

PLASMATRON

Like a choir of Demon Angels, the engines screamed to critical heat, "you have vector" said control.

"Confirmed".

Melkor the compusistant switched in "Burn 1,0,4, per cent, power up".

Ford looked out into space "Launch, execute".

With a jolt he was amongst the stars, the station receding ever faster.

2 hours at 7G would place him at 10% photon (standard light speed).

"A drive + 90" stated Melkor

"Initiate preparation" ordered Ford.

The seat began moving as heavy pads and jaws clamped his total body into rigid place. His suit hardened like the shell of an insect. He was now ready for the incredible acceleration beyond light speed. "+5 +4 +3 +2 +1"

The galaxy's exploded and he was lost, with great pain he awoke.

"Arrival -1" informed Melkor "Physio rehabilitation on, speed 10% and decing, destination +300".

"Combat clamps on. Hype clamps off. Weapon systems red. Firing manual, level spray".

The grey blue planet loomed ahead.

He rolled through the atmosphere of the fractured giant and leveled out low over the decaying surface.

"Combatants range greater than 5 range +10".

"Data collection on": His mind flickered back across his life. Faces of friends and lovers passed through like echoes.

"Combatants +3 +2 +1".

Like a hail storm the alien craft flew towards him. He fired his roto cannon and they were gone in a dazzling flash of burning white.

"Combatants greater than 500 range +10"

"Tharg" he muttered.

"Update, Combatants, greater than 7,5,3".

He dropped his height to just above the surface, skimming a ruined city like a nightmare hawk. "+1".

"Melkor, I'll see them in hell".

Z = LEFT

X = RIGHT

; = UP

/ = DOWN

OR USE JOYSTICK PORT 2

F = FREEZE

C = CONTINUE.

PROGRAMMERS:

Is your software good enough for CRL. If it is contact Michael Hodges on 01-985 2391 or write to the ZEN ROOM, UNIT 7D KINGS YARD, CARPENTERS ROAD, LONDON E15 2HD.

