EmuMovies

© 1990 MIRRORSOFT LTD. © 1990 The Bitmap Brothers. The computer program and its associated documentation and materials are protected by National and International Copyright Law. Storage in a retrieval system, reproduction, translation, copying, hiriag, lending, broadcasting and public performances are prohibited without the express written permision of Imageworks. All rights of the author and owner are reserved worldwide.

Mirrorsoft Limited, Irwin house, 118 Southwark Street, London SE1 OSW. Tel: (071) 928 1454

"GREAT ESCAPES" - WEEKEND BREAK PROMOTION

Watch out! Over the next 10 months Mirrorsoft will be including 15 of its forthcoming releases on Amiga, ST & PC in its exclusive "Great Escapes" promotion.

All 15 titles have a token attached to the back page of the manual. (like the one below)

Once 5 have been collected you receive your "Great Escapes" directory giving details of over 200 hotels in and around the UK, along with a voucher entitling you & a partner to two nights free accommodation (the prices of meals being clearly stated in the directory before you book).

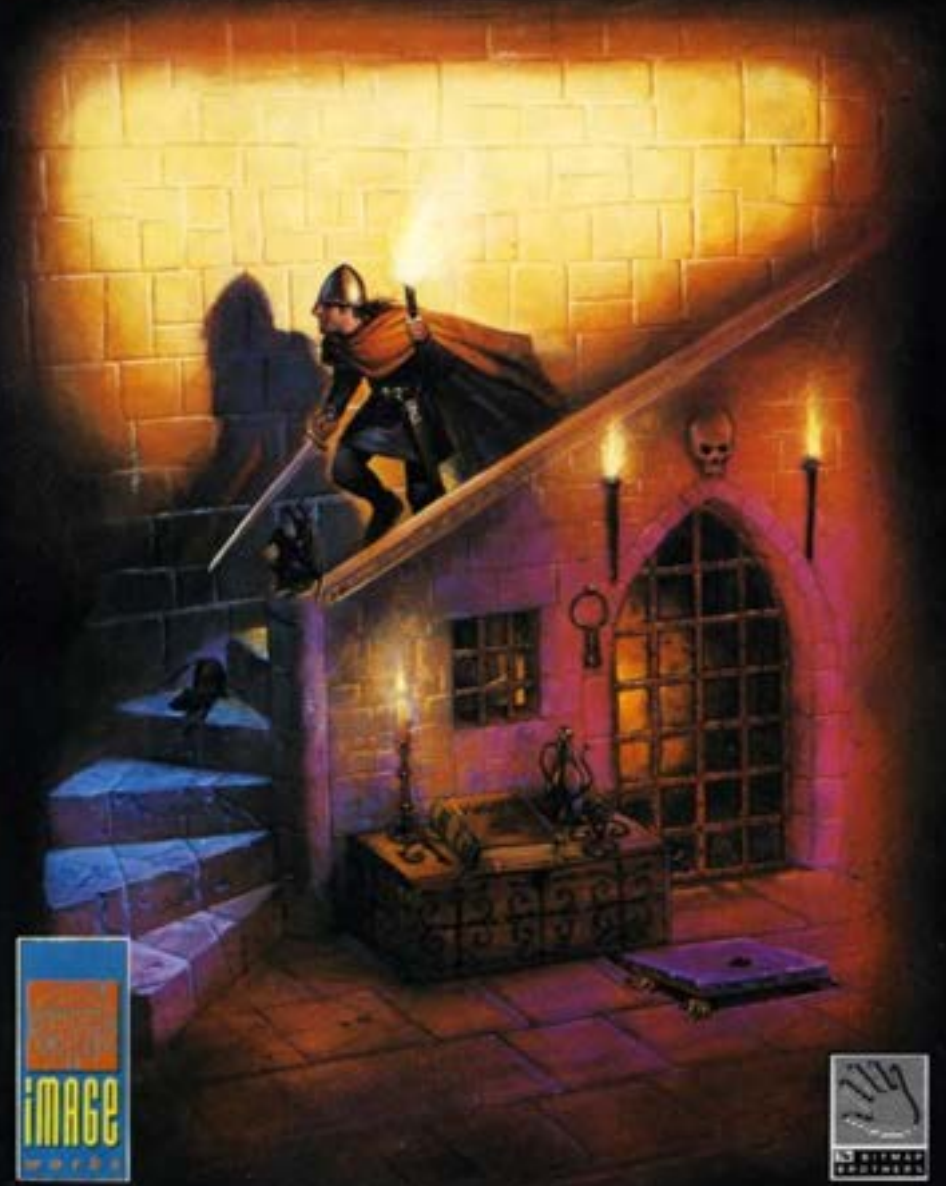
You then call our "Great Escapes" hotline and let us organize it all for you.

UK RESIDENTS ONLY

Please call 061 727 8363 to get your free directory and further details.



CadaveR™



Cadaver™

Manual by Gordon Houghton for Mirrorsoft

© 1990 Mirrorsoft Ltd.

© 1990 The Bitmap Brothers

The Music in this program was produced using Quartet by Microdeal

Manual written by The Word Factory

Manual designed by Khartomb Design Partnership





Chapter 13

The story so far:

In his last adventure our hero, Karadoc, defeated Bedwig the Giant in mortal combat after an epic struggle, suffering many grievous wounds. Even so, having already vanquished a clutch of terrible Dragons, having cut the dreaded Carbuncle into a hundred pieces, and having overcome a horde of eldritch Demons, his confidence was still high. The victory pay for all these missions was good, and he divided the next two months between resting and travelling.

Eventually he found his way to an unknown land, a place which hinted at former riches and power: this is where we find him. Inevitably, in his quest for somewhere to spend the remainder of his hard-earned cash, he chanced upon a run-down inn on the border of a vast, miasmal swamp. There he met with a gang of dwarves he hadn't seen for a decade: breaking his vow of sobriety, he quickly lost co-ordination and began to stagger. Was it Fate's hand that guided him towards the quartet of men debating earnestly at the corner table? Or was it simply one of those random events that determine our future?

Karadoc has never enjoyed the company of humans after a group of them abandoned him to the mercy of an Orc ambush many years ago, so he instinctively reached for his axe. Cursing his luck, he realised it had gone missing in the last few hours, forcing him to fall back on his wits. He smiled as best he could, composed himself and delivered a long speech detailing who he was, what he had achieved, and how much he charged for his services. When he'd finished, he noticed that his audience was smiling, as though they'd found the answer to a pressing problem...

"Right there," the man said. "Across that swamp."

Even though it was late morning and the light was good, I squinted (my eyesight has never been great since my brother Hengest and me had an eye-crossing competition when we were younger. My mother always said it would stay that way). I shook my head.
"Nothing."
I replied.
He looked angrily at me: the corners of his mouth tightened like a leather belt and his teeth

began to grind together like an old sheep chewing grass.

"Across the swamp,"

he insisted, like I was deaf.

"The ruin - Wulf and Carolus?"

I stared at him blankly.

"You must remember Dianos?"

It was one of those situations where one more vacant look on my part would have been rewarded with a knuckle surprise. Checking to see if he was armed - he wasn't - I feigned a strategic defence posture. He backed off.

"Let's get down to business."

I said, giving him a winning smile which failed to penetrate his spongey human skull.

"You're saying if I took a boat across that bog, roughly "

"- northwards, thirty miles - "

"- right. You're saying there's a ruined castle there and I can make money."

"You can keep whatever you find,"

he snapped, and looked even more annoyed. I waited for him to start foaming at the mouth but it didn't come.

"It's not that simple, though,"

he insisted.

"You've got to know who you're dealing with."

I shrugged. If someone wants to shell out the readies to do a hatchet job, why ask questions?

"Let's get it over with then,"

I offered. If I'd had my axe handy I'd have left him two toes for standing on, and gone for another jug and knees-up; but I was in a good mood.

"Spin me the yarn, beanpole."

He glowered: if looks could kill, I'd have been making the trip home in a basket.

"It's a long story, but I'll keep it short for you."

He emphasised the word 'short' and looked me up and down. Some people don't recognise how near they are to a fist in the face. I confined my annoyance to an exaggerated yawn to keep him fresh: if he got boring I could always cut his legs off.

He coughed, adopted a rhetorical posture, and began.

"It was many years ago now... A much better time, when all was good with the world."

I stared at him hard. One more wistful musing and my dinner would be heading for his shoes.

"This is the tale of Wulf and Carolus."

No fanfares came, and it wasn't hard for me to look unimpressed, so he simply continued.

"Upon the death of his father, Wulf III gained the crown of this land. On the night of his coronation he exiled his half-brother Carolus to secure the purity of the royal blood-line - and ruled for many years.

"It was not to last. Carolus grew into manhood and avowed to seize the throne as his. In his middle age he returned, disguised, to Wulf's castle, and plotted to overthrow our king. He enlisted the aid of Dianos - a despicable, vengeful creature who had thus far served Wulf as Chief Advisor - and persuaded the Captains of the Guard through bribery and threats to take his side."

I hate to say it, but I was beginning to like this tale. Cheating, vengeance, bitterness - a few gold coins and a bucket of blood and it would have made essential bedtime listening. The only part I didn't like was the storyteller, but he went on regardless:

"Carolus was appointed Ward Marshall, holding supreme responsibility for the castle's military organisation. Thus he was able to organise with ruthless efficiency the rebellion that would place him in power.

"Somehow Wulf got wind of the plot, and when the conspirators stormed his court one evening, his loyal personal bodyguard met the attack and a terrible struggle ensued. Three days of blood and anger spread through the castle like a disease: Wulf with his last few retainers fled to the higher floors of the castle, setting many traps behind him and unleashing his personal menagerie of hideous monsters to thwart the rebels.

"All was in vain. The Necromancer Dianos had anticipated the king and lurked in waiting on the upper floor of the castle. Using the unmentionable powers of the dead he destroyed the remaining bodyguard and left Wulf exposed to the mortal blows of Carolus, avenged at last."

Carolus sounded like the kind of man you wouldn't want with a knife in his hand when your back was turned - I liked him. But all good things must come to an end - which is why this story went on:

"But revenge was not sweet. With Wulf dead Carolus was placed on the throne, where he reigned for a year and a day in a castle that never saw peace - it was a time torn with dispute, with conflict.

Jealous Captains vied for power; bands of warriors forged and broke alliances in their quest for dominance.

"On the anniversary night of Carolus' victory a feast was held; but a great evil befell the celebrations. Without warning all the warriors were seized with madness and more blood was spilled. Like a flame devouring what it will, none cared whom they killed in their quest to quench an overwhelming urge to destroy. Carolus, sad Carolus, battled for his life but was trapped and fell under the sword of his own Captain.

"Daybreak brought calm, but it was a hellish peace. Only a few of the castle's occupants remained alive - myself amongst them. My companions and I fled in terror of the previous night. As far as we know only Dianos remains."

For a brief second I thought the story was finished, and I began to pick up my rucksack. Unfortunately, the teller was merely pausing for effect, his eyes wandering as he did so. He coughed again, and continued:

"Over the last two years Dianos has lived alone in the dark castle within this swamp. Ignorance has spawned rumour: some say the castle is still full of monsters, some say it is filled with Lord Carolus' treasure. All agree on one matter: Dianos is now the slave of his Necromantic art, an insane creature, possessed by evil. We have reason to believe he has been abducting people from surrounding villages to satisfy his black practices.

He paused again, and corrected himself.

"But we can't be sure, without further investigation; nor can we be certain that it was he who was responsible for the events of that dreadful night when Carolus died. All we know is that Dianos is a powerful magician, and a terrible opponent. You must not undertake your task lightly."

I shrugged again - giants, Necromancers, what's the difference? Up to this moment no figures had been mentioned, so I got straight to the point,

"And the payment?"

"As I said, some say the castle is filled with Carolus' treasure. This is no rumour: Carolus himself used enslaved dwarves to mine a large fortune in emeralds from below the castle, and there is more gold there than you will see again in your lifetime. Unravel the mystery, purify the castle, avenge us if you will - the treasure is yours to keep."

So, Carolus was a dwarf-basher? I might have guessed. At another time I would have kissed the man good-bye with a boot 'n' forehead sandwich - but he'd mentioned gold, he'd

mentioned emeralds; and he'd said they were mine for the taking. What was the catch?

In the time I had been thinking of these things he'd drawn a battered book from his leather bag, stained brown with old blood. He offered it to me:

"Take this,"

he said, smiling in a way I didn't enjoy.

"Study it wisely. It could prove the difference between a life of riches and an early death." I took it, and my human companion offered his farewell.

When he was gone, I opened the book to the first page. It read

'This is the journal of Anselm'.

I read no more: it was getting late, and I had a rowing boat to steal.

THE JOURNAL OF ANSELM (Extracts)

Third Day

Two days since I entered; two days without the sun. A long row across the black swamp, then I found a cavemouth at the base of the rock on which this ruin stands. It was a secret exit in Wulf's reign - he intended to use it in time of siege, though he couldn't have known about the enemy within the castle walls. There was too much peace until the last weeks; too much complacency. Like a tree heavy with fruit, we were ripe for shaking.

The cavemouth led to the old minings. The place is a labyrinth now, and sights I once took as familiar landmarks - corners of stone, an iron stain on a wall, a patch of wild fungus - are now alien to me. The mine reeks of death: I find bones and old clothes everywhere, of people I may have known a dozen years ago when Carolus was killed. Memory patterns fade.

Things change: even when the slaves were here the mine was alive, full of sounds and activity. It's too quiet now, too calm.

Fifth Day

Another new development. Yesterday I thought I heard sounds like a great forge bellows, like some gigantic animal crying to be set free; but I wasn't sure. Today I know that those sounds are real. At noon I was sitting by a still pool picking at scraps of food when the roar rose again, quite audibly - but it was muffled, and it must be some distance away. At its passing a half-felt breeze stole through the caves, warm and sweet.

Sixth Day

Is Dianos still here? I can find little evidence of his presence. Some of the old traps are still active, some of them Wulf's, others much newer and more devious. Many of the doors are now locked by mechanical and magical means, and I must continue to be vigilant if I'm to unlock this labyrinth's secrets. Sometimes there are clues hidden in old parchments left here after the conflict; sometimes a switch helps - there has been nothing so far that I couldn't solve after some minutes' thought.

But why so many traps and tricks at every turn? Is it a sick man's dying joke, or does someone still not want prying minds to penetrate the castle walls? I must persevere and not let the

atmosphere of this place fill my bones: the castle itself cannot be far away - just a few more twists and doors, a few more shadowed chambers. And when I reach it, what then?

There isn't much food left, although there appears to be a plentiful supply of ale - I drink too much of it! I have found too many dead rats: I was almost tempted to eat them at first, but they are gross, bloated things, many times natural size.

There are monsters here too, I am sure of it. Their tracks are everywhere: some I recognise as those of Wulf's own horde (or mutated species close in kind); others have crawled from the swamp and made this place their home and hunting ground. And then there are new ones, creatures I have never seen before, unnatural. I think I killed one this morning, but it scurried away, leaving only a foul-smelling bloody trail and half of one of its limbs. The struggle drained my strength; I don't know how much longer I can continue. If I am in dire need, there are plenty of old weapons still around, many of them in good condition.

Seventh Day

Some of these caverns lie below the waterline, and in the wet season (as now) are partially flooded. Last night I slept by a pool of water trapped underground, stagnant and too dark to fathom. I should have known better, but I was tired. It seemed like a few moments later when I was wakened from a terrible dream by waves lapping against my face. Long years of living as a fugitive have trained me to respond to danger with speed: I looked up to see a huge snake-like creature about to strike. My fingers were on the crossbow before I blinked; it was dead before I blinked again. It sank below the water with barely a ripple.

But at the point of despair I discovered salvation: hidden amongst the rocks by that same pool there were two potions still corked fresh in their flasks - perhaps left there by the dwarves? The faded script on one of them indicated that it would increase my stamina: I drank it and feel much refreshed. The other one has no label, and I cannot trust to taste it yet. There will come a time.

Ninth Day

This has been the most enlightening of all my days underground. I found a room that must have been an old guard-post in the past (though I can't recall it): it contained many useful finds. The emeralds and gold are worthless treasures - but there was armour there in the green and white colours of Lord Carolus; and a spell written on parchment. I cast it, and the words

of the spell faded; in their place was a vision of the underground labyrinth, mapped out in its entirety. Necromancy, to be sure - but invaluable. I am now more hopeful: there's nothing between me and the castle but a few traps set to catch the unwary. I will not be caught: now that I know the way ahead, I will travel more slowly, examine everything more carefully.

I felt the breeze once more, much closer now, and much warmer. I fear this may be a dragon's lair.

Tenth Day

Despair. I found a room I thought contained no trickery: in my eagerness I rushed across it, and stumbled. The floor opened beneath me, and in the fall I dropped the map. I had a potion whose label hinted that I would have great jumping ability; I drank, but the reward was not enough. After a few hours I managed to find my way out again anyway, but I now have no guide other than my confused memory. I see lines and doorways in my mind, but I cannot be sure they aren't imagination. How could I have been so stupid?

(evening)

There is much magic about this place: I can feel my fingers shiver when I touch certain objects or enter new caverns. But no magic can help me now: I am trapped in a corridor hewn from the stone, and the door at its end is impassable. I have tried for hours to find a way through - some hidden button, some gargoyle's tooth, a key, a gem, a spell to open it - but all to no avail. The only clue I have is the fungus, which grows everywhere in the caverns but here spreads at an incredible rate - it seems that each time I come back to the corridor there is more.

Eleventh Day

In a chest in a hidden cave there were more spells, more potions. I am now equipped with magic to combat the evil creatures around me: nothing dares stand against my fireballs, my power to freeze and harm. I can slow their movements, kill them, do what I like. It seems as if someone ripped up the Book of Magic and scattered its leaves in these caverns - it's just a pity the spells have a limited lifespan. The potions are the same: if I want to run like the wind, I am a mere mouthful away - but I must save what I have. I might need it for later.

Still no way through this door.

Thirteenth Day

(morning)

The harder I look, the more I find abandoned in this place. Am I being lured into a larger trap, something beyond these petty diversions? More potions to confuse me, to fill the holes in my mind where the map should be: I am convinced one of the flasks contains poison; another appears to protect me from attacks. My confidence is high, my strength good. If I could pass this corridor, everything would be simple.

Yesterday evening I came across another room I hadn't encountered before; on its walls there were runes and foreign script - a language I had never experienced. What can I do to understand it? Is it important?

No magic can unlock this door.

(afternoon)

I did it! Patience was its own reward: I kept coming back to have another look at the problem, and now the way is clear. I almost laughed when I passed through the rough archway: it was so simple! The puzzler's mind is twisted in ways I cannot begin to comprehend.

The warm wind is nearer now, and stronger. First there is the bellow (now frighteningly near) - a hollow roar from some pained creature. If it was the air and the echoes come to life in my mind, I would feel more at ease with this task; but I know that the sound comes from a living thing. I have a feeling I may have disturbed something which would rather be left undisturbed.

If I could find my way to the castle, I feel sure the task would make more sense. By now my companions will be thinking of sending a search party - none of us knew that it would be this hard. Hopefully by the time they arrive we can celebrate together.

(evening)

The noise grows louder, the air warmer. But I am prepared for anything Dianos may have set against me. A few more turns, a couple of rooms, and I will know.

HOW TO PLAY CADAVER

Cadaver is an isometric 3D arcade adventure, played using a joystick and keys. As Karadoc the dwarf, you explore the murky dungeons and eerie corridors of Castle Wulf, interacting with hundreds of objects, people, monsters and puzzles. The ultimate objective is to kill the necromancer, Dianos; but, as is the tradition with bounty hunters, what you find along the way is yours to keep.

THE MAIN SCREEN



A - Main playing area
B - Icon Panel
C - Health/Stamina Bar
D - Day
E - Object Indicator
F - Location

Most of the action in Cadaver takes place on this screen, which is divided into three areas:

- the main playing area which shows our hero in the current location, with its walls, doors, steps, decorations, objects, etc;
- the icon panel (the left status display), which either shows the icons (see ICONS), or displays the object you are holding (see OBJECT INTERACTION);
- other information (the right status display), which reveals your current health, the time (shown in days), the name of objects you make contact with, and the name of the current location.

CONTROLLING YOUR CHARACTER

Karadoc's basic skills include the ability to walk, jump, climb stairs and fight monsters; by pressing F4 you can toggle between moving in eight directions and moving in four, according to your personal preference. There are three major modes of controlling the dwarf and his actions: basic movement, interacting with objects via icons, and the rucksack.

BASIC MOVEMENT

When exploring a location, Karadoc's movement is controlled entirely with the joystick. Pressing the fire button when he is holding nothing allows him to jump.

While holding a weapon or spell the fire button fires/casts the item (providing it has some shots left). Pressing the 'H' key toggles a held object on and off, allowing the dwarf to jump without having to return a weapon or spell to the rucksack.

If any other object is being held it is thrown when you press the fire button (be careful not to accidentally throw items). The item held is displayed in a large window in the left hand status panel when no other action is being carried out.

OBJECT INTERACTION

As you explore Castle Wulf you come into contact with the walls, exits and various objects scattered around the rooms. Walls and floors may contain relevant decorative effects (or they may not - you'll have to experiment). Exits are the usual mode of travelling from room to room (though not the only way): they're generally either simple archways or unlocked doors. However, some doors may be locked, with magic, an obstruction or a simple mechanical lock: these can be opened with a key (most of which need to be inserted into a keyhole), an object, or a spell.

Every object has certain characteristics such as weight or a specific use: on touching an object, the left hand status display reveals a series of icons (see ICONS, below) which represent the actions that can be executed on that item (for example, searching it, or picking it up). The name of the object is displayed in the right hand panel.

ICONS

Objects are manipulated using the icons available: these vary according to the item (you can't drink a spell or cast a potion). The joystick cycles through the available icons and the fire button activates them.

At the beginning of the game, or at any time during it, you can customise the icon interaction according to taste, simply by pressing F3 or F2. F3 toggles between icons being displayed as soon as you touch an item or after pressing the fire button: F2 toggles between using the fire button or the ENTER key to bring up icons. Generally speaking, if you don't want to do anything with an object you encounter, simply walk away.

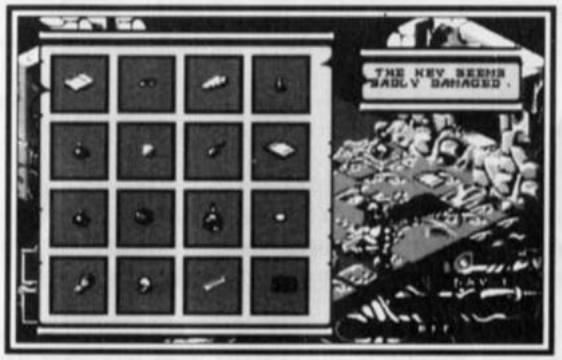
This is a full list of the icons in Cadaver - how you use them will determine your success in the game.

Icon	Name	Function
	Joystick	Returns your character to movement control
	Search	Provides information about an object: searching a spell, for example, reveals its name (if you're clever enough to know it), the number of charges remaining, and its power
	Take	Grabs an object and puts it in the rucksack
	Drop	Drops an object
	Drink	Allows you to drink from an object, such as water from a barrel; drinking a potion activates it

Icon	Name	Function
	Read	Allows you to read an object
	Hold	Allows you to hold an object or return it to the rucksack. Some items (such as weapons) need to be held before you can use them
	Cast Spell	Casts a spell on the item being touched
	Switch	Activates objects that behave like switches
	Press	Activates objects that behave like buttons
	Open	Opens and closes containers, such as chests or caskets. You won't always be able to do it straightaway!
	Insert	Karadoc is able to insert items into other items simply by touching them, entering the rucksack, choosing the object to be inserted and selecting this icon. Only the right item will be accepted
	Pull	Allows you to drag an item

Icon	Name	Function
	Eat	Karadoc may eat any food that he finds. Some food can be used to solve puzzles
	Give	When Karadoc touches certain objects or characters, he may be able to give that object/person an item (for example, feeding a dying man). This is done by touching the recipient, entering the rucksack, choosing the item to give and selecting the 'give' icon. However, if you give an item to something, it cannot be returned even if it was the wrong object - be careful!

THE RUCKSACK



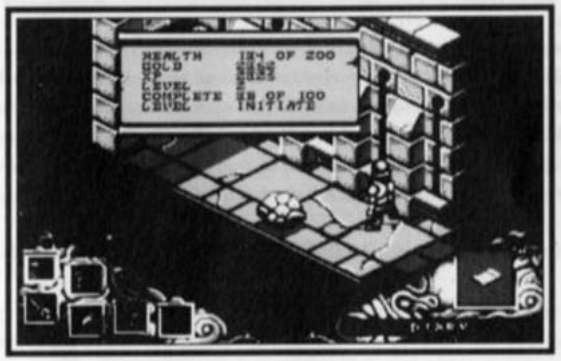
There are two ways of using the rucksack: you can either view individual items or take a look at the rucksack as a whole.

Pressing the SPACE BAR brings up a large window in the right hand status display, which shows the last item in your rucksack which you manipulated or picked up. You can cycle through the icons by moving the joystick. Pushing the highlight off the extreme left or right of the icon panel allows the player to cycle through the items in the rucksack, pressing fire selects the item and returns you to the icons. If you want to return to the small rucksack display again, move the joystick off the left or right hand side of the panel.

Pressing the RETURN key allows you to view the entire contents of your rucksack. Initially, you can hold up to a maximum of 32 objects, 16 of which are displayed on screen at once (you can scroll through them all using the joystick). As each object is highlighted, additional information is given. Pressing fire selects the item, and pressing RETURN a second time returns you to the 'small' rucksack display. Pressing the SPACE BAR a second time returns you to the game.

The ability to carry more objects is a distinct possibility the further you progress.

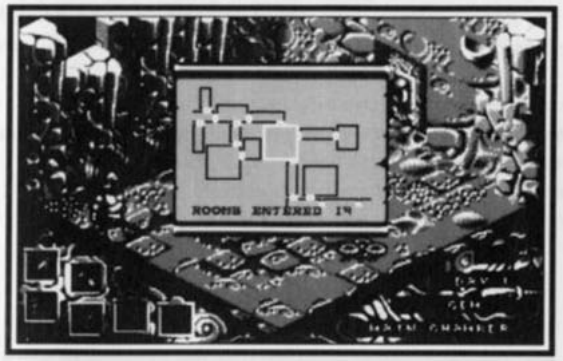
PERSONAL STATUS



The book located in the first room is your personal log book. It reveals the amount of gold you have collected, your current health, experience points gained and the percentage of rooms you have visited.

All the money you find (including bags of gold and some gems) is automatically added to your collection without cluttering up your rucksack - unless it's needed as part of a puzzle. Keys that are no longer needed are deleted from your inventory. Experience points are gained by solving puzzles and killing monsters.

THE MAP



A map of your adventure is automatically drawn as you explore the castle and its dungeons: to access it, simply press F1. It shows the room that you are currently in (box with light outline), and the rooms you have explored (boxes with darker outlines); however, it doesn't show any rooms that you haven't visited, or the doors leading to them. You can scroll around the map using the joystick, and zoom in/out of it by pressing the up/down cursor keys. If you want to centre the map display, just press CLR/HOME (ST) or DEL (Amiga).

If you can find it, there is a more comprehensive way of mapping the levels later in the game.

SPELLS AND POTIONS

Spells are cast with the aid of a variety of items, such as parchment scrolls, wands, runic stones and orbs. They fall into three main categories:

• Spells which fire a shot (eg, magic missile, unlock door) • Room spells, which affect either the whole level (eg, freeze), or just the current room • Object spells (eg, unlock chest, bless weapon)

The first two categories are cast by holding the spell and pressing the fire button. The object spells are cast by touching the object on which the spell is to be cast, then entering the rucksack and selecting the spell you want to use. A Cast Spell icon then appears (see ICONS) which, when activated, casts the spell.

Potions can be found throughout the game and provide a wide variety of effects, not all of which are positive. Most potions and spells are briefly labelled, but some have no identification tag whatsoever: experimentation establishes the function and name. Alternatively, there are two spells which reveal unknown information: Read Magic allows you to use an unknown spell, and tells you its true name and function; Learn Potion allows you to discern the nature of a potion if its name is unknown (though you can still drink the potion and find out for yourself). The Read Language spell translates foreign scripts: it's used for learning information written in runes of another tongue.

SAVING AND LOADING

Saving and loading your position in Cadaver is controlled by pressing the "S" and "L" keys. Saving your position costs gold: the higher the level, the greater the charge. Loading is free.

You can have a maximum of 10 saved positions, numbered from 0-9. When you press the "S" key you are told the price of the save and asked if you wish to pay, Pressing "Y" deducts this value from your current cash and you are asked to press a number from 0-9 on the numeric keypad: this stores all the data about your game up to that moment. When the "L" key is pressed the player chooses the number of the saved game, again from 0-9 on the numeric keypad.

You must insert a blank disk into the drive in order to save and load the information: this disk is specially formatted, and must only be used for storing Cadaver saved positions.

JOYSTICK

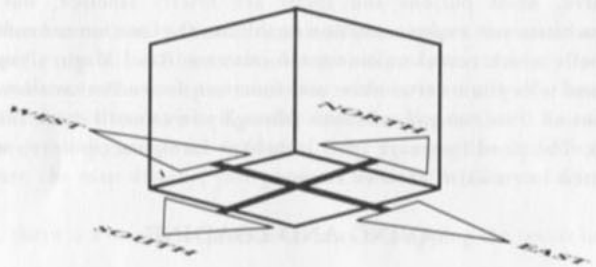
North: Cycle through items in rucksack / Scroll map up

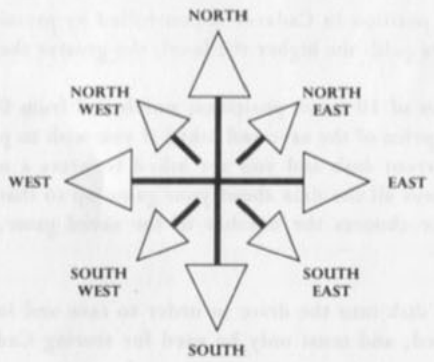
South: Cycle through items in rucksack / Scroll map down

East: Cycle through icons / Scroll map right

West: Cycle through icons / Scroll map left

Fire: Jump / Cast spell / Use weapon / Throw object





Cadaver

KEYBOARD

RETURN	Displays the whole rucksack. When pressed a second time, it returns you to the small rucksack display.
SPACE BAR	Displays a single item from the rucksack When pressed a second time, it returns you to the main game.
UP/DOWN CURSOR KEYS	Zoom In/Out of the map
CLR/HOME	Centre the map display (ST)
DEL	Centre the map display (Amiga)
S	Save the game position (only available if you have enough money)
L	Load a saved game position
H	Toggles a held object on and off
P	Toggles Pause/unpause
C	Clear all game messages from screen
F1	Map
F2	Toggles between using fire or ENTER to access icons
F3	Toggles between icon displayed as soon as you make contact with object, or after first pressing the fire button
F4	Toggles between moving in 8 directions or moving in 4 directions
0-9 (numeric)	Save/load a game after the appropriate key has been pressed

ImageWorks are constantly seeking game designers, artists, programmers and writers. If you think your skills are equal to the demands of Britain's leading 16-bit software company, contact Graeme Boxall on: 071 - 928 1454

© 1990 MIRRORSOFT Ltd
© 1990 The Bitmap Brothers