angel devoid

FACE OF THE ENEMY



USER'S GUIDE

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1. paradise lost

Ahhh, Paradise. Miles and miles of emerald and ivory and aquamarine. Lush tropical palms swaying in a pure, sweet breeze as titanic puffs of cumulus cast lazy shadows across the diamond-flecked strand. Roiling surf, more impossibly blue than the sky it reflects, meeting the sand and bursting with a sudden inspiration to imitate the clouds above as well. And I, who lies listing to and fro in a hammock slung between two coconut trees, catching the fruit as it falls, tasting the sweet white meat, then drinking deep the nectar-like milk within. I, the King Of The World, whose only unfulfilled desire is for someone to share it with...

Ahhh, Becky. Hair like fire and eyes of jade, her voice rises from the gentle murmur of the surf, crescendos musically with, "would you like anything, Cheri?" then falls again to silence. Come to think of it, the coconuts are beginning to bore me...

Ahhh, Cindra. Skin darker than her flowing, flaxen hair, her topaz cat's eyes meet mine unabashedly. She offers me a new concoction: a crystal snifter brimming with fruit, ice, and colorful toys of poppy and paper, bamboo and wood. I smell something stronger within, something afire with the promise of intoxication, but I know not what. She raises it to my lips, upstaging the sun like an eclipse, save that her incandescent smile is much brighter, her brilliant eyes wondrously blinding.

Ahhh, P'da. Dark and smoldering, her sculpted raven



hair is undaunted by the gentle breeze. She stands...hey, wait a minute... She's not wearing a bikini...why, she's in street clothes! Isn't she warm in that get up? Get up...hey, I know this woman...

"Get up. Jake, it's time to get up." She pulses white-flash to clear the dream from my eyes, her familiar voice ousting the rumor of my imagined sea. She's my Personal Digital Assistant, a virtual secretary whose desk is 20 nans thick and lies just behind my left eye. I can't be too angry with her. I'm the one who left the wakeup call.

My PDA reads my mind whenever I think or speak. If she were real I'd have married her by now. Unfortunately, she's only an image generated by my NeRD, or Neural Retinal Display. The NeRD is wetware, a nanocomputer that reads brainwaves and sensory stimulus. It processes information and projects the organized data directly onto my retina. It's kind of a "Heads Up Display," complete with full stereo sound.

A clumsy roll off the rack and I'm up, wobbling on unsteady legs. I snap on the lights.

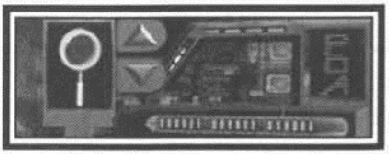
Home, Sweet Hovel. More cell than apartment, the windowless room is awash with the flotsam of my shipwreck life. But there are no palm trees or coconuts on this deserted isle.

Well, like the man said...a mediocre day begins with a single, ill-advised step...



game screen with all components labeled

Angel Devoid is a "Graphical Adventure" in which you play the main character. You see what he sees (in the Viewing Area), and make choices for him using the Interface Panel at the bottom of the screen. The Interface Panel contains informational displays, Mode Buttons, that help you to interact with your environment.



info mode

The Mode Window displays the current cursor mode. When the Mode Window displays a magnifying glass, the cursor is in Info Mode; when the Mode Window contains a computer map, the cursor is in Navigational Mode. In either mode, the cursor normally appears as a swirling circle until



you drag it over a "Hot Spot". If the Hot Spot is an object that Jake can interact with, the cursor will change to zooming crosshairs. In certain situations, clicking the left mouse button will pick up an object, placing it in your Inventory.* In Info Mode, other objects may also be investigated or you cannot "take" such objects, but if you click on them, your PDA will give you important information .

In Navigation Mode, some Hot Spots will appear as arrows.*Left-clicking such an arrow will send you in that direction, or open a container if applicable.

If you place the cursor over one of the Mode Buttons (the up and down arrows next to the Mode Window) and *left-click, the cursor mode will toggle between Info Mode and Navigational Mode.

The Action Window is a special informational display that sometimes contains objects that make things happen when you *left-click on them. These "Icons" vary depending on the situation.

Sometimes information other than "what you see" will appear in the Viewing Area, such as 3D object displays or your Personal Digital Assistant. If you decide not to view such a display, simply *click the left mouse button, and the image will go away.

* *Single click for Macintosh.*

2. requiem for a flatfoot

My name's Hard. Jake Hard. At least that's what my badge says. In case your EEG's a little low on peaks and valleys, I'll spell it out for you...I'm a cop. I work for the Paradise City Police Department. Sure PC's a great place to work...better than Neo-City, with its street violence and vice-laden underworld...but it's no vacation. We lose a dozen cops and countless civilians every year to white-collar criminals who turn violent when they get cornered.

There are some survivors, like Lorraine Ruger. She took it in the head, just like I did. Lost her eyes. The doctors grew her new ones which look nice (pardon the pun), but don't work. Those medical geniuses never could figure out why. They knocked her off the force. She loved the force.

She always packed illegal heat...the big class 5 stuff that even us cops aren't supposed to use. She was a shooter, like me. She understood that the quicker you get it over with, the fewer your losses in the end. Last time I checked, there was an average of 1.3 civilian casualties for every minute of confrontation between cops and violent perpetrators. And no one was quicker at resolving violent confrontations than "Dead Aim" Lorraine.

Since her recovery, she's become a mercenary. With her top-of-the-line extrasensory wetware, she's still the deadliest shot I know of. I hear she only takes "ethical" cases, though they're not always legal. Even so, I don't consider her to be a cop gone bad. For one thing, she's not a cop anymore.



For another, she's not all that bad.

Me, I took shrapnel damage to my brain, specifically the part that maintains long-term memories. By the time I got out of the hospital, I'd forgotten most of the memories I'd had when I went in. I don't remember my childhood. I don't remember what my mother looked like. I don't know if I ever had a dog. Oddly enough, I didn't forget a single thing about being a cop. I do have a few tantalizing wisps of memory, but they're fuzzy, far-off images, like bad reception of Holo footage of somebody else's past. If it weren't for the upload of data from my original NeRD, I'd have probably lost even that.

I check my gat...a standard police issue plasma pistol, but it does the trick...and hit the battery "test" button. The meter groans past "Pistols At Dawn" all the way to "O.K. Corral"...almost 500 shots. I holster it, along with a couple of spare batteries, just in case. You never know when you're gonna find yourself holed up in the horse stable with Black Bart n' his gang closin' in...

I have a seat in the kitchen nook, pondering breakfast. I pop the Dinner Entree chip out of the AutoChef and search for the breakfast chip. I find it in the candy dish, under some gum wrappers and...my badge. So that's where I left it...

My food supply comes up on the display, with the breakfast-y stuff already highlighted: kiwi/papaya juice, butter, eggs, milk (expiration date: late Triassic period), onions, jalepeño salsa (picante grande...MUY CALIENTE!), cottage cheese, and Tabasco. I deselect the cottage cheese...too heavy for breakfast...and add meat...some



pepperoni that I picked off of a pizza I found under the sofa while searching for an aspirin that had rolled there a week before. Hey, it was one of those nights, you know?

Anyway, I tell the AutoChef to "surprise me," then fire up the JavaTron 260...it's a coffee maker they made back when my Pappy was in diapers; I picked mine up at a confiscation auction a few years back. I have it brew me a cup of black espresso. Just cause it's that kind of morning, I tweak the Caff-O-Meter up to 11 (a special modification that I made myself). What comes out looks like it should be running down the side of a stack of pancakes...

A few minutes later, robot armatures begin pushing beverages at me. The coffee cup edges out a glass of juice in a photo-finish at the edge of the counter, then spits onto my trousers like a nauseous tri-athlete. The juice is hot, the coffee's not...actually, they're both room-temperature. The AutoChef shoves a bowl of steaming gruel my way. I was expecting something more along the lines of an omelette. Guess I should have been more specific.

I decide to peruse the morning Police Report over my alleged breakfast. I pop the bar-coded end of my badge into my Police Scanner. The screen comes to life, displaying sections on rap sheets, outstanding warrants, the night shift's collars, and so on. I browse last evening's "WANT" ads. Looks like the usual boring stuff. Hey, wait a minute...

"Martika Rosovitch #12, a.k.a. Magda Rosen; 5'3", 120 lbs., reddish-brown hair w/ grey eyes; no distinguishing marks. For acts of international terrorism, including the crimes of her progenitor under the DNA Statute's Clone



Accountability Subsection. Seen in the Paradise City area. THIS INDIVIDUAL IS OF MAXIMUM THREAT TO THE COMMUNITY; DO NOT ATTEMPT APPREHENSION; AFTER I-NET I.D. VERIFICATION, DISPATCH SUSPECT ON-SITE; CIVILIAN SAFETY IS OF SECONDARY CONSIDERATION."

Whoa! Now we're getting somewhere! Miss Rosovitch #12 warrants a little explanation.

Before today's tissue regeneration techniques, doctors were frustrated by the tendency of donated organs and limbs to be "rejected" by the immune systems of their patients. To eliminate this possibility, they used cloning to create brainless duplicates of their patients and used them as a source for "perfect" replacement parts. Since the DNA and tissues of a clone and it's "progenitor", as the lawyers call them, are almost identical, there's almost no chance of rejection.

However, the Supreme Court quickly outlawed this technique citing its "cruelty". So things got weirder. The black market swelled with shady geneticists who would breed illegal clones for a price. The worst of these would take a short cut breeding real, conscious duplicates, ransacking them for parts, and "euthanising" the remains. Needles to say, the legal community was even less sympathetic to this practice. But the benefits and profitability of legitimate Genetic Medicine assured that it would never be outlawed entirely.

That era was ripe with genetic crimes. Men who bred "loyal" armies of duplicates. The woman who genetically altered her clones to look different from herself and used



them as moles to infiltrate top government offices and industry-leading corporations. Even the maniac chess champion who copied himself because no one else in the world could give him a decent game.

Then the DNA Laws were passed. All genetic facilities and equipment became carefully regulated. Now geneticists are watched like parolees, especially if they leave the business. Cloning is illegal, and genetic alteration limited almost entirely to the direct treatment of injury and disease. Cosmetic modifications, enhancements, and all practice of the genetic manipulation of humans are strictly prohibited.

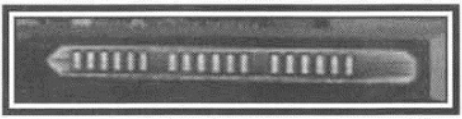
Miss Rosovitch #12 is such a clone. Her progenitor, the original Martika Rosovitch, was an international terrorist of the purist doctrine. She bred 15 "sisters" and put them into hibernation to assure her place in myth and legend. When she was "killed", the first of her clones surfaced immediately and committed a highly publicized act of terrorism. Rumors of Martika's "immortality" spread like wildfire.

Each time the good guys kill one of her clones, another one surfaces. We know there to be a total of 15, and we've already "incarcerated" 11. It's not that difficult, since, under the DNA Laws, a clone that willingly carries out the criminal machinations of its progenitor is considered the "same" person, legally speaking, and can be held responsible for all of the crimes...

Oh, heck. A "CASE CLOSED" stamp has just appeared across her notice. Officer Marty Lane, a big, beef-eating flatfoot from Canada, seems to have "apprehended" Miss Rosovitch #12. And I thought today might turn out to

be some fun after all...

Funny...just got a bad feeling about the wanted list. I trust my gut and shut down the machine. I'm going to be late for my shift anyhow, if I don't get moving. Thanks to the coffee, I'm feeling revved up and ready for action. Gotta be in peak shape to face the bad guys. If you're sluggish, you wind up hurt...or worse. I dump the rest of my ill repast into the garbage disposal.



life meter

The Life Meter is broken into thirds. While most injuries in the Angel Devoid game are fatal, some are minor and will only result in a one-third loss of health. Taking three such hits will kill you. Be careful, and save your strength! There's no way to regain health once you've lost it, since rest is unthinkable in the situation you're in!

3. hickory dickory die

The press called it an accident. I personally don't think that bombings qualify as "accidents". The Chief having the day off, that was certainly no accident.

I went into his office for something. A donut, a girlie magazine, a couple of spare clips. You know...cop stuff. And there it was, right under his chair: a big bladder of DemoGel wrapped in electronics and wiring. I had the building evacuated and called in the Bomb Squad. Then things got stupid.

The BombBot goes in, nice and easy. Two minutes later, it comes out without the bomb and says, "the device has now been activated." Then it goes haywire and starts firing DetCaps into the Squad members' legs. Pretty soon it's just me, six crippled Tweakers, and a nutcase robot blocking the only exit.

Suddenly it hits me. The BombBot seems fixated on its colleagues, but it's ignoring me. So I risk it and sneak into the Chief's office. The BombBot could care less.

Sure enough, the bomb is ticking. Problem is, I've got two minutes, a half-dozen casualties in the next room with no way out, and a Ph.D. in Not Knowing Electronics. I figure "what the heck...if I fiddle with it and it goes off, no extra loss; if not, I've still got time to make lunch."

They figured out later that it was a "hero" charge, a kind of bomb that only goes off if you mess with it. Any of



the Tweakers would have recognized it on sight. If I'd minded my own business, everything would have been fine. But what did I know? "Cut the blue wire," somebody yelled. I cut the red one. I'm funny like that.

Lights out. Six dead Tweakers, four floors of destruction, and me. Only reason I made it is that I got blasted through the Chief's nice office window. At least that damn BombBot ate it...

Now I'd love to tell you that I came to with some beautiful blonde nurse fussing over me, but I'm not that lucky. I awoke in the morgue, just a few minutes before my post-mortem examination. That's the one where the doctor turns your head for you, and you aren't expected to cough. You should have seen the look on the coroner's face. The freakin' AutoSurgeon saw me moving around, and tried to give me anesthesia...for an autopsy! Can you beat that?

The Chief Surgeon...Dr. Silvanus, I think his name was...called it a miracle. They'd just fixed most of the damage to my face, arms, and hands, and were cleaning out my left eye socket to receive a cloned implant when they found the deeper damage. After running some additional tests, they discovered that a tiny piece of office chair had lodged itself in the back wall of my skull. It didn't do much damage on the way through, but it did enough. They were trying to stop the hemorrhaging in my brain when I "flatlined". Silvanus called it a rare case of "neuro-traumatic shock," a deep coma that most people never recover from. He said it was a miracle that I came back at all, let alone in time to miss my funeral.

But hey, it was a weird night for the whole hospital. Their computer went down and did a core-dump of all the entire month's MedFiles. A psychiatric patient wandered out of a fire exit that was left open and went riding around on a gurney in the parking lot. And, in addition to my resurrection, my damaged NeRD disappeared for six hours, then turned up in the cafeteria in a bucket of rice pudding. And I thought only cops had those kind of days.

Anyway, I recovered quickly. The City did right by me and replaced my standard police-issue NeRD with an advanced model, complete with a disability package to assist me with memory maintenance. I didn't get a medal, though. They don't give medals for bravery anymore. Only for being right. OK, next time I'll cut the blue wire...

I shuffle into the bathroom. Small as it is, I bounce off the walls like a pinball racking up a new High Score. At this time of the morning, it's a little hard to get around.



Movement cursor in viewing area

To move in Angel Devoid, first make sure that the cursor is in "Navigational" mode. Then, drag it around the Viewing Area until you find a "Hot Spot," which will appear as an arrow. If that spot is a small passage or enclosed area

such as a human-sized container, tunnel, or closet, the arrow will have a small square box around it to indicate a place that you can enter, or open and look into. Either way, when you find the Hot Spot that corresponds to the place you wish to go, simply *left-click and you're on your way. And keep in mind, there may be ladders, or special passages above or below you, so always check in every direction!

4. Mugshot

The mirror on the far wall slings a few well-deserved insults my way as I flip on the bathroom lights. I go to the sink and take a full swig of MouthKrieg. Feel that antiseptic tingle as millions of engineered microorganisms and unnatural chemicals scour my teeth and gums of bacteria and buildup. I swallow the churning, minty-fresh jihad in one gulp. I know, most people spit the stuff into the sink, but that just leads back out into the environment, and I won't be responsible for any more ecological damage. After all, who knows what kind of toxic, artificial crud is in this stuff...

I see in the vanity that my stubble looks like cleats, so I grab my straight razor. I'm not into AutoShavers. I don't like the idea of some soulless robot roving my face with a sharpened piece of...OUCH! Damn it! Cut my chin. Right in the cleft, as always. I'm starting to get a callous there.

As I dab the wound, I see it in the mirror: I have my Pappy's face. My dirty blonde hair is a bit longer, but my steel blue eyes are his. The high cheekbones and thick lips. Certainly the granite, mile-wide chin. But the nose is the clincher. Big and hawkish, like a battering ram. Not the most attractive face, but the kind of

* *Single click for Macintosh.*



women I date prefer the "fist-catcher" look.

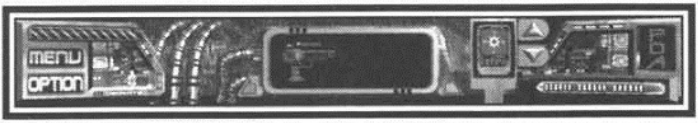
I have the doctors to thank for most of it...they did a good job on my skin, especially the face. My arms took most of the blast, but I came out relatively OK under the circumstances. Still, there were some bad burns, and I'm glad they were able to grow me new skin to replace that damaged tissue. I'd have hated to lose Pappy's face, what with all the memories of him I'd already lost. Who knows, maybe it's the reinforcement of seeing his mug staring back at me when I shave that's helped me to remember as much of him as I do.

I can thank the City, too. They spared no expense in my treatment. If they'd been their usual budget-conscious selves, I could have wound up with a holographic skin job. Believe me, they suck.

Friend of mine in Neo-City, a traffic cop named Gloria, told me about some vagrant she roused a few weeks ago. Athletic guy with a full-body skin job. Apparently, he was just in town looking for work. He was a boxer in Neo-Detroit, and threw a couple of fixed fights for the local Mob. One day he's about to take the dive when his opponent gets all mouthy, bragging about how tough he is and whatnot. Well, our boy freaks out and pounds the loudmouth to kingdom come. Needless to say, the Mob ain't too happy. So they dip the poor slob in tox until his skin curdles. The doctors stop the pain and fix the damage, but the kid ain't got the dough for clone grafts, or even a decent holo job. So they fit him with an economy model. Glo tells him he looks like a freakin' Johnny Sunrise hand-puppet. The kid just

smirks and deactivates his rig. She says it was so bad she almost dropped her coffee out the squad window.

Glad I didn't wind up like that. Would have cost me my badge. A cop can't get anywhere looking like a freak. Every cutpurse and highwayman would know you by sight, and if you looked like a freak, they'd probably kill you just for that. Besides, holo's are easy to track, and that makes you real easy to hit. No, thank you. When it comes time to play "excessive force", I want to be the one dispensing the justice...



Inventory displayed in action window

Combat is one of the most critical parts of this game, and timing is the most critical part of combat! If you expect trouble, have your pistol at the ready. * Left click the Option Button, then left click the Inventory Icon. Scroll through the Action Window until you see your weapon, then left click on it. As long as you see the Selection Box around your pistol, you're ready to shoot!

Now, if you think you have to shoot someone, simply left click on them. If you beat them to the draw, you'll see some fireworks. If not, you'll see the ceiling fade to black. It's that simple!

And remember...even people who deserve to die might be of use to you for items or information, so choose your targets carefully. And don't go on shooting sprees. After all,

* *Single click for Macintosh.*

even considering the trouble you're in, you are still a member of the law enforcement community!

5. repetition is...

I don my birthday suit and check it out in the mirror...funny, I seem to remember it used to fit better. It's getting a little loose in the waist. I must be losing weight...

Into the shower. I feel like a round peg in a square hole. There's barely enough room left for the water.The faucet is computer controlled. I've kept the settings that I like, so I call them up from memory: "125°, Full Pulse Mode". As tricky as it is to get the water right in this joint, you have to remember to save the settings when you get them tweaked the way you like them.

Glad I made the effort. The shower's almost as warm as the coffee. I'd get goose bumps, but there isn't enough room. I pound the walls and fiddle with the manual controls to no avail.

"PDA, find the hot water for me..."

"Sally Chen, the Insurance Agent in 3A, has a lock on the inputs."

"Cut her off."

"But, Jake..."

"And make it snappy. I got lives to save."

A cloud of steam rises with my scream of joy. I could cook a lobster. I save the new settings, overwriting the old



"Shower" file. Next time, there'll be nothing to stand in my way of total hot water supremacy...

"Really, Jake. This isn't ethical..."

"I'm doing her a favor. The sooner I get on the street, the less claims she'll have to pay out in the long run..."

I drop the soap. I doesn't even make it to the floor, but I have no idea where it is. Fine. I'll just have to smell like a man today. I lose myself in the hot water, trying to remember the beach in my dream. And the blonde...

"Time for school, Jake."

"What're you talking about?"

"Long-term Memory Reinforcement Therapy."

She slips it in at the worst times, but it's a necessary part of my upkeep. If I don't review old information regularly, I lose the stuff and have to relearn it. Trouble is, the data that I have the most problem with isn't police technique or marksmanship or anything cool like that. It's grammar school garbage like Geometry and Physics and...

"World History."

Rats. I hate history. But the therapy is carefully scheduled by some pinhead shrink expert somewhere, so... PDA begins.

"In the early 21st century, attempts at establishing a permanent orbital space station around Earth took a backseat to the more immediate problems of urban overcrowding and ecological damage. Efforts to preserve the environment and curb global warming were thwarted as industries fearing decreased profits were slow to respond to



retrofitting edicts. When the melting of the polar ice caps accelerated, the Aggregate World Government, an emergency coalition of Terran nations, prepared for the worst.

"Unprecedented flooding ensued. A border of 10 to 80 miles of coastline on every Terran continent was lost to the sea. Australia, where 90% of the population and industry existed within 50 miles of it's coast, became a floating desert packed with starving, diseased people. Japan, already overcrowded, became an overloaded life boat. Many other islands were lost completely.

"But the world was given an unexpected reprieve. As humanity's most ecologically damaging industries were coastal, and were destroyed during the flooding, pollution and global warming tapered off quickly. But billions of people were starving, diseased, and homeless, and the remaining resources of the AGW were insufficient to meet their needs. So the Aggregate World Government decided upon the most rational course of action that it could. It reopened space.

The Martian Colony project, an effort to extract critical resources from the nearby red world, was set into motion. But it took achingly long to reach fruition. By the time the first colonists arrived at Mars, terraformed the planet, and began shipping raw materials back to Earth, 50 years had elapsed, and 2 billion people back home had died.

"By then, a new era in technological advancement had begun on Earth, now called 'Terra'. The United States, the leader in world technology before the disaster, again moved to the forefront of medical, transportational, and scientific



industry. An odd immigration began, as the world's rich and elite left their overcrowded countries for the new technological promised land. But this influx of wealth led to unprecedented inflation, and a series of cruel bank failures ensued, ultimately resulting in the outlawing of credit based transactions and loans across the globe.

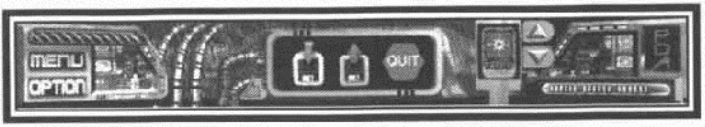
"But the delivery of Martian raw material presented Terra with an even bigger problem than this. For efficiency's sake, giant blocks of unprocessed Martian ore were accelerated on a thousand-mile long magnetic rail to well past escape velocity, then fired at the Earth. Weeks later, the Moon would be pummeled with these man-made meteors. Lunar mining crews would then dig up the debris, break it down, and ship it to a series of Lunar refineries. Another magnetic rail on the Moon then fired the processed material into Earth's orbit where shuttles would collect it and take it to the surface.

"Since this could only be done whenever Mars was at its closest point in orbit, only one furious shipment was possible each year. Unfortunately, due to the high volume of these deliveries, the Lunar surface suffered more erosion in two decades than it had in four-and-a-half-billion years..."

I've had enough.

"Look, this is depressing. I don't need to waste brain cells on this stuff. I mean, it's always there if I need to look it up for some reason. Like, maybe I'm having just too nice a day, or something..."

I punch the "Quit" button on the faucet.



Menu display of the action window

The Menu Button, located in the upper left-hand corner of the Interface Panel, brings up three Icons.

The first Icon is the "Save" Icon. Clicking it will bring up a menu of ten files. Choose the slot you wish to save your game to by clicking on it; then type in a descriptive name for the file, and click the "Save" button at the bottom of the menu. You may cancel this action by clicking the "Cancel" Button.

The second Icon is the "Load" Icon. Click it to load a saved game. The 10 item file menu will be displayed; click on the file that you wish to load, then press the "Load" Button at the bottom of the menu. You may cancel this action by clicking the "Cancel" Button.

The third Icon is the "Quit" Icon. Click it to return to DOS. Macs return to Finder.

The Action Window clears after a Save or Load is executed. If you choose to do nothing in the Menu display, you may clear it from the Action Window by clicking the Option Button on the Interface Panel



6. 1. the patsy

I squeak audibly out of the shower as the soap hits the floor. Figures...the phone's ringin'. My bathrobe and I tango into the living room.

I flip on the VidCom. It's Captain Sulley. At the moment, droplets of sweat are racing down his grooved obsidian face to his neck, where they are taking perfectly timed turns darting down his shirt collar. From the looks of him, it was the usual balmy 98.6° down at headquarters.

"There's been another sighting, Jake.

He doesn't have to explain. I know exactly what he means.

"Angel...Devoid. Where?"

"Neo-City. He maybe trying to contact his old girlfriend, Selina Jerone, or a black-market buisness contact named Jimmy Altro. He hasn't been seen by our NCPD contacts in some time, but rumor has it that he's been in hiding near the old church south of the Neo-City Zone II Subway station."

"That isn't much."

"I'm real sorry...it's all we've got at the moment."

Sulley wasn't around then, but he knows the score between me and Devoid. Of course he hates Angel just like everybody else down at H.Q., but they all give deference to me. Sulley can't predict how I'll react. I can't either, really . But I'll give the Captain the benefit of the doubt, since he's

obviously fearing the worst from me. I'll respond nicely instead of throwing a fit.

"Well, it'll have to be enough then, won't it."

"Jake, I know this is hard for you..."

"Look, what's between Angel and me has long since been... forgotten."

Close enough. Sulley exhales for the first time this morning.

Half of being a cop is knowing how to react to people to get the response you want. Most of the time you just act natural, but sometimes you have to bully some weak punk into throwing down his weapon, or soft-soap a cunning con-artist into betraying a cohort. It's mostly about paying attention, knowing the relationship, and timing your response just right...



In some situations, the Action Window will present you with three skulls: a Devil, a Normal, and an Angel skull. These represent an Aggressive/Angry response, a Normal response, and a Passive/Sympathetic response, respectively. Select the attitude that you wish to present, and then *left-click on it. Only one click on Devil Normal /Angel is required. Clicking on the character you are talking to is not required. Waiting too long to pick on attitude will automatically pick normal.

* *Single click for Macintosh.*



I give the boss a nod and hang up so he doesn't see my face go grey. I dress absently.

Angel Devoid. I didn't know him well. At least I don't think I did. I was a beat cop in those days.

Angel came to us from the Paradise City Court System. Before the DNA laws, the Feradyne Corporation made it's name by engineering genetically superior warriors, which they licensed out as security personnel. Angel Devoid was such a soldier, assigned to one of the infamous Death Companies that the Martian Colony Consortium hired to police their "new frontier". He rose quickly through the ranks to the command of his company, Death 7, which was the last such squad commissioned before the Terran DNA laws forced Feradyne to switch to automated security systems.

Angel was instrumental in combating the Martian Invasion. When the colonists abandoned Mars and fled to Terra, he was captured and court-martialed by a tribunal of representatives from the MCC, the ultimate Terran authority over the Martian Colonies. But everyone was shocked when Angel Devoid was acquitted on all charges. Rumor was that he'd had something on the Consortium and the Paradise City government.

When he was made Chief of PC police, we were convinced that the rumors were true. Whatever Angel had must have been good, because Mayor Waterford didn't flinch at the rumors of police brutality against the citizens of Paradise City, especially employees of Consortium corporations. Angel Devoid had a stranglehold on City Hall.



Then came the day that Angel didn't show up for work...the day of the bombing.

He called from hiding claiming he'd been set up. He'd received an anonymous phone call stating that the Mayor's office was responsible for the entire scenario, including the sabotaged BombBot. The "hero" charge, he said, was a ploy to oust him from the department. If he'd tried to defuse the bomb, he'd have been killed; they'd give him a hero's sendoff, but they'd also be rid of him. But if he ran, leaving the bomb squad to die, he'd be branded a coward and thrown off the force.

The Mayor's office tried to cover up the incident, but rumors in the PCPD ran rampant. Most cops believed that it was Devoid who'd planted the bomb as a revenge scheme. He'd kill his detractors in the department and attempt to blame the Mayor's office, punishing all of his enemies at once. His absence was too convenient. Where was he now? If he was innocent, and had such overwhelming evidence of a conspiracy, why didn't he come out of hiding and show it? While the Mayor reassured the public that everything was alright, the PCPD, including Angel's former allies, conducted a relentless search for the man whom all believed betrayed the department.

The night before I "died" I remember waking briefly to find him standing over my hospital bed. "This is wrong," he said. "I'm going to make it right, either way. I promise you that." For a while I believed that...until he assassinated Mayor Waterford in broad daylight for all the news media to see. Since then, he's committed terrorist acts against all of

the various corporations involved in the Martian Conflict.

I intend to help Angel Devoid keep his promise to me. He will make things right, by dying at my hands if he resists arrest, or by rotting in prison for the rest of his life if he doesn't. Just between you and me, I hope he resists arrest...

Curtain time. In this city, a cop comes to work early so he can get a good seat. Your average day of CyberCrime and low-tech violence gets real hard to follow if you miss the first act. I dim the lights, but not all the way. I don't want the roaches knocking over my antique furniture in the dark. I open the door and step into the hallway.

Off to the right. Fortyish fella in an ash trenchcoat and grey Fedora. I duck back inside; I don't think he saw me.

Can't place him. Didn't get a good enough look at his mug. But he's standing right in front of the elevator, the only way off of this floor, except for...

Quickly, I grab a few pounds of trash that I keep strategically placed in the middle of my sofa for just such occasions and stuff it into the Trash Compactor. A one-foot cube of conspicuous consumption pops out, complete with handle.

I check to make sure that I've got all my gear...pistol, badge, ShokStik, and cuffs. You wanna play with the big boys, you've gotta bring all of your toys...



inventory icon inventory items in action window



The Option Button, found at the lower left-hand corner of the Interface Panel, places two icons into the Action Window: Inventory and I-Net. Clicking either of these brings up new icon-driven options in the Action Window.

The first icon, Inventory, displays its contents as a horizontal list of pictures. Arrows next to the Action Window allow you to scroll left or right through this list. Some items might contain other items. If you click on such a container, the Action Window will display a list of its contents. If you *click the right mouse-button over an Inventory item, your PDA will give you a brief description of the item. To go back to the beginning, simply click the Option Button again, and reselect Inventory.

Clicking on an item in Inventory does not automatically put it to use. When selected, an item will be framed by a Selection Box, and might thereafter have an effect on anything that you click on in the Viewing Area. For example, if you select a weapon and click on someone, they probably won't like it much. To use a card, select it, and then click on the slot that you wish to insert the card into. You can also give an item to another person if the situation is appropriate. Select the item, then click on the person you wish to give it to.

I casually stroll into the hallway, just your average Joe running up his ecological debt to society.

I make the guy. Don't know him from Adam's Grandmother. Since he looks harmless, I turn my back to him and start walking. If he pulls a weapon, my PDA should

* *Double click for Macintosh.*



let me know in time for me to react. That's my theory, anyway...

Nothing. I round the corner and drop my trashcube down the garbage chute .

I have my NeRD do a quick satellite uplink to check the I-NET. The nice thing about the NeRD is that anything you see is stored in memory and can be called back later. In this case, I'll use my casual glance at "Mr. E." as a photograph. The NeRD will use I-NET to run his face through every Police File, personnel dossier, and mugshot book from here to Sri Lanka to make a match. If a picture of this clown exists anywhere, I'll get the info that goes with it.

A portrait comes up. It's my boy, but wearing a Moroccan robe and a fez. This cat gets around.

"Iskur Nandzar. Occupation, Private Detective. Current employer unknown. Iskur specializes in divorce cases and insurance fraud investigations, but has been known to do 'special' work for the right price. No criminal record."

Hmmph. Private Dick. Never had much use for them myself. Always seem to be in the way. I decide that discretion is the better part of valor and execute "Plan B". I pick the fire escape lock, and hit the stairs. Only sixty floors to the roof...

The second icon, I-NET, places a horizontal list of character photographs in the Action Window. Arrows next to the Action Window allow you to scroll left or right through this list, which is updated each time you meet someone new in Neo-City. Clicking on one of the photos will bring up a large image of the person, and your PDA will

give you a brief biography on the subject. Sometimes, you'll want to check someone out before you speak to them. Most of the time, you'll have to deal with them first, and peek at their bio later, when you get the chance.

7. paradise synthesized

Ahhh, Paradise City. This monument to humankind's self-delusion of civilization seems to huddle and shiver beneath the perpetual darkness of the FeauxZone cloud that keeps it alive.

Its sky teems with false life. Rivers of plastic insects navigate the SkyWays between its spires. HoverTrams and taxis, tox-haulers and luxurious limousines, all hurry self-importantly to their destinations. Individual vehicles lift off and land sporadically, but the whole swirling soup boils around the clock, threatening to spill over at the edges.

The architecture is a Neo-Gothic pastiche of Pre-Tech retro and Industrio-Cyber nihilism that pits our glorious, all-wood Orchestra Hall against million-eyed, glowing glass-blisters like the Feradyne Corporation's ebon megalith. As I climb the fire escape, I am awed by them...gargoyles of writhing steel that leap arrogantly toward the heavens, falter, then flash angry glares of neon back at their earthbound roots.

Just beyond, the darker, jealous Neo-City lies like a scaly beast sinking slowly into a pit of molten rock. It



reminds me of Mars during the war.

I'm high enough to smell the FeauxZone, the artificial gas that cities generate to allow their heat to bleed into space without allowing in harmful solar radiation. Oddly enough, the greatest lesson that humanity learned in fleeing to Mars was how to terraform the Earth. I can feel the fatigue in my legs. This 60-floor climb is getting real boring real quick.

"PDA, tell me about the Martian Conflict."

"It started with the Lunar miners. As a glorified waystation, the Tranquillity 2 Moonbase was not as advanced and luxurious as the great cities of Mars, but its inhabitants, mostly ex-criminals, were fiercely proud of their accomplishments, and utterly loyal to Terra. When the Martian Colonies sued for sovereignty and ceased the shipment of raw material to Terra, the miners took it as a slap in the face. They saw the Martians as greedy upstarts who, for their whining, would probably be placated with independence. And that would cost the loyal citizens of the Moon their livelihood.

"In retaliation, they decided to spark a war. They figured that even without Martian trade, the Moon could still serve Terra as a military staging area. And, if Terra won the ensuing conflict, the flow of Martian raw materials to the Moon would resume.

"Tranquillity 2 did not process the final shipment of Martian ore. They claimed to have developed mechanical difficulties with their refining equipment, and the Lunar Project Conglomerate, a consortium of Terran corporations that sponsored the Moon base, sent representatives to



evaluate the situation. These agents returned within days, apparently satisfied, and rushed repair supplies Moonward. But the Terran press began publishing photographs, made by amateur astronomers, that suggested that something else was going on.

"A trail, as visible from Earth as the Great Wall of China is from the Moon, suddenly appeared across the Lunar Equator. The LPC explained that in light of the Martian embargo, they'd authorized the construction of a 'railroad' to facilitate the collection of bits of 'stray' ore that had fallen to the lunar surface during the many shipments from Mars. The truth, however, was far more insidious.

"Apparently, the Lunar miners had taken it upon themselves to turn their Magnetic Accelerator around, toward Mars, and at the first opportunity had sent the last Martian shipment of half-mile wide chunks of iron, magnesium, and sulfur, back from whence it came. Though the Martian Colonists saw these objects coming, they assumed them to be troop transports, and prepared themselves for a ground invasion.

"Two hours before impact, the invading 'ships' had not altered course. With no strategic weapons to destroy the incoming objects, the Colonists could only flee their cities to the safety of the vast networks of Martian mines. From there, they watched helplessly as the Colonies were pounded to dust. On Terra, outraged Martian sympathizers condemned the assault, and the LPC vowed to 'retake control' of Tranquillity 2. To this end, they sent an army equipped with BIO's, giant armed robots that would



dismantle the Lunar Accelerator and prevent the miners from committing further unauthorized acts of aggression. That ship spent less than a day on the Moon

"The LPC claimed that a faction of anti-Martian renegades in the invasion party had overcome their comrades and turned the shuttle and the BIO's over to the miners upon arrival. They then refueled and headed for Mars. Conspiracy theorists had other ideas. However it may have happened, that shuttle arrived at Mars weeks later, and the force that it carried attempted to retake the Martian Colonies.

"But the Death 7 counterattacked the BIO's at Lowell's Trench and, despite tremendous casualties, destroyed the force they encountered there. Their victory inspired the rest of the colonists to resist, and the invasion was temporarily driven back. But the casualties continued to mount.

"The Colonists discovered that the invading robots had apparently leaked a bioweapon into the Martian atmosphere. Malcolm Reiter, one of the original Death 7, was the first to contract the disorder that would bear his name. Hundreds soon suffered from the disease, a kind of cancer of the nervous system which was almost always fatal.

"But, in spite of their limited supplies and scant facilities, Martian scientists developed the Egesis protocol of drugs, which could control the disease indefinitely with regular use. However, even if they survived the disease, it was clear to the citizens of Mars that they would not be able to repel a second invasion, which they were sure would eventually come.



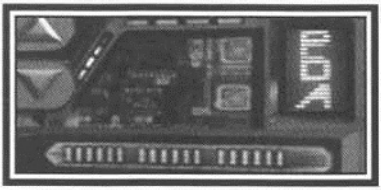
"So they assembled a fleet of transports and shuttles and returned to Terra, abandoning the colonies to their enemies. When the armada arrived, it was boarded. Most of the Colonists were tried, and many were incarcerated for their contribution to the rebellion.

"Egesis IV was made illegal for Terran distribution, as it used a synthetic carrier RNA (a close cousin to DNA) to track down and reverse the genetic damage that leads to Reiter's symptoms, thereby bringing it under the Terran DNA Laws. Since it was thought that only resistance fighters, those that came into direct contact with the BIO's, could contract Reiter's syndrome, and since the Terran government was the only legal source of Egesis IV, this decision virtually assured the surrender and prosecution of all remaining rebels.

"The Lunar Miners were exiled to the Moon as punishment for their crimes, and the LPC made a formal apology to the citizens of Mars at the direction of the Terran Council of Nations..."

What a load of hogwash. It's my bet that the LPC was behind the whole war scenario from the very beginning, with the anti-Martian Terran Council of Nations supporting them. It was a convenient, diplomatic way to get into a war without looking like the bad guy. They just blamed somebody else for the whole thing.

"I've heard enough. Shut the hell up already."



pda button

The PDA Button will flash occasionally, indicating that your PDA wishes to give you supplementary (non-critical) information. To hear this information, click the PDA Button and your PDA will appear. To end a PDA monologue before it finishes, simply *click the left mouse button.

I reach the roof. A quick check of the hoverpad's blind corners to assure I'm not being ambushed, and I'm off to my patrol car. The PDA checks the night's satellite footage just to make sure that no one's tampered with my ride, and then gives me a green light. I pop open the doors...smells like shredded plastic and body odor, as usual. Well, I always wanted an office with a view...

Time to punch the clock...right in it's smirking mouth.

Let's take a quick peek at the morning activity down in Neo-City. Mmm, hmm. Trouble already. From their markings, they look like Abo's, a Native Australian street gang. Like most gangs, they make a ritual out of collecting ten-foot trashcubes and arranging them into mazes that restrict passage through Neo-City's back streets. Taking such a road is a good way to lose your valuables...or your life.



Fortunately, I've caught these thugs in the act. They've just finished stacking a load of trashcubes three-high along an alley wall. They're using a HuvaLift, probably stolen, to set the cubes into place. They don't see me, as their guards are facing Neo-City, where the trouble would normally come from. The two nearest guards have weapons. Since it's early, and I don't need the data-entry work, I decide to let them live.

Kill the cabin lights. Nice and quiet. Easy does it...WHAM! I knock them off their perch to a trash-cube twenty feet below. Drifting right, my ride sideswipes a tower of cubes, sending them crashing down behind the main group. The gang scatters in the chaos.

I give my plasma cannon a little tickle on the chin...scratch one HuvaLift. I'd better bug out before they regroup.

Back to the skyways. Looks like it's going to be another dull day. I may not even get to kill anyone...

If you die, or are just beginning a game for the first time, you will be presented with three buttons, Restart, Load, and Quit. Restart places you at the beginning of the game, so you can start from scratch. Load and Quit function the same as their counterparts in the Menu Display, as discussed previously.

TODAY, JAKE HARD WILL GET THE ULTIMATE OPPORTUNITY TO INFILTRATE THE WORLD OF ANGEL DEVOID AND CONFRONT HIS ARCH-NEMISIS...BUT IT WILL COST HIM FAR MORE THAN HE'S BARGAINED FOR!

IF YOU GET STUCK AT THE BEGINNING, HERE'S A HINT ON GETTING STARTED. DO NOT READ THIS HINT UNLESS YOU'RE STUCK!

After Jake looks in the mirror and realizes that he has Angel Devoid's face, IMMEDIATELY find the hot spot at the window (left) and click on it. Jake will dress and jump out the window onto the roof. If you delay, an unseen guard will fire a shot at his feet. IMMEDIATELY find the hot spot at the top of the ladder in front of you and click on it. This will take Jake down to the alley. Walk up to Ely the Bum. You may speak to him if you wish. Proceed past him to the end of the alley. YOU ARE NOW A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE, SO KEEP MOVING!

8. appendix

PC Memory (Don't type any of the quotation marks in the directions to follow)

NOTE: For more detailed Technical information, please refer to the README.TXT file in the HELP4U subdirectory on Angel Devoid CD, Disk #1. From the CD ROM prompt (D: in most cases), type CD \HELP4U and press Enter. In the D:\HELP4U> prompt, type EDIT README.TXT and press Enter.

Requirements
Angel Devoid version 1.0
Requires 500k free Conventional Memory and at least
7 Megs (7000K) Upper Memory.

To find out how much your system has, go to the MS-DOS prompt , type "MEM /C/P" and press Enter. You should see something like this:
Modules using memory below 1 MB:

Name	Total	= Conventional	+ Upper Memory
MSDOS	16,621 (16K)	16,621 (16K)	0 (0K)
HIMEM	1,168 (1K)	1,168 (1K)	0 (0K)
EMM386	3,120 (3K)	3,120 (3K)	0 (0K)
COMMAND	2,928 (3K)	2,928 (3K)	0 (0K)
MOUSE	24,608 (24K)	272 (0K)	24,608 (24K)
SETVER	624 (1K)	0 (0K)	624 (1K)
MVSOUND	10,832 (11K)	0 (0K)	10,832 (11K)
TSLCDR	12,912 (13K)	0 (0K)	12,912 (13K)
MSCDEX	36,224 (35K)	0 (0K)	36,224 (35K)
Free	704,752 (688K)	531,072 (616K)	73,680 (72K)

Memory Summary:

Type of Memory	Total=	Used+	Free
Conventional	655,360	24,288	631,072
Upper	158,608	84,928	73,680
Reserved	393,216	393,216	0
Extended (XMS)	7,181,424	226,416	6,955,008
Total Memory	8,388,608	728,848	7,659,760
Total Under 1MB	813,968	109,216	704,752
Largest executable program size		630,848 (616K)	
Largest free upper memory block		73,552 (72K)	



MS-DOS is resident in high memory area.
The largest executable program size is the amount of free conventional memory. This is the number that has to be at least 500K. The amount of free Upper Memory in this example is 7,659,760 bytes -- which is almost 7.6mb (as Angel Devoid requires 7 megs, this example meets this requirement).

Troubleshooting Memory

If you don't have enough free memory to run Angel Devoid version 1.0, then you'll need to become acquainted with a memory manager.

A memory manager is a program which serves to enable EMS (Expanded) memory and optimize your current memory setup to increase the amount of free conventional memory. This is useful in plucking device drivers and TSR's from conventional memory and placing them into upper areas of memory.

NOTICE: MINDSCAPE, INC. WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY DAMAGE OR OTHER UNINTENDED CONSEQUENCES OF ANY NATURE WHATSOEVER RESULTING FROM CHANGES MADE TO SYSTEM CONFIGURATION FILES.

QEMM USERS:
We recommend against using QEMM in Stealth Mode. You can verify this by checking the QEMM386.SYS line in your CONFIG.SYS file for the 'ST: parameter'. If found, remove this parameter from the QEMM386.SYS line and re-run the Optimize program.

DOS 6.XX USERS:
You should try using the MemMaker utility to make more conventional memory available. From the DOS prompt, type "MEMMAKER" and press Enter. Choose the Express setup. The next option will ask you if you use any programs that need EMS



(Expanded Memory). This program does not require EMS memory, make sure this option is set to NO.

NOTE: We do not recommend using MemMaker (DOS 6.0 version) if you are using a multiple configuration setup in your AUTOEXEC.BAT and/or CONFIG.SYS files. DOS 6.0 users, see the section "Creating a System Boot Disk."

IF ALL ELSE FAILS:
If you have tried using one of the utilities listed above, and/or you can't make enough conventional memory available by modifying your CONFIG.SYS and AUTOEXEC.BAT, try making a boot disk.

Creating a System Boot Disk

NOTE: These instructions only work for the A drive.

Insert a blank disk in your first floppy drive. It could be either 3 1/2" or 5 1/4", but normally it's known to the computer as drive A:.

From your C:\> prompt, type "FORMAT A:/S" and press Enter. DOS should respond with a prompt saying "Insert new diskette for drive A: and press Enter when ready..." press Enter.

When the formatting is complete, the computer should respond with "System Transferred". Type in whatever you want for a volume label (example: Bootdisk) and press Enter. Then it will ask if you want to "Format another (Y/N)?" -- type an "N" and press Enter.

Then from C:\> type "COPY CONFIG.SYS A:" and press Enter. It should respond with: "1 file(s) copied".
Next type "COPY AUTOEXEC.BAT A:" and press Enter. It should also respond with: "1 file(s) copied".

Next, you will need to modify the CONFIG.SYS and AUTOEXEC.BAT files on the floppy disk. You only want to leave the lines required for your system to boot to a workable DOS prompt and to satisfy what the program needs to run (e.g. CD ROM / sound



card/ mouse/ .... requirements, as necessary). Type "A:" and press Enter to get to the A:\> prompt.

From the A:\> prompt, type "EDIT AUTOEXEC.BAT" and press Enter. A blue screen should appear with the contents of the AUTOEXEC.BAT file. Below is an AUTOEXEC.BAT file based on the sample configuration from the previous 'mem /c' printout above. It only lists the minimum lines necessary to run this program off of a System Boot Disk.

```
@ECHO OFF
LH C:\DOS\MSCDEX.EXE /D:MVCD001 /E /M:10      <-this is the Microsoft Extensions driver
LH C:\MOUSE\MOUSE.EXE                         <-actual directory name may vary
PROMPT=$P$G
SET PATH=C:\;C:\DOS
SET BLASTER=A220 I5 D1                        <-this is for the sound card
SET TEMP=C:\DOS
```

Smartdrive is not recommended. Angel Devoid provides its own caching utility.

Your AUTOEXEC.BAT should have only the above lines; the only other lines to keep are those absolutely necessary for your system to boot (such as hard drive compression) and to allow the program to work properly (such as sound card configuration programs) To save the new changes, use your mouse to click on the FILE menu and then click on SAVE. Otherwise, type "ALT-F" (hold down the ALT key on your keyboard and press the F key simultaneously) and then just an "S" from the keyboard.

Then exit the DOS editor. Click on File and click on EXIT. Or, type "ALT-F" and then just an "X".

Again from the A:\> prompt, this time type "EDIT CONFIG.SYS" and press Enter. A blue screen should appear with the contents of the CONFIG.SYS file. Below is a CONFIG.SYS file based on the same sample configuration mentioned above. It only lists the minimum files necessary to run this program off of a System Boot Disk. Because this is just a sample, your CONFIG.SYS files may



differ. The main exception will be the name of the CD-ROM Driver and the directory it is loaded from.

```
DEVICE=C:\DOS\HIMEM.SYS                          <-this is the memory manager
DEVICE=C:\DOS\EMM386.EXE NOEMS                   <-this is the EMS memory driver
DEVICEHIGH=C:\DOS\SETVER.EXE                     <-this is the SETVER driver
DEVICEHIGH=C:\PROAUDIO\TSLCDR.SYS /D:MSYD001     <-this is the CD-ROM driver
DOS=HIGH,UMB
FILES=30
BUFFERS=30
STACKS=0,0
LASTDRIVE=E
```

Take a look at the EMM386 line. In order for EMM386 to work, it must load after HIMEM.SYS, and it should appear before any other device drivers.

You may run into EMM386 parameters like X=A000-B000 and L=4096. The X=argument prevents a certain range of memory addresses from being used for EMS. The L=argument sets aside a minimum amount of kilobytes set aside for XMS. Both of these options are implemented to reduce the amount of EMS provided by EMM386. If the memory manager can't free enough expanded memory, then as a last resort, remove these items. If the program requires EMS, you can place a RAM parameter in the line (e.g. DEVICE=C:\DOS\EMM386.EXE RAM 4096 ....[other parameters]). If the program does not require EMS, you can place a NOEMS parameter in the line if needed to get enough free conventional memory (e.g. DEVICE=C:\DOS\EMM386.EXE NOEMS ...[other parameters]).

While you're here, you'll want to make sure that there are enough files and buffers for our products. 30 files and 30 buffers is preferred. Each buffer occupies 512 bytes of memory, so 40 buffers (10 more than you need) means 5 kilobytes of conventional memory you can liberate.

Additionally, none of our products requires file control blocks (FCBS).



SOUND CARD DRIVERS

Some sound cards require a driver loaded in the CONFIG.SYS to operate. If you have a sound card that requires such a driver, be sure to add it to the CONFIG.SYS on the boot disk. See above example.

NOTE: Sound Blaster 16 cards now include CONFIG.SYS drivers (CTSB16.SYS & CTMMSYS.SYS). These drivers are for Sound Card support in programs that do not provide their own. As Mindscape products provide their own drivers, these drivers are not necessary and removing them from your CONFIG.SYS will free up an additional 35K of conventional memory. Other sound cards may use drivers that must be loaded from the CONFIG.SYS. An example is the Pro Audio Spectrum/Studio 16 MVSOUND.SYS driver.

As with your AUTOEXEC.BAT, the CONFIG.SYS file should have only the above lines; the only other lines to keep are those absolutely necessary for your system to boot (such as hard drive compression, required hard drive configuration utilities, etc.) and to allow the program to work properly (such as sound card configuration programs) To save the new changes, use your mouse to click on the FILE menu and then click on SAVE. Otherwise, type "ALT-F" (hold down the ALT key on your keyboard and press the F key simultaneously) and then just an "S" from the keyboard.

Then exit the DOS editor. Click on FILE and click on EXIT. Or, type "ALT-F" and then just an "X".

Turn off your computer and count to ten. Leaving the System Boot Disk in the drive, turn the computer back on.

After you have restarted your system from the bootable floppy disk, check the available memory with the MEM command described above. If you still do not have enough memory for the program and have MS-DOS 6.xx, run Memmaker on the floppy system by following Microsoft's instructions. If this does not work, you may need to consider purchasing a third party memory management program.



9. credits

MINDSCAPE, INC. PRESENTS

AN ELECTRIC DREAMS, INC. PRODUCTION

ANGEL DEVOID
FACE OF THE ENEMY

CAST
(IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER)

JOSHUA ALVARENGA	ART GALLERY VISITOR #4
ARMILYN ANCHETA	NURSE AT HOSPITAL
ERIC ANDERSON	BARTENDER (JACKSON'S BAR)
DEEM BRISTOW	DR. SILVANUS / REVEREND GOLD
RANDY BROWN	STUPID MAN (BIKER) / RAPIST
EJ CAGE	PRISON GUARD #1
TRACEE COCCO	TV REPORTER
LORI CULWELL	DEIDRE / SHUTTLE STEWARDESS
JENA DABBS	JIMMY'S GIRL
PHIL DE BARROS	CITY OFFICIAL #1
SHAUN FRANKS	LITTLE BOY
ANDREA FRY	LORRAINE RUGER
T. KAY GARCIA	DEATH TRIBE WARRIOR #1
LILIANA GOMEZ	COMPUTER VOICE
GEORGE GUMBRECHT	CITY OFFICIAL #3
GLENN HOEFFNER	ELY THE BUM / DAN FLOSS
KELLY HUGHES	SELINA
CRAIG INCARDONE	DEATH TRIBE CHIEF
RAY JARRIS	HIRSCH
"JASON"	MR. DIGIT
YOURY LEE	DEATH TRIBE WARRIOR #2



David Lo	Prison Guard #2
Robert May	City Official #2
Mindy Mayer	Personal Digital Assistant
Scott Nguyen	Art Gallery Visitor #1
Karan Nguyen	Art Gallery Visitor #2
Ken Perkins	Angel Devoid / Jake Hard
Josef Pilato	Doctor Garnett / Mayor Waterford
Charley Rossman	Cabby
Frank Salgado	Death Tribe Warrior #3
Mariah Shirley	Jet Jackson / Death Tribe Woman
Andrew Vuong	Art Gallery Visitor #3
Michelle Warmer	Nurse (Waking scene)
G. Charles Wright	Elito DeFrieze
Patrick Young	The Calendar Girl / Mad Doctor

CREW

Electric Dreams, Inc.

Game Development	
Executive Producer	Harvey Lee
Game Designer	Anthony Gomez
Lead PC Programmer	Cisco Serret
Lead Mac Programmer	Mark Murphy
Movie Production	
Executive Producer	Paul Wu
Producer	Mark Alamares
Director (Live Action)	Paul Wu
Co-Director (Live Action)	Mark Alamares
Story Concept	Anthony Gomez, Mark Alamares
Screenplay	Charles Payne
Costume Designer	"Rischa" Michelle Warmer



Costumes and Props	Luna Mia Designs Francisco A. Salgado T. Kay Garcia
Production Manager	Jay Ong
Director of Photography	Craig Incardone
Gaffer	George Gumbrecht

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Lead 3D Graphics	David Lo
3D Graphics	Christopher A. Adams
Special Effects	David Lo
2D Graphics	Peter Stern Anthony Gomez

Original Music and Sound Effects	
T.A.S.C. Enterprises	Mark Olson Brian Scott Bruce Graham

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Additional Music	Mac Avancena Bill Benson

Post-Production	
Lead Production Engineer	Peter Stern
Production Engineer	T-Spect LE
Digital Post-Production	Patrick Young

Technical Advisor	Noel Saw

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Producer	Milt Bland
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