



# BORROWED TIME™

**Knock-knock.  
Who's there? You don't know.  
Better find out.  
Because somebody's after you.  
And if you don't stop them in time,  
they're going to get away with murder.  
Yours.**

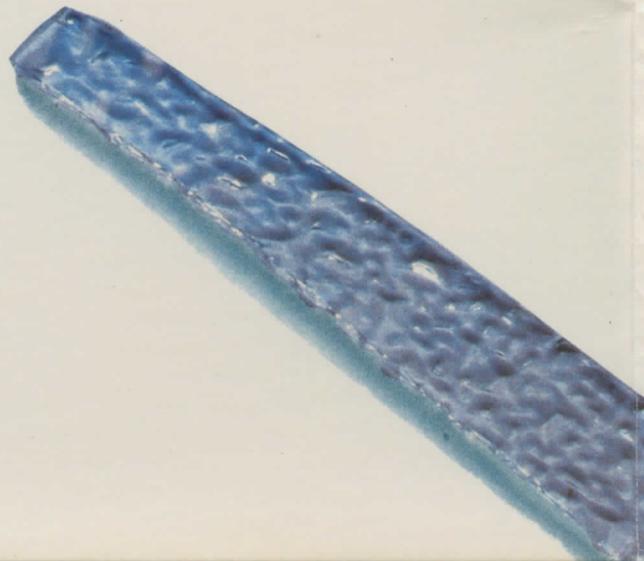
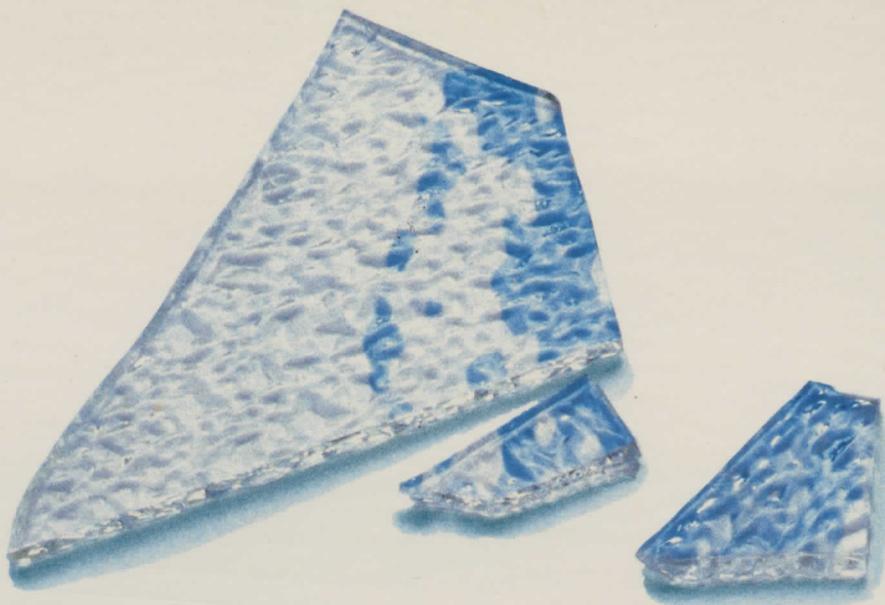
**ACTIVISION**  
HOME COMPUTER SOFTWARE

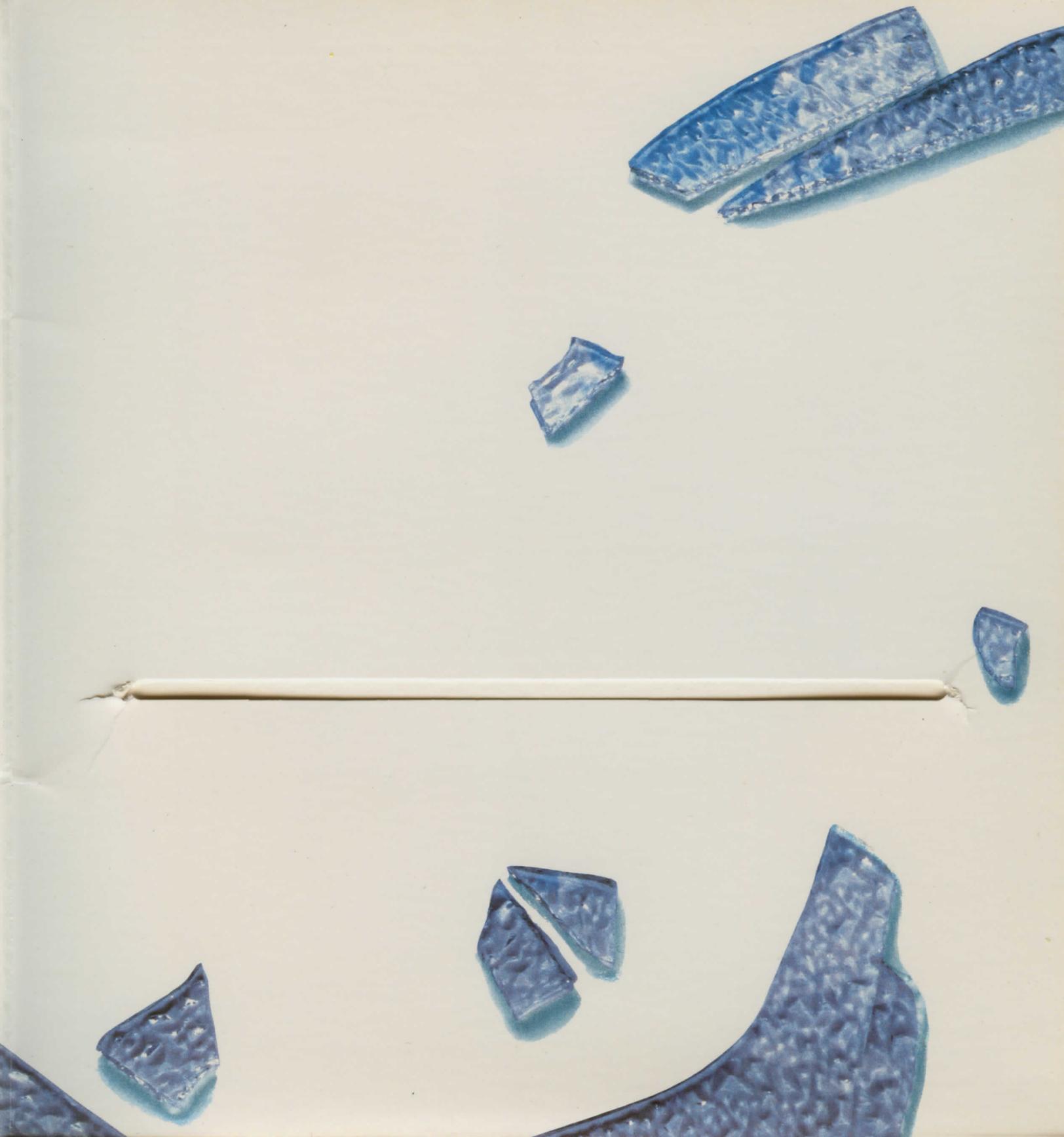
**An Illustrated Text Adventure.  
By Interplay Productions.**

## About the job.

**It's simple yet slippery. The idea is to save your neck by finding the person who wants to wring it. The way you go about accomplishing this task is your own business. However, if, by chance, you are gun-shy, accident-prone or reluctant in any way to put your body in harm's way, then you have no business being in this business.**

**All of which brings us to the business at hand—your daily “activities.” You can bank on getting shot at (often), badly burned, anesthetized, beaten up, strung up, sentenced to life behind bars (it gets better), smashed over the head with a gun butt, shoved from a lofty ledge to a flattening finale, ripped to billions of pieces by crazed canines, blindsided by a crowbar and generally held in great contempt by many, many people. Sort of brings fresh meaning to the expression “hard day's work,” doesn't it?**





Danger in the first degree.

Open on a sultry, rather unremarkable big-city afternoon.

Focus on a sweaty, sort of sloppy small-time PI's office.

(Any similarities to run-of-the-mill sleuth stories end here.)

The drowsy detective is rudely jerked back to consciousness by his telephone's nasty jangle:

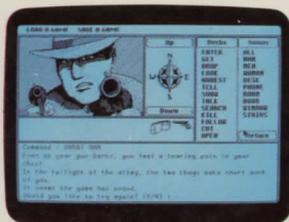
"Sam, you're a dead man."

Seems things have suddenly gotten very personal. A definitely unsettling how-do-you-do. But who in the world could be the perpetrator? And why?

"Sam, you're a dead man."



Commodore 64™/128™



Apple® Macintosh™



Amiga™

There are 20 serious suspects. And, unfortunately for Sam, it seems each one wants to throw the first clump of dirt on his coffin.

"Sam, you're a dead man."

A smart gumshoe will turn his old case files—and the city—upside down to find the fiend. A smarter gumshoe will also turn and constantly check his flanks. Seems Sam's been put in the rather precarious position of trying to skin a cat without getting skinned alive.

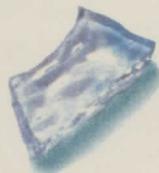
"Sam, you're a dead man."

And the one man who can help with a few precious clues and tidbits of info just happens to be blind.

"Sam, you're a dead man."

"Sam, you're a dead man."

Guess who's Sam. Have a nice day.



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from computer to computer  
due to differing technical  
specifications.  
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