

NETHER WORLD



HEWSON

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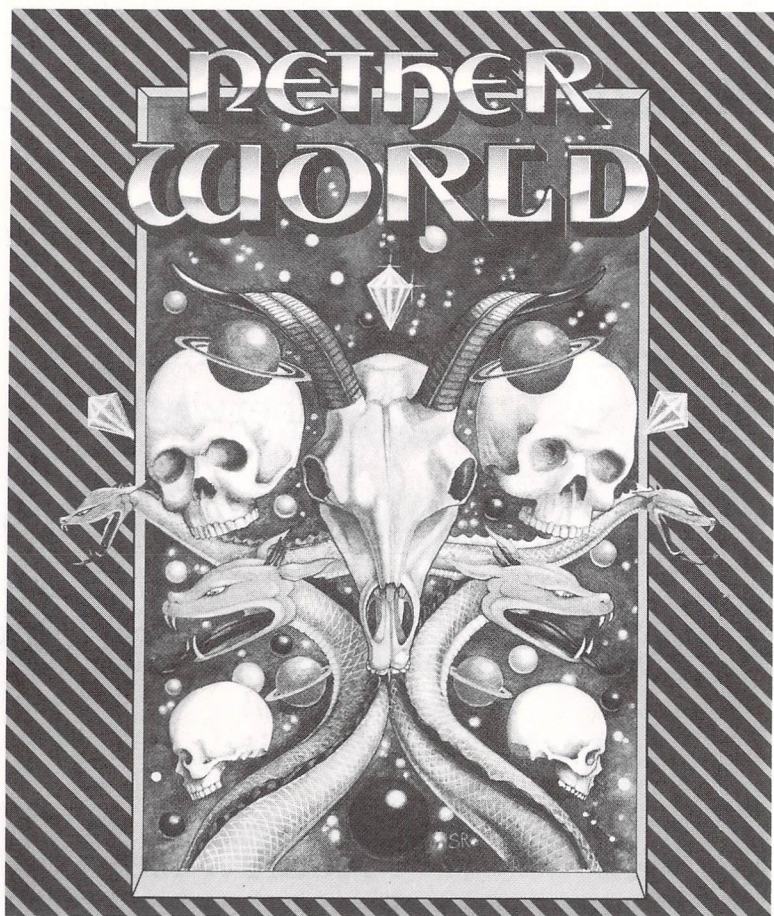
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Into The Netherworld

It had taken three years to plan the expedition, raise the money and get the team together. Six months ago Hugo Thomas and his team left London for Lima, Peru, heading inland through the dense jungles of South America in search of the Dragon Temple.

At its height in the 11th century, the Incan Empire stretched along most of the west coast of the continent. But even though the Incans controlled the commerce of half the southern hemisphere, there was no writing. There were no inscriptions to record the comings and goings of the mysterious priesthood in charge of the People of the Sun. When the remains of the Incan civilization crumbled at last in the wake of greedy Spanish explorers, there was nothing left but legend and rumor to account for the power the priests once wielded.

But the tales men told were tantalizing indeed: tales of vast storehouses filled to capacity with gold, diamonds and precious stones never seen before or since. The London expedition was, officially, an archaeological survey of an isolated Incan outpost and nothing more. Unofficially, there wasn't one member who didn't know the real purpose of the trip to the Dragon Temple.

It was, the story went, the Vault of the Gods. The precious objects used in the rites of

the Incas were given to the gods after each ceremony; it would be profane to use them twice. To remove such temptation, the priests declared that the treasure should be sent to the Dragon Temple, deep in the jungle and safe from thieves. For 400 years the golden trail led into the forest; four centuries of glittering prizes hoarded away in the Temple.

There had been other attempts to find the place, of course. But the explorers always returned insane, if they returned at all. This time, however, Hugo was confident they'd make it. The team reported back to base daily via shortwave radio, plotted their course through satellites, planned every detail on computer. If anything went wrong, they could be out of the jungle within hours on a helicopter. Nothing on earth could stop them.

They reached a 30-square-mile stretch of jungle where, their research showed, the Dragon Temple was most likely to be found. On the fourth day of the search, one of the explorers found a stone cube ten feet high, and within hours they located the entrance to a large, ancient, granite building. It seemed that they had found the Temple.

Inside, the building looked as if it had been visited only a few days ago. No jungle plants were growing inside, no scorpions

cowered in the cracks in the walls. In fact, there was nothing but bare stone — three empty rooms. But this didn't dampen Hugo's spirits at all, he was actually expecting something very much like this, although he hadn't confided his thoughts to the rest of the team. He called them together in the largest of the three rooms, and stood in one of the shafts of light that filtered through the gaping holes in the roof.

"You're probably wondering what we've found here: a house for the Temple guards or a food storage depot. The answer is far more thrilling. We've found the Dragon Temple itself. We're the first to step inside since the last Inca warriors left to protect their dying empire.

"So where are the great vaults?" He continued. "To tell the truth, I suspected it would look like this. It looks like it's been gutted. But that's what we're *supposed* to think. The real Temple is beneath us — untouched."

Some of the group glanced downward, but saw only their boots and a dusty floor.

"I want you all to look around for a small hole. It'll be just big enough to fit your arm inside. It was devised so that the Sun God could get to the treasure buried beneath us."

Within moments, one of the explorers had

uncovered a black, stone-rimmed hole exactly as Hugo had described.

"Now, nearby, there will be a stone slab just beneath the surface of the soil. That's to cover the stairway to the vaults," Hugo said. The stone slab was found about 20 feet away. It was the size and shape of a coffin lid, with two small holes drilled in one end. "Those were for a vine handle. Can someone get a crowbar?" A crowbar was found, and the staircover was eased open.

As they clustered around the dark well, no one noticed that the jungle had fallen silent.

"Well done, everyone," Hugo said. "Someone give me a lantern. I'm going in."

He started down, the light from the lantern showing only more ebony stone steps leading into an impenetrable darkness.

Thirty steps in, Hugo reached a narrow corridor that curved sharply, blocking the light from the stairway, and the sound of his colleagues' voices. He glanced back in the direction he had come, then returned his attention forward.

He gasped. The light from his lantern leaped back at him, reflecting off a thousand glittering surfaces: diamonds, sapphires, opals set inside golden daggers — the vault was huge and it was full. Hugo waved the lantern

around to get a look at the entire vault, and was surprised to see a small, dull wooden statue in the middle of the floor.

He knelt beside it. It was an Incan Dragon, with stylized wings and huge, curved fangs jutting from its elongated mouth.

Hugo picked it up, meaning to show the men outside that this statue was the Dragon of the Temple, but he froze in mid-turn. The lantern fell to the floor and went out. The vault was silent.

"Thief!" The vault was dark except for the glimmer of light from the skyhole. The voice was a whisper in his mind. "Thief! You are not sanctified. You have come to rob my masters of their rightful possessions." Hugo realized it was the Dragon speaking.

"Your masters are dead, little Dragon," Hugo thought, knowing the Dragon could hear him. "There's nothing out there but jungle. We have our own gods now."

"The Masters are not dead, brave explorer," the Dragon laughed spitefully. "They live on, but not in your world, not with your gods. They are in the Netherworld, biding their time. If you would have their treasure, you will have to venture a little farther."

"I have nothing to fear from them, or you,"

thought Hugo.

"Then stand and fight."

He was looking at a room colored green, like the green of the jungle. Walls with Incan designs were carved from stone blocks that stood next to granite boulders.

"Your first test," said the Dragon, "like the rest, depends on your natural lust for wealth. All you need to do is collect 27 diamonds. Do that, and you'll be free — to start the next test."

Hugo surveyed the room in amazement. In the distance, replicas of the Incan Dragon grinned evilly. "Because your ancestors, the Spanish conquistadors that plundered my Masters' empire, marched under the sign of the Cross, that's what you will look like in the Netherworld: a cross. But the cross will be bound inside a wheel to represent your imprisonment."

There, in the middle of the room, was a cross in a wheel, twisting lazily around.

"To make things fair, we've given you a weapon," continued the Dragon. "See?"

With a thought, Hugo told the cross to fire. Bolts of translucent fire flew from the four arms of the cross.

"Good," said the Dragon. "In the Netherworld you will find such magic. My

friends, my Dragons who guard the Masters from such as you, can spit bubbles of acid at you. Beware of these, they will eat into your soul. But if you manage to hit them with your weapon, you may — if you are fortunate — gain something."

"Like what?" Hugo asked.

"Perhaps a temporary invulnerability. Or perhaps a spirit will take you over, rendering you unable to move, or allowing you to move only in the opposite direction that you intend. You may even be granted a new weapon: the power to kill a Dragon such as I, or the power to remove a brick from the wall to get more diamonds.

"Another thing," the Dragon added. "Beware the wandering souls of those killed by the conquistadors. They move about the rooms in straight lines. You can't stop them. If you don't get out of their way, you'll lose energy."

Hugo had a thought. "Any moment now, my colleagues will realize that I've been missing for quite a while — and they'll come looking for me. You won't be able to protect your treasure with this Netherworld rubbish from 20 people armed with modern weapons."

The Dragon laughed again. "They've

already left you, and my Temple. After you found me, the entrance caved in. Leaderless, your people left for home."

"So even if I win, I can't leave the Netherworld. . ." Hugo imagined an eternity underground.

"Perhaps. Do you see these circles in the room?" The Netherworld room, like the vault, had skyholes in the roof, through which a faint light shone.

"Move onto them and fire your weapon, and you will be transported. If you haven't got enough diamonds, you'll merely be transported elsewhere in the same room. But if you have all the gems that you need, you'll leave the room and enter another level. For a while in the new level you'll be invulnerable and can gather more diamonds. But eventually you'll be placed into combat again. Make the most of these little intermissions — you'll need them. And don't take too long in any one room, or your time will run out. Occasionally you might find an hourglass, which will buy you a little more time. Maybe."

"How many other levels are there?" Hugo asked.

"That would be telling," the Dragon replied. "But there are rooms of skulls, rooms of chains, and rooms which might not even

be on this planet. The Masters exercised powers that you can't even imagine, and the normal rules of logic are suspended here."

"Are there enough diamonds on each level to get me out?"

"Almost. Sometimes you will have to move some rocks around — there are a few small boulders which can be pushed. Move them into the right place, and these boulders will turn into diamonds. You can also use the boulders to deflect a soul into a metamorphosis wall — turning the soul into four diamonds."

"Well I don't want to play your games," Hugo said. "Put me back in my world, and I'll leave the treasures of your Masters alone."

Hugo found himself back in the vault. He was very cold, and his lantern wouldn't work. He stumbled back along the corridor, but instead of stone stairs he felt a wall of warm, damp soil blocking his exit. The Dragon wasn't lying about the cave-in. Hugo felt his way back to the vault, and picked up the Dragon statue again.

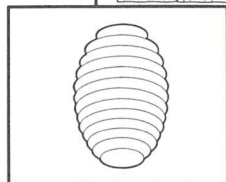
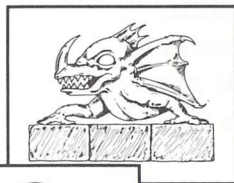
"You've changed your mind. What a surprise. . ." whispered the Dragon. "Prepare to fight, brave explorer. The Netherworld is all you've got."

Surviving in the Netherworld

All action in NETHERWORLD is controlled via the joystick or keyboard. Refer to the technical supplement packaged with your game for loading instructions and specific details concerning play on your computer.

There is always a lot going on in the Netherworld, and there are a great many opportunities for bonus points and extra diamonds. There are equally as many opportunities for penalties and damage.

The most common things in the Netherworld are bricks, which form walls and barriers to your progress. Some of these bricks, however, are actually secret doors, and are distinguished from bricks by slightly different graphics.



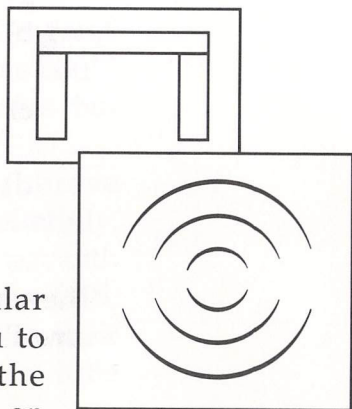
Two of the greatest dangers in the Netherworld are demons and alien generators. **Demons** spit deadly acid bubbles at you, and alien generators produce a variety of enemies seeking to harm you. One of the best ways to block an **alien generator** is with movable rocks, which can be found throughout the Netherworld. By placing the movable rock near the alien generator, it

becomes unable to produce aliens. Another danger to be wary of is the goat's head — which spits acid blood that is deadly to touch.

The Netherworld is also populated by a number of free-floating souls which are very dangerous if touched. Some of these souls follow the perimeter of any object in a clockwise motion, some move vertically and are deadly to touch, and some (also known as **bounders**) fly in a straight line until colliding with a solid object, when they will then change their direction 90 degrees clockwise. If a soul comes into contact with a metamorphosis wall, the wall will change into four diamonds.



Another way of producing diamonds is through the use of **diamond squeezers**. If a moving rock is pushed into a diamond squeezer, the rock will turn into a diamond.



Thought transporters are circular teleportation devices that enable you to travel to different parts of the Netherworld. Simply move your icon on top of it and press the fire button, and

you will be teleported.

After shooting the aliens, some of them leave behind glowing icons. These icons can grant you more points, even extra speed. But if more than three extra speed icons are used, you will actually slow down.

Another unique icon is the demon killer, which looks like a skull and crossbones. This one will enable you to kill a demon by touching it. A brick smasher icon, which looks like a small brick, allows you to break up a brick. There is also a surprise icon, which looks like a collection of question marks. The surprise icon can grant you one of four phenomena:

- a) an extra life
- b) invulnerability (your ship will change color)
- c) an uncontrollable ship (it will stop spinning), or
- d) reverse controls (the ship changes its spinning direction).

The surprise icon should be avoided by those unwilling to gamble.

The Game Designer

JUKKA TAPANIMAKI, 27, is the author of OCTOPOLIS as well as NETHERWORLD. Born in Tampere, Finland, Jukka studied Literature in college after an 11-month stint in the army. He now works full-time as a freelance programmer.



Jukka lists music, from Bach to heavy metal, as one of his favorite hobbies. He is also a member of the Finnish Chess Problem Society, and has composed many award-winning problems.

Hewson Consultants

Andrew Hewson remembers his start in the computer software industry very well. "It was late at night sometime in 1980, and I was up reading a computer magazine in my bedroom. I was fascinated by computers, and I made up my mind that night to buy one. But I also decided that if I was going to pay good money for it, then I was also going to earn money from it as well."

The first computer Andrew Hewson bought was a Sinclair ZX80, a popular model in England. "I'd worked with computers in one form or another since I graduated from the University, but the ZX80 gave me access to the total machine. And true, it was just a slab of plastic with a unwieldy keyboard, pitifully-small onboard RAM and negligible operating system. But the most important thing was that it was mine — and I knew that I could stretch the limits of that machine."

Hewson's first contributions to the computer industry were a series of books on programming for the Sinclair and the ZX Spectrum, another popular model. His last book was named Computer Book of the Year by the Computer Trade Association in 1983.

While writing these three books, Hewson was extending his contacts with programmers up and down England, and the fruits of his labors appeared in early 1983 with the release of PILOT for the Sinclair ZX81 and NIGHTFLITE for the ZX Spectrum — both written by Mike Male, a private pilot and air traffic controller at London's Heathrow Airport. By the end of 1983 Hewson had released HEATHROW AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL, also written by Male, which would establish the fledgling company as a long-term player in the software industry.

The company first turned to fast-action arcade games with the release of a trilogy of games written by programmer Steve Turner: SPACE WARS, SEIDDAB ATTACK and LUNATTACK. Andrew Braybrook, a compatriot of Turner's, then produced three games of his own. But it was the release of Braybrook's PARADROID that brought Hewson Consultants widespread acclaim, and the company followed that up with the release of URIDIUM, a blockbuster hit that is still talked of today as one of the great arcade games of all time.

It was URIDIUM which helped the company to become known as "King of the Shoot-em-

ups," a title which Hewson did nothing to deny. The company kept producing high-quality arcade games, all written by talented programmers eager to explore new horizons. Among the games of those later years were EXOLON, ELIMINATOR and NETHERWORLD.

In early 1989, Hewson Consultants announced a new licensing agreement with MicroProse Software — a leading entertainment software developer in the United States — to bring some of the Hewson games to America as part of MicroProse's Medalist International division. Medalist International was formed to provide game players with a wide variety of quality software options from a diverse group of game developers and designers. EXOLON, ELIMINATOR and NETHERWORLD were designated as the first Hewson games to receive an American audience under the Medalist label, and all were released simultaneously for the Commodore 64/128, Amiga and Atari ST in April, 1989.

Credits

Game Design

Jukka Tapanimaki

Produced By

Paul Chamberlain

Programming

Mark Barker

Atari ST and Amiga Conversions

Imagetic Design

Music

Nigel Pritchard

C-64 Music

Jori Oikkonen

Packaging

Sandra Cousins

Manual

Gary T. Almes, Sandra Cousins and
Rupert Goodwins

ANDREW HEWSON, Managing Director of Hewson Consultants, first became interested in computers when he was in school in the mid-1960s, when all data was inputted and received via punch cards. After graduating from the University of Sussex in 1972 with a Bachelor's degree in Chemical Physics, and then from the University of London in 1976 with a Master's degree in Mathematical Statistics, Andrew joined the Scientific Civil Service, where he learned more about computing on a number of



mainframe and mini computers. Andrew worked for the Radiocarbon Dating Laboratory of the British Museum in London from 1972-1979, where he worked on dating many famous archaeological sites — including Knossos, Crete; Jericho, Israel; and Stonehenge in the United Kingdom. He launched Hewson Consultants in 1980 while working full-time at the Institute of Hydrology in Oxfordshire as a member of the Flood Studies Team. In 1983, Andrew became the full-time Managing Director of Hewson Consultants. In his free time, Andrew enjoys fine French wines, horticulture and retail studies. He is in his late thirties, and is married with two children.



SANDRA COUSINS, General Manager of Hewson Consultants, joined the company in 1987. Her varied background includes three years in the newspaper industry, where she was a member of the advertising, editorial, art and photography departments. Before this, Sandra was a student dance teacher and personal coach to the British and National Canadian Canoeing Champion. In her spare time, Sandra enjoys writing, and is currently writing and illustrating a book on extracts from English

Literature. She also enjoys reading, art and photography. Sandra has two children, age 18 and 15.



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