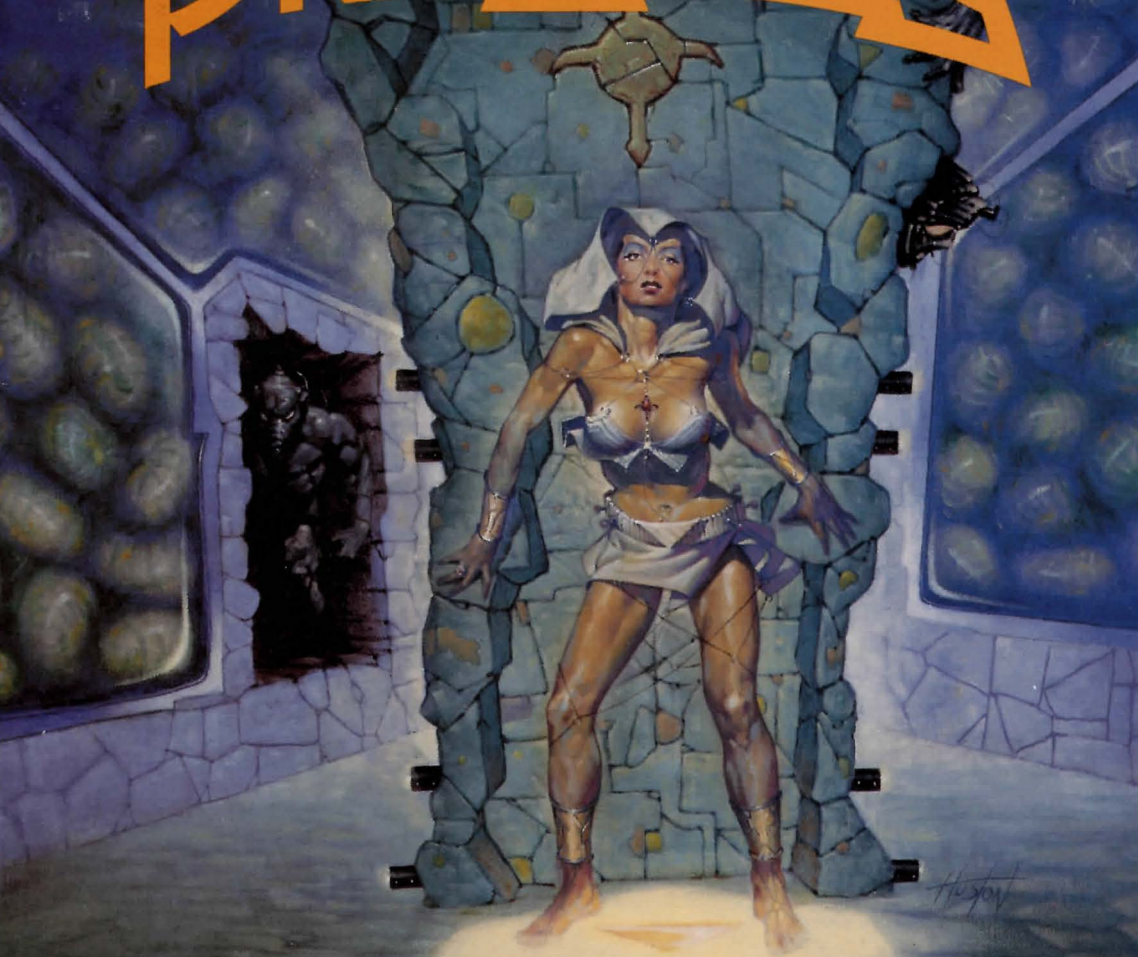


CHAMBER OF THE SCI-MUTANT PRIESTESS™



DRACONIAN™

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by

Arbeit von Spacekraft

Patrick Dublanchet

Michel Rho

DRACONIAN™



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A Word to the Wise

A long time after the Burn. It is the reign of the Tuner Network. The SCI-mutant Tuners discreetly control the world of the Normals, who fear and detest them utterly.

For the Protozorqs, inhabitants of the Temple, the day of Atonement is at hand; the god Zorq has returned, as promised in The Book of Origins, appearing from the sky on board his flying object. In an explosion of crazed bloodlust, the horde wreaks havoc throughout the surrounding region. All the Normal villages are razed, and every one of their inhabitants exterminated. Every one, that is, except the young males, who are herded into the Mountain, the Temple of Zorq!

Raven and his friend Sci Fi, two young Turners, approach a Normal settlement where the Protozorqs, armed with fearsome Zapstiks, are wiping out the last pitiful pockets of resistance. In spite of orders from the Foetus, Raven and Sci Fi fling themselves into the fray. The situation is hopeless, but thanks to his SCI-powers and astounding combat skills, Raven overcomes incredible odds and finally stands alone, surrounded on all sides by piles of broken and bloody Protozorq corpses. He turns to Sci Fi, but she's been dragged off to the Temple! The Network orders Raven not to try and follow her into the mountain, but once again he defies the authority of the Foetus!

At present Raven's in the very heart of the Temple of Zorq! Everywhere fanatical Protozorqs await the fateful words of their hideously deranged leader, Protizim Harssk, Guardian of the Protozorkal Shame. To find Sci-Fi, destroy the insane Protizim's bloodcurdling plot and, finally, hack a bloody trail to Zorq himself, you've got to be utterly determined, ruthless, daring death at every turn! You'll need to use your SCI-Energy wisely it could mean the difference between total victory and a horribly sticky end!

First you must face the bizarre and terrifying Ordeals of Deilos. Will you emerge as Divo, Holder of the Egg and Messenger of the New Order, or will you meet a ghastly fate on the Altar of Atonement? The Master awaits, Raven. Your fellow Aspirants will show no pity. The repulsive Protozorqs keep gloating guard at every door!

The Chamber of the Sci-Mutant Priestess, with its all-mouse easy-to-handle game system, its infinitely rich graphic animations and the strange splendour of its scenario, offers you an authentic future classic in the universe of computer games.

Step into The Chamber of the Sci-Mutant Priestess, Draconian commands it!

The Management reminds all organic life-forms that thinking of any sort is no longer necessary. Anyone caught indulging in thought processes will be furthered for restraining as Brand X breakfast cereal.



The Forbidden Orders of Deilos

1. – Sergeant Bullpup fills you in.

(This section is reserved for use by life-forms wishing to soak up the socio-politikal background. The Management would like to point out that reading what follows is a bad move from a life-expectancy angle.)

Sarge: As of right now, boy, you are RAVEN. Got it?

You: (say "yes". If you're a girl, say "yes")

Sarge: What'd you say, Slobface?

You: (say "yes sir, sarge, sir" quite fast)

Sarge: RAVEN, that's YOU, is the HERO of this here "fun- packed game of thrills". That makes you so happy, ain't that right?

You: (say anything you want. He can't hear you because I've turned his ear off.)

Sarge: I can lip-read. Now listen good, lunkhead . . .

The Sarge, a person with overdeveloped jaws, takes out his gum and sticks it behind his left ear, because:

A: His right ear got torn off in a breathing accident.

B: Who wants to know?

Then the Sarge, whose eyes are piggish and closer together than his nostrils, picks up a dog-eared sheaf of documents and reads them out loud, because:

A: He wants you to listen good, lunkhead.

B: see A.

Okay, Sarge. It's your baby.

Raven's a Tuner. Tuners are Sci-mutants. Appeared after the Burn, same time as physical mutants. Normals hate mutants, specially Tuners, because can't tell apart from Normals physically. Normals rub out Tuner kids every time identified. Some Tuners avoid detection. Escape. Form Network. Live in hidden centers called Antennae. Defend selves. Remove Tuner kids from Normal communities before identified as Tuners. Normals fear and loathe Tuners. Yuk. Network develops Hitachi-Gauss Amplifier, called Foetus, from human foetus. Allows long-distance telepathic links between Antennae. Network now covers great part of inhabited world. Watch. Start intervening in Normal affairs to guide progress. Network believes necessary to prevent Normals developing into powerful groupings, otherwise certain destruction of Tuners. Gasp. Network maintains social stability discreetly. Normals loathe and fear Network. Yuk. Network will guide events until Normals no longer hate Tuners. Some Tuners disapprove Network policy. Leave Network. Are Defectivs. Hiss. Hunted by Network because irresponsible and dangerous.

Raven is young Tuner, training over. Ready to serve. Has Psy powers like all Tuners. Raven's powers destine him for Outside Teamwerk, contact with Normals to ensure satisfactory peaceful social evolution. Sent to new Antenna. Leaves with girl, Sci Fi. Sci Fi is Transrec, Tuner working with Foetus, link between Contact Teams and Antenna. Sci Fi is also Feeler: picks up Trouble Spots, directs Contact Team to Pacification Zone. Raven and Sci Fi in love. Cute. Sci Fi has Defectiv tendencies. Was removed brutally from loving Normal parents. Raven explains that sad etc. bla bla, but Network only hope for safe world. Normals too dangerous for selves and Tuners. Gulp.

Cross region not totally under Network care. Sci Fi feels Trouble Spot. Receive order from Antenna (thanks, Gauss) to observe, not intervene. Witness massacre. Physical mutants attack Normal village. Kill everyone except young men. Foetus transmits order to avoid contact. Too dangerous. Sci Fi and Raven disobey! Fight mutants. Sci Fi captured. Mutants have Zapstiks. Victims go up in smoke. Raven uses Psy combat power to kill mutants. Sci Fi gone! Grrr. Fleeing Normals fill in Raven: mutants are Protozorqs. Lived peacefully in mountain. Then carnage. Kill Normals, shouting "Death to Offa. Great is Zorq. Soon end of Shame". Only young men taken alive. Gauss establishes telepathic link with Raven. Sci Fi off the airwaves. Not dead but scrambled. Taken by force to mountain. Grr. Foetus forbids Raven to go after her. Was almost Defectiv anyway. Raven disobeys Network. Finds new massacre, gets caught. Taken to mountain. Will and must find Sci Fi, take out Protozorqs. Banzai.

Thanks, Sarge. Really most moving.



The Set Up

THE SET UP RIGHT NOW (blood-curdling).

(The following is reserved for those life-forms wanting to know what they're supposed to do, without wasting any more time on irrelevant issues. The Management reminds personnel that the possession of ideas or any attempt to contaminate others with them is an offense punishable by restraining as encyclopedias, and we all know what that means. Be a nice neighbour; flush that brain down the toilet.)

So there you are in the mountain, Raven (that's you). The Protozorqs fling you unceremoniously into a dimly-lit slammer that smells like somebody just did something. Four Normals (you're not a Normal. You're a Tuner. That's a Sci-mutant with powers. Neat.) are slumped around, looking pretty glikky. You're in good shape, ready to shed quite a lot of blood to find your girl, Sci Fi, who's a prisoner someplace in the mountain. You decide rather wisely to keep your more spectacular powers, ones like "stroll around on the ceiling" for later, as you you don't feel like getting mashed into pulp (nobody likes Tuners). But why not sneak a look inside a mind or two? Well, well. These Normals sure have glikky thoughts today. One thrilling power you have works like this: the Foetus captures your subconscious impressions about a particular situation, and analyses them. So that, if you contact him, you'll get an idea what to do.

It's your idea, processed by the Hitachi-Gauss Amplifier!

If you try it now, for instance, he'll send you this message: "Pay Shunts" (he's a glikky speler). That means it's better to wait and not use up too much psy-energy on trying out your powers.

A slight eternity later, a bunch of Protozorqs shove you all through a maze of corridors. You go along the Passage of the Faithful, into the Ring and finally into the Master's Orbit itself!

The Master of the Ordeals quits his Eye, surrounded by a battery of crazed Protozorq fanatics. His mutant voice buzzes thickly from behind a terrifying mask!

"YUGGA WAGGU! Offas, the day has dawned. The stench of shame will soon be wiped clean. Nourished be Deilos, Abysmal Power of the Humid Pit! Zorq has returned, as was written in The Book of Origins. Soon all Offas will be but a vomitous memory. Today you are become Aspirants, struggling to attain the blessed state of Divos, Messengers of the New Solution. Those who fail will have the honour to offer themselves up to Deilos! Who would be Divo must first triumph over the Five Ordeals. A skull of Vort will be awarded you for each Ordeal successfully overcome. To be a Divo, you must place five skulls in the Changer before one hour has elapsed! None may re-enter a Chamber of Ordeal that he has already overcome. Bear this in mind : none may do violence in the Orbit. Deilos Forbids. YUGGA WAGGU!"

The Master has spoken. Well, buzzed thickly. To each Aspirant he gives an object of some kind, directing him to one of the five Chambers of Ordeal. Finally, he turns to you, Raven . . .

Can you win the Five Skulls of Vort? Is that the best way of getting to Sci Fi? What dangers await within the Chambers of Ordeal from whence wafts the fetid stench of grinning DEATH? Just what are these lunatic Protozorqs planning on anyhow, and can you stop them in time?

(The management hereby informs all organic life-forms that the third and twenty-second words in each line of the following documents contain significant doses of "Brain-Slurp 17". Preceding documents also. Why not pull the same amusing gag on your loved ones?)

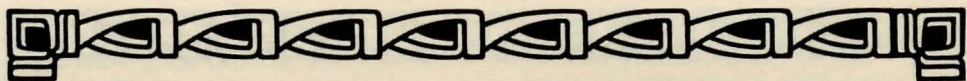


The Book
of
Origins

&

The Book of Shame





The Book of Origins

Within the Mountain lived the People. From the sky came Zorq, the Exalted One, and his familiar, Qriich, in their flying appliance. And Zorq spoke to the People, saying "I have chosen you who are less than nothing. Tomorrow you will be Sires of the New Race, and the Earth will be yours and you will obliterate all the peoples of the Earth in a frenzy of mindless bloodlust." And the People felt joy. "Let a female be brought to me," barked Zorq, and it was done fast. A female of the People, the meatiest, was brought before Zorq who impregnated her, saying "Female, you will gender the New Race. Our races will be one and all others will shortly be obliterated, for they are Offa." And the female was placed in the Spawnomatik according to Zorq's desire. In three hours she spawned a multiplicity of eggs which hatched forthwith. And the children did eat of their mother who thus fed her offspring that the Race might be the bloodthirstiest of all. And the children did eat of each other, down to the last. And Zorq spoke, saying "So much for that Race." And the People felt sadness, for the New Race had contained a fairly major glitch. Zorq spoke again, saying "I leave you, for I must seek out the Komponent. Upon my return, we will try once more. Keep the Spawnomatik as a sign. But touch it not. Choose a Protizim from amongst you. He will be Protizim of the People and will keep the Faith until my return." And Zorq and his familiar, Qriich, did disappear into the sky in their flying appliance.



The Book of Shame

The People of the Protozorqs selected a Protizim. And Protizim Krill kept the faith, the Spawnomatik and the Mountain which became the Temple. And when Krill terminated, Prass was chosen as Protizim. And Protizim Prass forgot the words of Zorq and took it upon himself to attempt the creation of the New Race, saying "Zorq has forsaken us, for he has found another People. But we have the Spawnomatic. Let us produce the New Race ourselves. In this way we can obliterate all other peoples." And the People of the Temple believed him, saying "He's right." And Prass spoke, saying "Let a female be brought to me. And let it be a meaty one." It was done. And Prass did impregnate her, saying "Woof Woof." Then the female was placed within the Spawnomatik where she spawned a slimy multitude of eggs which hatched. The children did nibble apologetically of the flesh of their mother, after which they did snooze. Protizim Prass spoke again, saying "This Race couldn't obliterate a squashed gerbil, let alone Offa, for they are Vorts!" And the People felt disappointed, for they had been counting on something a little more assertive than Vorts. Prass spoke once more, saying "This is our Day of Shame. Our misery is deserved, for we have lacked faith in Zorq who is verily our true God. We must obliterate ourselves and our Vorts forthwith, for we are covered in Guilt." Then spoke a Protozorq, saying "Nay, we deserve no such gentle fate. Our People must live to bear the crushing burden of our Crime until Zorq returns to deliver us of Shame. And our Vorts will be our slaves, that we might see our Guilt before us every day! And when our God, Zorq, finally creates the New Race, then will we obliterate ourselves to wash us of our Sin. Only you, Prass, have the right to obliterate yourself today." And the People of the Temple agreed. And Deilos became temporary God in Zorq's absence, for Deilos is the Abysmal Power of the Humid Pit, and the Protozorqs deserved no better. And Protizim Prass did terminaterize himself, saying "Let me be woken up on the Day of the Collective Self-Obliteration." And thus did die Prass who spoke one positively last time, croaking "When Zorq returns, you will take young Offa. And from amongst them you will select those most apt to carry the message of reborn hope to Deilos. And from amongst the Offa you will take a female, whom you will name Saura, High Priestess, and who will genderize the New Race according to Zorq's desire, for Zorq is our God."

It will be done.

