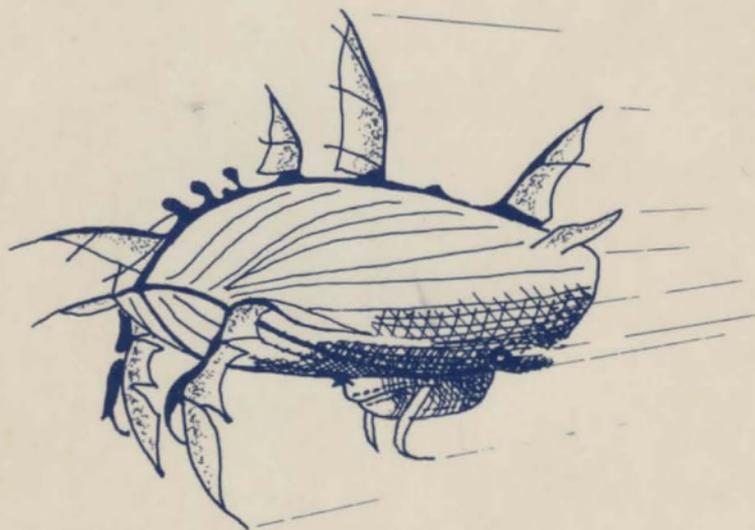


THE NOMAD OF TIME

THE ADVENTURES OF OSWALD BASTABLE

Adventure game program SHARDS

Based on the book by MICHAEL MOORCOCK



Instructions
and introduction to the game



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Using the program

Cassette version

The program is recorded twice, once on each side of the
cassette.

LOADING

Takes approximately 6 minutes.

Insert the cassette in the datasette and ensure that it is fully
rewound.

Press SHIFT and RUN/STOP keys together.

Press the PLAY button on the datasette.

A title screen will appear first, then the screen will clear
while the main program loads. The game will start running
automatically.

The Nomad of Time

Introduction to the computer adventure game

In a far off corner of the galaxy lay a small planet. This planet may have descended into complete insignificance if it hadn't been possessed of most unique properties: it carried the Secrets of Time.

Due to a cosmic twist, the planet existed at the very apex of the time streams, the point at which all possible scenarios converged and existed as one.

Then a neighbouring star went supernova and, in the storm that followed, the planet was blasted into millions of fragments, scattered across the galaxy. One of these fragments entered Earth's atmosphere some millions of years ago where it split into three pieces which buried themselves in three different places in three different time streams. These three fragments, known to the League of Temporal Travellers as the Jewels of Time had never been found. The quest to find the Jewels of Time was to be the most important assignation of Captain Oswald Bastable, late of the 53rd Lancers, erstwhile British Officer and Airshipman and latterly a Temporal Adventurer.

A final attempt was to be made to break the Hiroshima Syndrome, and to free mankind from the seemingly eternal circle of self-destruction. The very logic of Time, that holds together the time streams, had been severely weakened. Only by finding and bringing together the Jewels of Time, at the point of maximum flux, can disaster be averted.

You are Captain Bastable. You have been issued with your instructions for this mission. They read: 'Eyes to the cold'. That is all. You have a small, light airship, the HMS Shards, and enough food and water for 60 days – the time you have left to save the world. Travelling over all the continents, you must find your way to the different time

zones to be explored if you are to complete your mission.

Your airship will follow you through all three time streams but you will need to find the time gates first. You may leave your airship at any of the ten Temporal Ports (see map and chart). Usually you will be able to return to the ship at will.

It is not essential to read Michael Moorcock's trilogy, *The War Lord of the Air*, *The Land Leviathan* and *The Steel Tsar* (also published in one volume as *The Nomad of Time*) to complete the game but the books will give you a further insight to the characters you will meet and the locations you will visit. (Available from most good bookshops.)

Playing the game

In this game you are Oswald Bastable. In an adventure you instruct the computer in simple English so that you may move around from place to place, pick things up, examine objects and carry out a number of other actions.

This is a real-time illustrated adventure with a vocabulary of about 200 words. As it is in real-time you must take note of the time displayed on the top left-hand corner of the screen. There are two playing environments in this game: travelling in the airship and exploring different locations on earth (see map p14).

Travelling in the Airship

The display panel simulates the controls of your airship. These controls are:

- TIME time left (in days) to complete your mission
- SPE The speed of the airship varying from 1 (slowest) to 9 (fastest)
- STA status – this is at 1 when the airship is stationary, otherwise it is at 0
- DIR current direction of the airship – this can be North, South, East or West
- HEI height of the airship – variable from 100-999 feet
- HEMI current world hemisphere – this can be Northwest (NW) Northeast (NE) Southwest (SW) or Southeast (SE). It is important to note these as you move around to make sure you are in the expected position.
- LAT current latitude position – this gives the North/South position of the airship (see map p14)
- LON current longitude position – this gives the East/West position of the airship (see map p14)

To change your direction or speed (that is, to move the airship) use the control panel in the middle of the screen by pressing the space bar and four function keys (to right of keyboard on the computer). Each function key will move you to a different line of controls. When you reach the line you want, press the space bar to move the cursor along the line to the control you want. When you have reached it, press the RETURN key to activate that control. The control you have activated will continue to operate until you activate a new control. (When a control is activated you will hear a BEEP). You will see the effects on the display panel.

Activating the VISUAL control will enable you to identify any other airships.

Activating the DISEMBARK control will enable you to land – assuming you have the airship over a recognised port (see map p14).

Exploring the Locations

In this environment you give instructions in the standard two word format.

For example:

GO TOWN (press RETURN)
ENTER CAVE (press RETURN)

If you need help at any time, type the word HELP.
To return to the airship, type RETURN AIR.

Before starting on your adventure, read the extract from The Nomad of Time opposite.

An extract from the introduction to The Steel Tsar, the third title in The Nomad of Time trilogy by Michael Moorcock.

Introduction

The discovery and subsequent publication of two manuscripts left in the possession of my grandfather has led to a considerable amount of speculation as to their authenticity and authorship. The manuscripts consisted of one made in my grandfather's hand and taken down from the mysterious Captain Bastable whom he met on Rowe Island in the early years of this century, and another, apparently written by Bastable himself, which was left with my grandfather when he visited China searching for the man who had become, he was told, 'a nomad of the time-streams'.

These very slightly edited texts were published by me as THE WAR LORD OF THE AIR and THE LAND LEVIATHAN and I was certain that it was the last I should ever know of Bastable's adventures. When I remarked in a concluding note to THE LAND LEVIATHAN that I hoped Una Persson would some day pay me a visit I was being ironic. I did not believe that I should ever meet the famous chrononaut. As luck would have it, I began to receive visits from her very shortly after I had prepared THE LAND LEVIATHAN. She seemed glad to have me to talk to and gave me permission to use much of what she told me about her experiences in our own and others' time-streams. On the matter of Oswald Bastable, however, she was incommunicative and I learned very quickly not to pump her. Most of my references to him in other books (for instance THE DANCERS AT THE END OF TIME) were highly speculative.

In the late Spring of 1979, shortly after I had finished a novel and was resting from the consequent exhaustion, which had left my private life in ruins and my judgment

considerably weakened, I had a visit from Mrs Persson at my flat in London. I was in no mood to see another human being, but she had heard from somewhere (or perhaps had already seen from the future) that I was in distress and had come to ask if there was anything she could do for me. I said that there was nothing. Time and rest would deal with my problems.

She acknowledged this and, with a small smile, added: 'But eventually you will need to work.'

I suppose I said something self-pitying about never being able to work again (I share that in common with almost every creative person I know) and she did not attempt to dissuade me from the notion. 'However,' she said, 'if you do ever happen to feel the urge, I'll be in touch.'

Curiosity caught me. 'What are you talking about?'

'I have a story for you,' she said.

'I have plenty of stories,' I told her, 'but no will to do anything with them. Is it about Jherek Carnelian or the Duke of Queens?'

She shook her head. 'Not this time.'

'Everything seems pointless,' I said.

She patted me on the arm. 'You should go away for a bit. Travel.'

'Perhaps.'

'And when you come back to London, I'll have the story waiting,' she promised.

I was touched by her kindness and her wish to be of use and I thanked her. As it happened a friend fell ill in Los Angeles and I decided to visit him. I stayed far longer in the United States than I had originally planned and eventually, after a short stay in Paris, settled in England for a while in the Spring of 1980.

As Una Persson had predicted, I was, of course, ready to work. And, as she had promised, she turned up one evening, dressed in her usual slightly old-fashioned clothes of a military cut. We enjoyed a drink and some general talk and I heard gossip from the End of Time, a period which has always fascinated me. Mrs Persson is a seasoned time-traveller and usually knows what and what not to tell, for

incautious words can have an enormous effect either on the time-streams themselves or on that rarity, like herself, the chrononaut who can travel through them more or less at will.

She has always told me that so long as people regard my stories as fiction and as long as they are fashioned to be read as fiction then neither of us should be victims of the Morphail Effect, which is Time's sometimes radical method of readjusting itself. The Morphail Effect is manifested most evidently in the fact that, for most time-travellers, only 'forward' movement through time (i.e. into their own future) is possible. 'Backward' movement (a return to their present or past) or movement between the various alternative planes is impossible for anyone save those few who make up the famous Guild of Temporal Adventurers. I knew that Bastable had become a member of this Guild, but did not know how he had been recruited, unless it had been in the Valley of the Dawn by Mrs Persson herself.

'I have brought you something,' she said. She settled herself in her armchair and reached down for a black document case. 'They are not complete, but they are the best I can do. The rest you will have to fill in from what I tell you and from your own perfectly good imagination.' It was a bundle of manuscript. I recognized the hand at once. It was Bastable's.

'Good God!' I was astonished. 'He's turning into a novelist!'

'Not exactly. These are fresh memoirs, that's all. He's read the others and is perfectly satisfied with what you've done with them. He was extremely fond of your grandfather and says that he would be quite glad to continue the tradition with you. Particularly, he says, since you've had rather better success in getting his stories published!' She laughed.

The manuscript was a sizable one. I weighed it in my hand. 'So he was never able to find his own period again? Or return to the life he so desperately wanted?'

'That's not for me to say. You'll notice from the manuscript that there's little explanation as to how he came to the particular alternative time-stream he describes. Suffice to

say he returned to Teku Benga, crossed into yet another continuum and found his way to the airship-yards at Benares. This time he was reconciled to what had happened and, being an experienced airshipman, claimed sight amnesia and a loss of papers. Eventually he got himself a mate's certificate, though it was impossible for him, without impeccable credentials, to find a berth with any of the major lines.'

I smiled. 'And he's still haunted by angst, I suppose?'

'To a degree. He has many lives on his conscience. He knows only worlds at war. But we of the Guild understand what a responsibility we carry and I think membership has helped him.'

'And I'll never meet him?'

'It's unlikely. This stream would probably reject him, turn him into that poor creature your grandfather described, flung this way and that through Time, with no control whatsoever over his destiny.'

'He has that in common with most of us,' I remarked.

She was amused. 'I see you're still not completely over your self-pity, Moorcock.'

I smiled and apologized. 'I'm very excited by this.' I held up the manuscript. 'Bastable presumably wants it published as soon as possible. Why?'

'Perhaps it's mere vanity. You know how people become once they see their names in print.'

'Poor?'

We both laughed at this.

'He trusts you, too,' she continued. 'He knows that you did not tamper with his work and also that he has been of some use to you in your researches.'

'As have you, Mrs Persson.'

'I'm glad. We enjoy what you do.'

'You find my speculations funny?' I said.

'That too. We leave it to your rather strange imagination to produce the necessary obfuscations!'

I looked at the manuscript. I was surprised to notice a few peculiar correspondences and coincidences when compared with my grandfather's first manuscript. Yet Bastable

appeared not to make some of the connections the reader might make. I remarked on it to Mrs Persson.

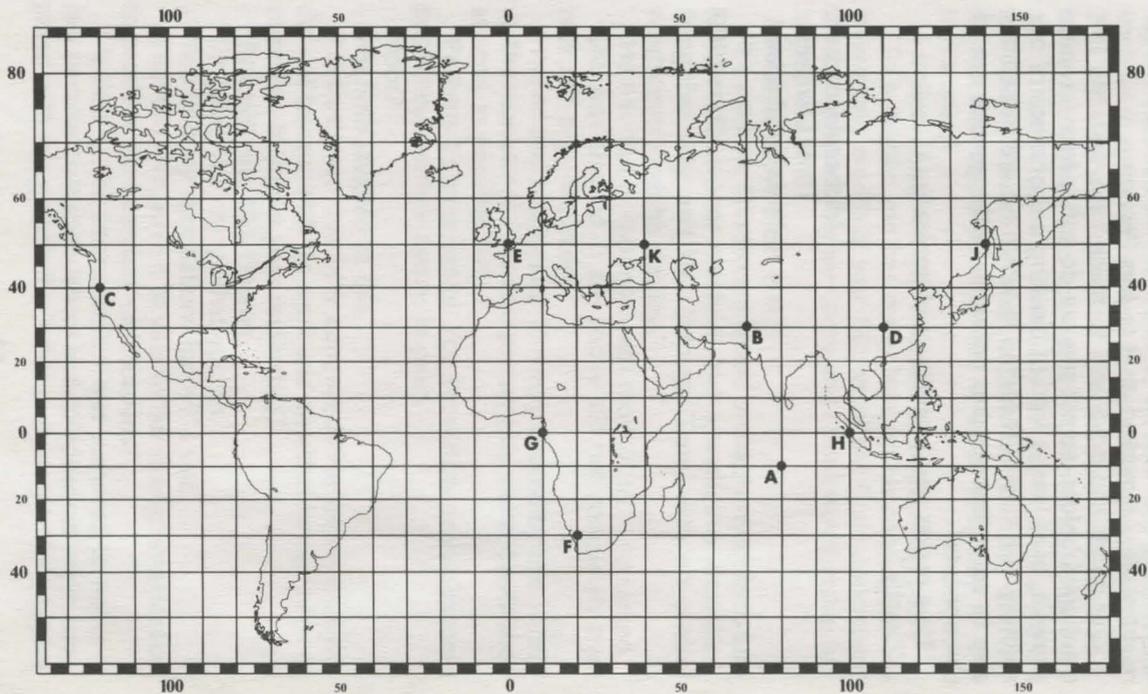
'Our minds can hold only so much,' she said. 'As I've mentioned before, sometimes we do suffer from genuine amnesia, or at least a kind of blocking out of much of our memory. It is one of the ways in which we are sometimes able to enter time-streams not open to the general run of chrononauts.'

'Time makes you forget?' I said ironically.

'Exactly.'

*Michael Moorcock,
Three Chimneys,
Yorkshire, England.*

June 1980



	TEMPORAL PORTS	HEMISPHERE	LONGITUDE	LATITUDE
A	ROWE ISLAND	SE	80	10
B	TEKU BENGA	NE	70	30
C	BERKLEY	NW	120	40
D	DAWN CITY	NE	110	30
E	EAST GRINSTEAD	NW	0	50
F	CAPE TOWN	SE	20	30
G	KUMASI	SE	10	0
H	SINGAPORE	SE	100	0
J	RISHIRI	NE	140	50
K	KHARKOV	NE	40	50

