

TIME BANDIT

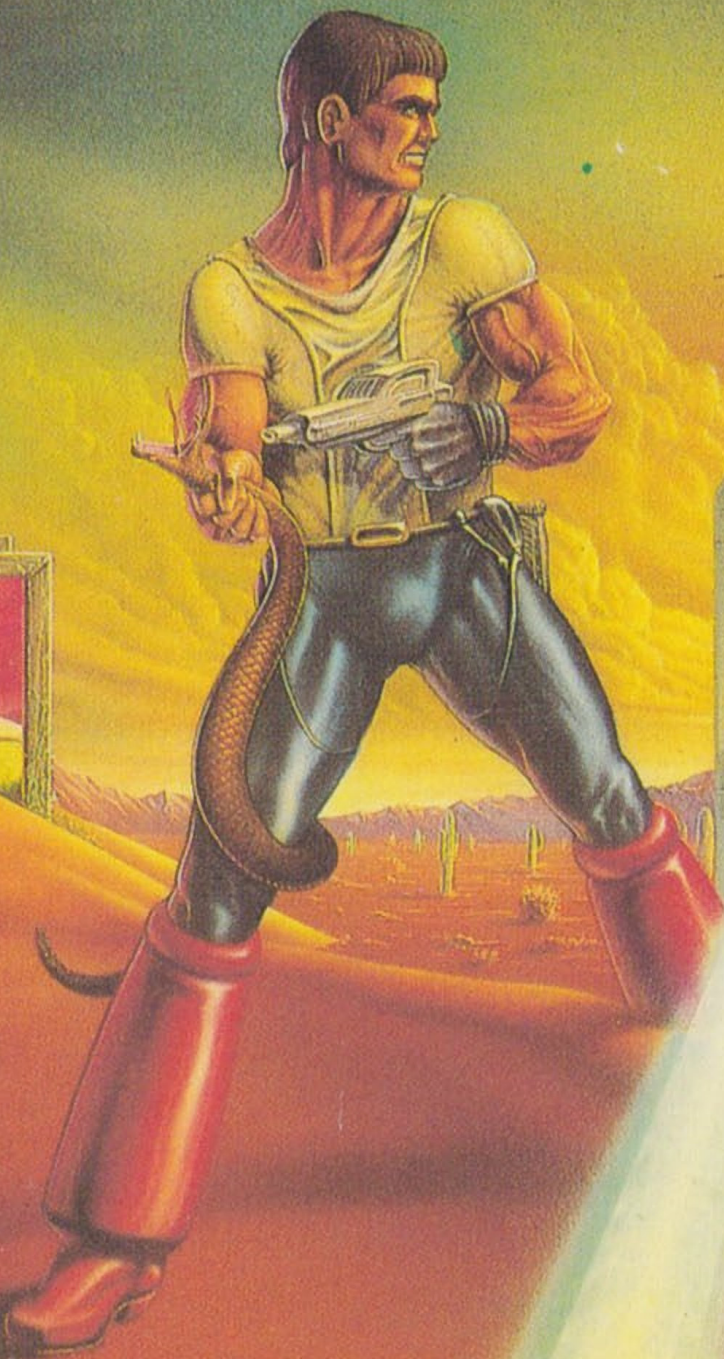
BY BILL DUNLEVY & HARRY LAFNEAR
AMIGA CONVERSION BY TIM PURVES.

A
M
I
G
A



direct

software



ARMSTRONG

microdeal

BEST GAME EVER

TIME BANDIT

TREASURES, ADVENTURES, AND TREACHERY TOO

By Bill Dunlevey & Harry Lafnear



KING'S CROWN (1P)

TIME
BANDIT

PROGRAMMING
Bill Dunlevey
GRAPHICS
Harry Lafnear

CUBITS: 0

AVERAGE (20)



PRESS SPACEBAR...



CUBITS: 0

AVERAGE (20)



GHOST TOWN (1P)



CUBITS: 0

WIMPY (0)



PRESS SPACEBAR...

KING'S CROWN
IN SINGLE PLAYER MODE.

GHOST TOWN IN
TWO PLAYER MODE.

Time was running out! It does, you know, even for time travellers. I ran through the crumbling halls of a forgotten castle, the musty grip of ancient, medieval air tight in my gasping throat. I had been running for what seemed to be an eternity.

Running from hideous beasts from the darkest of legends.

I already had one of the great Keys in hand, its reassuring edge gouging flesh in the strength of my grip. My final goal was painfully close, but so were the razor claws of the shambling nightmares in my pursuit. I could not pause for an instant in defence, for an even deadlier foe was tracing my path through the winding halls. He would surely find me if I lingered an instant longer. I turned the final corner, diving toward the last lock blocking the escape. I anticipated the rainbow flash of time displacement and the heavy smell of ozone soon to be my reward. But with a terror that no mortal may ever know, I saw another Bandit emerging from the doorway ahead: my partner in Time! We'd had disagreements in the past (the present and the future as well), but I felt sure that I'd finally run out of time.

Leaving barely a heartbeat's time to consider my fate, he fired. The resounding blast of impact rockets spilt the fabric of space, racking my body with pain and the sure knowledge of slow disintegration. But I endured, steadied myself, and fired back. My missiles roared with untamed energy, bouncing off walls and crackling the air, a few to rest hungrily upon his armour. When the smoke cleared, I was alone. As for my partner, nothing but his shadow remained.

Stumbling forward, I inserted the great Key into the lock. I stepped into the Way Out, returning home at last. But at the Timegates there can be no rest. Great wealth and adventure are scattered throughout the lands, but only for those willing to seize it! Where next! Ghost Town? Omega Complex? Walking quickly through the maze of portals, I chose one and entered, welcoming my next adventure....

© COPYRIGHT 1988 MICRODEAL

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Made in England

USA OFFICE:
576 S. Telegraph, Pontiac, MI 48053
Tel: (313)-334-8726
BBS: (313)-332-5452

microdeal

UK OFFICE
PO Box 68, St. Austell, Cornwall
Telephone: 0726 68020
Telex: 45218 MICROD G