

THE STORY

Somewhere on the surface of the moon . . .

The Rt Hon Charlemagne 'Charlie' Fotheringham — Grunes well known explorer and adventurer, apprentice saviour of the universe, finds himself in a 'proper pickle' as his nanny used to say!

On leaving the ancestral domicile at Salmons Leap, Middle Thumping, one bright and breezy Sunday morn, after a scrumpious breakfast of lightly grilled kippers dripping with butter, and tangy with the juice of a well squeezed lemon, Charlie noticed a strangely furtive foreign looking cove lurking by the rhododendrons. 'What ho!' cried our hero hazarding a cheery grin in the intruders general direction. 'Ah Meester Groanz' spoke the mysterious figure 'Ay have been waiting here for to see you.'

Charlie suddenly came to a halt. The cheery grin was replaced by a concerned frown as he recognised the voice of the secretary to the chairman of the International Commission for Universal Problem Solving (Known by its acronym of ICUPS) 've hav ze prwblem zat needs your most hurgent attention,' the voice was chilling. Smith, for that was the interloper's supposed name continued 'I vill brief you on ze vay to our merst zeecritt ed quarters.'

Minutes later Charlie, accompanied by the Smith type, was gunning the old Aston-Martin in the direction of the afore mentioned 'ed quarters' buried below the remains of the ancient monument of the 20th century 'Plastic henge,' 'so you see meester Groone it is imperatif zat you find for us ze erbschecht vitch emits zeeez signals.' Smith was saying, Charlie had already reached this conclusion, his razor sharp wit, honed to its finest edge, had led him to the realization that this was potentially the stickiest situation he had ever been embroiled in. It seemed boffins from the great scientific establishments had intercepted coded signals from the centre of the moon to an unknown destination in the outer reaches of the galactic spiral. Signals which when decoded told of the vulnerability of earths defences, the signals must be terminated and quickly. Quicker than he could order lunch at the Dorchester, our valiant hero finds himself alone on the next moon shuttle. Thoughts forming in his mind tell of creatures, mole like in appearance which eat the very material of the moon, 'The capture of one of these creatures must be the first priority' Charlie says aloud, (hoping that by using such an animal he can travel from cavern to cavern under the moon,) but such creatures can be fickle, would they, for example, eat what ever he points them to, or, is some of the moon inedible to them. And what of the other inhabitants of the depths of the satellite, few people had explored the deep caves of the moon, and none had returned from such an expedition . . .

'By Jove' exclaimed Charlie as the autopilot made the final approach to lunar landing 'it looks as though one might have company down there!' for there, on the surface of the moon, was a red space ship!

The shuttle lands, the adventure begins.

THE BRIEFING

'According to the latest surveys there are mole type creatures on the moon who eat the walls of the sublunar caverns your best bet is to capture one of those to facilitate travel through the caves, so befriend one if you can. You must find the keys to the cavern which contains the large monolith type object, these keys are in the form of elementary alchlems, there are 8 to get. Travelling under the moon surface will be hazardous, your suit will protect you against slight falls but be careful because if you fall too far you will surely die.

Also Charlie, you may find that in some of the deeper potholes there is a gusty up draught which will take you to the surface. Be careful, we don't know what life forms are in some of these caverns. We're counting on you Charlie, Good Luck.'

These were the words ringing in Charlies ears (after translation from Smiths disgusting accent of course).



'NODES OF YESOD' CONTROLLING YOUR ASTRONAUT

KEYBOARD CONTROLS

Z	Left
X	Right
K	Release Mole/Up
M	Plant Gravity Stick/Down
SPACE	Jump/Explode Mole
RETURN	Pause

JOYSTICK CONTROLS

LEFT/RIGHT	Left/Right
FIRE	Jump/Explode Mole
UP	Release Mole/Up
DOWN	Plant Gravity Stick/Down

TELECOM Soft



Wellington House,
Upper St Martin's Lane,
LONDON WC2H 9DL

☎ Nat 01-379 6755/240 9334

☎ Int +44 1-379 6755