



NEW WORLD COMPUTING, INC.®

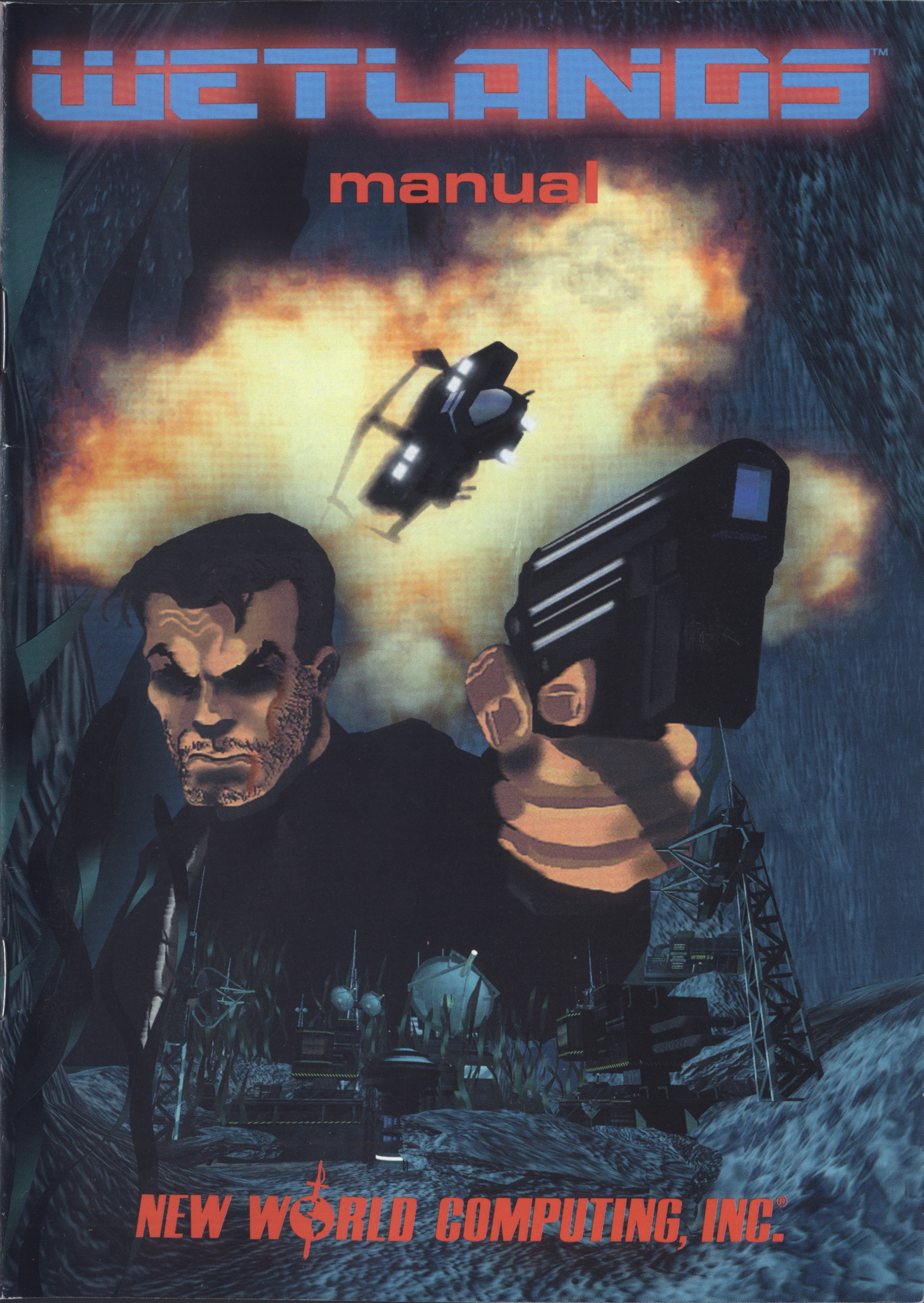
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WETLANDS™

manual



NEW WORLD COMPUTING, INC.®

NEVADA'S BASIN REGION
LOCATED JUST EAST OF THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS.

NOTHING BUT SCORCHING DESERT WASTELAND FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES.
TEMPERATURES CAN REACH AS HIGH AS 120 DEGREES ON SOME DAYS.
TOO HOT FOR MAN.

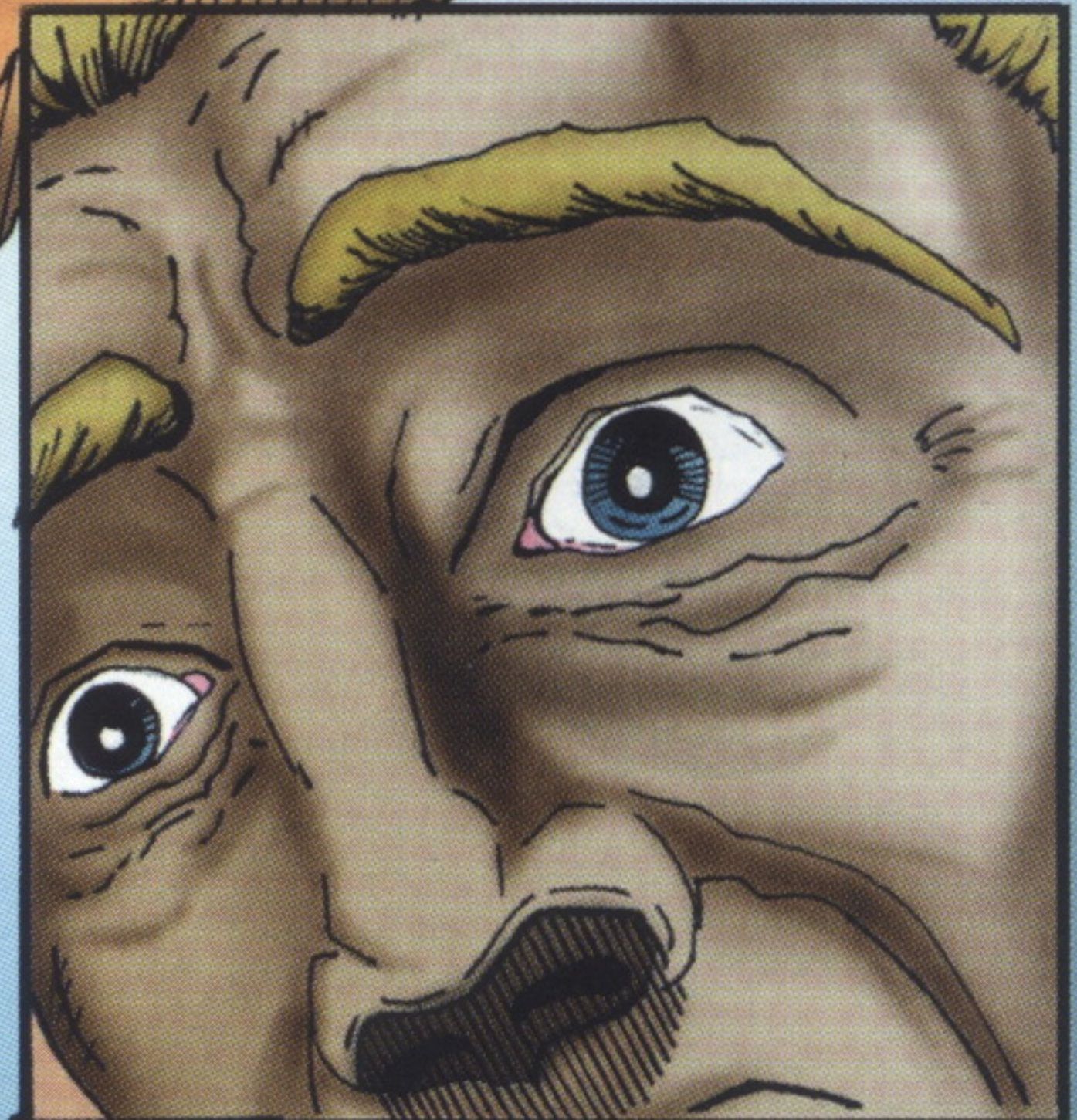
EVEN THE SMALLEST OF CREATURES MUST
BURROW UNDERGROUND TO ESCAPE THE INTENSITY.
TODAY, HOWEVER, IT WILL DO THEM NO GOOD.
FOR AS HOT AS THINGS USUALLY ARE IN THE DESERT...

THEY'RE ABOUT TO GET HOTTER!

WETLANDS

"PROLOGUE"

KROOO

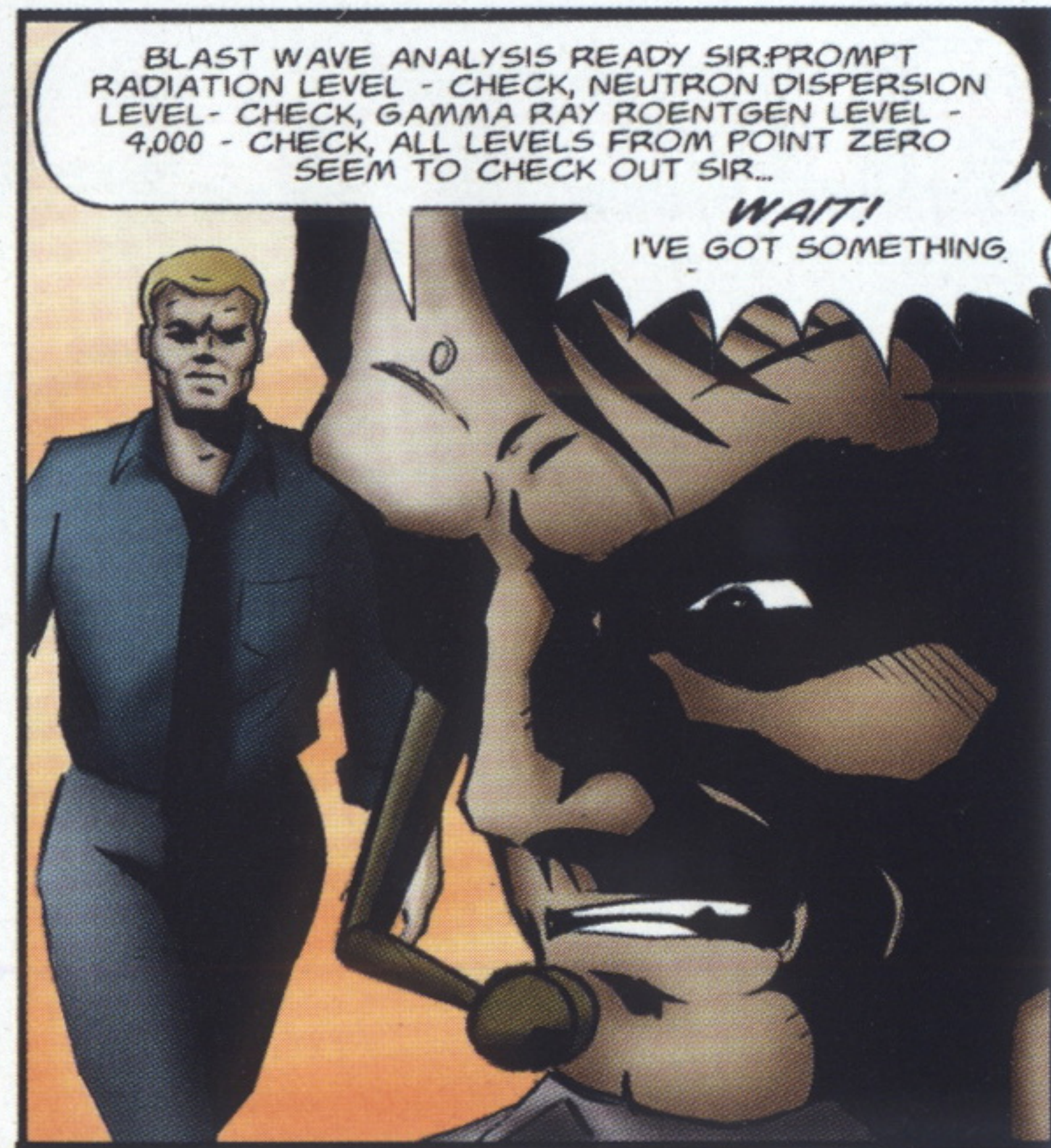


MY GOD.
WHAT HAVE I DONE?

SCRIPT & LAYOUTS : JASON SHENKMAN
PENCILS : ROBERT SANTIAGO
 JASON SHENKMAN
 JOHN SKIKUS
INKS & LETTERS : JOHN PHILIP SOUSA
COMPUTER COLORS : ROBERT SANTIAGO
 CHRIS DAVIES
 ERIC GURTNER

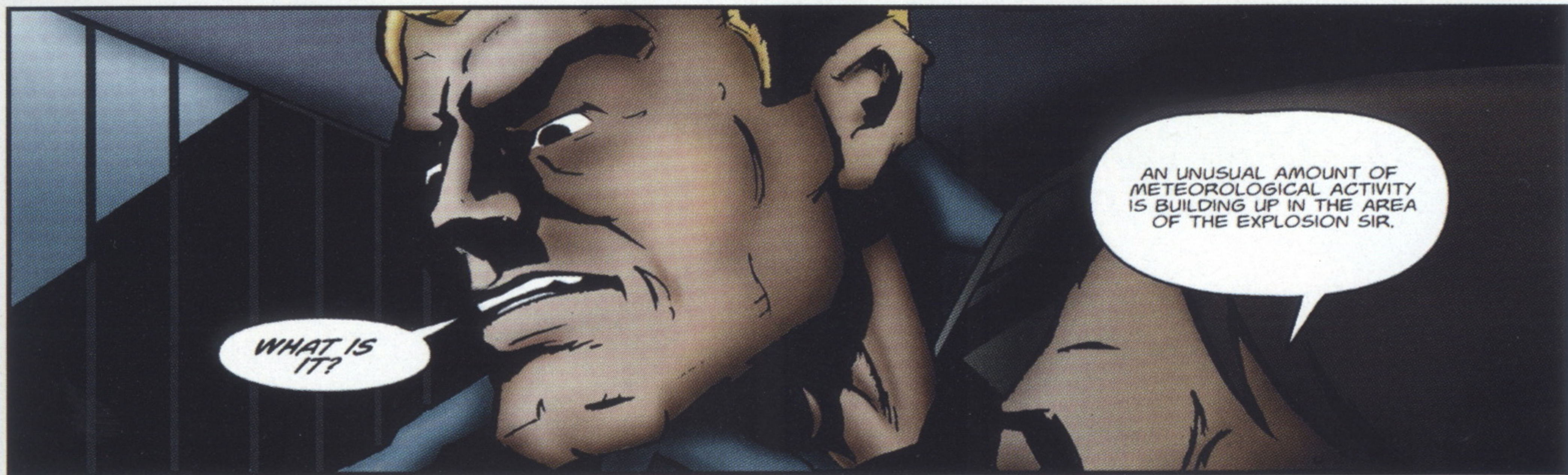


JOHNSON, SCAN THE AREA AND GIVE ME A READINGS REPORT.



BLAST WAVE ANALYSIS READY SIR-PROMPT RADIATION LEVEL - CHECK, NEUTRON DISPERSION LEVEL - CHECK, GAMMA RAY ROENTGEN LEVEL - 4,000 - CHECK, ALL LEVELS FROM POINT ZERO SEEM TO CHECK OUT SIR...

WAIT! IVE GOT SOMETHING



WHAT IS IT?

AN UNUSUAL AMOUNT OF METEOROLOGICAL ACTIVITY IS BUILDING UP IN THE AREA OF THE EXPLOSION SIR.



I WAS AFRAID SOMETHING LIKE THIS COULD HAPPEN.

SHOULD I ALERT THE A.E.C. SIR?

NO, HOLD OFF ON THAT. I NEED TO DISCUSS THIS WITH THE GENERAL FIRST.



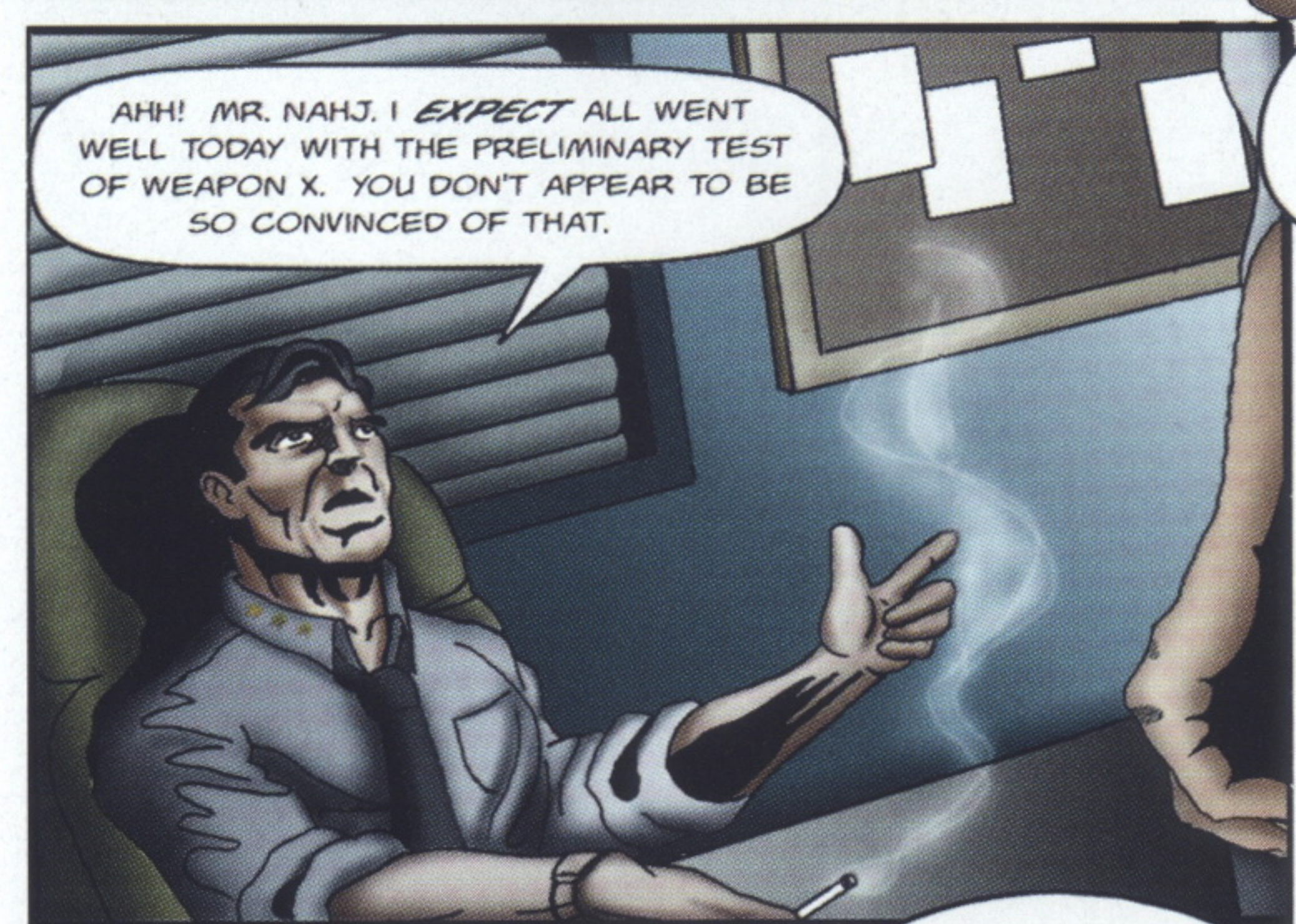
I JUST HOPE HE LISTENS TO REASON.



IT TOOK HIM TWO LONG YEARS TO BRING *PROJECT OTHELLO* UP TO THE PRELIMINARY TESTING STAGE. HIS *FINAL DEADLINE* IS ONLY ONE MONTH AWAY.

COME IN!

GENERAL EDWARDS IS FULLY AWARE OF THE IMPORTANCE OF A SUCCESSFUL PRELIMINARY TEST. IT'S SIMPLE, DELIVER THE WEAPON ON TIME OR LOSE FUNDING FOREVER. FOR THE GOOD OF HIS COUNTRY, HE'S NOT ABOUT TO LET THAT HAPPEN.



AHH! MR. NAHJ, I EXPECT ALL WENT WELL TODAY WITH THE PRELIMINARY TEST OF WEAPON X. YOU DON'T APPEAR TO BE SO CONVINCED OF THAT.

YOU'RE DAMN RIGHT I'M NOT. ALL OF OUR INDICATORS SHOW AN UNUSUAL AMOUNT OF METEOROLOGICAL ACTIVITY IN THE AREA OF POINT ZERO AFTER THE EXPLOSION. SOMEHOW THE BLAST HAS AFFECTED THE EARTH'S WEATHER PATTERNS.

THE PROJECT NEEDS MORE TIME. I'M GOING TO RECOMMEND CANCELLATION OF THE BETA TEST.



THE TESTING WILL GO ON AS PLANNED, UNLESS YOU CAN SHOW ME SOME HARD PROOF ON THIS WEATHER THEORY OF YOURS.

UNTIL THEN, KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT, WE DON'T WANT ANYONE IN WASHINGTON TO GET COLD FEET.



DON'T WORRY GENERAL THE TEST WILL GO ON AS PLANNED. I JUST HOPE YOU CAN LIVE WITH THE CONSEQUENCES...

...BUT JUST REMEMBER THIS, WHEN THINGS BLOW UP IN YOUR FACE, I'M NOT GOING DOWN FOR IT.



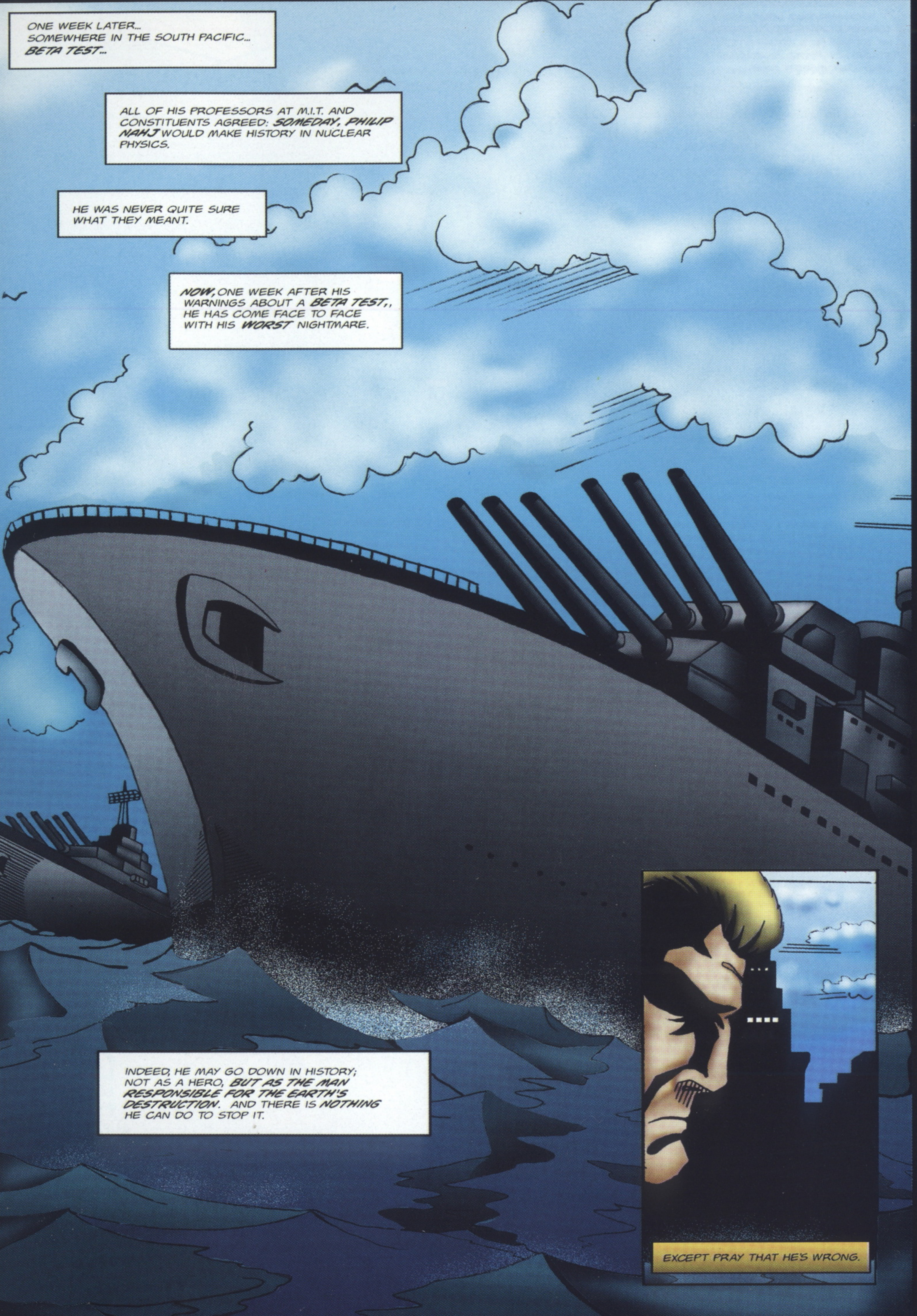
WE'LL JUST SEE ABOUT THAT MR. NAHJ, WE'LL JUST SEE!

ONE WEEK LATER...
SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC...
BETA TEST...

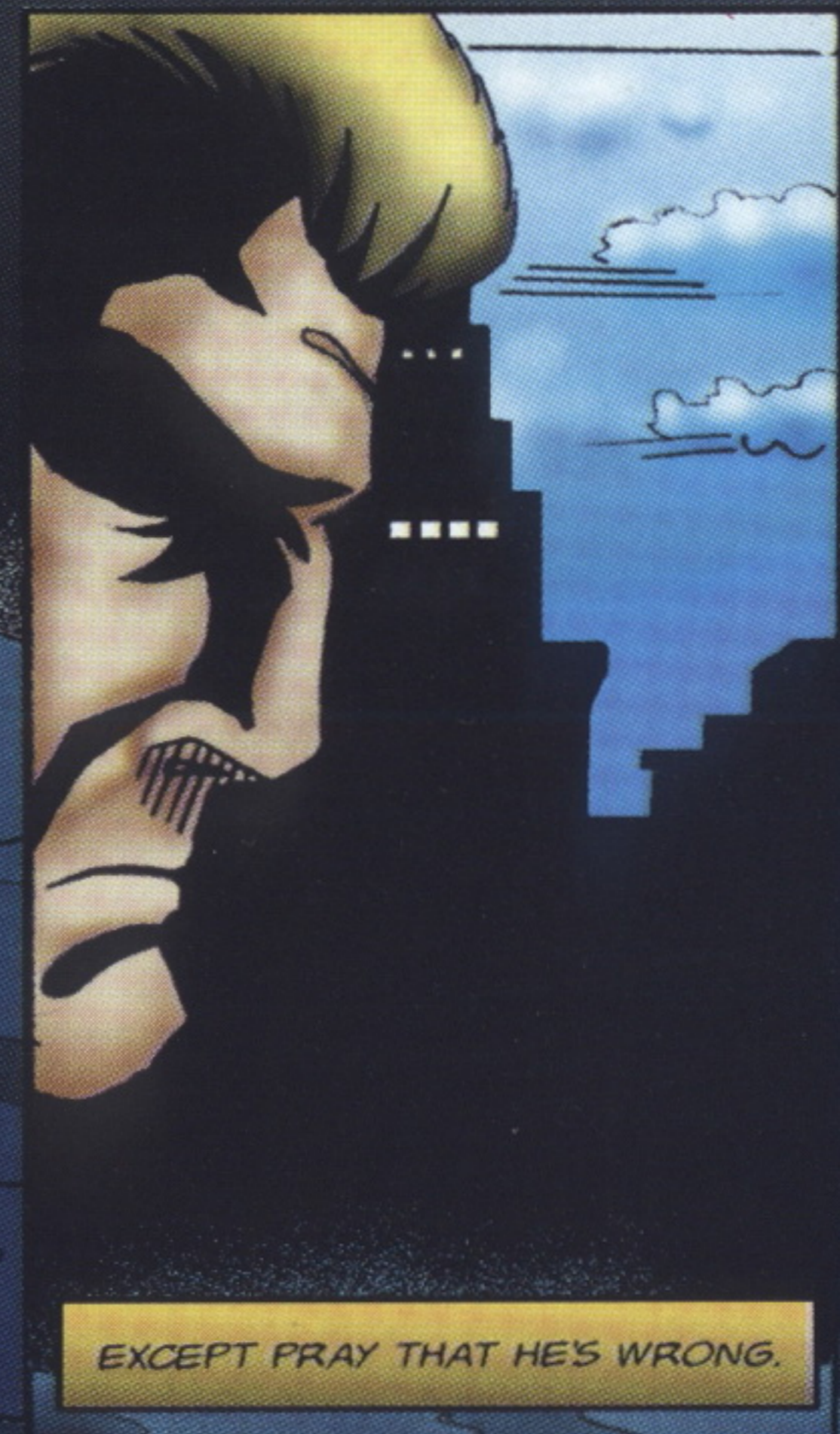
ALL OF HIS PROFESSORS AT M.I.T. AND
CONSTITUENTS AGREED: **SOMEDAY, PHILIP
NANJ** WOULD MAKE HISTORY IN NUCLEAR
PHYSICS.

HE WAS NEVER QUITE SURE
WHAT THEY MEANT.

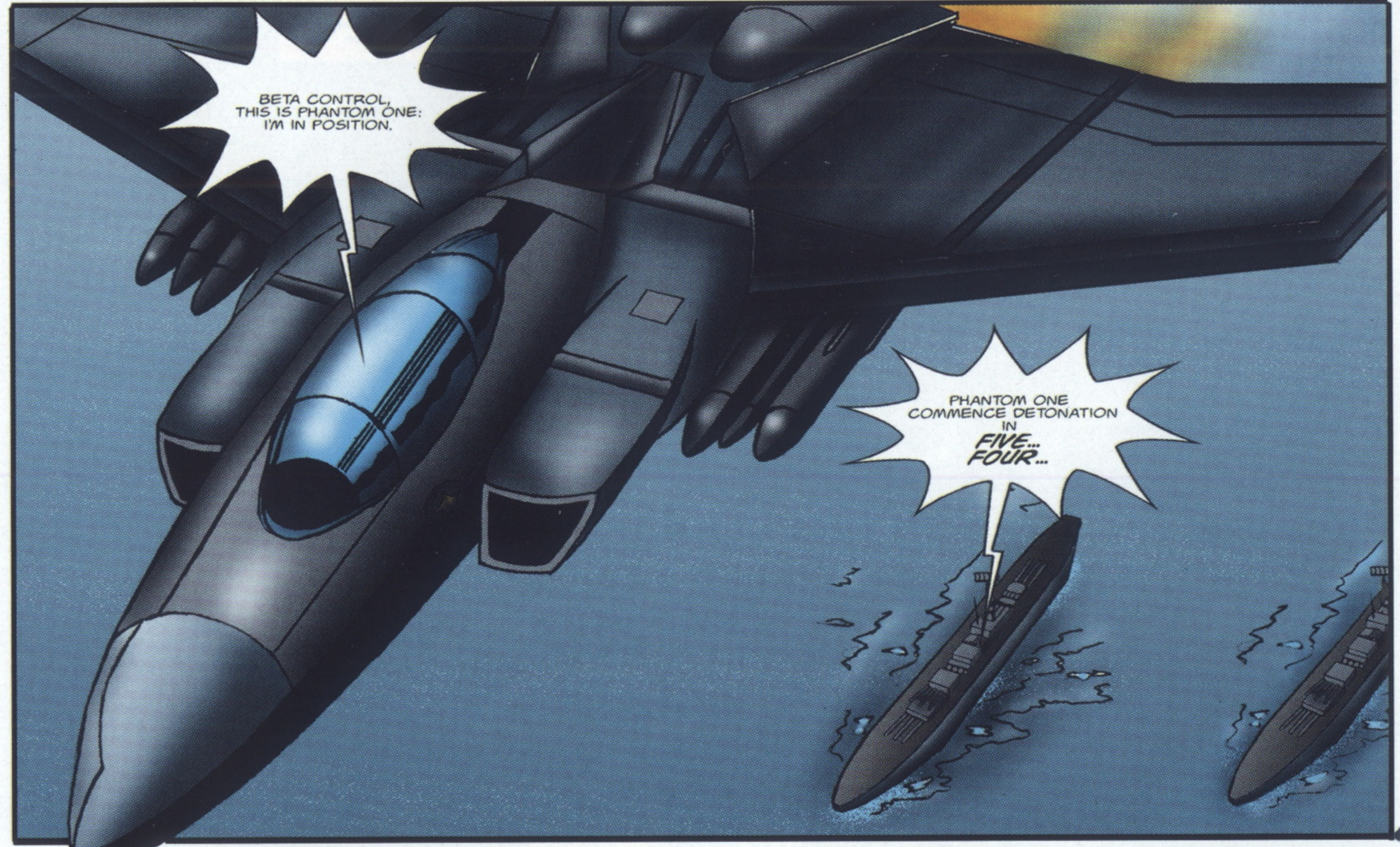
NOW, ONE WEEK AFTER HIS
WARNINGS ABOUT A **BETA TEST**,
HE HAS COME FACE TO FACE
WITH HIS **WORST** NIGHTMARE.



INDEED, HE MAY GO DOWN IN HISTORY;
NOT AS A HERO, **BUT AS THE MAN
RESPONSIBLE FOR THE EARTH'S
DESTRUCTION**. AND THERE IS **NOTHING**
HE CAN DO TO STOP IT.

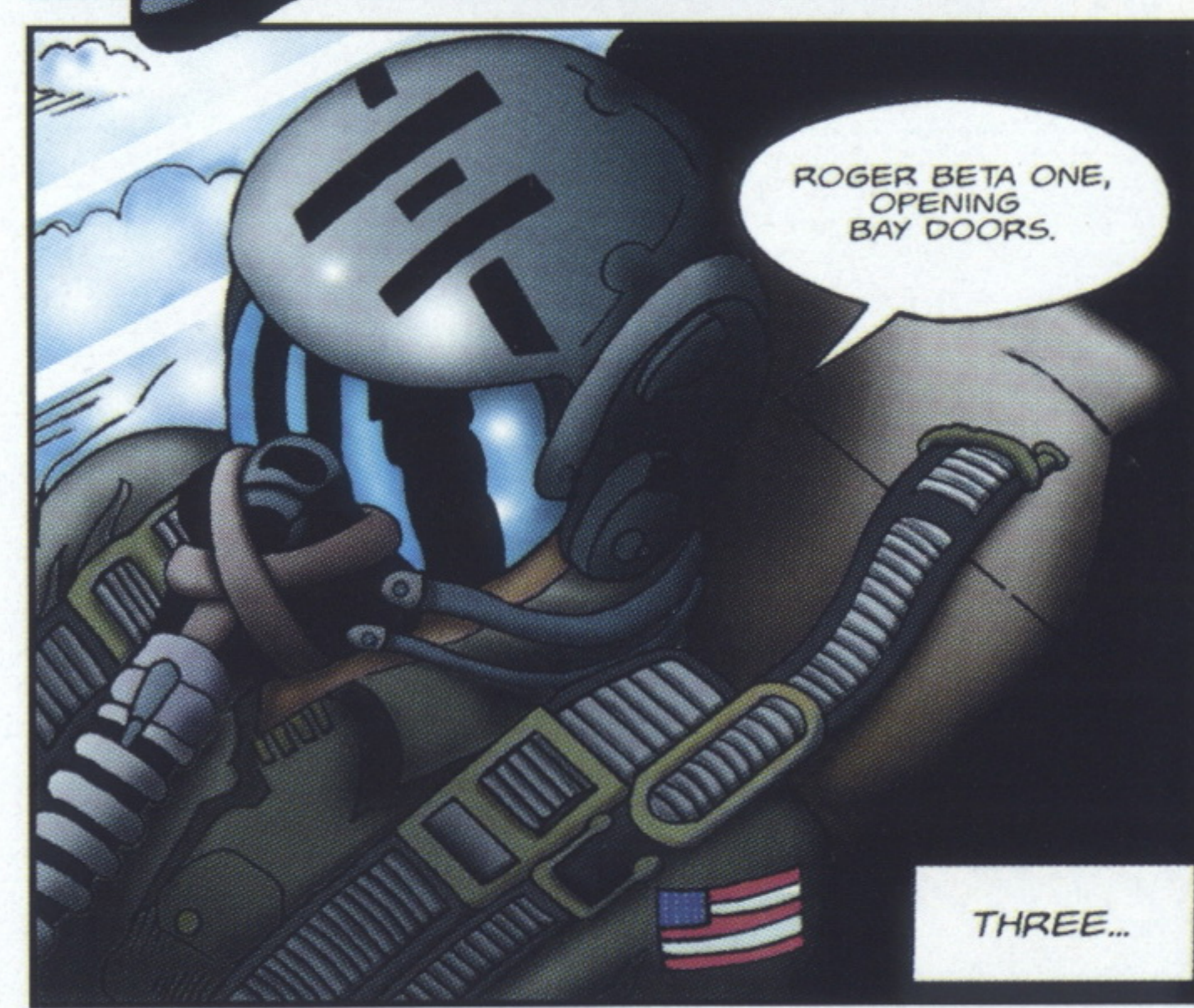


EXCEPT PRAY THAT HE'S WRONG.



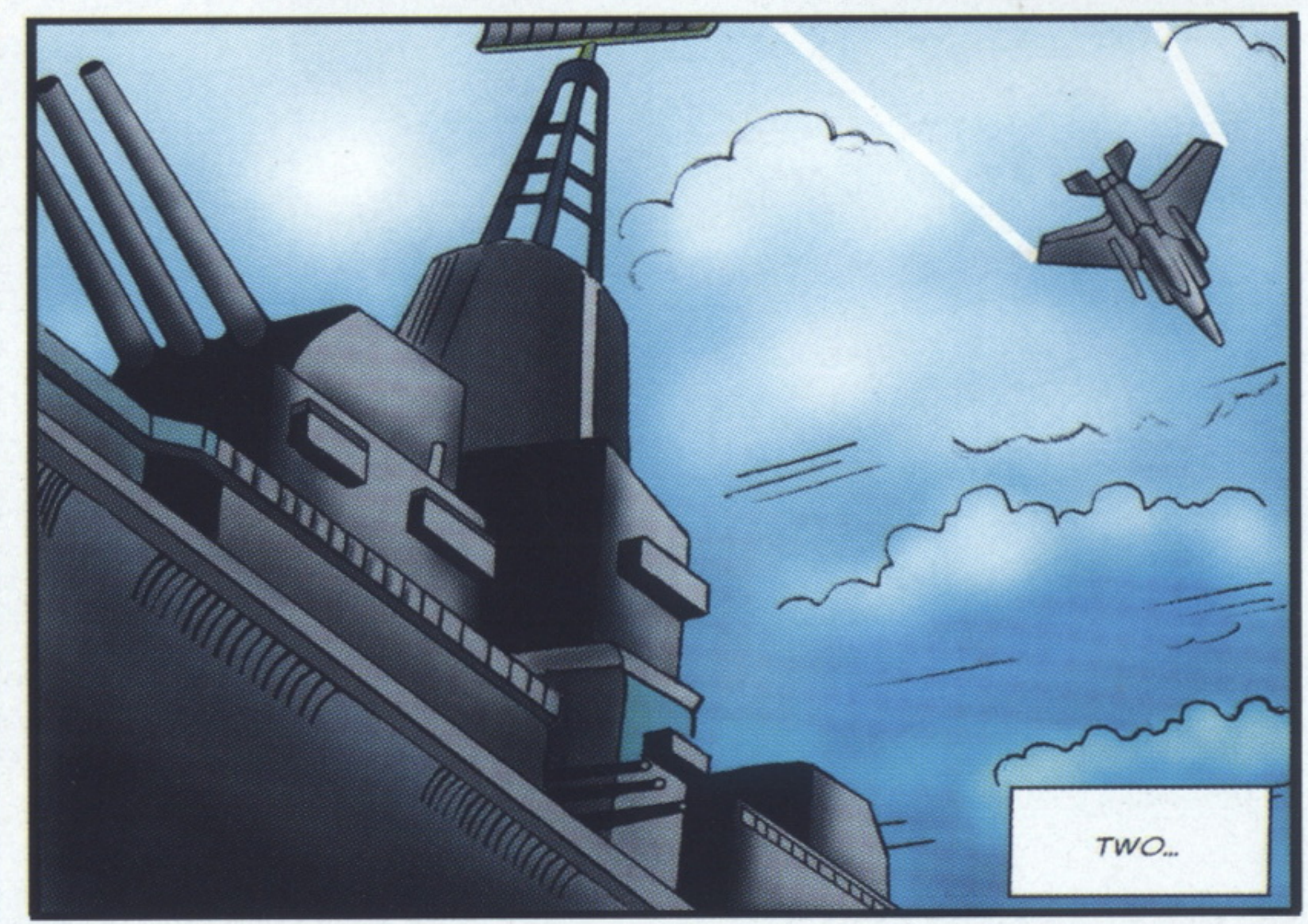
BETA CONTROL,
THIS IS PHANTOM ONE:
I'M IN POSITION.

PHANTOM ONE
COMMENCE DETONATION
IN
**FIVE...
FOUR...**

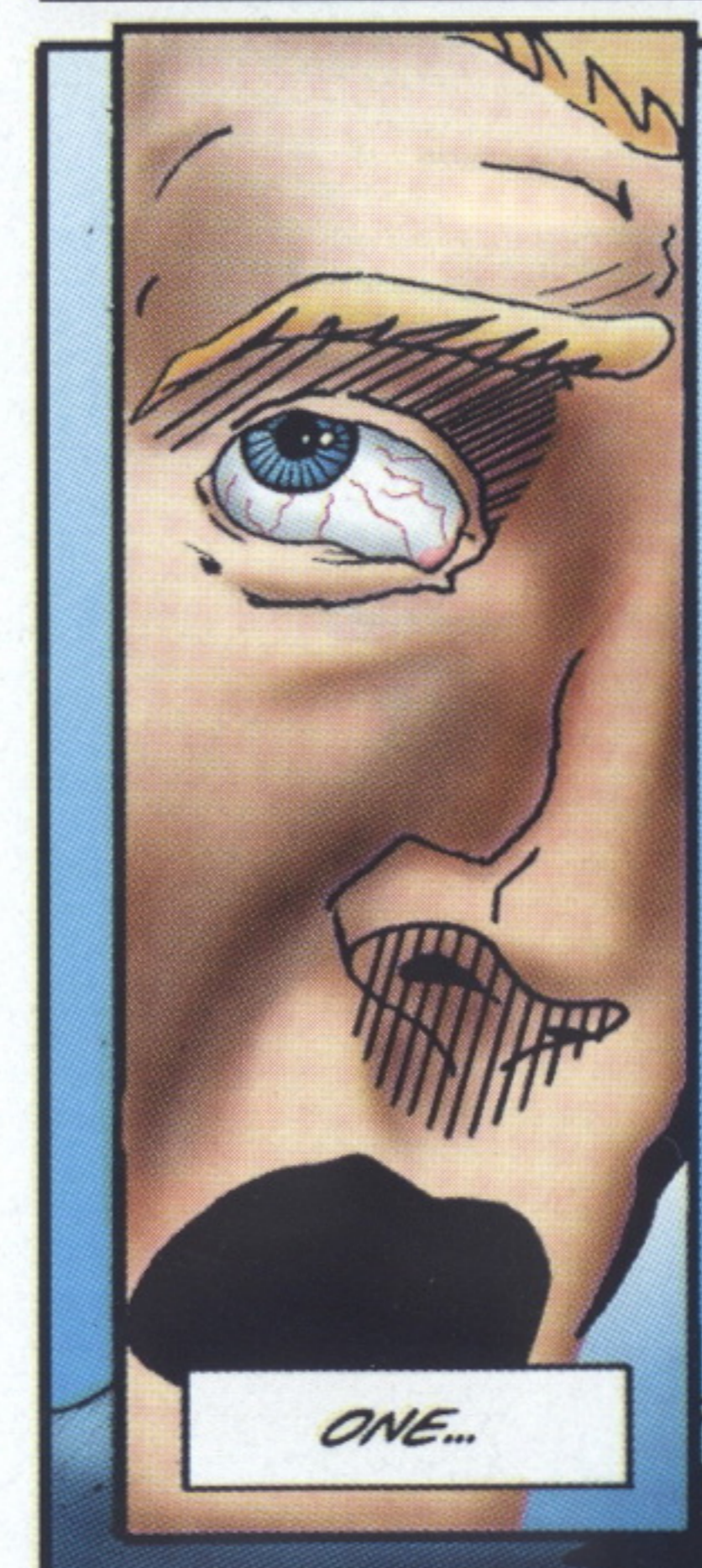


ROGER BETA ONE,
OPENING
BAY DOORS.

THREE...



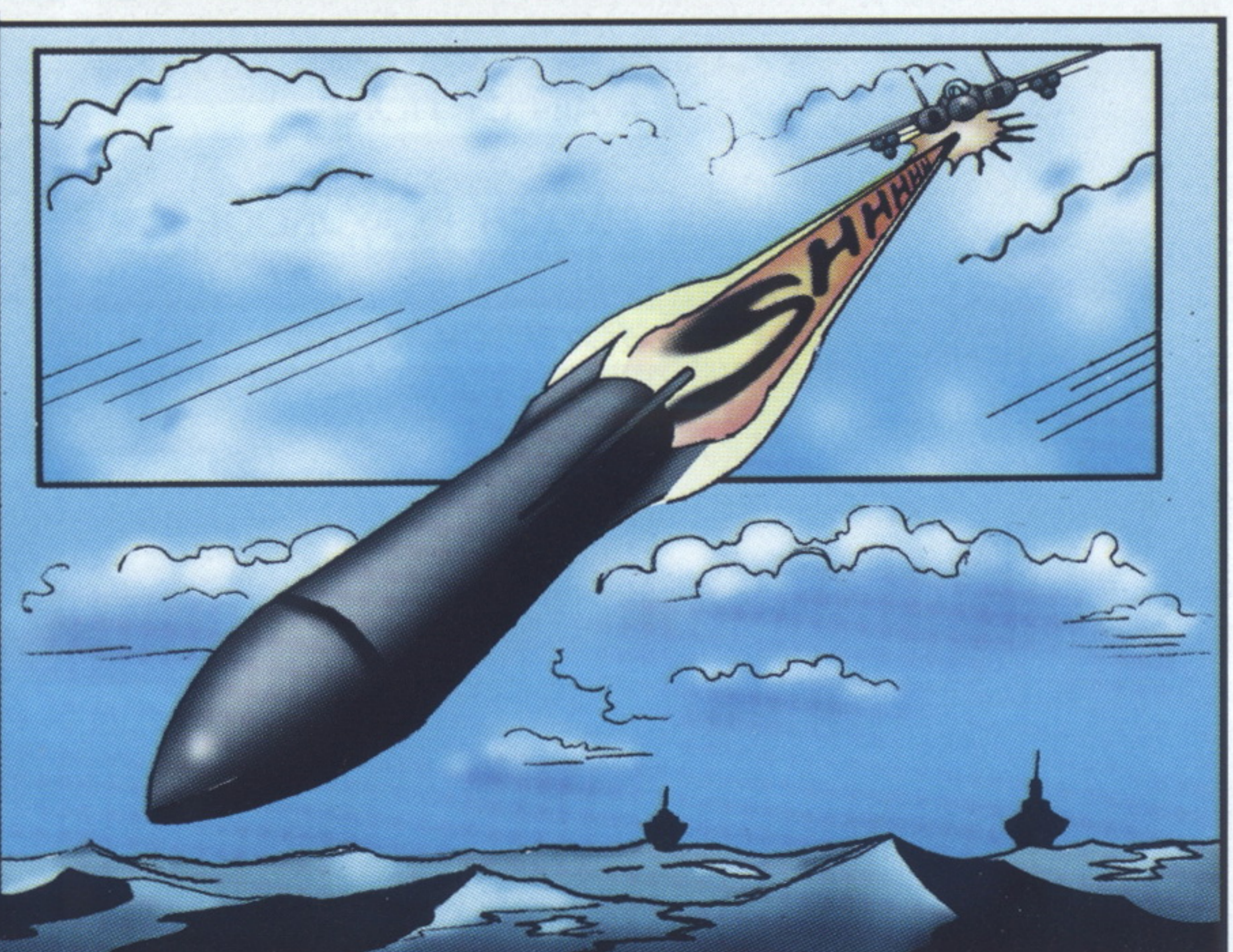
TWO...



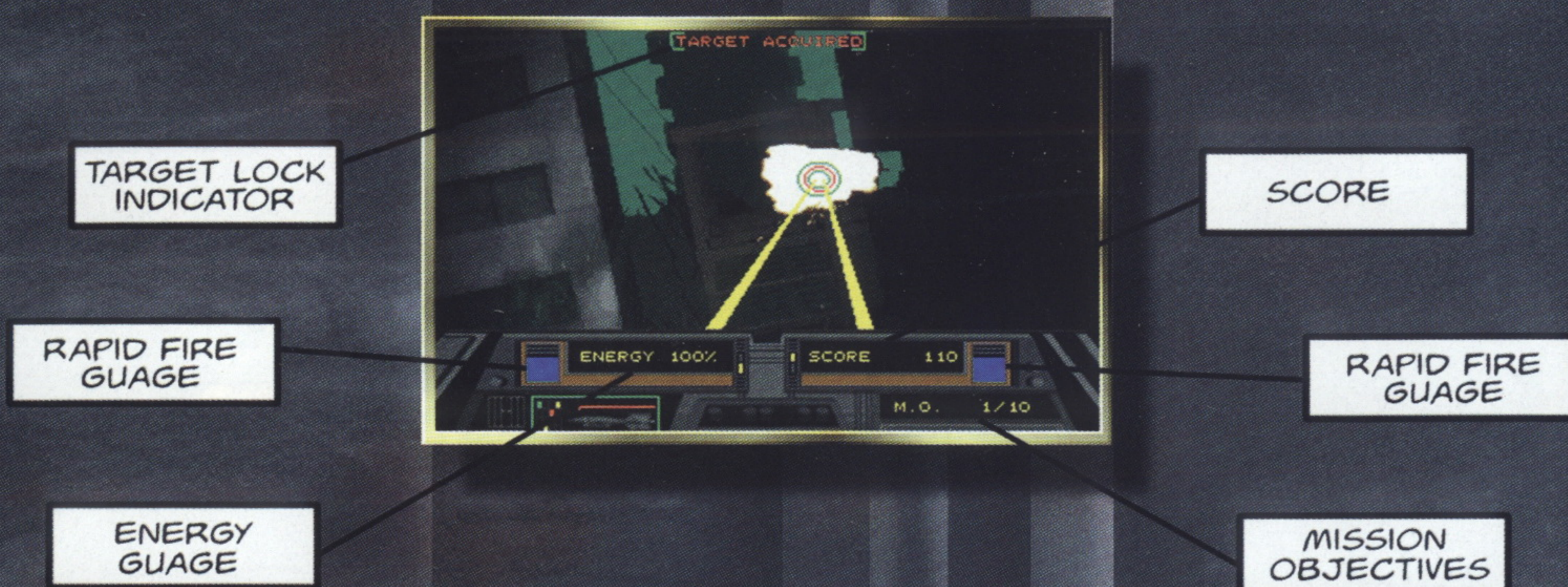
ONE...



RELEASE!



COMBAT INTERFACE



CONTROLS

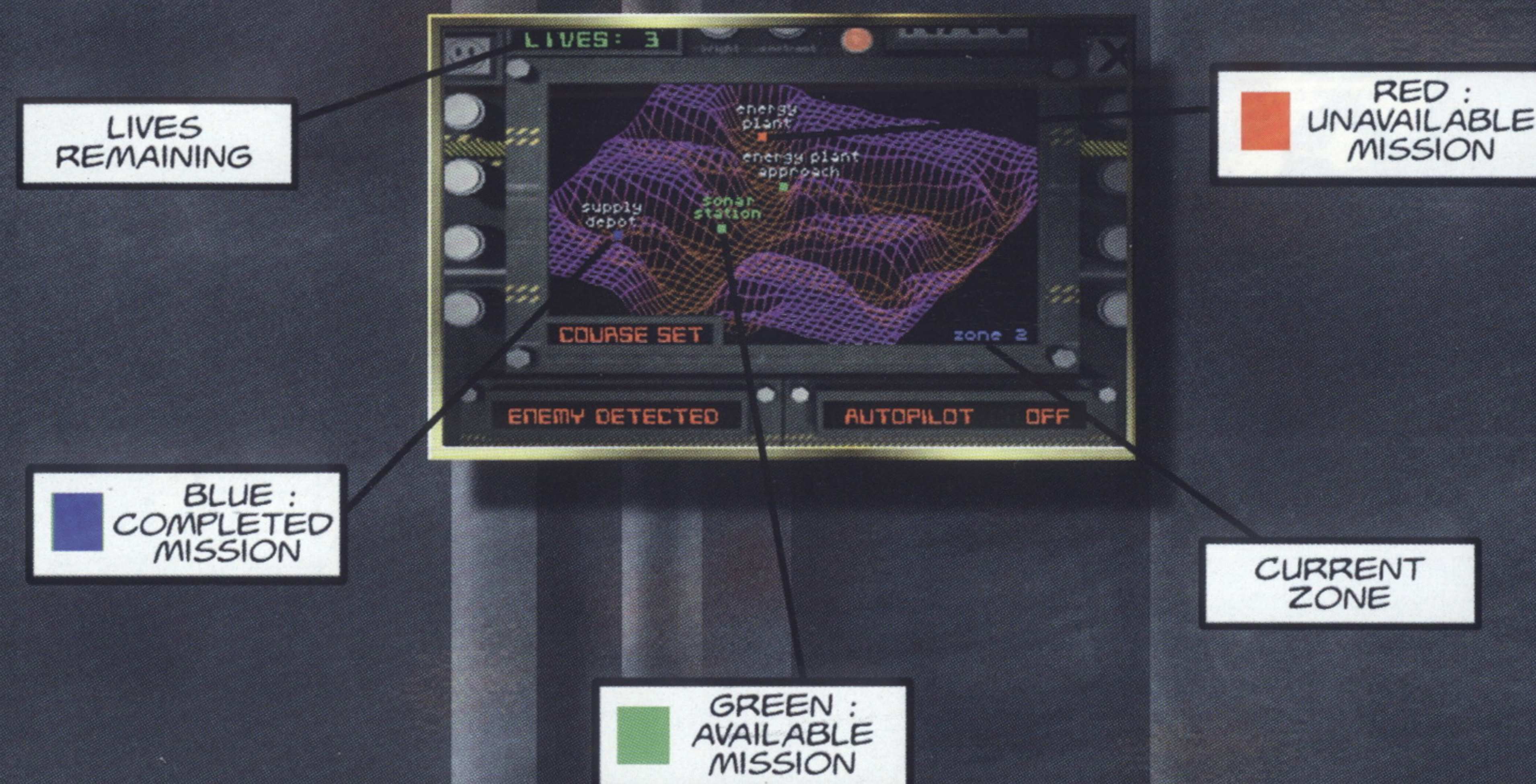


KEYBOARD COMMANDS

- | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------|
| M MAIN OPTIONS | C CREDITS |
| P SWITCH PLAY MODES | H HIGH SCORES |
| J JOYSTICK CALIBRATION | R RESUME GAME |
| Q QUIT TO DOS | |
| CTRL-Q ABORT CURRENT GAME | |
| ESC MAIN MENU | |
| ENTER ACCEPT A SELECTION | |

USE SPACE, TAB, AND ARROW KEYS TO NAVIGATE THRU MENUS.

ZONE MAP



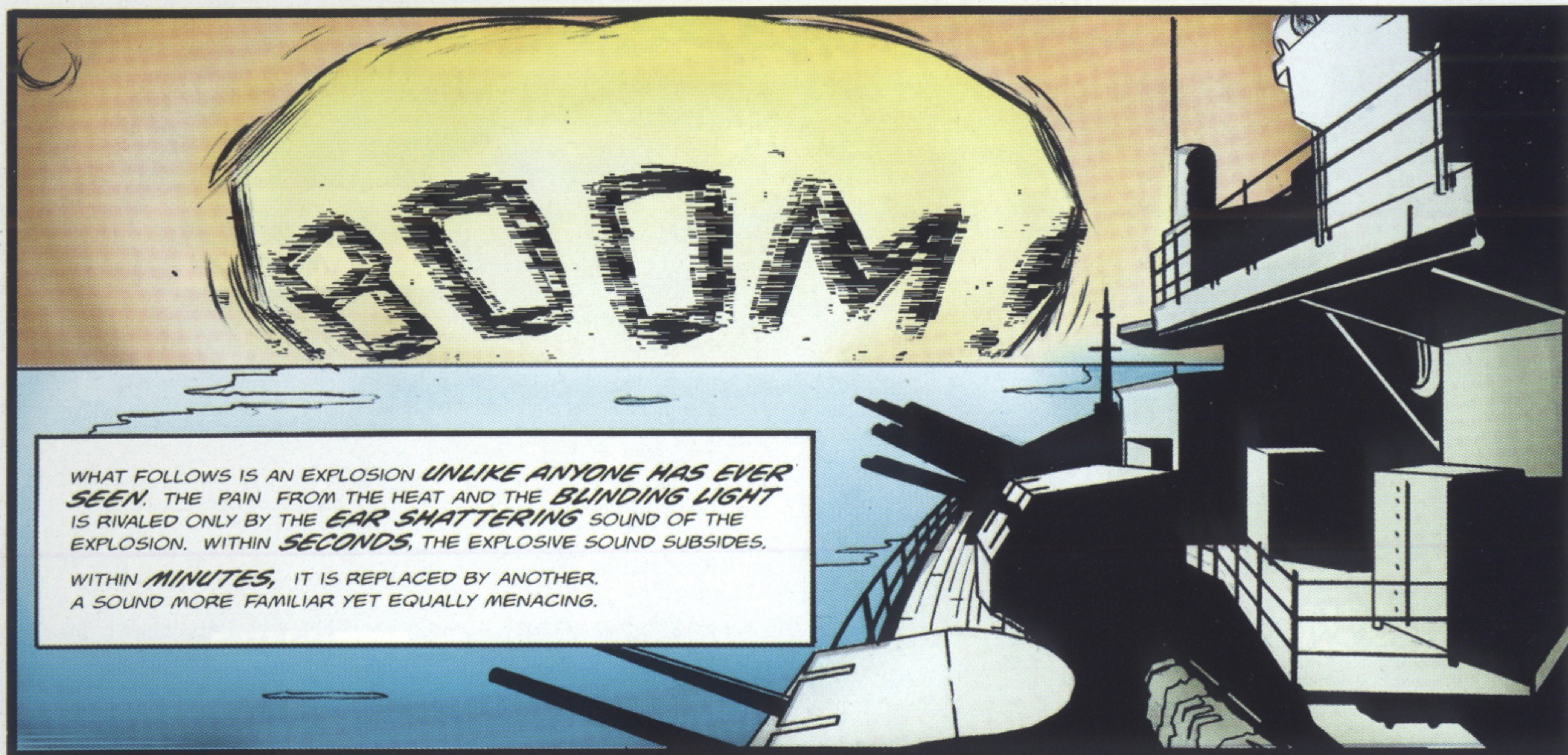
MAIN MENU



THE "MAIN MENU" SCREEN ALLOWS YOU TO CONFIGURE WETLANDS. THIS MENU WILL APPEAR AT ANY POINT DURING THE GAME BY HITTING THE "ESC" KEY. YOU WILL BE ABLE TO RECALIBRATE THE JOYSTICK, CHECK THE HIGH SCORES, CONFIGURE SOUND, AND PLAY OLD MISSIONS. USE SPACE, TAB, AND ARROW KEYS TO NAVIGATE THROUGH THIS MENU. ENTER OR THE FIRE BUTTON IS USED TO SELECT AN OPTION.

THE "PLAY MODE" BUTTON ALLOWS YOU TO TOGGLE BETWEEN "CAREER" AND "OLD MISSIONS" MODE.

IN "CAREER" MODE, YOU ADVANCE THROUGH THE GAME, ONE ZONE AT A TIME. IF HOWEVER, YOU WOULD LIKE TO REPLAY AN ALREADY COMPLETED MISSION, YOU MAY SWITCH TO "OLD MISSIONS" MODE.



WHAT FOLLOWS IS AN EXPLOSION *UNLIKE ANYONE HAS EVER SEEN*. THE PAIN FROM THE HEAT AND THE *BLINDING LIGHT* IS RIVALED ONLY BY THE *EAR SHATTERING* SOUND OF THE EXPLOSION. WITHIN *SECONDS*, THE EXPLOSIVE SOUND SUBSIDES. WITHIN *MINUTES*, IT IS REPLACED BY ANOTHER, A SOUND MORE FAMILIAR YET EQUALLY MENACING.



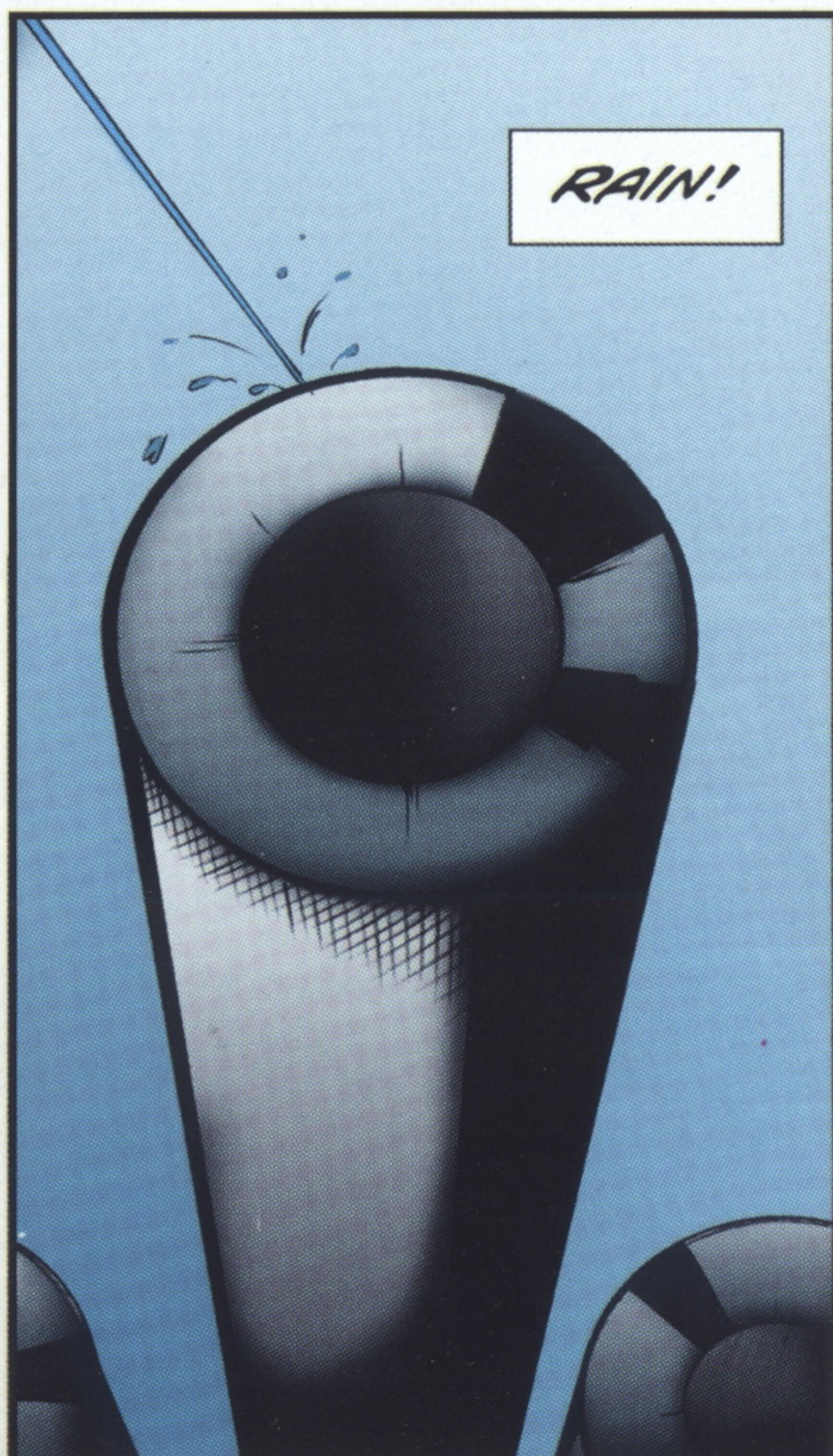
THE SOUND OF THUNDER,

THE SOUND OF ...



LIGHTNING,

THE SOUND OF ...



RAIN!



THE SEVERITY OF THE STORM SURROUNDING THE SHIP CAUSES INSTANT *PANIC* AMONG THE MEN. ALL DISCIPLINE IS REPLACED BY *FEAR*.

ALL OBEDIENCE, REPLACED BY INSTINCT.



ON THE BRIDGE

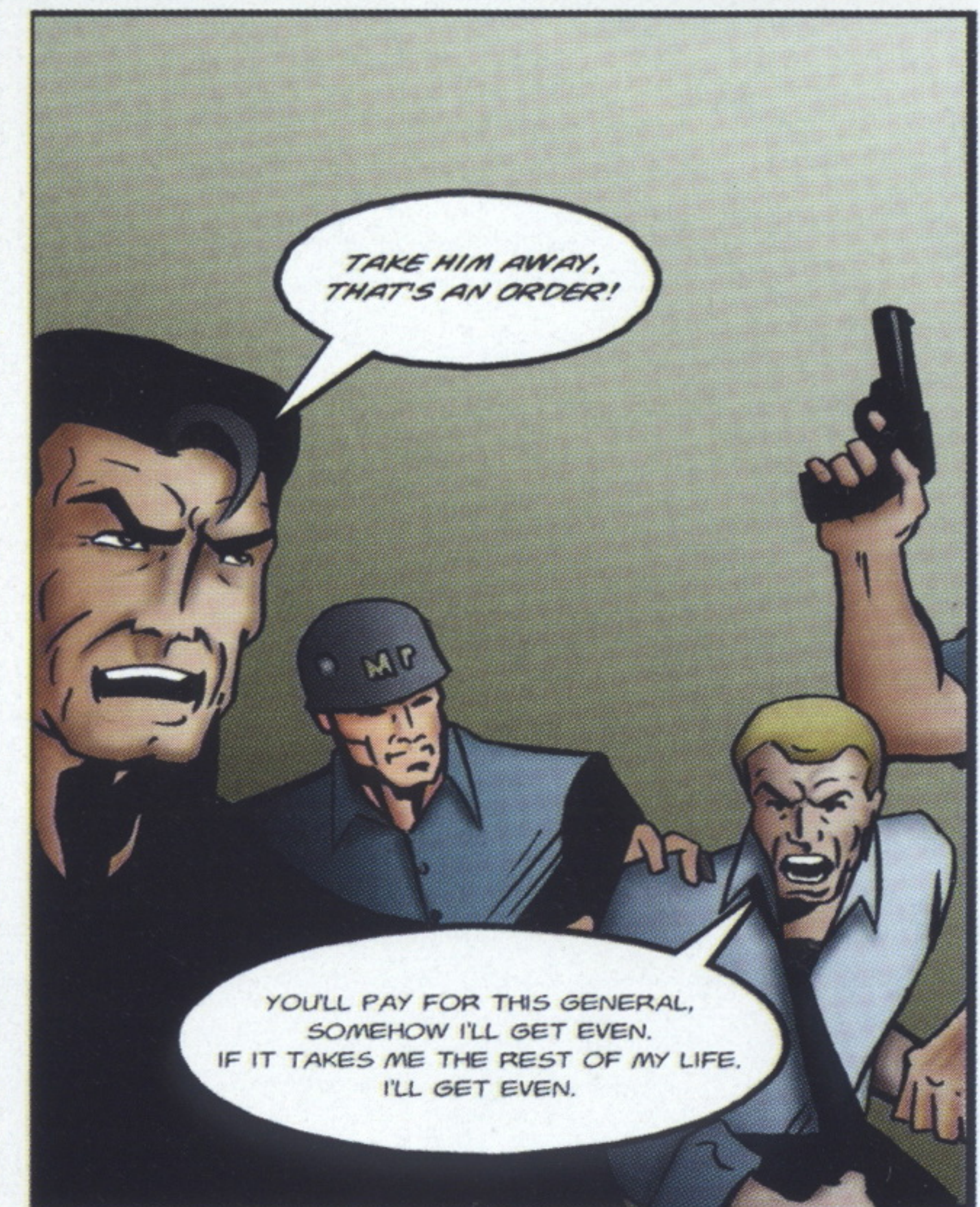
SIR, REPORTS OF SEVERE WEATHER ARE COMING IN FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE. BUT GET THIS, WEATHER SATELLITES HAVE PINPOINTED *OUR* LOCATION TO BE THE BIRTH CENTER OF THE STORM. THIS IS NO FREAK STORM. SOMEHOW WE ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS!

NOT WE, LIEUTENANT.



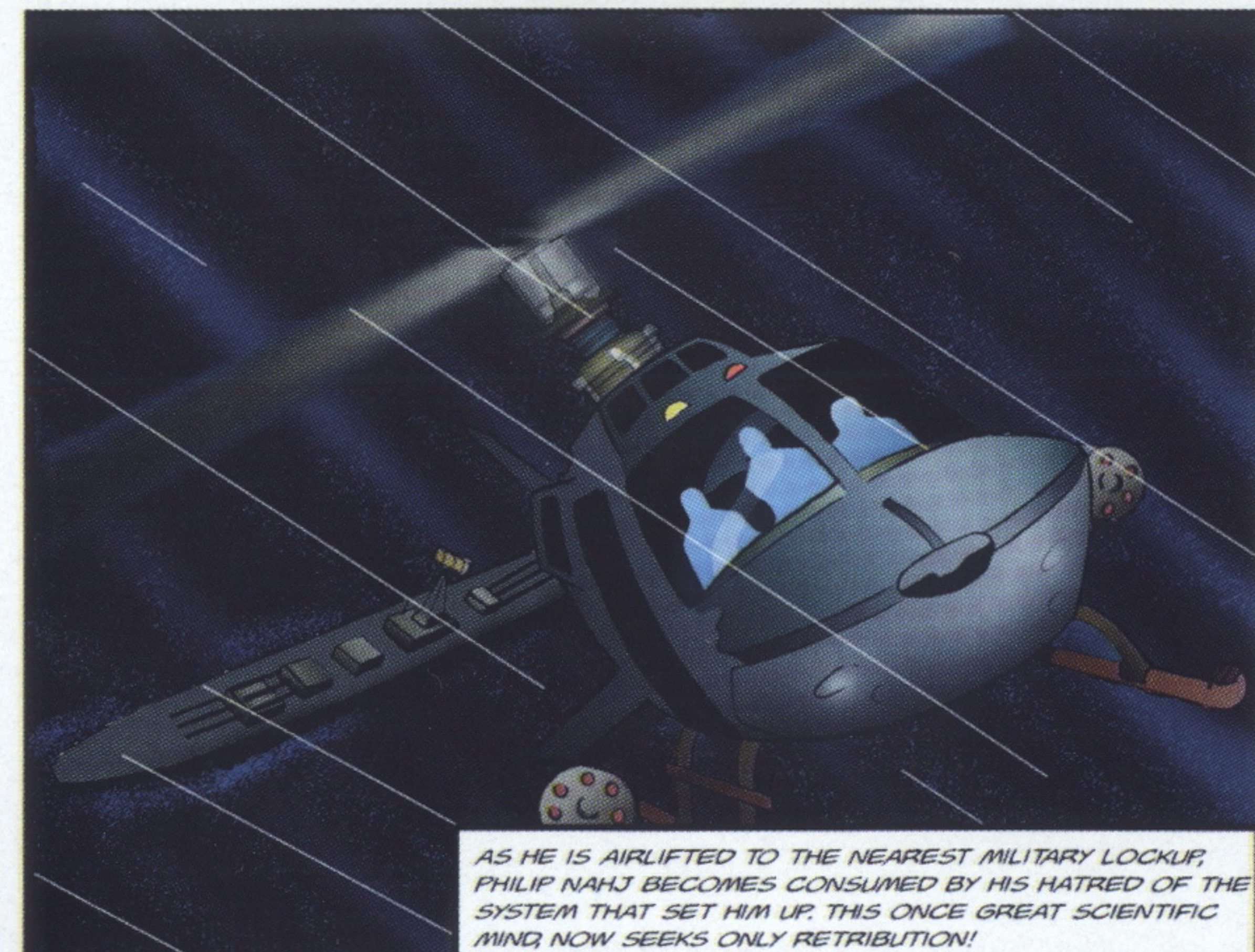
HIM!
ARREST THAT MAN, HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS.

NO!!
I WARNED YOU ABOUT THIS. I TOLD YOU THIS COULD HAPPEN BUT YOU DIDN'T LISTEN.

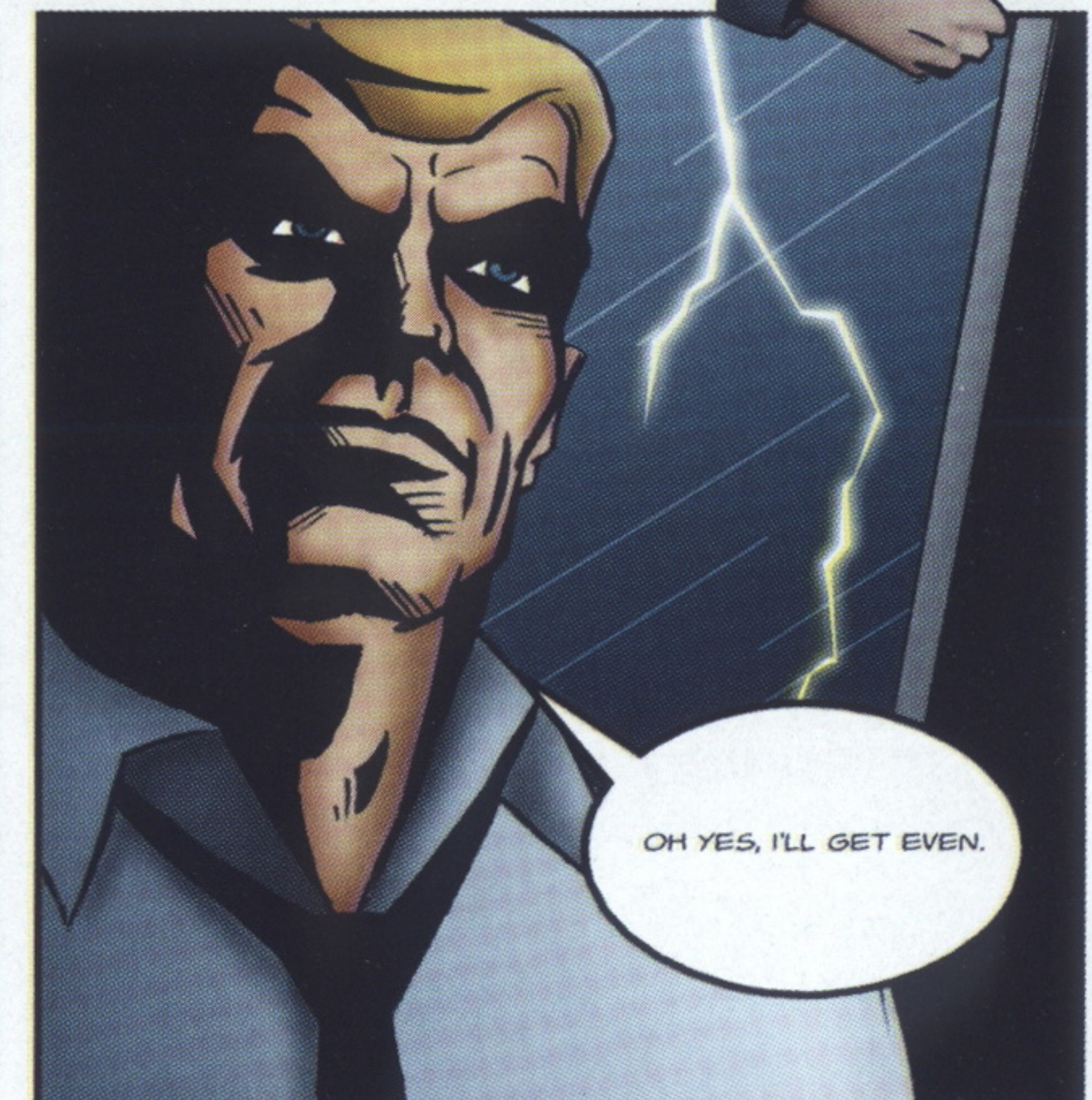


TAKE HIM AWAY, THAT'S AN ORDER!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS GENERAL, SOMEHOW I'LL GET EVEN. IF IT TAKES ME THE REST OF MY LIFE, I'LL GET EVEN.



AS HE IS AIRLIFTED TO THE NEAREST MILITARY LOCKUP, PHILIP NAHJ BECOMES CONSUMED BY HIS HATRED OF THE SYSTEM THAT SET HIM UP. THIS ONCE GREAT SCIENTIFIC MIND NOW SEEKS ONLY RETRIBUTION!



OH YES, I'LL GET EVEN.

AFTERMATH: EARTH, OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT.

THE EXPLOSION-INDUCED STORM RAGED ON FOR YEARS DESPITE THE EFFORTS TO STOP IT BY THE WORLD'S TOP SCIENTISTS. ONLY PHILIP NANKI, THE MAN WHO CREATED THIS WEAPON OF ULTIMATE DESTRUCTION, KNEW WHAT MADE IT TICK. AND HE WASN'T TALKING. HIS SILENCE BEING HIS SWORN REVENGE. EVENTUALLY, THE QUESTION OF HOW TO STOP THE STORM BECAME SECONDARY TO HOW TO SURVIVE IT.

HOW DO YOU SURVIVE AN ATTACK ON ALL FRONTS FROM MOTHER NATURE? YOU DON'T. AS IN ANY CRISIS SITUATION, ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVED. WITH THE NATURAL SHELTERS DESTROYED BY THE FLOODS, THE LOWEST CREATURES ON THE FOOD CHAIN WERE THE FIRST TO DIE. FOLLOWED SHORTLY BY HUMANS LACKING THE INTELLECT TO SAVE THEMSELVES.

THE STATISTICS WERE ALMOST UNTHINKABLE. 98% OF THE EARTH COVERED IN WATER. 98% OF ITS INHABITANTS, DEAD.

ONLY THOSE WITH THE KEENEST TECHNOLOGICAL MINDS MANAGED TO FIGHT OFF THE FURY OF THE STORM. THOSE FEW SCURRIED TO BUILD SMALL AQUATIC COLONIES CAPABLE OF SUSTAINING HUMAN LIFE UNDERWATER. ALL OF LIFE'S NECESSITIES, ONCE PROVIDED BY THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE, NOW HAD TO BE CREATED ARTIFICIALLY. OXYGENATION PLANTS, WATER-INDUCED ENERGY PLANTS, AND FOOD-PRODUCING FACILITIES BECAME STAPLES OF UNDERWATER HUMAN LIFE. LIFE AS WE KNOW IT BECAME A DISTANT MEMORY. LIFE UNDERWATER BECAME A BITTER REALITY. STILL, IN SOME BIZARRE WAY, THESE PEOPLE WERE THE LUCKY ONES.

WITHIN TIME, EARTH WAS DISCOVERED BY TRAVELLERS FROM OTHER PLANETS, BOTH HUMANOID AND ALIEN. REPORTS OF A PLANET COVERED WITH WATER SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE GALAXIES. A PLANET WITH NO LAND WOULD BE OF LITTLE USE TO THOSE RACES THAT WISHED TO COLONIZE. BUT FOR THOSE WHO WANTED TO HIDE OUT, A MORE IDEAL PLACE DID NOT EXIST.

THE THIRD PLANET FROM THE SUN. ONCE A HAVEN FOR RICH RESOURCES AND FLOURISHING LIFE, HAD NOW BECOME KNOWN AS WETLANDS, A HIDEOUT FOR MURDEROUS CUTTHROATS AND ALIEN SCUM.

ALL OF THIS CHAOS OWED TO ONE MAN. A MAN WITH THE KNOWLEDGE TO DESTROY WORLDS. A KNOWLEDGE JUST WAITING TO BE RELEASED AGAIN.

