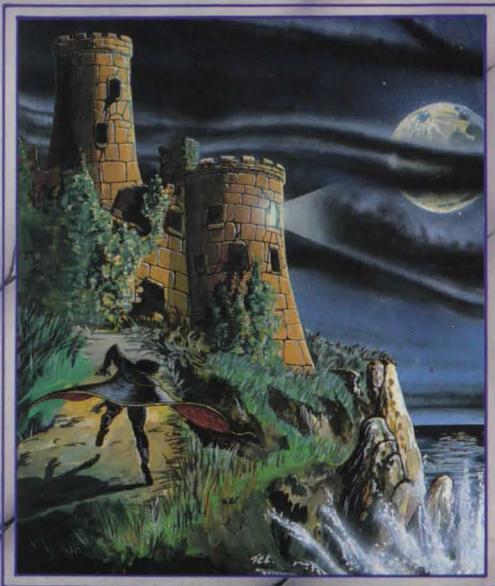


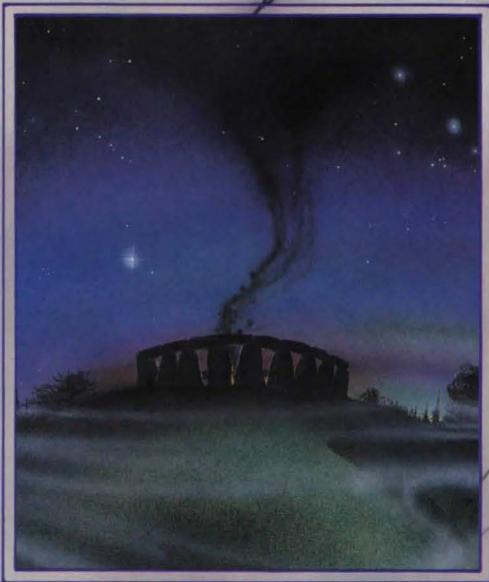
ADVENTURE CLASSICS

HEROES OF KARN



INTERCEPTOR
SOFTWARE

WARLORD



commodore
64/128 disc

WARLORD

Set in the middle of the century AD. Onward and ever northward pushed the Roman legions, led by the feared Vespasian. The Celtic hillfort tribes, unprepared for this type of conflict, were conquered one by one. All resistance was pushed aside. Then, abruptly, at the Scottish border, the Roman advance faltered and was halted by the intervention of a warrior tribe, led by a powerful Northern Warlord. Every attempt to break into the scottish heartland was met with savage opposition. Quietly and secretly, at first, the gods of both sides took a hand in the struggle, to force a conclusion. The intensity of the fighting soon escalated, as did the involvement of the gods, until such was the ferocity of the conflict, that open warfare between the gods was imminent.

Fearing the world's destruction from a direct confrontation the gods declared a truce and an alternative solution was agreed upon. A champion from each army would be transported, through time and space, to one of the Celtic Otherworlds. The side whose champion returned to the real world first, would be declared the victor. The Romans chose their finest centurion, the Celts their Warlord.

HEROES OF KARN

In the hall of His Majesty Callastheon, Emperor of the Seven Lands, Lord of Karn, the feasting was over. Daeron the Wise, minstrel of Karn, walked slowly across the hall, to begin his tale.

'Long ago, in the reign of Beren, there came from the distant north a horde of evil creatures, borne on the wings of Darkness. They swept down as a dark gale upon the Halls of the Beren, and terrible was the slaughter of men. From the Gates of Karn escaped but those few of greatest might. Four was their number, and these were their names:'

'Beren the mighty, Istar the Wise, Haldir the Elf-lord, and Khadim the Dwarf'.

'These then were the Heroes of Karn, mighty, yet not mighty enough. One by one they fell, captives of iron and magic. Darkness fell upon the land. One day there came to Karn a strange from a land where men could fly, and machines could think. The Stranger went forth and fought with the powers of Night, and released the Heroes. Then the Stranger departed, and none know to where. Nor do any know with certainty how he found the Heroes, for they would not tell. Thus, the tale I now unfold may be fact or legend - who knows? Only the Stranger - and he is gone.'

The halls of Callastheon are dust and ruins. Daeron passed long ago to the halls of his ancestors, and even the legend he once told is forgotten. Who knows the true story of the Heroes of Karn? Only the Stranger - wherever he may be.

INSTRUCTION MANUAL ENCLOSED

WRITTEN BY Richard Dawson-Ian Gray
GRAPHICS Robin Chapman-Ian Gray
MUSIC BY Chris Cox
PRODUCED BY Richard Paul Jones

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