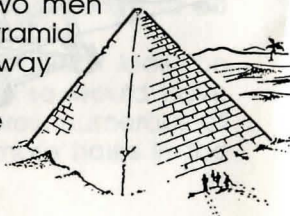
I kept thinking that the task ahead was just too large to complete within the time available. However, no matter how corny it may sound, the fate of civilization really did rest fairly and squarely on my shoulders. I skirted around the base of the pyramid, searching for the door to the antechamber. The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

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

The taller one spoke. 'Look.'

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

The moon took it's first, tentative bite from the edge of the sun.



LOADING INSTRUCTIONS AND CONTROLS



IBM PC + COMPATIBLES

Boot up with DOS 2.0 or later. Insert disc in Drive A,
type TOTAL <ENTER>

IBM PC + COMPATIBLES KEY CONTROLS

CONTROLS

Move Forward  or 	Step Size Change SLOW, MEDIUM OR FAST 	Look Up 
Move Back  or 	Angle Change SMALL, MEDIUM OR BIG FOR CURRENT STATE SEE HEIROGLYPHICS ABOVE THE WATCH 	Look Down 
Turn Left  or 	U Turn 	Face Forward USEFUL IF DISORIENTATED 
Turn Right  or 	Draw Gun/ Replace Gun 	Height Change STAND OR CROUCH 
THESE CONTROLS ABOVE ALSO MOVES SIGHTS IF GUN IS DRAWN	Fire Gun  or 	Interrupt Game SAVE, LOAD AND ABORT OPTIONS 
Rest HOLDING R CALMS THE HEART 	CONTROL & ESCAPE	

To return to display options menu, press keys simultaneously at any time during play.

ATARI ST

Insert the Total Eclipse disk and switch on the computer - the program will Auto-Load.

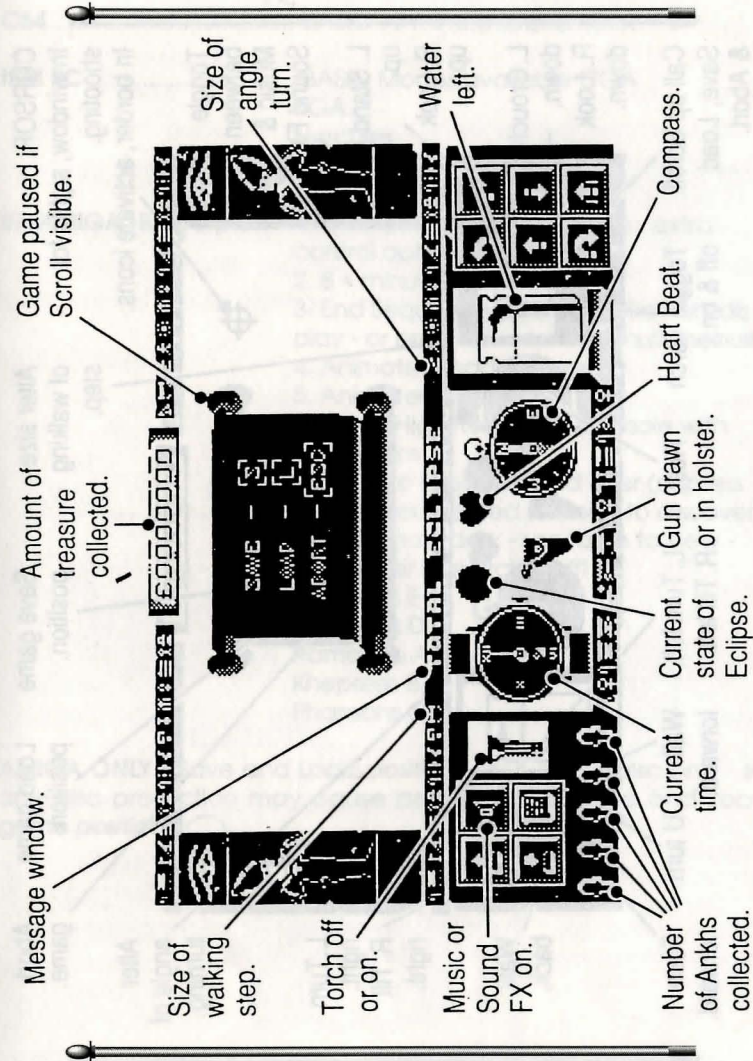
AMIGA

If your computer has KickStart in ROM, insert the Total Eclipse disk at the Workbench prompt, the program will Auto-Load. If your computer does not have KickStart in ROM, load Kickstart as normal, insert the Total Eclipse disk at the Workbench prompt and the program will Auto-Load.

ATARI ST/AMIGA KEY CONTROLS

Move Forward ↑ or [O]	Step Size Change SLOW, MEDIUM OR FAST [S]	Look Up [P]
Move Back ↓ or [K]	Angle Change SMALL, MEDIUM OR BIG FOR CURRENT STATE SEE HERIOGLYPHS NEXT TO MESSAGE WINDOW [A]	Look Down [L]
Turn Right → or [W]	Toggle Centre Sights On/Off [SPACE]	Face Forward USEFUL IF DISORIENTATED [F]
Turn Left ← or [Q]	Fire Gun [Ø]	Height Change STAND OR CROUCH [H]
Rest HOLDING R CALMS THE HEART [R]	Tilt Left [N]	Toggles Music & Sound Effects [+]
Interrupt Game SAVE, LOAD AND ABORT OPTIONS [I]	Tilt Right [M]	Toggles Torch On/Off [T]

INDICATORS



[illegible]

C64.....-BASIC +8 minute sound track

IBM PC-BASIC Modes available CGA

IBM PC-BASIC Modes available CGA
EGA
Hercules
Tandy

ST+AMIGA -BASIC plus:-

1. Icon Control (using Mouse) - extra control option
2. 8 + minute sound track
3. End Sequence additional firework display - or press 1,9, and fire simultaneously
4. Animated loading screen
5. Animated Mummies
6. Better High Resolution Console with animations
7. Left eye cries if clicked over (or press C). Undocumented for users to discover?
8. Areas now dark - use torch to view - remember to switch it off!

Pharaohs E
Nephthys D
Ramesses A
Khephresh B
Pharaohs G

AMIGA ONLY - Save and Load positions onto game disc only - so any disc protection may cause problems with Save and Load game position. ○

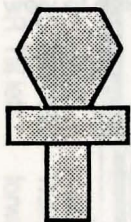




HINTS AND TIPS



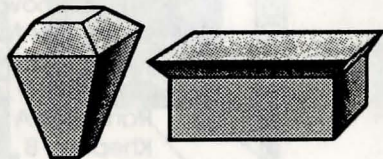
1. Examine the plane closely.
2. To move quicker hold joystick forward and press forward key at the same time.
3. Save position before trying anything dangerous, then if killed you can restore your position quickly.
4. In "Illusion" use sector names for successful mapping.
5. Use 'F' key (face forward)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



ANKHS

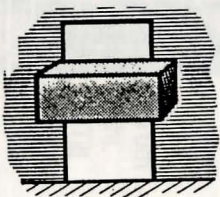
Look out for and collect the Ankhs - the symbol of life.

Use to remove some barriers on locked chambers. Touch Ankh to collect it.



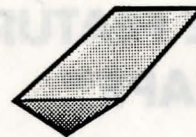
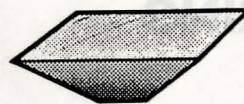
TREASURE

Touch treasure to collect.



LOCKED CHAMBER BARRIERS

Touch barrier to open. Requires one Ankh.



WATER TROUGHS

Touch trough to collect water.

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

MORE HINTS

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

**THE ONLY WAY IS UP!
GOOD LUCK.**



DEVELOPMENT CREDITS

TOTAL ECLIPSE FEATURING FREESCAPE™



Programmed and designed by

Major Developments

*Paul Gregory, Chris Andrew, Sean Ellis
and Ian Andrew.*

Music by

Wally Beben (C64, ST and Amiga)

Manual Design and Artwork by

Artistix (0705) 252125

Original Cover Artwork by

Steinar Lund

Original story by

Sean Ellis 1988.

Re-written for manual by Martin Moth



