



HINTS & TIPS

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DARKSEED™

Based upon the fantastic artwork of
CYBERDREAMS™

H.R. GIGER

CYBERDREAMS

ENTERTAINMENT SOFTWARE

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CYBERDREAMS

Hint Book

DARKSEED

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Giger Foreword

My paintings may disturb many people but this is because the viewer does not understand what I am saying. I expel these creatures, and their pain, by painting them onto a surface, trapping them forever. In a somewhat symbolic manner, I also free myself. The worlds of both the imagery and the medium create a sensitive situation where I must work hard to become the master - dominating both the medium and my fears.

I work primarily with airbrush and pen & ink, but have found occasion to work with many media - an idea in itself, often will choose its form of expression. In any form, art is something to share an emotion or an imagination.

My work with Cyberdreams has exposed me to a new world. A world that I know very little about but find very interesting. In the beginning, I was not very involved in the DARK SEED project, but as time

went on, I became more interested and also developed a better understanding of computers.

As a fine artist, I was originally somewhat skeptical about graphics quality. However, when Cyberdreams came to my home in Switzerland to show me my images on the computer, I was very pleased. As I looked at screen after screen, I recognized my work and felt that great care was taken to keep many elements of my original art. I could only say "beautiful." This was a new experience for me to see my art used in an interactive environment. I have enjoyed my first true experience with computers, a medium which has only just begun.

H.R. GIGER
Zurich, Switzerland
August 27, 1992

Introduction

Long have the terrors of H.R. Giger influenced the realm of science fiction film and literature. His original designs for *Alien* spawned not only successful sequels but comics besides. Chilling mechanoids grace the covers of albums and Giger's subdued airbrushings quietly influence more than a few aspiring young artists, writers, and game players. And now, that influence extends to *Cyberdreams*, of course, as evidenced by their fiendishly challenging foray into the macabre. Part book, part adventure, and all lingering nightmare, *Dark Seed* takes root immediately in the psyche and allows no rest until mastered.

As a company outsider assembling the necessary bits and pieces for a complete journey through their world of menace, I discovered first hand how *Dark Seed* can disturb. In spite of game saves and replays, I often found poor Mike Dawson (and myself by association) in exactly the wrong place at the wrong time. Sometimes, like Mike, I would lapse into unconsciousness at whatever point I stood in the game. Fortunately, I would awaken. Mike, alas, became brain food for an extraterrestrial neoplasm.

Like Mike's predecessors, I've prepared a certain amount of useful clues, strategies, and outright giveaways that will pull you through the rough spots and perhaps help you save the world. Pick this cluebook up, in other words, where the manual drops you off.

Before you begin, bear in mind that even this brief supplement can take most or possibly all of the fun out of play. Read only the clues you absolutely need, but if after gnashing your teeth over a particular problem too long, go ahead, read a clue or two.

Save the walk through for the days far in the future when you want to show a house guest your personal digitized collection of biomechanoids. After all, how many people do you know who can say they own a pocket Giger universe? Consider game play your rite of passage into this eerie continuum, and one to savor.

Even if you've never adventured on a computer before, just follow logic and intuition, and the puzzle pieces will fall together. *Cyberdreams* has unleashed nothing less than a gorgeous monster; an intricate tangle of meanness you'll love to tame.

David Sears

How To Use This Book

So you want to finish Dark Seed? With this clue book you can make short work of the story using the walk through as a navigator. This approach takes you on a whirlwind tour of sinister Giger-scapes, a dilapidated Victorian dwelling and its environs, and a somber graveyard besides.

At a more leisurely pace that serves to intensify dread (and the dread's half the fun, after all), the clues section presents you with a single problem, a suggestive hint, and the problem's immediate solution. Some, but not all necessary steps to enact a clue may be included; the clues assume you have been playing Dark Seed for some time. Should you rush through the game using clues as crutches, you might find yourself backtracking to find important inventory items. That's what the inventory list is for. There you'll find every object that plays a crucial role in solving the game and where to

find those items. Some players won't need much more than this list to finish the game.

Characters

Dark Seed has a number of important players besides you, and you'll meet them in both the normal and dark worlds during the game. The character descriptions give you some idea of what both the star and the supporting cast are thinking.

Narrative

Some of this sounds familiar, but you might pick up a few clues in this expanded storyline.

Hints & Tips

Under each of the clue headings in this book, you'll find a brief description of a puzzle or a problem, then a hint to point you in the right direction. Further down the page you'll encounter a spoiler—the complete answer to your problem. Use these as a last resort. Use a mirror to decipher the solution.

Walk Through

An aptly titled section, this narrative cheat leads you through the mystery with little fuss in very few steps. All sense of impending doom fades away the moment you read a walk through; you owe it to yourself to play the game. Still, you're the boss, so just when you feel like wringing your hands, turn to the walk through and teach those aliens a lesson!

Maps

Here you'll find a visual guide to both worlds, ours and theirs. To collect your bearings, just refer to these. Location names are given, however, so unless you want some advanced warning on where you're headed, skip this section.

Inventory

This section lists all the items necessary for finishing your mission. You don't have the bobby pin? Keep searching! Least likely to spoil the fun, the potential inventory list lets you know if you aren't quite ready to end the game.

Words to the Wise

The game manual offers some helpful hints that you shouldn't ignore just because you have a clue book in hand. Remember that Dark Seed counts every minute of play and adjusts its internal clock accordingly. The first few times you played the game, you probably ran out of time. To temper this constraint, utilize the pause feature and ensure that the world doesn't turn without you. Always save your game before your character retires for the evening—you've likely forgotten a very important task and will need to return to the previous day to complete it.

Dark Seed makes excellent use of hi-resolution color graphics, and the level of detail is dazzling. Amidst all this graphic resplendence there are tiny objects that you'll need to manipulate or pick up. Whenever your intuition demands that you find a lever, look for it! More likely than not, it's there, but true to Giger's art, Cyberdreams slipped their animated implants seamlessly into the landscape. To discover these objects, patience is all you need. Keep an eye on the cursor and watch it change as you move it slowly across digitized images. Should the question mark change into an exclamation mark or a hand, you're onto something.

Sometimes you might load a saved game only to discover that you can't open the secret doors or the door to the mausoleum. In that case, Mike Dawson probably doesn't know how to do those things. Dark Seed keeps track of information as you and Mike gather it, and will not allow Mike to perform actions that he could not perform without very specific information—like opening secret doors that remain a secret, for example. Mike will need to re-examine the blueprints to locate the mysterious doorways.

Another of Mike's quirks: He doesn't run out of aspirin. Take as many as you want, just don't waste time in the bathroom that you'll need to defeat the dark side villains later.

MEET

The
NORMAL
WORLD

CHARACTERS

Mike Dawson



*M*ike Dawson, that's me, former San Francisco advertising mogul. Why did I leave? To pursue writing full time, of course, in the shaded acres of Woodland Hills. The rat-race never suited me, and

it's time I took a leave. No, I'm not that old, just weary. But that inner voice keeps telling me to move on, so of course I bought the house. An aging Victorian eyesore straight out of the movies I grew up with—no way could I turn that down, especially at the price. I don't think I'll worry about fixing her up, yet. I'll just absorb the ambience and work in peace for a while.

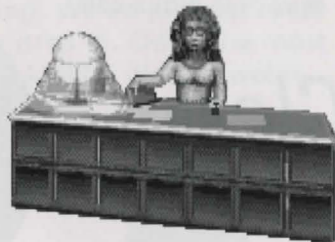
On the other hand, there's definitely something odd about my neighbors. Maybe it's the way they often ignore me, or the fact that I can't seem to make an appointment at the barber shop. Either way, I can't shake the idea that they harbor some sort of ill feelings toward me. I wonder if it has anything to do with the house. Historical value diminished by science fiction writer in residence? I doubt it. Fate, kismet, or karma, I'm here for a reason. I was meant to have this house, and whether the locals like it or not, I'm moving in.

Delbert



*Y*eah, I'm a lawyer. The last one in town, too. Not much call for legal services, what with everyone having moved away and all. The place is downright deserted. A few of us natives hang on, hoping for an end to all this. An end to the nightmares, an end to the cycle, and an end to the killings. You can imagine what it meant to those of us who remain when that Mike Dawson fella' staked a claim on the hill. Nobody since old man McKeegan had much of a chance with those things, and he was crazy from the start. Of course, we all seem to turn a little crazier every day, except those of us with a drinking habit. Funny how alcoholism can keep a man sane.

The Librarian



*A*round here, we shut down early and hurry home. Anyone who wants to rummage through the stacks after dark won't have my cooperation. Who'd think a sleepy little town like Woodland Hills could harbor homicidal maniacs? I would've never taken this job except that with the recession and student loans to pay, I was lucky to find anything at all. Strange how things work out, isn't it? If I'd stayed in Los Angeles, I could talk to strangers; you can't help but meet them on the street. Instead I'm out in the sticks, lucky to run into anyone, afraid of my shadow. Even my dreams have taken a dark turn lately. The man that bought the McKeegan place—he shows up in them regularly, and he asks me for help. As if I could give any! You know the worst part of my dreams? I dream in shades of gray, more than

I'd like to count. Even that cute Mike Dawson seems washed-out and fragile. I should keep an eye on him. If I ever dent this pile of books I have to check in, I may give him a call.

Clerk



*L*ots of fine old things in this shop. I've got liniment from the fifties and tooth powder from the twenties, besides the new fangled stuff. And plenty of scotch for Delbert. Got to have that scotch. Why do I keep all this stuff? Now listen here, you. A man can do what he wants in his own store, and if I want to keep a few antique tins around, I'll keep them. Just because business is bad don't mean I'm ready to close up and hightail it out of here. I've been proprietor for nigh on twenty-five years now, like my daddy before me, and my great granddaddy before him. My line, we'll always be here.

Don't tell anybody this, but I used to think about moving on, maybe starting a little place fresh in the

city. See lots of people, maybe move some merchandise. But then I get all cloudy feeling and I just want to stay put. My daddy told me about our condition, an inherited thing. We've just got weak blood and a little infirmity bred in. Odd how most folks around here got that. Maybe it's the water—you ought to stick to scotch.

Postman



I don't think I've ever delivered so many parcels before. Every day I trudge up the hill to McKeegan's—I mean Dawson's—place, lugging some box or other. Wait a minute, I take that back. Seems McKeegan used to get this kind of mail, just before he died, a box a day. He wouldn't tell me what he was up too, but I remember his eyes. They were going gray, and I could see all the little veins knotted up. That man was haunted. No wonder he had a stroke. The odd part of the affair though, is

how they found him. He was lying on the living room floor clutching a piece of mirror glass over his heart. Now, why'd he have to die like that? In this town though, I wouldn't be surprised if they found Dawson the same way someday. Soon.

Cop



Okay, anybody that monkeys around with graves goes to jail, period. You'd be surprised at how many times I've caught someone wandering around in the cemetery after dark. Why this town has such morbid curiosity is beyond me, especially since it's so dangerous to walk the streets, let alone the city limits.

Barber



Well, we watch the world go by, me and the boys. There's no better place in Woodland Hills to chew the fat and anybody who comes to town has to pass right by our window. Of course, these days we don't talk about fishing much, what with the criminal element moved in and all. Dawson? What would I know about Dawson? He's that fellow that took up in the old McKeegan place, ain't he? If you ask me, anybody fool enough to spend the night—hell, even spend a day in that place, well, they're asking for any trouble they get. And they'll get it, and we'll get it too, probably. We don't want no more of that, now do we boys? No sir. Bad enough we can't go out after dark, it could get like it was before McKeegan came to town. Seems like then no one went out at all.

Meet

The **DARK**
World
 CHARACTERS

22

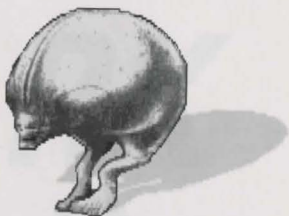
Sargo



*T*oo long have I been imprisoned here, human. If rot I could, these plastic genes would dust-sprinkle the cosmos. No, there is no way to circumvent the machinations of the Ancients. They stalked the dark between the stars before your pitiful race slid from ooze primordial. They hunt even during sleep, and consume, eternally famished. They do not cease but exist in past and present and know your every feeble twitch, the most minuscule shiver. Whatever their plans, I cannot help you halt them. A key? You say you have a key? Perhaps then, a trade. Escape for escape, gift for gift...

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Drekketh Guard



*S*ing three-Kelvin, plastic brittle, human brain to taste. Consume for the masters, track and keep, track and keep. Incubate sub-zero, Dawson-foil, we ripple across, rip space. He makes way, masters leer hideous. Good! They dream, smile. Good taste, human mind, make way.

Dark Sergeant

*G*lacial creeping days merest moments prior to crossing and still, still the Masters sleep. But I, I am entropy. I have journeyed before and before again. Cogent musings spit the data mongers, on

contracts, on penalties, on epic dissonances. But not for ossificants comatose do I tread the twilight gulf— I cross for a single, former prize instead, a prize pilfered by a human vermin.

The portal leaks! Bearers of the double-helixed animus permeate, they skulk. On their foreheads I shall set a pointy osculation; I shall dance in the vapors steaming that their streaming blood shall raise.

Such trophies sport that brilliant world of sun and shifting tides! Nickel plating there sheaths explosive fury! To taste combustion here in this realm



endothermic, how bittersweet. We stoke the coiling souls of dire and conscripted legions, glass-sand each scabrous Id and bend brainless hunger towards the light. To war we make vicious love in motion slow, and march, counting anions, heralding dark victory.

Keeper of the Scrolls



*N*ot all darkness makes evil. Virtue arises wherever conflict ensues. Trust me, Dawson, for you have no other friends. I shall send you information on the only bandwidth you might comprehend, though your primitive linguistics tire my soul. Patience, Dawson! Not only your world hangs in the balance, nor the energy you call your life's own. Mine too shall perish if the Ancients should cross the boundary.

I keep the scrolls. I watch the millennia pass. Their ancient history only I could know, but now you too shall see. After their eons slumber they must feed, and the first to fuel them are the first at hand. Before me a Keeper fell, before her another still. The Elders grow simulacra before their timeless urge towards dormancy overwhelms and then, they leave her here, less than she was, her task to maintain their history. A history with one more world-rape, a once-again genocide, a feast on servants. We too cling to what you call thought, what you feebly call existence. Assist us and save yourself.

Dark Fido



*A*roor, aroor. Smack. Watch the passing watching the passing waiting good houndling, good. Smack. Foot carbon-eater smell. Hand carbon-eater. Tear grind lips and liver carbon-eater. Gnash sounds make good. Insides spread for frolic, lumping. Smack. Aroor. Good grayling, good.

Ancients



*B*liss of heedless coma breeding,
 Lapidary human souls intravenous-wearing
 Vivisect the pink flesh wearers
 To taste largess
 Flay the cranial integument, open
 Brain-lathes turning
 The blood-smiths, fetus-braziers
 Bile lickers shine toothsome
 Visions, subjugations, bone-scrappings

Tentacle weary slumber
 Flux nigh wakening
 Undulating lethargic frenzies to the crossing
 Interregnum ends, fusing

Narrative

*G*regg Cameron and I had just closed one of the biggest deals in our combined twenty-one years at the agency, making the prospect of staying with Cameron, Dawson, and Tillich even more lucrative. I'm Mike Dawson. Not only did I claim one third of the firm's name, I was Chairman of the Board. A position like that means power, power and money—both especially hard to pass up when you consider that my agency towered over all other San Francisco-based advertising agencies.

But my heart said "write." My body said "rest." My eyes looked southward, and I remembered childhood summer days spent swinging on my Great Aunt's porch, afternoons of tag, and running through a spider's web spun between two trees. At night I watched the stars and counted those that fell. I dreamed then of the moon. These glorious moments waited for me, me and my readers, but first I must stalk the muse. She lived, I suspected, in

the country. The quiet, the solitude, the wilds. These camouflaged the ever elusive blessing of inspiration.

The ad in the paper shattered all doubts—a spacious, fully furnished Victorian-style house in Woodland Hills, CA. The word “seclusion” first caught my eye, owner must sell. No noise, no competition, and dirt cheap. The owner couldn’t possibly profit at that price. A steal, a killing! And I stopped at those words, wondering why I had used them. The fugue state passed quickly enough and I’ve never been one to ponder synchronicity. Little did I know that those words read like the lyrics to my coming days. All I knew then was that I had to get away, to write, to get the ideas out of my head.

A recent business trip via chartered prop allowed for a side-trip to the small, privately-owned airstrip outside Woodland Hills. The pilot proved no help with directions, and the cabs I called never arrived. But I knew that the house of my dreams was mere miles away, tugging me home. I willingly hitched to the realtor’s office, but the only agent, Beverly, had taken a late lunch. By the time she returned and we drove to the house, I had only enough time for a quick walk through. It seemed large and the silence deafened. Beverly said not a word and sporadically fumbled with the light switches. As I wanted only

solitude and quiet, Beverly had her sale. Beside herself, she offered to drive me to the airport and soon I was winging my way to San Francisco for the last time.

Beverly’s message awaited me by the time I returned to my apartment. The sellers would pay for my move if I acted on the deal within a week. They even offered to activate the utilities. Why, I wondered, had the slothful Beverly come alive so quickly? Certainly not because of her commission from that paltry sale. I returned her call the next morning.

Why had the previous owner wanted to sell the house? Beverly paused then breathed ominously to issue this noncommittal excuse: family obligations. Who was the owner? Beverly assured me that the house was in fine repair for such an aged structure, but I pressed on. She finally acknowledged that the owners were out of state, desired anonymity, and that the price was low because they didn’t want to be bothered by a long, drawn out transaction. She suggested that she could take care of all the details on her end and move the sale along quickly. I imagined a great neighborhood, the trees, the nighttime crickets. “Thanks Beverly,” I said, and began to pack my socks.

I hastily wrapped up my current business endeavors and notified my partners of my plan. Grudgingly, they agreed to a one year sabbatical, their exorbitant pay raises placating them. The few belongings I planned to bring with me remained behind for the movers to gather; I moved on to Woodland Hills unencumbered.

After returning to the small airport, I called a taxi to take me the rest of the way home. This time, they answered. Fate, again, moving me towards writers' bliss. As I watched from my back seat vantage, the rural setting refreshed me.

The cab driver and his taxi, however, were relics of an era long past. The sign on the door read "Andy's Taxi Service" and the upholstery had probably seen its best days sometime in the 50's. Not much call for cabs out here, I supposed, and wondered why. Andy, it turned out, had no intentions of answering me, instead staring fixedly ahead. Both hands on the wheel. That's when I began to worry, perhaps a bit, that Woodland Hills might not be the perfect place to live. The perfect place to write, maybe. To live, probably not.

"Andy, take me to the old Victorian in the hills." I smiled. After all, I'd purchased a landmark. Andy,

already thin, bent and balding, paled noticeably. I asked him what could be bothering him and he could only reply "Oh, just a bit of a migraine" and continued driving. I took out a pad and noted his dress: stained oversized seersucker slacks held up by suspenders safety-pinned to his tee shirt. While I hoped the rest of the town fared better in both the fashion and hospitality department, that was a worry for another day. At any rate, they'd make excellent characters for my novel.

As we drove through the narrow byways of downtown Woodland Hills, I was greeted by sideways glances and suspicious demeanors at every corner. Strange. Were they ogling the taxi, on the streets for the first time in decades, or was I the first stranger to set foot here in their lifetimes? I figured I was lucky to live in one of the marginally secluded areas; the small-town mentality of Woodland Hills had let me down and I urged Andy to drive faster.

To my chagrin, I discovered that my new home was not quite as far from town as I could have wished. It was, however, surrounded by trees that afforded adequate privacy. I paid Andy and sent him on his way to wait for a fare that might not come for a dozen years or more.

Of course, I forgot all outside distractions when I viewed my house for the first time in daylight. Solitary and incongruent with its surroundings, it seemed almost alien. There seemed an ominous vacuum around it, an envelope of silence framing it like a painting, a visual enigma.

Strange mixtures of architectural components and spots missing paint made it seem wanting at first glance. I pushed against the massive oaken doors and stepped inside. The place seemed empty in spite of the antiques littering the rooms, and the dust belied the passage of recent occupants. Who would live with dust and mold and ripped wallpaper, I wondered. Who walked here without leaving footprints in plaster-crumbled carpets? But in this one moment where I might have walked away, the serene pleasure that antiquity brings washed over me. I would stay. This was home.

But where was the moving van? Maybe they would arrive by tomorrow. And the agent? Beverly seemed professional enough as I purchased the house through a series of unbelievably convenient overnight transactions. She owed me an illuminated tour, at least. Surely she was not on another late lunch. Very well, I would explore on my own and she could supply the history later.

Fading sunlight filtered through semi-curtained windows; yellow photon streams stirred dust motes to doleful fury. I marveled at the immaculate shoddiness of the place. How it reminded me of some other place, some other when.

That portrait. The eerie one on the wall of the living room. A beautiful woman, young, dark shadows and pale flesh. Familiar. Scaly. You sometimes grow scaly when you wrinkle up old. Like my Great Aunt.

A high, imperceptible whine, a broken dog whistle meant for me, fluted through me. My eyes glazed, my mouth sagged.

I was tired. Not just tired, but suddenly exhausted. Eyes leaden, tongue of cotton. Every house has a bedroom. Mine must be upstairs. Groping, I made the stairs and wondered whether to wait there for the agent. What was her name?

Just a nap.

What was her name?

She had no name—I never asked.

No, I did ask, I just can't remember. Odd. I must ask her name when she gets here. First, sleep. I must

find a bed. Where are my things? Where did the mover put them?

The movers never came.
I must remember to tell the agent about that, too.

After trying several doors, I discovered one of the bedrooms. My legs begged for collapse and soon had it as I plunge onto the filthy linens face first, palms down. Musty but cool and resilient, the tattered down comforter meant everything.

A short nap.

The whine became a roar and the dog answered, howling.

Sleep. A voice indistinguishable from the landscape of dreams bid me sleep. Sleep.

Another cycle had begun.

Hints & Tips

Mike keeps falling asleep. What's wrong with him?

Hint: Try looking at your watch.

Solution: Mike only has until 10:00 PM to finish his tasks for the day. The brain implant probably causes him to shut down. To garner the watch you need, head up to the attic and move the large trunk using the hand icon. Click on the lower right corner closest to Mike. After moving the trunk, search the floor and pick up the watch. Be sure to wind it. You can also look at the grandfather clock in the living room.

I put scotch in the gas tank but the car won't run.

Hint: Like everything else on Mike's property, the car's old. But it's not that old.

Solution: You need car keys. There's a loose stone in the cellar that conceals them, but you'll need to perform a few other tasks before you can lift the stone.

Mike's headaches are driving me crazy. How can I finish the game if he can't think straight?

Hint: Most doctors recommend taking these for a headache.

Solution: Go to the upstairs bathroom and open the medicine cabinet. Mike will automatically open an aspirin bottle and swallow a few. You'll need to repeat this procedure each morning, so you might as well begin the habit early. Otherwise, Mike complains a awful lot.

If there really is a dark side, how come I can't go there? Where is the missing piece to that mirror, anyway? Where's all the Giger art?

Hint: The fragment will find you. Stay put and explore the house some more, maybe move some things around in the attic. For a first look at Giger's art, note the portrait over the sofa.

Solution: Patience! You need to read the journal located in the trunk in the attic. Got it in your inventory? Read it. Now, wait on the shard to arrive, then repair the mirror.

Back and forth, back and forth. It seems like I'm traveling between worlds too much. How do I know when enough is enough?

Hint: Something will kill you. Seriously though, imagine what it would be like to sleep for eons and live forever. You'd probably perceive time in a very different way from humanity and act accordingly.

Solution: The Ancients measure time on a scale greater than geological, so you can not wake them up with your comings and goings. You may cross the threshold between worlds at will and without repercussions. Their servants never seem to rest, however.

I can see the garage from the front of the house, but I can't find a way inside. How do I get there?

Hint: Trails are not always obvious. Pay close attention to your pointer as you move it across the screen. You might turn up unexpected pathways.

Solution: As you exit the house, look to the right side of the screen. An overgrown trail leads around back, just point Mike in that direction using the pointer.

What's the rope for? I've tried it on everything in the light side and now I'm going to head over to the dark side to experiment.

Hint: The rope belongs in the normal world. Leave it on the dark side and you could hang yourself.

Solution: You'll need the rope to allow you to enter and exit the house whenever you don't want to use the front door. Climb up to the attic, then head right to walk across the balcony. Use the rope on the garage. The rope will hang down the side of the house, ready for Mike to climb anytime. This is the only spot you'll need the rope.

I don't have enough money for all the items in the store. How do I know what to buy?

Hint: If you were in Mike's shoes, which of those items would you take home?

Solution: Scotch. Too bad Mike can't drink it, though. Probably that empty making him nervous. Poor guy must need a stiff drink by now.

Do I need the gun? The police arrested me!

Hint: You need the gun on day two but not before. And you won't shoot it in either world.

Solution: Since you have only one Get Out of Jail Free card, use it wisely. Take the gun only after your arrest. Once taken, the gun plays an important part in your dark side affairs, so hold on to it until they pry it from your warm-blooded fingers.

When do I start the car? I do start the car, don't I?

Hint: When you're ready to really complicate things for the Ancients, but only as a last resort.

Solution: Just before you cross over to the dark side on day three, pour the scotch into the Buick's gas tank. Climb inside the car and use the keys on the ignition. You have not only activated the Buick, but the Ancients' spacecraft in the same spot on the dark side. Hurry though. Time is short.

I give up! Where's the bobby pin and what do I use it for?

Hint: Try your library. Bobby pins are, among other things, often used to pick locks.

Solution: The bobby pin is on the floor in front of the librarian. Mike doesn't have the skill to pick locks using a bobby pin in our world, but on the dark side, our technology confuses some Ancient devices.

No one in town will have anything to do with me.

Hint: Shower every morning, Mike?

Solution: While Mike has to shower every morning, body odor's not the only reason townsfolk won't talk to him. They're frightened, those of them that are still alive, and rightfully so. While they can't admit it, they all feel that there's a drastic change for the worse ahead and Mike Dawson's at the center of it.

Nothing I can do grants access to the barber shop. How do I get inside?

Hint: Mike wears his hair long.

Solution: The barber shop is colorful filler. You can not telephone, speak with, or otherwise affect the barber or his clientele. On the dark side you might try to free the imprisoned souls but you cannot reach

Solution: Delbert feels a certain kinship with anyone who buys scotch. Besides, he figures you for the

The Drekketh Guard stops me before I reach the Archives. How do I slip by this thing?

Hint: There is no honor among thieves, but among prisoners, maybe. Take a chance.

Solution: As you escape from the dark side jail, you encounter fellow prisoner Sargo. He implores you for your help. Give it to him; he will offer you a headband of invisibility in exchange. After you exit the jail, use the headband to pass by the Drekketh Guard and visit the Archives. Beware: This device has limited durability as detailed by Sargo. Trust him.

The cops bagged me for digging up graves and I can't escape.

Hint: If you have ever talked to Delbert, you know he can help you out.

Solution: Delbert feels a certain kinship with anyone who buys scotch. Besides, he figures you for the

Remember Delbert can free you from only one jam. Occupation. Oh, well. Load a saved game or restart. alien bursts from your skull at its last moments of morning. But, it is day three you shall perish as the On day one and two you are let out the next the card and you'll hit the streets. Don't have a card? an annoyed guard checks on him. Hand the guard use it on the bars. Mike will start clanging away until Free card. Just pick up the tin cup in your cell and Delbert's business card serves as a Get Out of Jail town's last shot at salvation. Don't let him down.

I can turn the microfiche reader in the library on and off, but I can't find any microfiche. Where is it?

Hint: You'll have to make a trip to the dark side to see the Keeper of the Scrolls.

Solution: The microfiche is essential to solving the final puzzles. Unfortunately, you must pass the Drekketh Guard to gain access to the Archives. The Drekketh Guard exists primarily to prevent life forms from entering the Archives and uncovering truth; it certainly won't balk at killing Mike Dawson. Before you can hope to pass this nasty, you'd better go back to jail—dark jail, that is.

The dark side seems awfully small in comparison to the light side. Isn't there more than the few rooms I've seen so far?

Hint: What's done on one side can affect the other. Listen to the radio for important information regarding dark side access.

Solution: To gain access to more doorways on the dark side, leave the secret passageways in Mike's Victorian home open—both of them. This opens two doors on the dark side. Be careful though. The secret doors seem to shut easily and they are easily forgotten. When you need every minute left on the clock to run to the dark side and return home, a sealed exit costs you the game.

Once you have opened the secret doors on the earth, you'll have full run of the dark side hatchery. You don't really need to use the secret passage again, so stay away from those two doors.

I tried the binoculars on everything. Aside from giving me a dramatic view, they don't do much.

Hint: You're right. That's what binoculars do best, though.

Solution: Don't spend much time with the binoculars. Dark Seed serves them up as a classic red herring. Do take time to ponder the somber majesty of the Giger-escape just off the balcony in the dark world.

In the first room of the dark side hatchery, there are doors on the right and left. The right leads to more corridors and rooms; the left leads to a dead end laboratory. In fact, I usually end up dead if I play with anything in any of the rooms here!

Hint: When in the dark world, don't touch anything you don't have to. They'll stuff you in an incubator and that will be the end of your adventure.

Solution: This room leads nowhere, except perhaps to your death through wasted time. After a cursory inspection, leave. You have other puzzles to solve.

There's no way out of the dark side jail! How am I supposed to finish this game if I can't get out of this cell?

Hint: You need some artifacts from your world to make an escape. Since the dark side jailer confiscates your possessions, you will just have to put the necessary items there ahead of time.

Solution: Before you visit your buddies at the station, you need to read the journal scraps found in J. McKeehan's grave. This insures that you will have a pillow in your cell. Before you go to jail on earth, be certain that you have a bobby pin, some money, and the gloves. Place these under the pillow, then raise a ruckus with the tin cup. Show the guard your Get Out of Jail Free card and you are out of one jail and ready to escape from the next.

Is there a way out of the dark side hatchery? I've been wandering around in those first few rooms for hours.

Hint: Yes, a whole dark world awaits. Your eyes probably are not used to the grimness of this place yet; go outside to let them adjust. Pay attention to the mouse pointer as you move it about. If it changes status from a question mark to an exclamation mark, you may have discovered a way to open some dark side doors.

Solution: Look outside on the balcony for a lever. Pull this using gloves and the door to the outer dark world opens on the lower level.

I can't cross the bridge on the dark side. Dark Fido won't let me!

Hint: Your drinking buddy Delbert might be of some help there. Be sure to meet him if he asks to visit.

Solution: Meet Delbert beside your house and outside the door to the garage at 8:00 PM on day two. Follow him to his yard where he begins a game of fetch with his dog. Offer him scotch. He'll drink it, stop the game, and head for home. You gather up the stick and save it for the hell hound on the dark side. Just toss it into the chasm and the evil beast follows.

Everything I touch seems to kill me!

Hint: Put something between you and the devices you try out.

Solution: Use the gloves on levers and control panels. Ancient technology dislikes the feel of human hands.

Okay, I can escape from the dark side jail but I still can't finish the game before Mike falls asleep.

Hint: You won't be finishing the game on day two, anyway, but don't leave the jail without the headband.

Solution: Free yourself, then help your fellow prisoner. He'll offer you a headband of invisibility. Use this to sneak past the Drekkeh Guard in front of the Archives and visit the Keeper of Scrolls. You won't have time for anything else, so run home. Admire her while you have the chance though; this is the last time you will set eyes on the Keeper.

I think I'm in a spaceship. What good is this thing? Can I fly away or what?

Hint: The Ancients were a traveling race, once. They probably used the craft to move here.

Solution: The spaceship is key to defeating the Ancient menace. When you send the spaceship away, you break the energy link to the mirror. No energy, no crossover. Sending the spaceship away also negates the aliens' primary mode of mobility, so they're stuck where they are for eternity. Then again, they might re-establish the link another way...

No, you can not go for a joy ride in the alien craft. The empty would kill you before long anyway, so just try to save the world and yourself today, okay?

How do I get rid of the spaceship? I've activated the controls but nothing happens.

Hint: The Ancients don't leave their spacecraft running for eons. Perhaps like a car, this one is put up on blocks to preserve it.

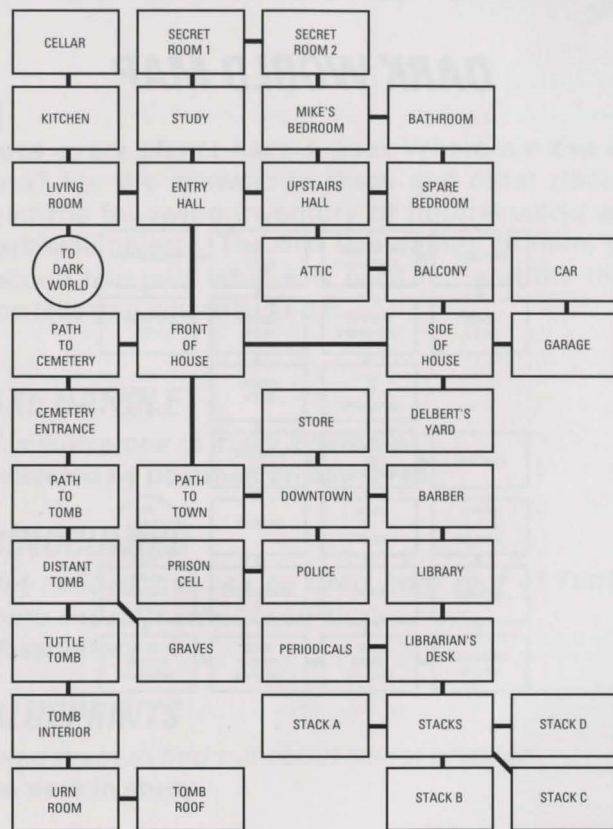
Solution: On day three, head for the garage and pour a bottle of scotch into the gas tank of the car there. Start the engine and then run to the dark side. The scotch will fuel the automobile for a very limited time. Once on the dark side, activate the ship's control panel lever and exit. Mike will watch as the craft speeds away.

I sent the space craft into the void but the game isn't over.

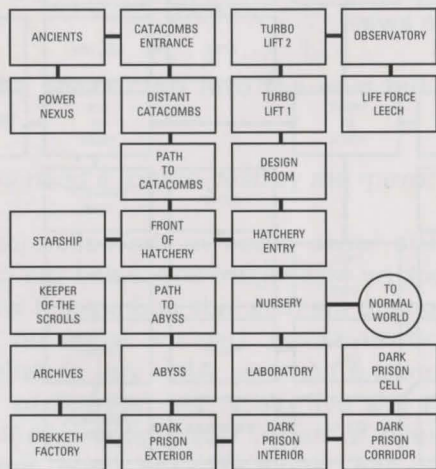
Hint: You need a tool to destroy the mirror.

Solution: The loose stone in the cellar (originally brought back by McKegan) concealed the car keys. Take the stone to the dark side and place it within the Ancients' power nexus. Use the stone on the axe handle to make a hammer. After you complete your business in this evil place, bid farewell to the star ship and hello to earth. Using your inventory list, combine the axe handle with the stone. Smash the mirror and you all live—you, Mike, and the world.

NORMAL WORLD MAP



DARK WORLD MAP



Inventory

Does every object have a use? Where are the car keys? For the answers to these and other riddles, read the following inventory of normal world and dark side objects. The first line names an item, the second line tells what it is used for, and the third line tells you where to find it.

AXE HANDLE

Use with stone to make a hammer
Delivered by postman on day three.

BINOCULARS

Not needed, but can be used from roof of Tuttle's tomb and dark side observatory
Observatory

BLUEPRINTS

Read them to find out about secret passage
On desk in study

BOBBY PIN

Use to pick lock in dark side prison cell
 Floor of library

BUSINESS CARD

Use to get out of normal world jail
 Given by Delbert when Mike buys scotch

CAR KEYS

Use to start car
 Under stone in cellar

CLOCK KEY

Use to open clock
 Joe Tuttle's urn in tomb

CRACKERS

Not needed
 Store

CROWBAR

Use to open trunk in attic
 Trunk of car

GLOVES

Protects Mike when pulling levers
 Glove compartment

GUN

Possessing it keeps dark sergeant from shooting Mike
 Police Station- Normal World

HAMMER

Use to break mirror
 Constructed from stone and axe handle

HEADBAND

Use to pass Dreketh guard
 Sargo

INSECTICIDE

Not needed
 Store

JOURNAL

Read it to find out about mirror-reading it triggers delivery of Mirror Shard
 Trunk in attic

JOURNAL SCRAP #1

Read it to learn how to enter Tuttle mausoleum

Book in aisle C in library

JOURNAL SCRAP #2

Read it to enable Mike to leave objects under pillow in normal world jail cell

McKeegan's grave

LIBRARY CARD

Give it to librarian to obtain journal scrap #1

Raincoat pocket

MICROFICHE

Use with microfiche reader to learn where car keys are

Keeper of the Scrolls

MIRROR SHARD

Place in mirror to allow Mike to walk through to the dark world

Delivered by postman on day two

MONEY

Use to buy items in the store

Already in inventory; no more to find

OLIVES

Not needed

Store

ROPE

Tie to gargoyle on balcony so Mike can evade cops

Secret room, second floor

SARDINES

Not needed

Store

SCOTCH #1

Give to Delbert to get stick

Store

SCOTCH #2

Pour into gas tank of car to allow Mike to start it

Store

SHOVEL

Use to dig up McKeegan's grave

Dark world catacombs

SOY SAUCE

Not needed
Store

STICK

Play fetch with dark Fido to get past the bridge
Delbert's yard

STONE

Use with axe handle to make hammer
Floor of cellar

WATCH

Not needed, but can be used to keep track of game time

Behind trunk in attic

Walk Through

DAY ONE

Mike wakes up with a severe headache—he'll have plenty of them, so get him out of bed and through the door on the right to enter the bathroom. In the medicine cabinet there, you'll find an unlimited supply of aspirin. Mike only needs one dose per visit, so just change the mouse pointer to the hand icon, use it on the mirror by clicking the left button, and Mike takes it from there. Headache abated, click the hand on the shower stall so Mike can make himself presentable.

Next you'll need the library card. Proceed to the second upstairs bedroom through the right hand door of the bathroom. You'll detect the library card in the pocket of the raincoat if you activate the exclamation mark icon and click on the pocket a few times. Activate the hand icon and click on the pocket with the left button. Mike should take the card. You may view it if you wish through the inventory controls.

Go downstairs. On your office desk you'll find plans to Mike's new home, and they do show a secret passage in both the study and the bedroom where Mike sleeps. Now that you know there is a door here, you can use the hand to open it. It has a tendency to close behind you, so go back and open it. Climb the ladder. On the second floor you'll find some rope; take it. Exit the passage but make sure it remains open. If either of the secret doors close, they can cause problems for you on the dark side.

Depending on how much time you've taken, the doorbell may be ringing. If so, run downstairs and answer it so it will stop. Surprised by the package? Now head back upstairs, and go straight to the attic. There's a watch under the largest trunk; you can move the trunk using the hand icon on the lower right corner. Take the watch and wind it. The ancient timepiece will help you keep track of game time, naturally. Now that you've moved the chest, you can step out onto the balcony. Tie the rope to the gargoyle you find there, thus providing a secondary means of access to the house. For some reason, the architect left a back door out of the plans, but the rope makes for fairly quick egresses.

Now, exit to the balcony again, climb down the rope and enter the garage from the rear. Open the trunk

of the car and examine the area. You should discover a crowbar. Take it. Go ahead and climb inside the car to take the gloves out of the glove compartment. Head around the house to the front and read your paper that's lying there. Go back inside, run to the attic, and open the trunk on the right with the crowbar. You'll find interesting reading there. Go back outside and move right towards the heart of Woodland Hills.

Once in town, you'll need to visit the library and the grocery store. In the library you must find the bobby pin on the floor in front of the taciturn librarian. Look hard; it's there. Give the young lady the library card you found earlier. She perks up enough to send you to aisle C. Once there, click on a green book to receive an important message. Read the message, but there's little else you can do in the library for the moment.

Also on your first visit to town you'll need to pick up a bottle of scotch. Delbert makes an appearance, hands you a Get Out of Jail Free card, and asks you over to his place tomorrow at six. Anyway, if you tried to open the clock in the living room, you know you need a key. Who has the key? Old Man Tuttle, long dead. Exit through the front door and head left to the graveyard.

Read the diary excerpt to discover how to open the Tuttle crypt. Inside you'll find some urns. Joe Tuttle had the key in him during cremation so you can find it in his ashes now.

Go home and open the clock case to find the John McKeegan nameplate. You should still have plenty of time left for snooping, so prowl around the house until the librarian calls. Perhaps she's coming around, Mike? No, she just has a book for you, so run back into town and pick it up. Now go home again and hit the hay. Your second day in Woodland Hills proves much rougher than the first.

DAY TWO

Take your aspirin, shower, and kill some time. Listen to the car radio if you have not heard the ethereal voice yet. The missing fragment of your parlor mirror arrives and you need to slip it into place. This completes the portal to the dark side. Cross over.

Take a moment to adjust to the abrupt palette change. After the gray scale seems natural or at least familiar, you'll notice two doors. Take the right one to the room with skulls. From this point on, the speed of a walk through may actually be a welcome evil. You will not see everything there is to see, but,

on the other hand, you will not stagger through dark world pitfalls, either.

Enter the room to your left. On a table you'll find plans for embryo implantation. Mike Dawson figures prominently. At least you know for sure what's causing those headaches. Now move through the door on the right. This one corresponds to the secret passage door downstairs back in the other world.

Step into the recessed turbo-lift. You'll disincorporate and then reintegrate on the next level. Head left to the observation deck. On the wall between the two doors (you just exited via the one on the left) you'll find a switch. Use the gloves to activate it so you don't electrocute yourself. Return to the turbo-lift and then the room with the skulls. There should be an open door now. Go through it. Bear left until you find the shovel. Return to the mirror portal and cross over.

Take a trip to the graveyard and exhume John McKeegan. He won't mind, even if the police do. In fact, he wanted you to have the last bit of his journal that you will find there. Read it.

Meanwhile, the police have staked out your house and soon you'll find yourself incarcerated. Since you

have the Get Out of Jail Free card, you'll be out soon, but first you need to stow some supplies for your next trip to the dark side. By now you may have figured out that the aliens dwell in a roughly parallel universe and that some of what happens here corresponds to what happens there. So leave behind the gloves, the money, and the pin. You'll be amazed what this simple technology can do to an ancient race! Stick these three things under the pillow and grab the tin cup on your cot. Rattle it on the bars and when the guard comes, hand him Delbert's card. The police should set you free in plenty of time to meet Delbert out back of your house, so take a second to steal their gun.

Delbert will not appear in his yard; he's going to wait for you by your garage in back of your house. Once you meet up, Delbert invites you over and begins to play fetch with his dog. Obviously, Delbert has weighty matters to ponder and he ignores you completely until you offer him scotch. After drinking up, Delbert takes his leave; the dog follows. You take the stick.

Thanks to this late rendezvous with Delbert, time is of the essence. Even a few minor goofs can end Mike's life prematurely.

Cross the portal, take the first door on the right and then the door that pulling the lever opened. Follow the road on your right until you encounter Dark Fido, the bridge guardian. Throw the stick into the abyss and the watchdog chases after it, never to be seen again. Continue to the right until you reach the dark side equivalent of the police station. The Dark Sergeant takes you into custody and takes away your gun.

Thank heavens for synchronicity! Grab the items under your cot pillow. Use the bobby pin on the door; you'll need to repeat this action to pick the lock successfully. Across the way, Sargo implores you for aid. If you swap the bobby pin for his headband, you can storm the Archives while invisible! Exit the building and continue right. Walk past the Drekketh Guard with impudence and enter the Archives to meet the Keeper of the Scrolls. Activate the machinery and she appears, then gives you a roll of microfiche. Run home, pronto! Mike needs his sleep.

DAY THREE

Take aspirin and shower; Mike needs to be in top form today. Wait on a package delivery arranged by the Keeper of the Scrolls. Within the box you will find an axe handle. You may now save yourself and the world.

To solve the mystery of the microfiche, head to the library to use the microfiche reader in the periodicals room. Don't use the front door; you never know if the police have Mike staked out, but they never hide in the bushes out back. Just use the rope to avoid any confrontations.

Read the microfiche. Home improvement? Who cares? Well, now you know that there's a loose stone in the cellar, and probably something inside. On your way home, pick up a second bottle of scotch.

Enter the house through the rear, and head to the cellar. Locate the loose stone. Take the stone and look again to discover a set of car keys.

Take the stone back to the dark side power nexus. Energize the stone, then use the stone on the axe handle to make a hammer. Anything you'd like to smash? Save it for the mirror. Return to earth and go to the car. Pour the scotch into the gas tank, then slide behind the wheel to use the keys on the ignition.

Cross the portal one last time and enter the spacecraft. Use the gloves on the lever to initiate

lift-off, then run outside. After the animated sequence, you'll be returned to earth; smash the mirror with the hammer. You saved the earth and saved your brain. You even get the girl!

Cyberdreams

Formed in 1990, Cyberdreams creates high quality entertainment software for home computers and dedicated games systems. The twist? Each product is designed, scripted and storyboarded by game play experts and top designers from other mediums. You might say every game company has a team of play experts, but just who are these outside designers? People who discourse the future for a living, whether cinematic or fictitious.

For Syd Mead, industrial designer par excellence, Cyberdreams gives him the chance to work in the entertainment industry as never before. Mead's ergo-modern touch graced the films *Bladerunner*, *2010*, *Aliens*, *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*, and *Tron*. What breathless wonders can this futurist offer computer gaming diversions?

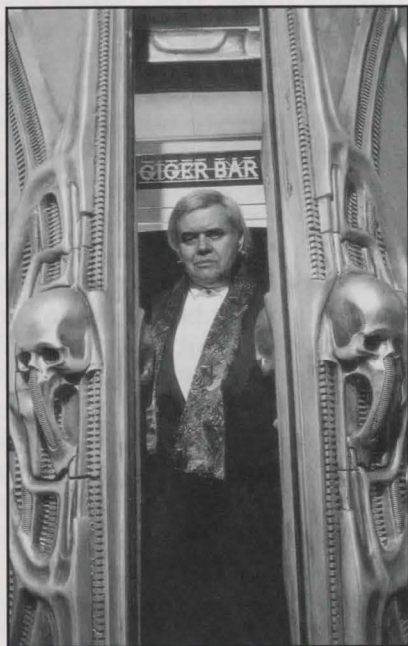
Cyber Race, possibly the greatest racing challenge in the universe, will bring together the best known drivers from across the galaxy in competition on the most challenging tracks imaginable. Each driver

represents his native world, hopes to outmaneuver his rivals, and bring the glory home. It can get dirty out there on the multi-lane racing sphere where rules hold no sway. Vehicles can suddenly and mysteriously demagnetize to fly off the secure track and crash into the inside wall. Racers must survive not only the competition, but the track as well.

Working from a more literary perspective, Harlan Ellison supplies the ideas to fuel *No Mouth* (working title), a riveting science fiction adventure based on his wildly popular story, *I Have No Mouth, And I Must Scream*. Ellison's writing trophy case includes eight and a half Hugo Awards, three Nebulas, and four Writer's Guild Awards for the Most Outstanding Teleplays. If writers blue ribbons do not mean much to you, you may remember some of Ellison's television; he has written scripts for *The Outer Limits*, *The Alfred Hitchcock Hour*, *Star Trek*, and the return of *The Twilight Zone*. No doubt this prolific savant will take *No Mouth* to the limits of cyberspace.

**Look for Cyber Race in the Spring of 1993.
No Mouth for the fall of 1993.**

Scrapbook



H.R. Giger at the door to his bar in Chur, Switzerland.



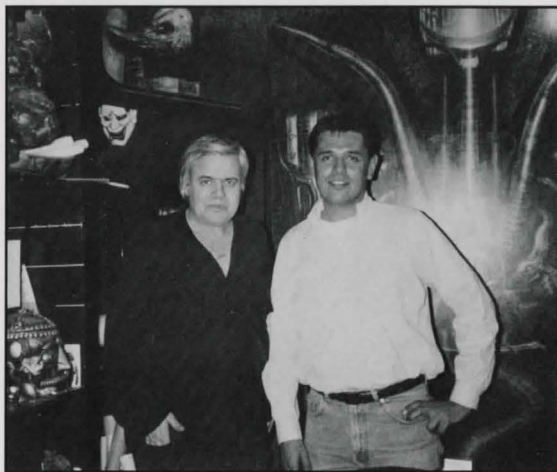
DARK SEED producer/designer, Mike Dawson (namesake for the games main character) explores Giger's studio.



Inside H.R. Giger's studio in Zurich.



A skeleton hangs from the rafters in H.R. Giger's studio.



H.R. Giger (left) and Patrick Ketchum (Cyberdreams President & CEO) in his home in Zurich, Switzerland.



H.R. Giger's "Alien,"
from the movie of the same name.



A look at H.R. Giger's fantastic imagination.



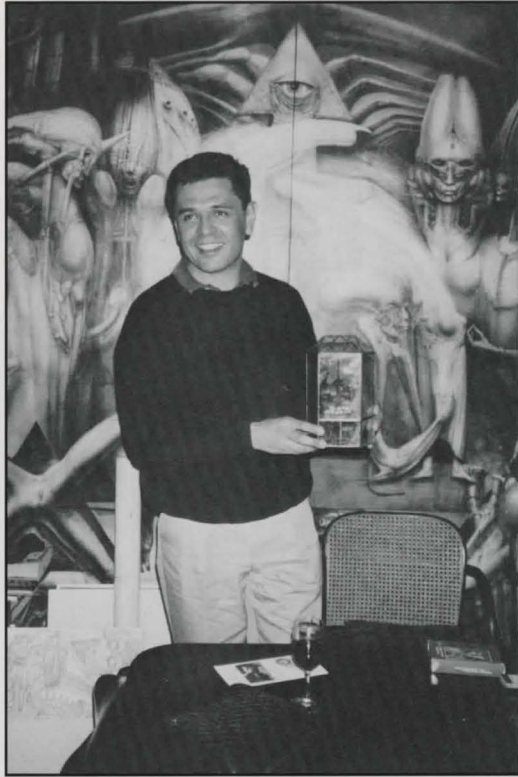
H.R. Giger (middle) and Cyberdreams Art Director, Paul Drzewiecki, (right) discuss the transformation of Giger's artwork to the computer screen.



Open the door to this macabre piece of furniture and you'll find bizarre face masks.



A look inside H.R. Giger's studio.



Cyberdreams' President & CEO, Patrick Ketchum, Holds a glass case with a shrunken head inside while visiting H.R. Giger's Home.



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HM128 1192

MT
DARKSEED

H.R. GIGER

Based upon the fantastic artwork of

