



NEW WORLD COMPUTING, INC.®

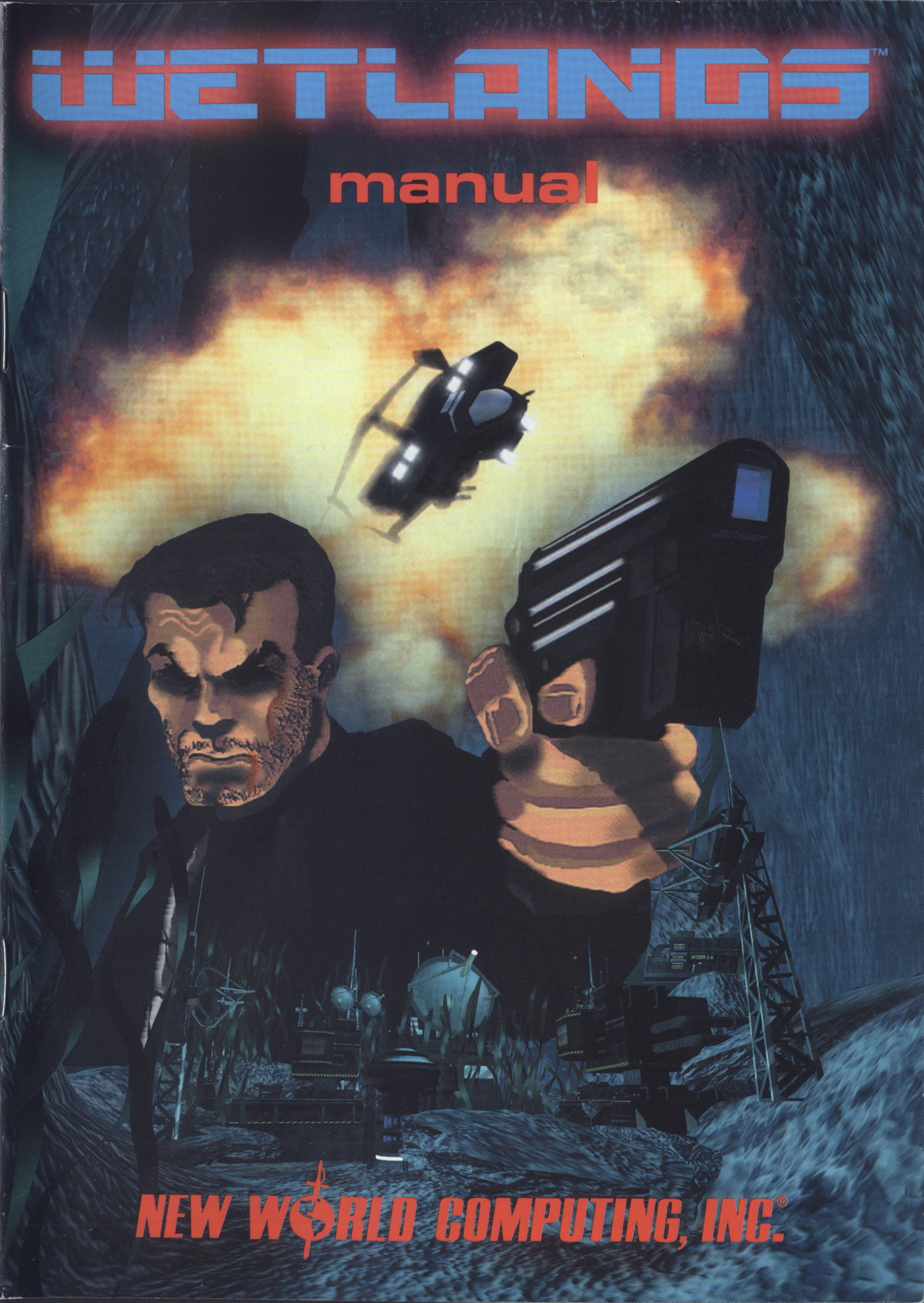
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WETLANDS™

manual



NEW WORLD COMPUTING, INC.®

NEVADA'S BASIN REGION
LOCATED JUST EAST OF THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS.

NOTHING BUT SCORCHING DESERT WASTELAND FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES.
TEMPERATURES CAN REACH AS HIGH AS 120 DEGREES ON SOME DAYS.
TOO HOT FOR MAN.

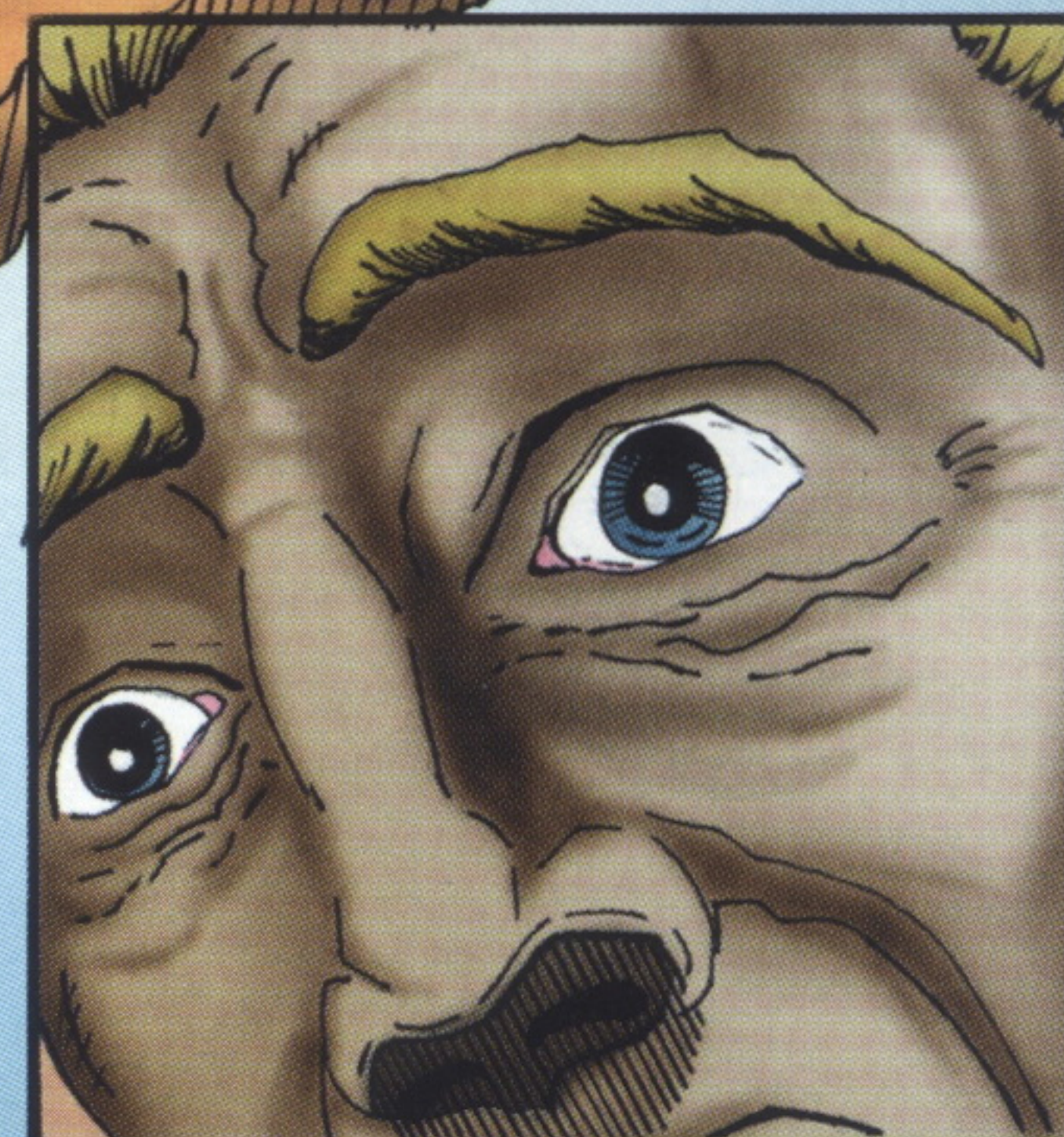
EVEN THE SMALLEST OF CREATURES MUST
BURROW UNDERGROUND TO ESCAPE THE INTENSITY.
TODAY, HOWEVER, IT WILL DO THEM NO GOOD.
FOR AS HOT AS THINGS USUALLY ARE IN THE DESERT...

THEY'RE ABOUT TO GET HOTTER!

WETLANDS

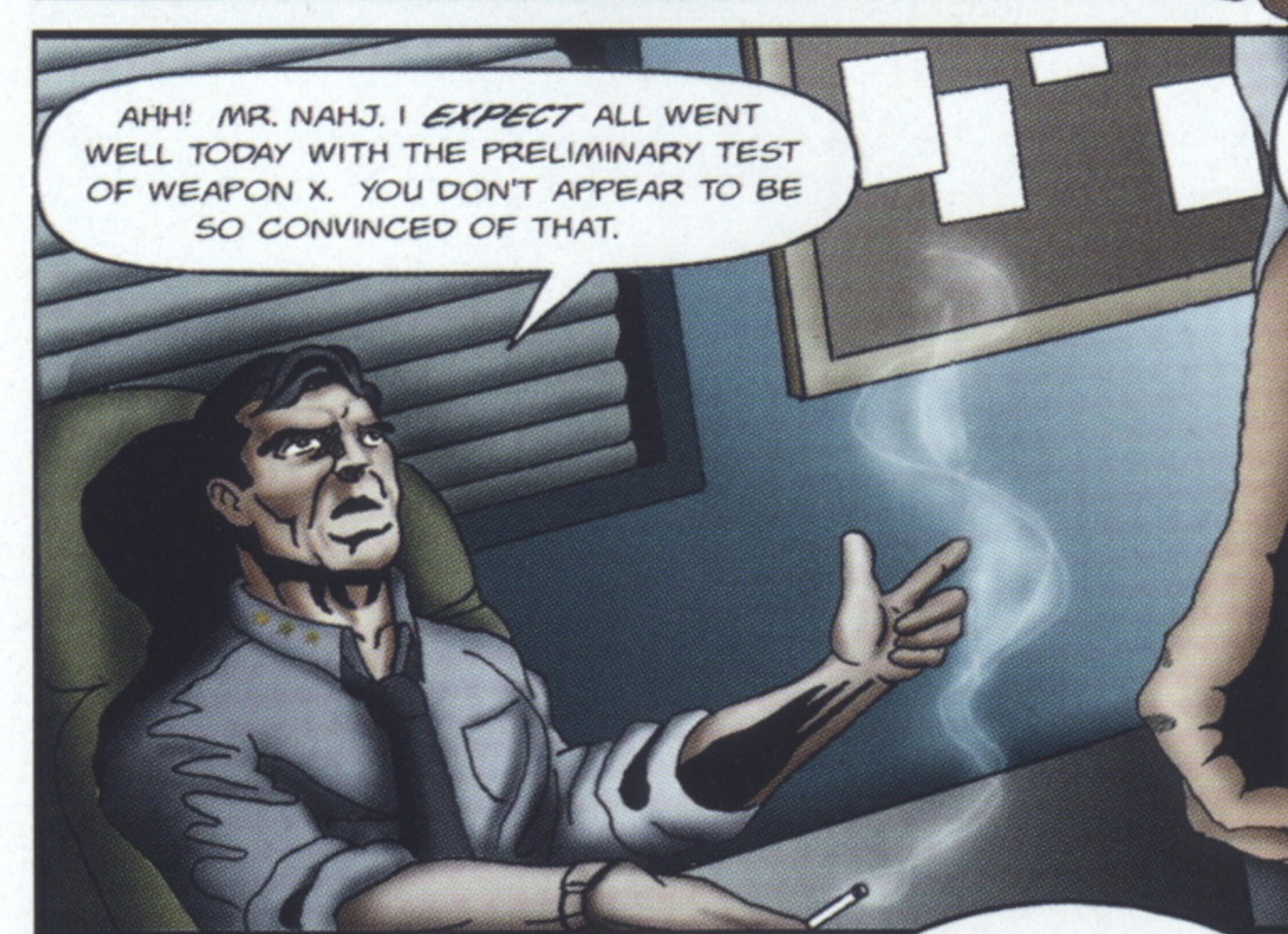
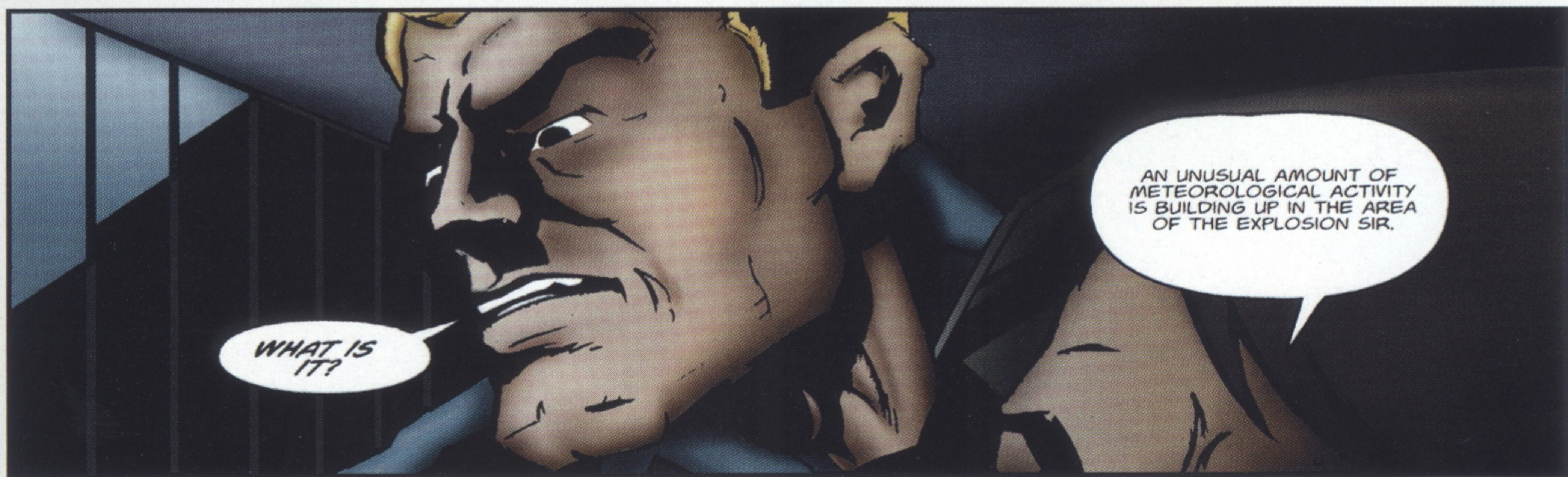
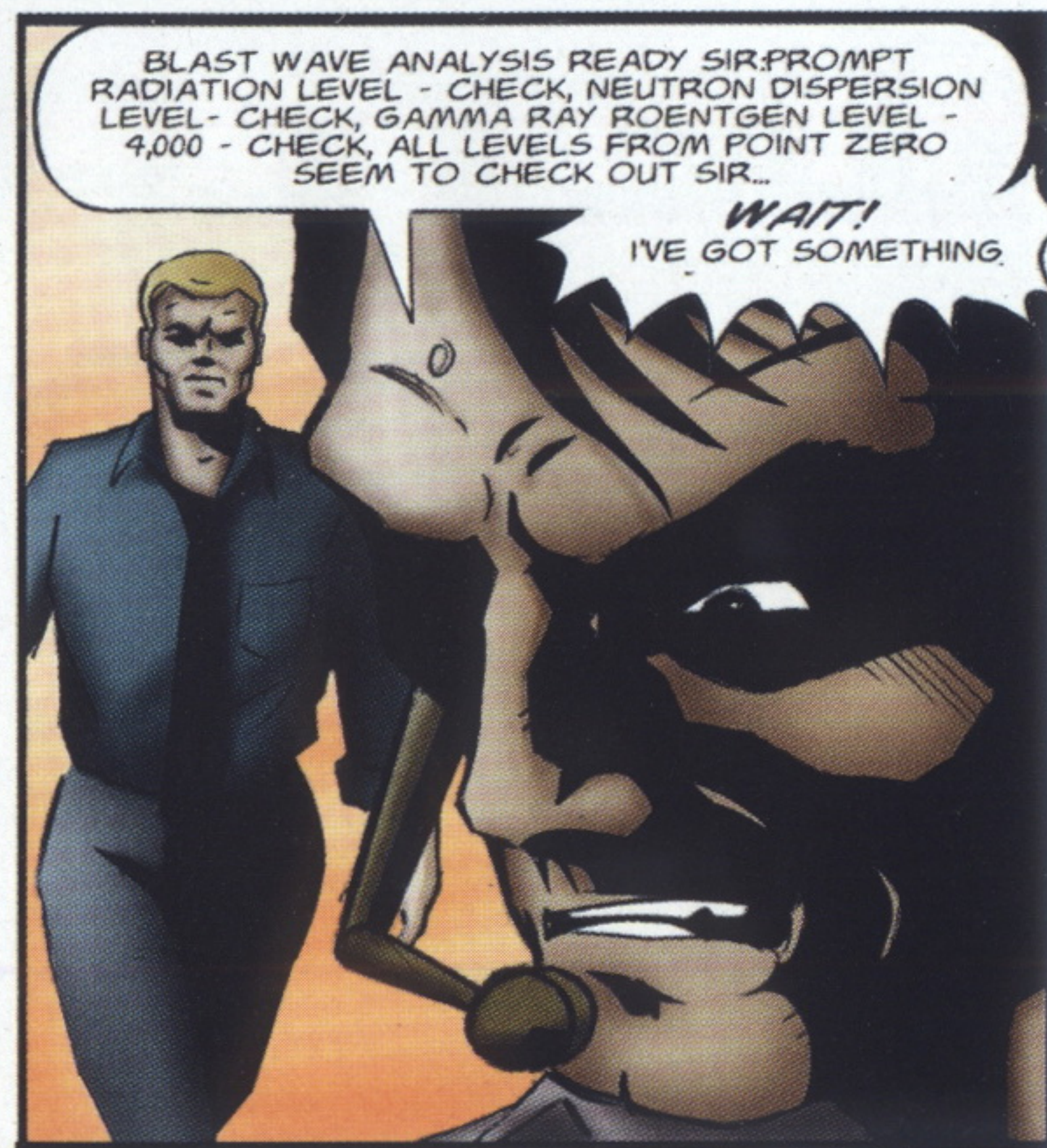
"PROLOGUE"

KROO



MY GOD.
WHAT HAVE I DONE?

SCRIPT & LAYOUTS : JASON SHENKMAN
PENCILS : ROBERT SANTIAGO
JASON SHENKMAN
JOHN SKIKUS
INKS & LETTERS : JOHN PHILIP SOUSA
COMPUTER COLORS : ROBERT SANTIAGO
CHRIS DAVIES
ERIC GURTNER



ONE WEEK LATER...
SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC...
BETA TEST...

ALL OF HIS PROFESSORS AT M.I.T. AND
CONSTITUENTS AGREED: *SOMEDAY, PHILIP
NAWJ* WOULD MAKE HISTORY IN NUCLEAR
PHYSICS.

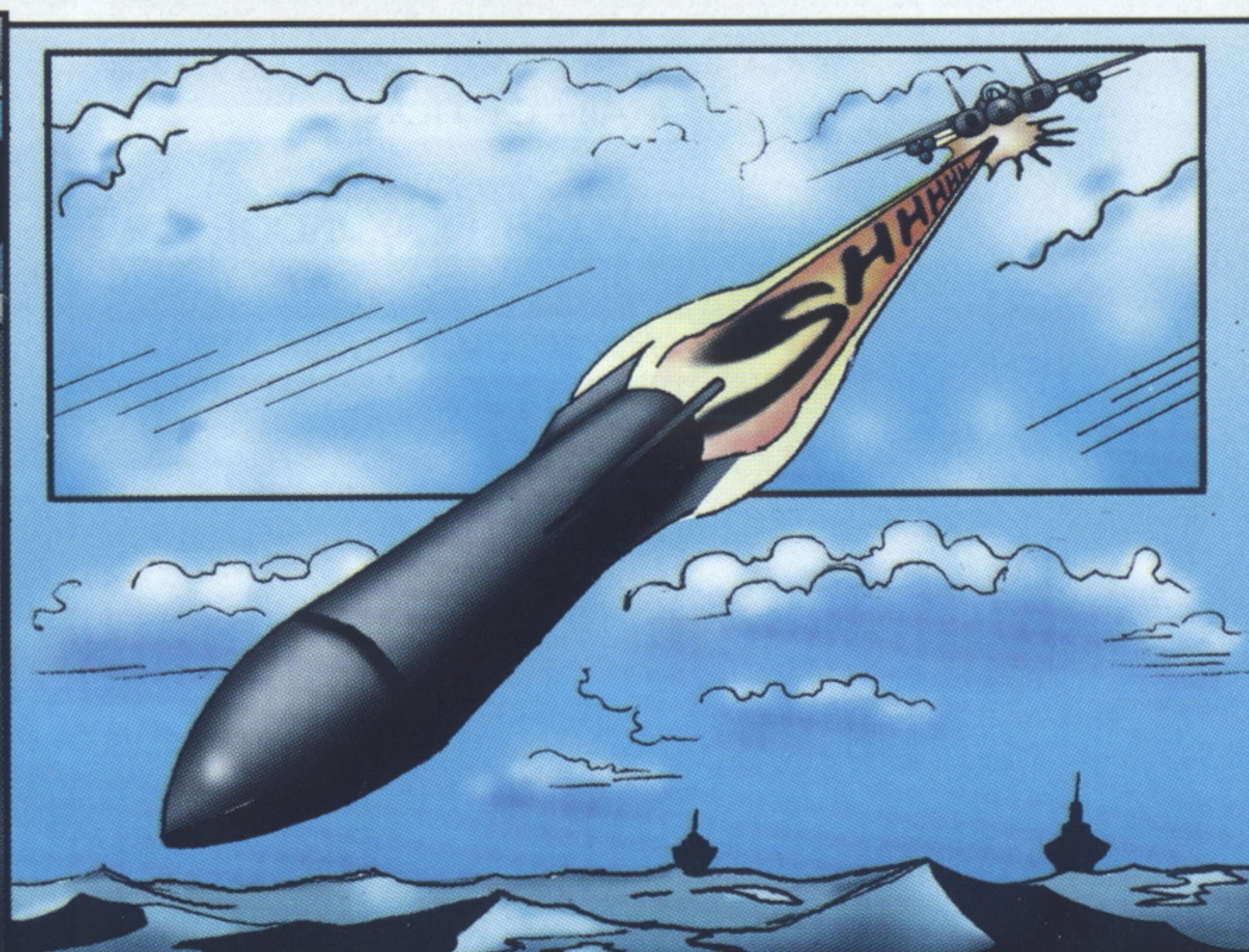
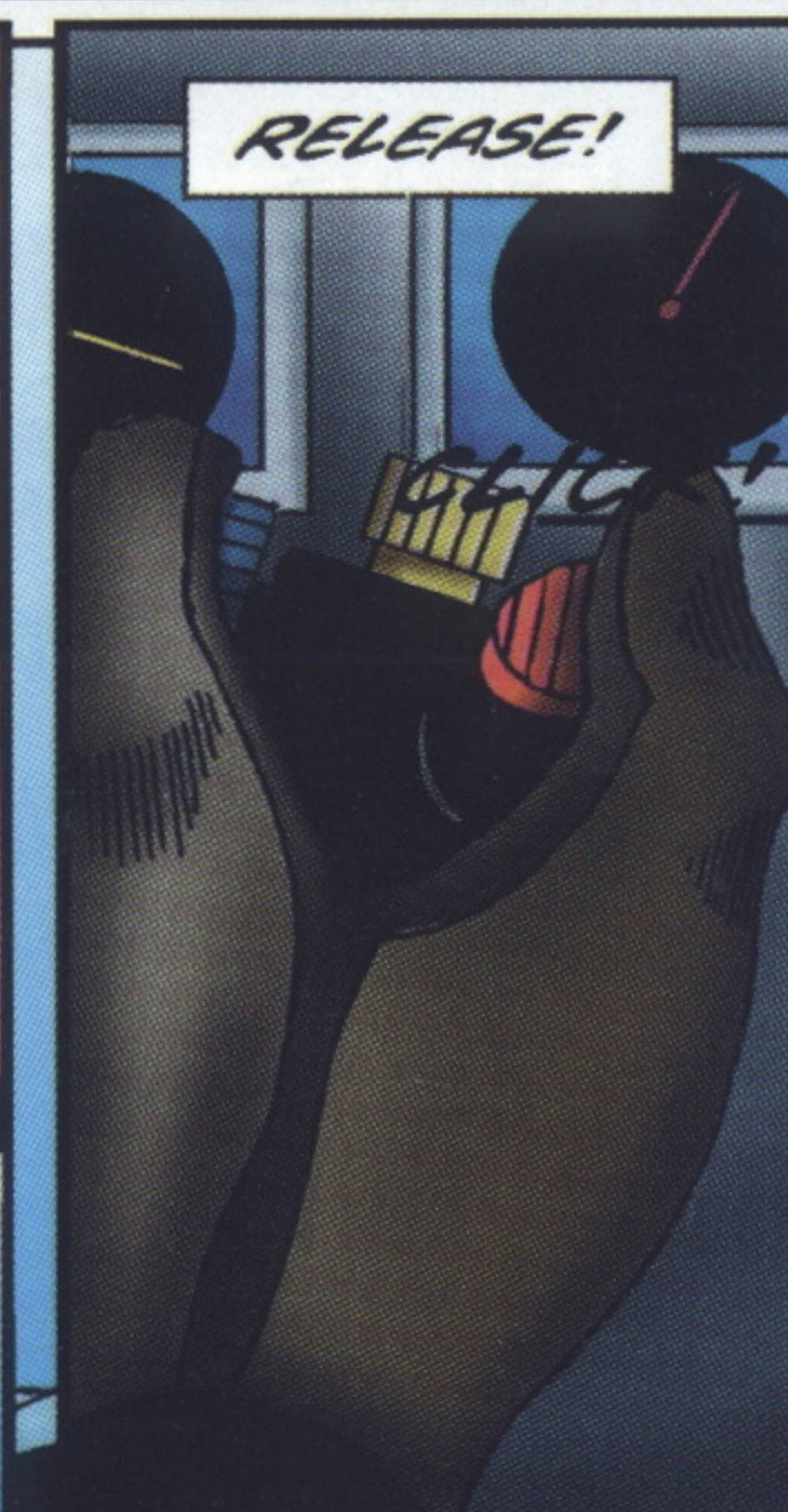
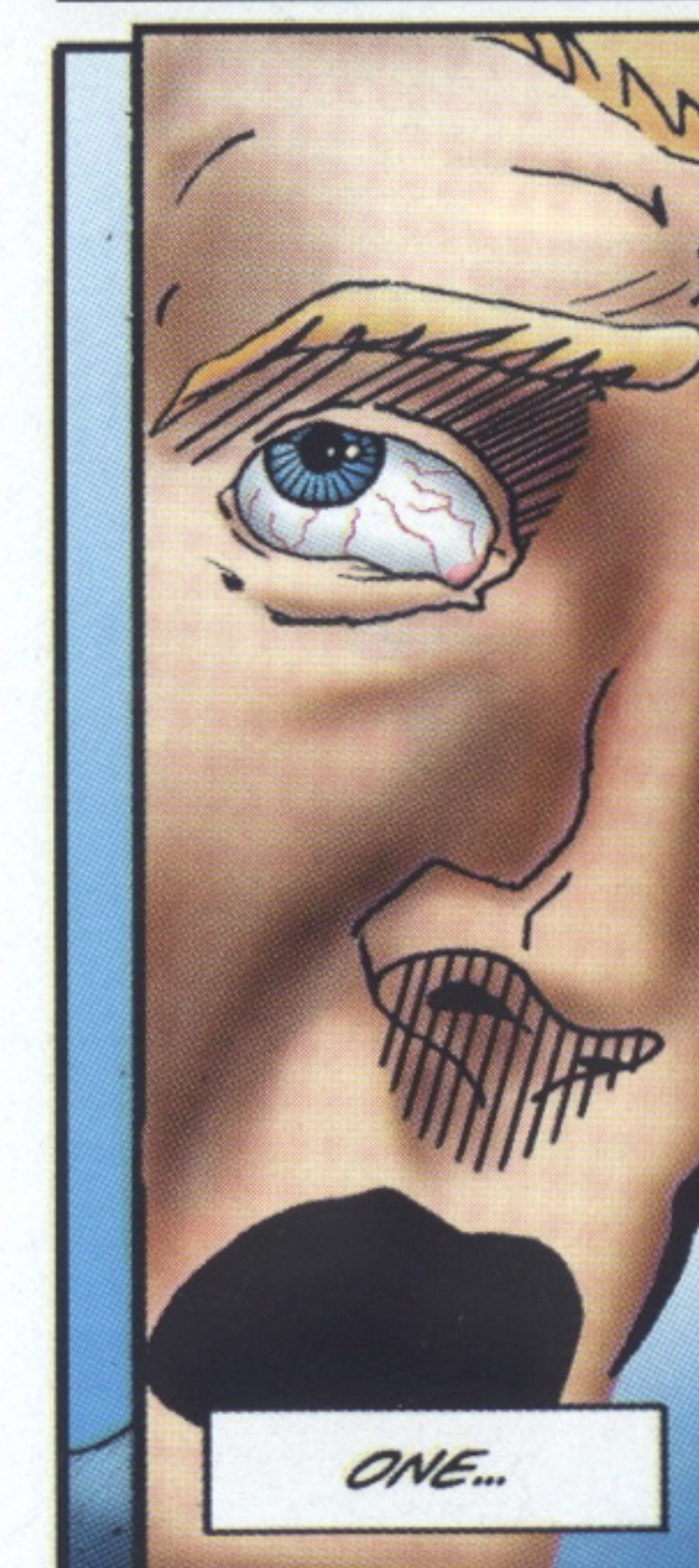
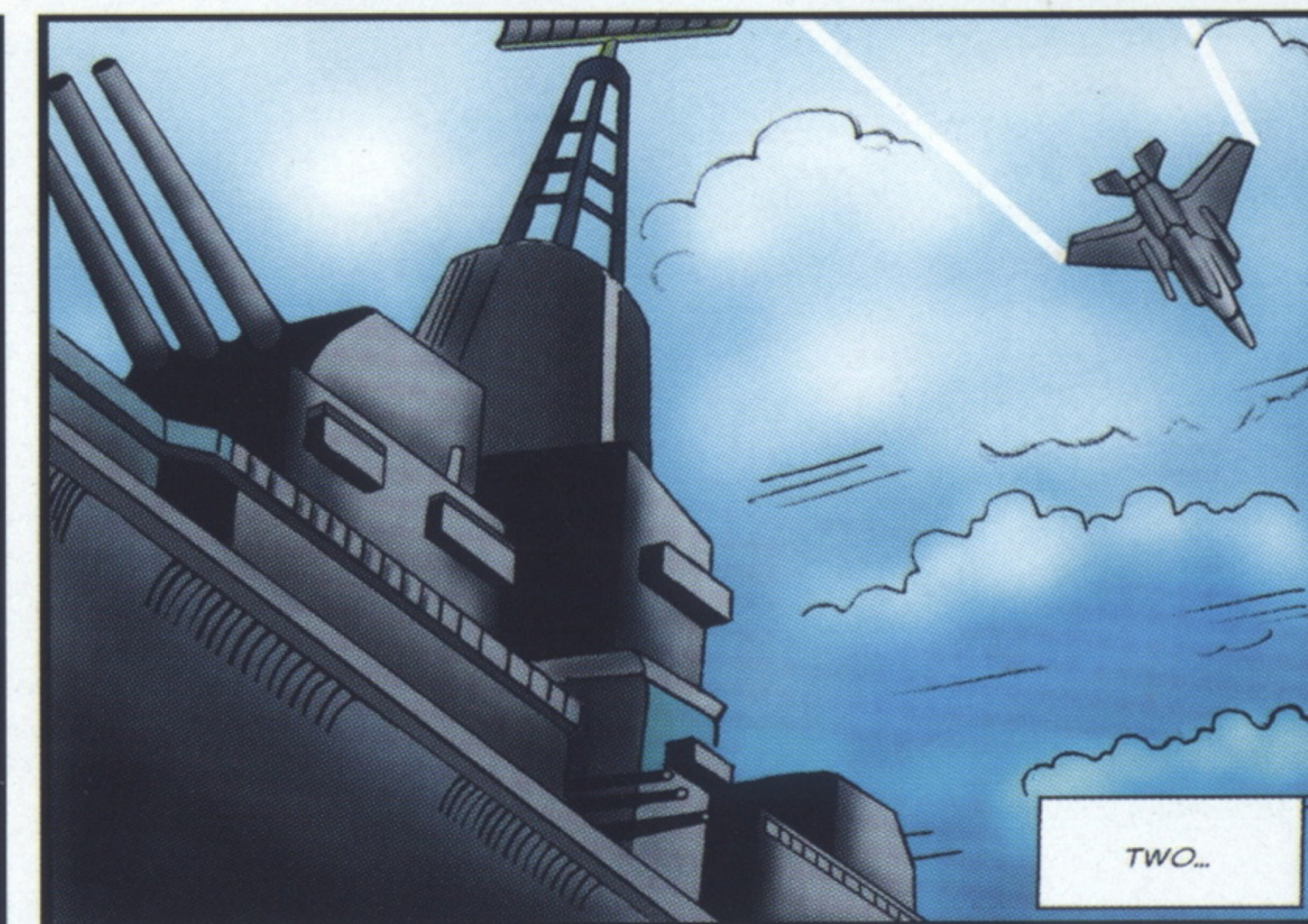
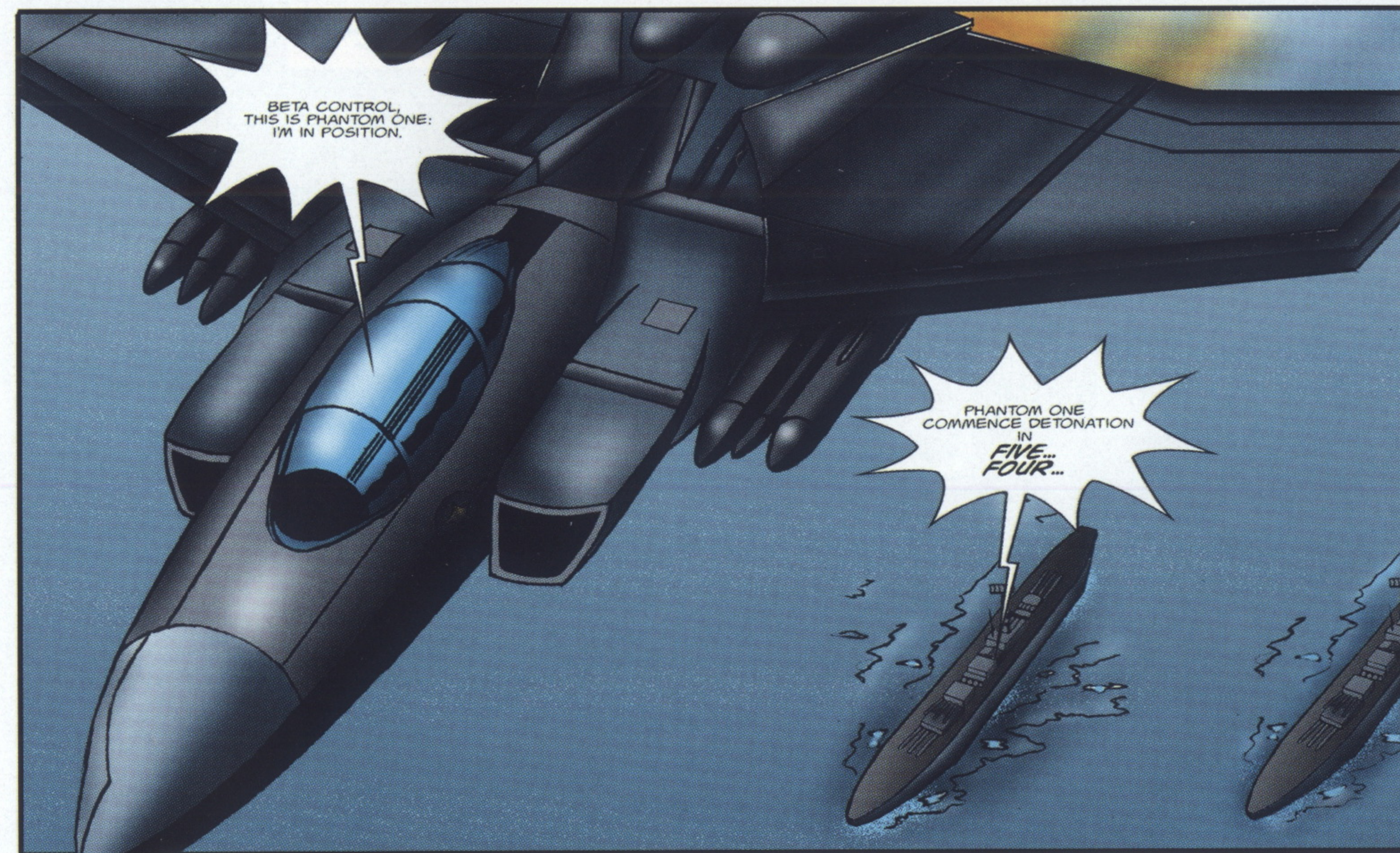
HE WAS NEVER QUITE SURE
WHAT THEY MEANT.

NOW, ONE WEEK AFTER HIS
WARNINGS ABOUT A *BETA TEST*,
HE HAS COME FACE TO FACE
WITH HIS *WORST* NIGHTMARE.

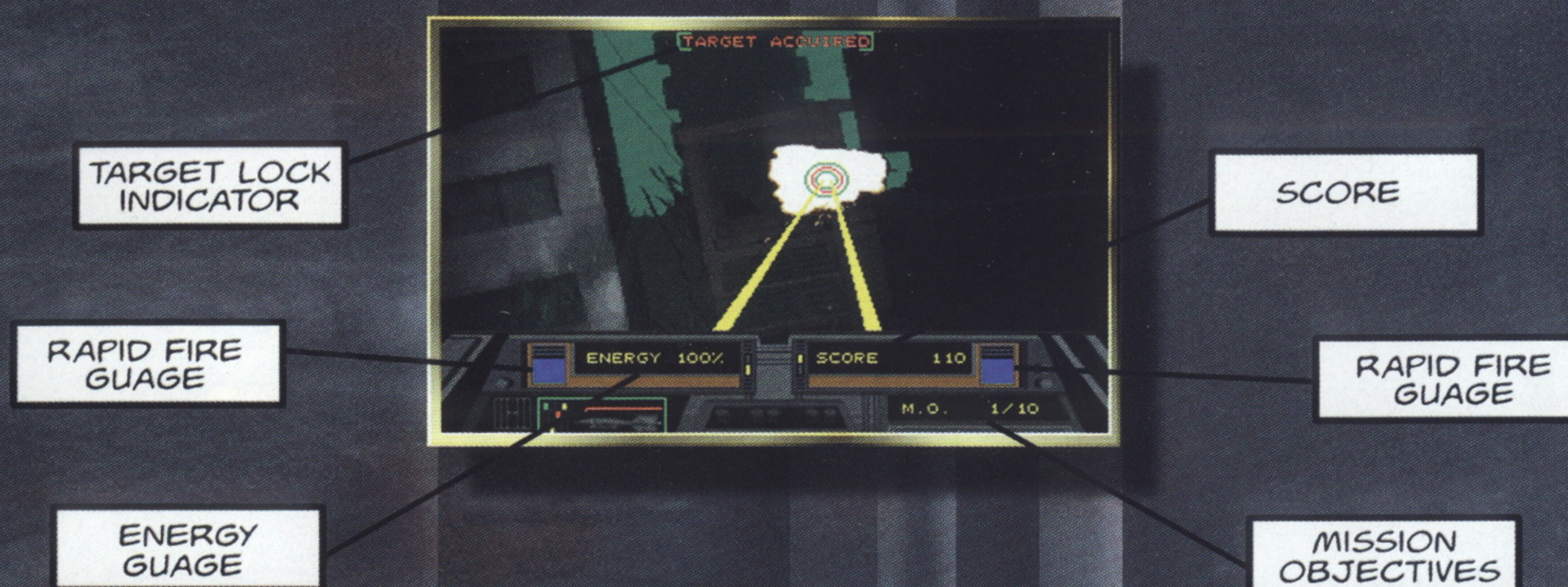
INDEED, HE MAY GO DOWN IN HISTORY;
NOT AS A HERO, *BUT AS THE MAN
RESPONSIBLE FOR THE EARTH'S
DESTRUCTION*. AND THERE IS *NOTHING*
HE CAN DO TO STOP IT.



EXCEPT PRAY THAT HE'S WRONG.



COMBAT INTERFACE



CONTROLS

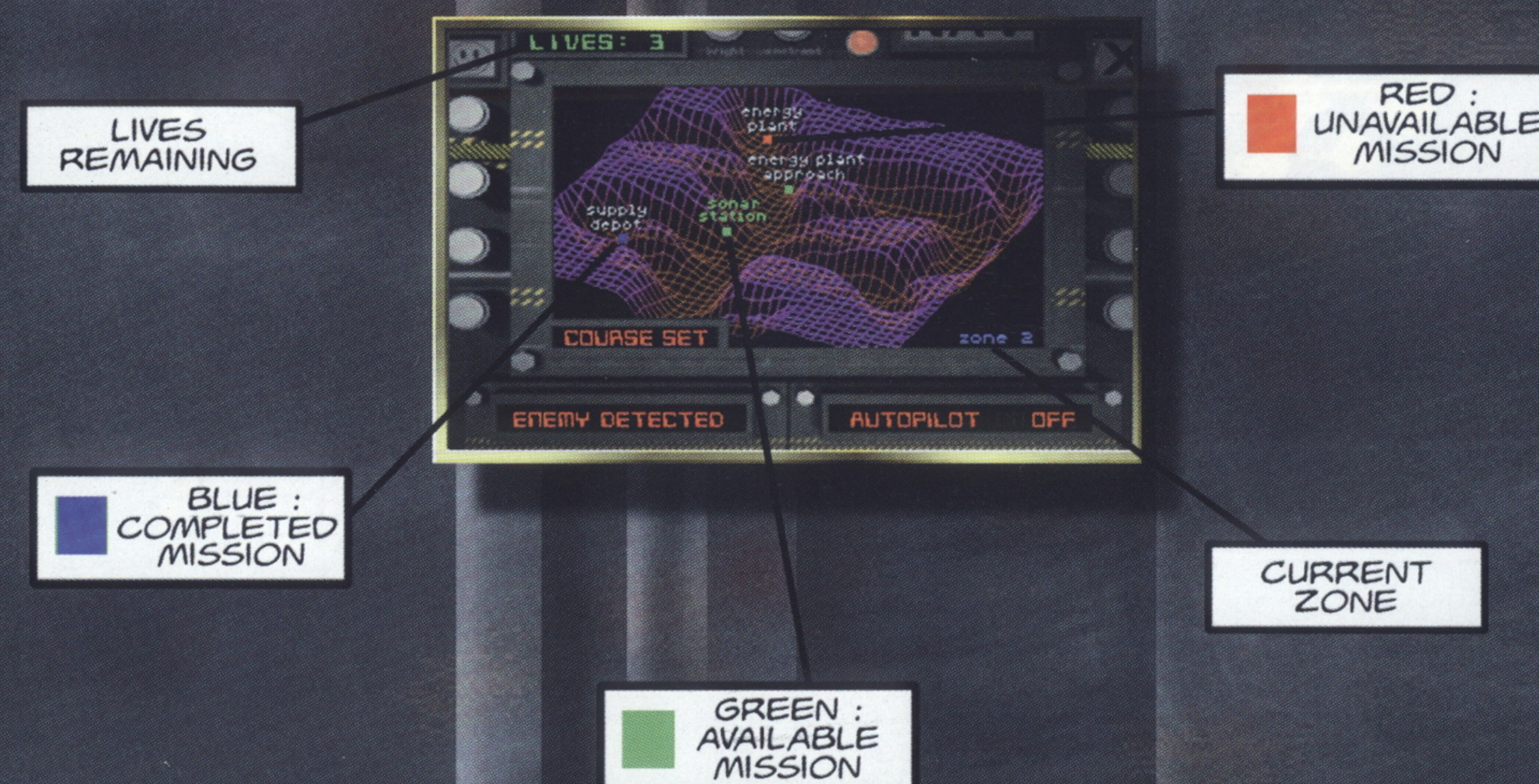


KEYBOARD COMMANDS

M	MAIN OPTIONS	C	CREDITS
P	SWITCH PLAY MODES	H	HIGH SCORES
J	JOYSTICK CALIBRATION	R	RESUME GAME
Q	QUIT TO DOS		
CTRL-Q	ABORT CURRENT GAME		
ESC	MAIN MENU		
ENTER	ACCEPT A SELECTION		

USE SPACE, TAB, AND ARROW KEYS TO NAVIGATE THRU MENUS.

ZONE MAP



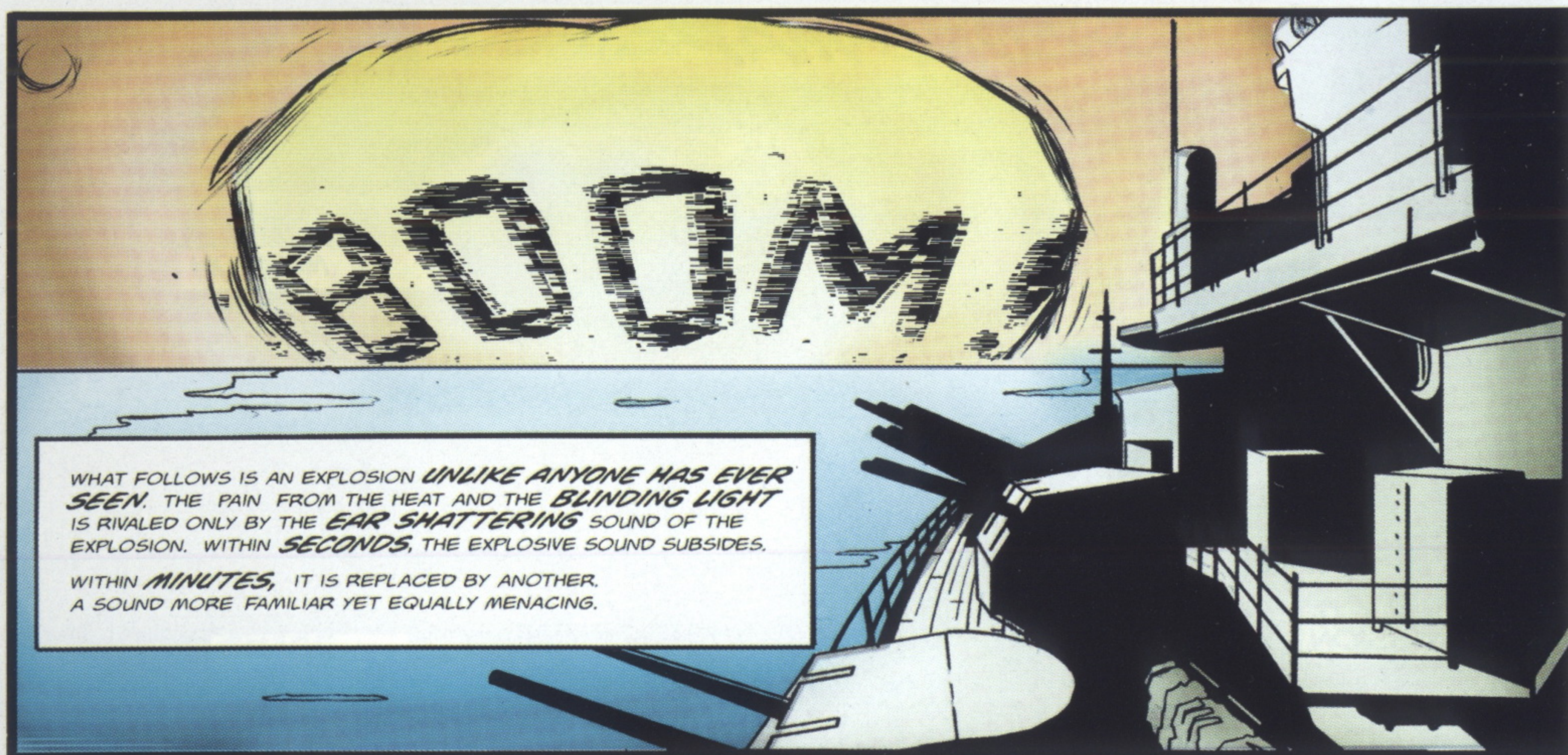
MAIN MENU



THE "MAIN MENU" SCREEN ALLOWS YOU TO CONFIGURE WETLANDS. THIS MENU WILL APPEAR AT ANY POINT DURING THE GAME BY HITTING THE "ESC" KEY. YOU WILL BE ABLE TO RECALIBRATE THE JOYSTICK, CHECK THE HIGH SCORES, CONFIGURE SOUND, AND PLAY OLD MISSIONS. USE SPACE, TAB, AND ARROW KEYS TO NAVIGATE THROUGH THIS MENU. ENTER OR THE FIRE BUTTON IS USED TO SELECT AN OPTION.

THE "PLAY MODE" BUTTON ALLOWS YOU TO TOGGLE BETWEEN "CAREER" AND "OLD MISSIONS" MODE.

IN "CAREER" MODE, YOU ADVANCE THROUGH THE GAME, ONE ZONE AT A TIME. IF HOWEVER, YOU WOULD LIKE TO REPLAY AN ALREADY COMPLETED MISSION, YOU MAY SWITCH TO "OLD MISSIONS" MODE.



WHAT FOLLOWS IS AN EXPLOSION *UNLIKE ANYONE HAS EVER SEEN*. THE PAIN FROM THE HEAT AND THE *BLINDING LIGHT* IS RIVALED ONLY BY THE *EAR SHATTERING* SOUND OF THE EXPLOSION. WITHIN *SECONDS*, THE EXPLOSIVE SOUND SUBSIDES. WITHIN *MINUTES*, IT IS REPLACED BY ANOTHER, A SOUND MORE FAMILIAR YET EQUALLY MENACING.



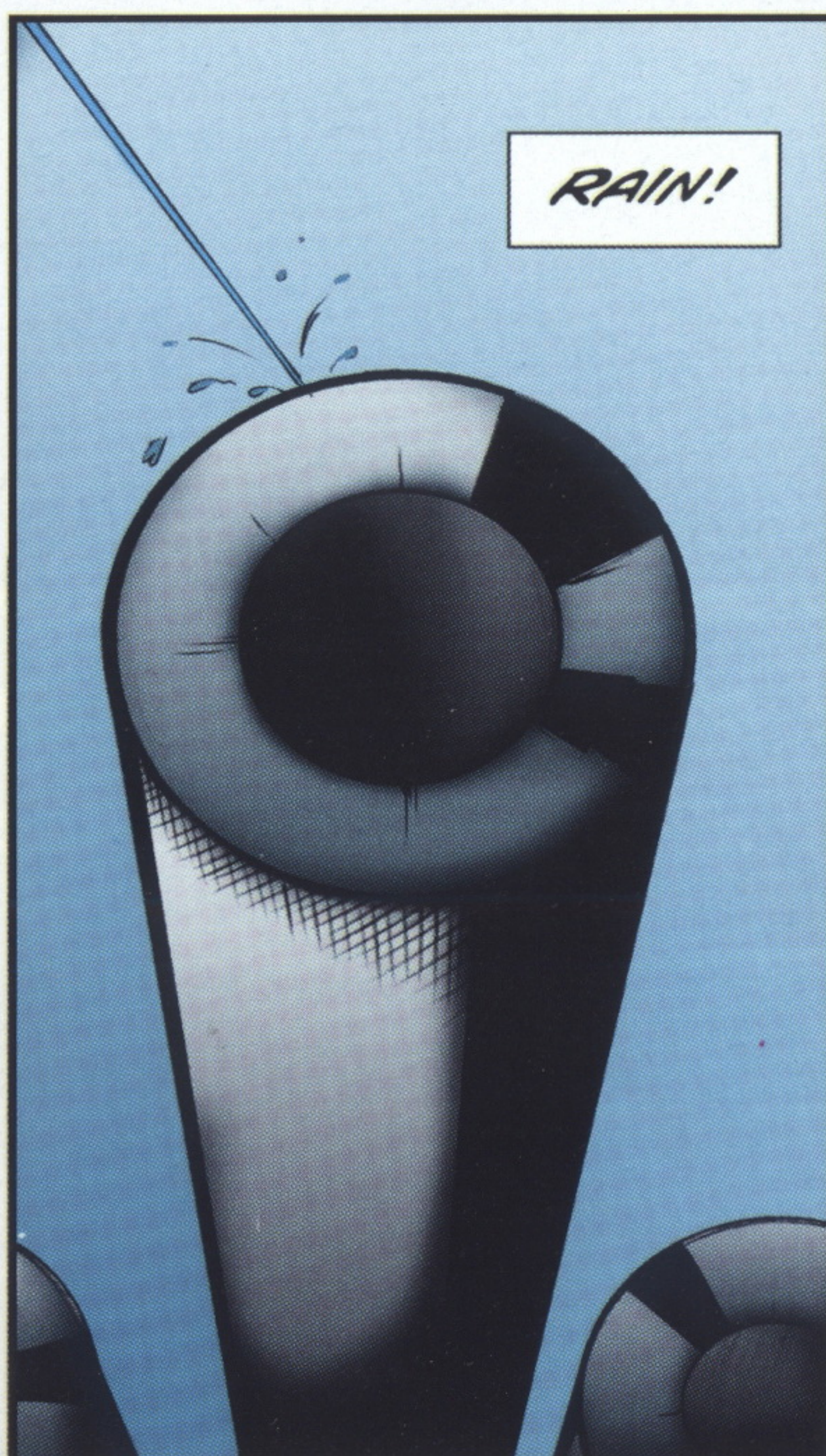
THE SOUND OF
THUNDER,

THE SOUND OF ...



LIGHTNING,

THE SOUND OF ...



RAIN!



THE SEVERITY OF THE STORM SURROUNDING THE SHIP CAUSES INSTANT *PANIC* AMONG THE MEN. ALL DISCIPLINE IS REPLACED BY *FEAR*.

ALL OBEDIENCE, REPLACED BY INSTINCT.



ON THE BRIDGE

SIR, REPORTS OF SEVERE WEATHER ARE COMING IN FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE. BUT GET THIS, WEATHER SATELLITES HAVE PINPOINTED *OUR* LOCATION TO BE THE BIRTH CENTER OF THE STORM. THIS IS NO FREAK STORM. SOMEHOW WE ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS!

NOT WE, LIEUTENANT.



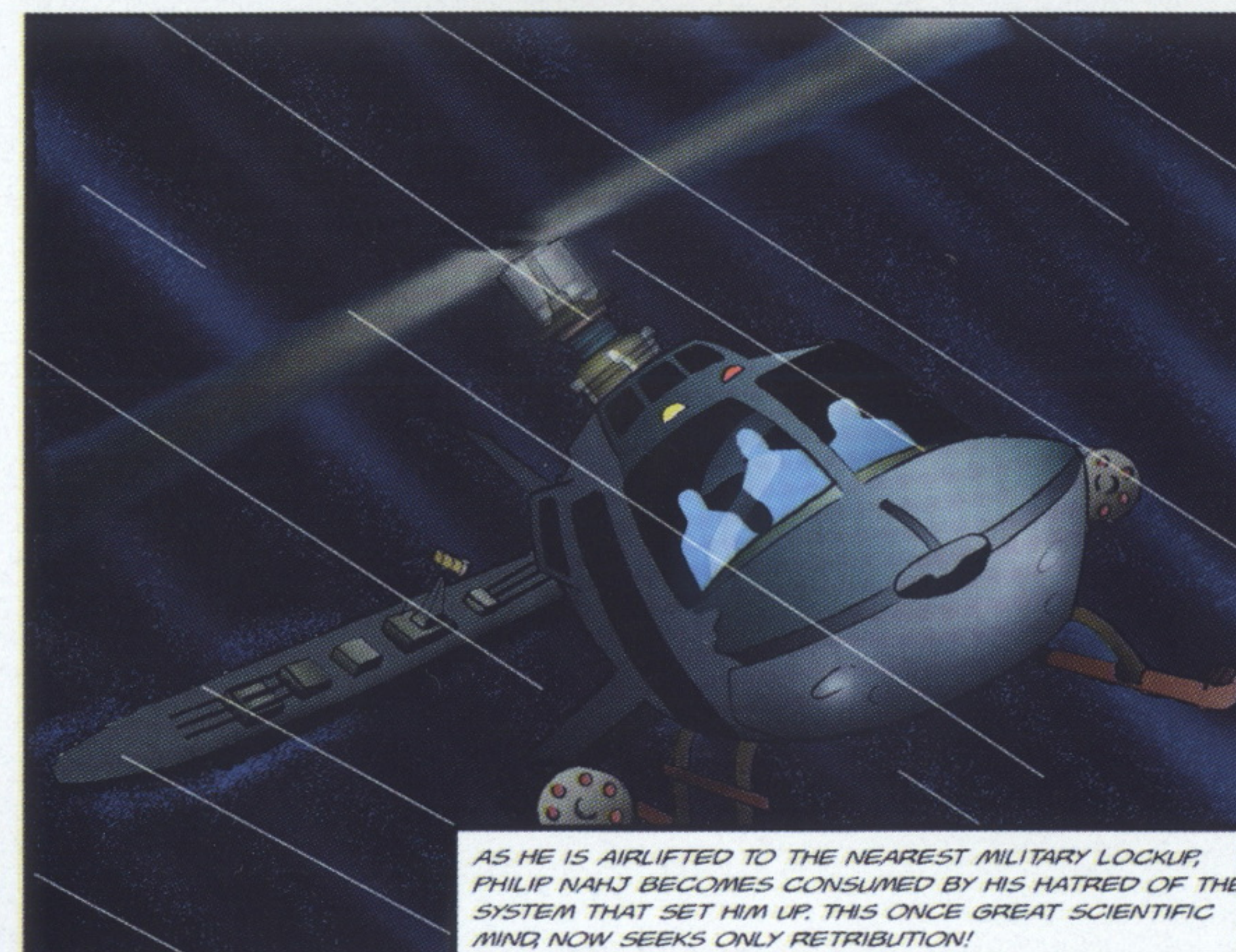
HIM!
ARREST THAT MAN, HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS.

NO!!
I WARNED YOU ABOUT THIS. I TOLD YOU THIS COULD HAPPEN BUT YOU DIDN'T LISTEN.



TAKE HIM AWAY, THAT'S AN ORDER!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS GENERAL, SOMEHOW I'LL GET EVEN. IF IT TAKES ME THE REST OF MY LIFE, I'LL GET EVEN.



AS HE IS AIRLIFTED TO THE NEAREST MILITARY LOCKUP, PHILIP NAHJ BECOMES CONSUMED BY HIS HATRED OF THE SYSTEM THAT SET HIM UP. THIS ONCE GREAT SCIENTIFIC MIND NOW SEEKS ONLY RETRIBUTION!



OH YES, I'LL GET EVEN.

AFTERMATH: EARTH, OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT.

THE EXPLOSION-INDUCED STORM *RAISED* ON FOR YEARS DESPITE THE EFFORTS TO STOP IT BY THE WORLD'S TOP SCIENTISTS. ONLY *PHILIP NANK*, THE MAN WHO CREATED THIS WEAPON OF *ULTIMATE DESTRUCTION* KNEW WHAT MADE IT TICK. AND HE WASN'T TALKING. HIS SILENCE BEING HIS SWORN REVENGE. EVENTUALLY, THE QUESTION OF HOW TO STOP THE STORM BECAME SECONDARY TO HOW TO SURVIVE IT.

HOW DO YOU SURVIVE AN ATTACK ON ALL FRONTS FROM MOTHER NATURE? *YOU DON'T*. AS IN ANY CRISIS SITUATION, ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVED. WITH THE NATURAL SHELTERS *DESTROYED* BY THE FLOODS, THE LOWEST CREATURES ON THE FOOD CHAIN WERE THE FIRST TO DIE. FOLLOWED SHORTLY BY HUMANS LACKING THE INTELLECT TO SAVE THEMSELVES.

THE STATISTICS WERE ALMOST *UNTHINKABLE*.
98% OF THE EARTH COVERED IN WATER. 98% OF ITS INHABITANTS, *DEAD*.

ONLY THOSE WITH THE *KEENEST* TECHNOLOGICAL MINDS MANAGED TO FIGHT OFF THE *FURY* OF THE STORM. THOSE FEW SCURRIED TO BUILD SMALL AQUATIC COLONIES CAPABLE OF SUSTAINING HUMAN LIFE UNDERWATER. ALL OF LIFE'S NECESSITIES, ONCE PROVIDED BY THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE, NOW HAD TO BE CREATED ARTIFICIALLY. *OXYGENATION PLANTS*, WATER-INDUCED *ENERGY PLANTS*, AND FOOD-PRODUCING FACILITIES BECAME STAPLES OF UNDERWATER HUMAN LIFE.

LIFE AS WE KNOW IT BECAME A *DISTANT* MEMORY. LIFE UNDERWATER BECAME A *BITTER* REALITY. STILL, IN SOME BIZARRE WAY, THESE PEOPLE WERE THE LUCKY ONES.

WITHIN TIME, EARTH WAS DISCOVERED BY TRAVELLERS FROM OTHER PLANETS, BOTH HUMANOID AND ALIEN. REPORTS OF A PLANET *COVERED* WITH WATER SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE GALAXIES. A PLANET WITH NO LAND WOULD BE OF LITTLE USE TO THOSE RACES THAT WISHED TO COLONIZE. BUT FOR THOSE WHO WANTED TO HIDE OUT, A MORE IDEAL PLACE DID NOT EXIST.

THE THIRD PLANET FROM THE SUN. ONCE A HAVEN FOR *RICH* RESOURCES AND *FLOURISHING* LIFE, HAD NOW BECOME KNOWN AS *WETLANDS*, A HIDEOUT FOR MURDEROUS CUTTHROATS AND ALIEN SCUM.

ALL OF THIS *CHAOS* OWED TO ONE MAN. A MAN WITH THE KNOWLEDGE TO *DESTROY* WORLDS. A KNOWLEDGE JUST WAITING TO BE RELEASED AGAIN.

ALPHA 16 PRISON: THE INTERGALACTIC LOCKUP FOR CRIMINALS FROM EVERY GALAXY. IF THEY'RE A DANGER TO SOCIETY, THEY'RE HERE. IT'S REPUTATION FOR KEEPING PRISONERS LOCKED UP IS RIVALED BY NONE OTHER. AND WHY NOT? IT'S THE ONLY LOCKUP IN ALL THE GALAXIES THAT HAS NEVER LOST A PRISONER. ALL THAT WILL CHANGE TONIGHT... FOR SOMETHING LURKS IN THE SHADOWS.

