



Now the silence broke into distant sounds of angry growling. Whatever inhabited this place had obviously picked up his scent.

The ledge that he was on appeared to be deserted so he advanced slowly. Without warning there was a sizzling sound behind him. Instinctively the warrior jumped and felt his feet singe as a white hot fireball shot beneath him to explode violently against the cavern wall. So, his former masters were aware of his presence, and realised his intent. He would have to be twice as alert now. They would use every means in their power to stop him.

Ahead of him now he could make out a rough wooden ladder staked into the side of the ledge. Cat-like he swung himself onto it and began his descent, dropping silently the rest of the way when he saw another ledge beneath him. No sooner had his feet hit the ground than a scaled abomination rushed forward, jaws grinding ferociously. The warrior turned calmly and despatched it with a single blow.

And so the ordeal went on as he worked his way deeper into the cavern. Creatures the like of which he had never seen beset him at every step, but each was destroyed with determination as the warrior remembered his promise to himself to continue until every last one was dead.

He had just dropped onto another ledge when he caught a glimpse of something shining in the distance. Moving closer his keen vision made out a key sitting on a shelf on the other side of a broad chasm. He started to move swiftly towards it when he was halted by an almighty roar. Suddenly he was confronted by a huge beast-like guard. His opponent took a short moment to size him up and then made a bellowing charge, swinging his double-headed battle axe at the warrior's head. Without



losing a moment the warrior sidestepped the blow and slammed his fist into the guard's throat. There was a sickening crunch as the neck snapped, and the warrior stepped back quickly as the huge body tumbled forward over the ledge.

There was no moment for recovery before another hulking figure was rushing headlong at him. But this time the warrior was ready and his flying kick sent the guard plummeting backward to join his fellow. Now a clear way lay ahead of him to the key. He sprinted along the remainder of the ledge and just as the edge of the abyss met him he leapt forward, hands reaching out to grasp the edge of the shelf.

He made it in a shower of dirt and stones, and caught his breath as he hung swinging above a seemingly bottomless chasm. He could feel his sweaty hands begin to lose their grip. If he let go now he would almost certainly die. If he made it onto the shelf, who knew where the key might lead him? Now the warrior's true destiny would be decided...





Drawing in breath sharply, he flexed his hardened muscles, became aware of the blood rushing through his arteries, the double-hearts pounding furiously in his chest. The warrior knew that his power and speed were all that ensured his survival. The day that he became weak, the hour that he became slow, would be his last.

Setting off at a run he headed towards the trees, stirring up a trail of grey dust behind him. To have remained on the plain while the sun was high would have been fatal, but the shade of the trees most likely concealed a darker fate. As the warrior reached the first growths his instincts told him that he was unlikely to be alone for long. His eyes darted from side to side watching for the tiniest movement that would betray a predator.

When it came it did so with speed, rushing at him full on, its black wings crashing through the foliage, and from its blood-filled mouth came a piercing scream as it sighted its kill. The warrior had barely enough time to crouch as the creature flew at his head. Turning swiftly he brought his bone-covered fist up hard into the creature's soft underbelly. Now it screamed in pain, spinning in mid-air and crashing down between the gnarled roots of a tree.

But the warrior ignored the body. Behind him had come another screech, too close this time. As he turned and dived for cover another winged demon flew at him, claws extended for the kill. The warrior struck out again but the creature was too quick and he felt its talons tearing into his abdomen as he rolled away into the undergrowth. He lay there panting, momentarily dazed. He could feel a warm wetness across his side and stomach, and with it a sharpening pain. But he concentrated on ignoring it. The wound would congeal soon enough, and if he stayed any longer he would lose far more than a little blood.

He stood slowly, fighting the waves of pain that passed through him, feeling his hearts

CONTROLLING THE WARRIOR

Use the joystick to control the warrior's movements:

**JUMP/UP
(USE EXIT)**

MOVE LEFT

MOVE RIGHT

CROUCH/DOWN

Press the fire button to PUNCH, or KICK (while jumping). If you have a weapon in your possession, pressing fire will fire the weapon rather than punching or kicking.

Moving the joystick up or down will normally cause the warrior to jump or crouch. If, however, you are standing on or against a ladder moving the joystick up or down will cause the warrior to ascend or descend.

There are exits between areas. If an exit is facing you, simply walk into it to use it. If an exit is to one side of you, stand next to it, and then push the joystick up to use it.

It is also wise to watch your step. The warrior can survive short falls, but stepping into a pit or off a high ledge will prove fatal.

Pressing **P** at any stage will pause the game. Fire the joystick to restart. Pressing the Escape key will restart the game from any point.

Do not hope for good luck. Your survival will depend on your skill and ingenuity alone.

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In Search

In the grounds of Necropolis all was silent and still. The moon, low and large on the horizon, threw long dark shadows into the corners and a cool blue light across the stony ground, disguising the blood-red stains on the sacrificial stone. Not a single creature stirred to disrupt the tranquility, not a leaf moved on the nearby trees. There was not a trace of life in that sinister place but for a single point of light glinting against the age-worn face of a statue.

Up there in the huge arms of the deity's image sat a lone creature. In its powerful hand it clutched a Globe of Seeing which it moved slowly from side to side examining its reflected features. As it did so it recalled the events of that day: the frightened humans being herded into the central courtyard; the pathetic pleas for help as they were dragged one by one to the sacrificial stone; the final air-rending screams as the knife came down

anything down. To get the speed we wanted we had to use tricky and little-used techniques like attaching and multiplexing sprites several times during each screen update.

A key feature of the game is the haunting music by David Whittaker. He wrote no less than six major pieces (each with its own sub-themes) to fit the changing scenes in the game. The instruments used in the music were generated with a Korg M1 synthesiser and then sampled at over 20 kilohertz, which gives the music a higher quality than is normally found in computer games.

We've really enjoyed creating **SHADOW OF THE BEAST** and we hope you like it - you should find it quite difficult to complete so enjoy the challenge!

A little bit more about us...

We both began degrees in Computer Science, but left after a few months to start writing games professionally. Now we work from our homes in Newcastle. Programming tends to be very time consuming and leaves us little time for anything else. (Note: Martin does have a strong interest in cars however - especially those of the fast, red, Italian variety - and as for Paul, his other major interest is money!)

Now that **SHADOW OF THE BEAST** is finished we are working on another Psygnosis game. We can't give too much away at the moment. But we will say that it features a totally new scrolling technique unlike anything ever seen, and once again this will run at arcade speed. Keep your eyes peeled. Sadly, that next game may be our last for the ST and Amiga. Unless attitudes to piracy on the Amiga and ST change we may ignore these machines entirely in favour of writing for consoles, which do not suffer from software piracy. No programmers can afford to spend nine or ten months full-time work on a game only to have it stolen. Writing for consoles is already a very tempting prospect for us, and piracy may well be the final nail in the coffin for the ST and Amiga.

THE GAME

Many years ago, on a moonless night, a small child was stolen away from its unsuspecting parents. Its mysterious abductors carried it far across the land to the mighty temple Necropolis. There the child was accepted by the mages of darkness, warrior priests of the Beast Lord.

Deep below the temple the child was escorted, passing through a labyrinth of rooms and passages to the Chambers of Creation. There the evil mages worked their dark arts creating strange creatures, plants and traps to guard the Beast's stronghold. For the child they had a special purpose, but first came years of preparation. Secret potions concocted from the blood of rare creatures slowly transformed his appearance - turning him from a human into a strange creature of incredible power, agility and strength. Deep hypnosis caused him to erase memories of his past life completely and become the warrior messenger of the Beast.



Many years passed in his service to the temple as he grew to maturity. Then one day he discovered an awful secret - the horrible truth about his past... a truth that now leads him on a trail of total and bloody revenge against his masters.

You were that child. Now the time has come to enter the **Shadow of the Beast!**

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