# review console

Daldry as he walked in.
'Morning.' Said Paul, just as
Jeremy collapsed onto his desk
in convulsions of pain, while a
slimy green alien ripped itself
from his stomach, splattering
Paul with blood and guts. The
alien laughed and skidded
through the gore to hide under
Jacks desk, Jeremy moaned
once and expired amongst a
puddle of his own blood, vomit
and intestines.

'Fancy a coffee?' Asked Paul.



hey've cocked up this time haven't they? *Alien* was amazing. Who can forget John Hurt as the ultimate advert for *Tums*? *Aliens* was great too, moody shots and atmospheric close ups. But *Alien*<sup>3</sup>, oh dear, oh dear. So for the first time ever (?) we have the situation where the console game conversion is better than the film it came from in the first place.

But why? (Concerned Alien fan.)

Well why don't we list the various ways in which Alien³ (the game) is better than Alien³ (the movie.), and then we could see for ourselves.

◆ Alien³, the game, (hereafter known as Clive) has guns. In fact it has lots and lots of guns, big ones, small ones, ones that spurt fire and ones that don't. But all of them have one thing in common. They turn Aliens into an acidic mess.

★ Alien³, the movie, (hereafter known as Janet) has no guns. Instead everybody sits around and tries to talk to the Alien, because the Alien no doubt had a difficult child hood and needs some extra one to one dialogue to overcome it's anti-social problems.

◆ Clive has a plot. Not much of a

• Clive has a plot. Not much of a one, I'd be the first to grant you, but one none the less. You play Ripley who must run around and 'rescue' Alien impregnated chaps who hang from the walls of the underground penal colony. She does this by killing them. No early night and a dose of Beachams from

Ripley, oh no. Simple hey? Well no, actually. Partly because you get a time limit to do the whole shabang in but also because there are more Aliens running, jumping and generally gadding about than is good for the health of your average deep space monster hunter. After all, manic, homicidal Aliens can seriously damage your health.

\*Janet has a plot, but it's really rather dull and revolves around the love life of a small vole by the name of Jasper. (I think you do lie. Ed.)



'Please... Killl mee...' Okay, if you insist.

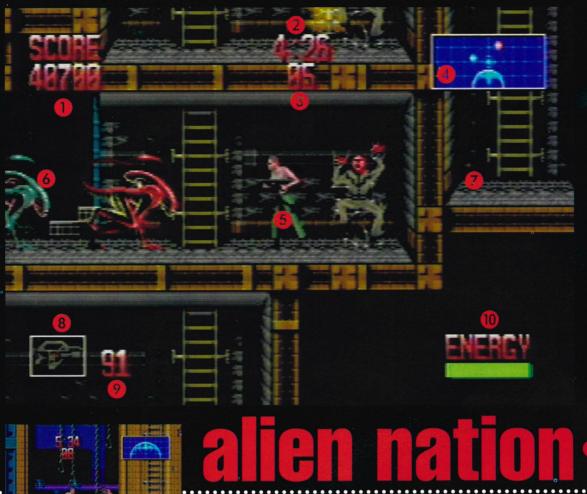




An immenent xenomorphic induced trauma situation. (About to be chewed. Ed.)



A Xenomorphic existance cessation via kinetic projection (Shooting an alien. Ed.)



ark, brooding and very atmospheric it's yet another *Game Zone* annotated screen.

Your score. Maybe rather unsurprisingly this tells you how well you are doing. The bigger it is the better it is. (How like life. Ed.)

Time. Do do, do do, oodly do. (That's the Countdown theme if you where wondering.) Every alien host must be put out of his misery before this reaches zero.

Hosts. The number left to 'rescue.' (ie Kill.)

Scanner. Yup, you have the machine that goes ping. And very useful it is too. Showing you, as it does, not only the location of any nearby Aliens, (a little blue dot), but also the nearest hosts. (A little pink one.) Unfortunately the whole thing runs on limited battery power that can only be recharged from any one of a number of battery icons that have been left lying round the Alien maze. Most useful for avoiding charging Aliens that run at you at break neck speed. And then try to. Break your neck, that is.

You. Ripley, that crop haired chick that takes no stick.

An Alien. It's big, green, lean and a face ripping machine.

Someone has seen it fit to scatter any number of power ups around the disused penal colony, mainly in the form of ammo for your many weapons, but also as an often needed medi-pack.

Currently used weapon. In this case it's the pulse rifle.

Amount of ammo left to be used. This goes down very, very quickly. Often far too quickly.

tendency to go down very quickly. Far, far too quickly.

Your energy bar. This too has a



Whatever you're gonna do, do it fast...

illegal alien

one who laid all the eggs, (The

Queen. Ed.) and it jumps around

causing all kinds of damage and mayhem. But it is a bit easy to

kill. Just stand at one end and

pile your Grenade Launcher into it. You even get a Medi-Kit after

very third level you face a

Level Guardian. It's a bit

like the extra big Alien at the end of Aliens, you know, the I think I do, to. Janet's plot involves Ripley's existential musing on how she has been impregnated by the Alien and her days are numbered. (She buys it in the end.)

• Clive, as it has already been mentioned has lots of Aliens.

\*Janet has only one Alien.

• Clive is a boy and wears blue.

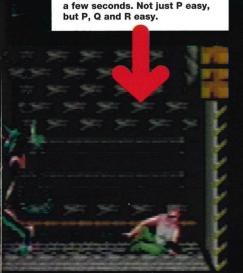
\* Janet is a girl and wears pink. (Enough gender stereo typing. Deputy Ed.)

So that's the plot done. Good. I never like that bit. What now? (Jeremy quickly consults his Registrar Generals Easy Step Guide for Writing Reviews.) Oh yes, the graphics and sound. Here we go then. The graphics and sound of Alien<sup>3</sup> are very good. (Bit more perhaps. Ed.) Okay, okay. Struth! What can you say about the graphics? Well this is a Probe game, those chaps of Mega Drive Terminator fame, and so it looks absolutely lush. The main Ripley sprite actually looks a bit like Sigourney, and leaps and bounds through the various locations with a particularly gay abandon in her step. Her jumps are a bit odd, but apart from that... The backgrounds are superb, especially on later levels and the wee Alien beasties are particularly well animated. Sound pings and pongs along with a suitable feeling of doom and gloom, with the odd exception of level 4 which



Oops. Looks like love at first sight to me

Ventilation shafts. Where would aliens be without the trusty ventilation shafts? (In the rooms and corridors. Ed.) Yes, yes, but ventilation shafts are so much more fun, aren't they. At least for the aliens, that is. They're not much fun for Ripley. Cramped, dark, hard to see, hard (and very slow) to move through. In fact they're about as much fun as a molecular acid enema.



# things that go bang

ipley, being the women of the '90's that she is, doesn't take any shit from no extra terrestrial monster. Oh no. She knows her rights, she's political, she's a member of *Greenpeace* and a Women's Group, she eats oatbran and BO yogurt. She's not afraid to say the word 'Tampax,' in male company. She's got a gun and isn't afraid to use it. Actually she has got several guns, all of which go bang.

### pulse rifle



Known to you and I as a simple machine gun, the people of the future felt this to be a woefully out of date term, and updated it. Thus the

Pulse Rifle was born.
Firing burst of bullets at a high rate
it's really your number one thing that
goes bang. Ripley keeps it in her
Armament Protection and Storage
Device. Or pocket, to you and I.

#### flame thrower



Very useful this, very effective in frying Alien bots. Trouble is that it eats your fuel supply like there is no tomorrow, which, if you run out right next to an

Alien there won't be. Best to reserve for particularly tight spots, narrow corridors, shafts and lifts.

#### hand grenades



Very effective, but very difficult to use. Best to limit to using in clearing out lift shafts and stair wells. A real do or die weapon. (What does 'do or die'

mean? Ed.) It means do use your grenade or die 'cos an Alien will chew your head off.

### **launcher**



Very effective weapon, that will blow just about anything in to next week; Aliens, pods and even internal doors. It's one great disadvantage being that the reload

time is relatively slow, allowing any charging Aliens to make a running jump. At you.





## other famous bald chicks

### ellen ripley

Due to an unfortunate outbreak of mutant head lice, Ripley has to have her head shaved. Therefore creating a marked resemblance to the lead singer of the famous 1970's skin head band *The Four Skins*.

### sinead o'conner

Attempting to be as ideologically correct as possible our Sinead supports the *I.R.A*, does gigs for *Amnesty* and also goes to a blind barber. Right on Sinead.

### elizabeth I

Boasting a full head of hair early in her life, Liz I not only went bald in later life but lost her reputation as the Virgin Queen. Known in Elizabethan times as Knickerless Liz. Bit like our own dear Queen, or should that be the Duchess of York...?

sounds a bit like the music that is played in Correctional Institutions to keep all the inmates calm, but in fact has the reverse effect and makes them draw disturbing black pictures in their Recreational Therapy classes. (Gosh that was an awfully long sentence. Ed.)

### play us a tune

I'd rather tell you about the playability of Alien3. Well, a major criticism levelled against Probe in the past is that while their games look amazing they actually play like a pile of steaming dog doo. Not so with *Alien*<sup>3</sup>. Sure the control system takes a bit of getting used to, and the Ripley character is sometimes frustratingly difficult to control. (She's a real beggar to get to crawl down vertical air shafts.) And there are a couple of extra touches that would have been nice to add, maybe a warning light or sound when you are about to run out of ammo, so you can quickly change your gun. But for all that, these are just little moans when stacked against the fact this is really a very, very good shoot 'em up type game. If you are a fan of the films or just a fan of this kinda senseless violent game, then this is the best you're gonna see this year. A winner. 🖪







