



Sticky, green stuff. Be afraid. Be very afraid.



More green stuff. Blimey, the suspense is killing me.



But not as efficiently as an Alien might. Or a Predator.



Here's some I killed earlier. Aliens. Not green stuff.



A Predator. Holding his groin. Scary.



Were you born in a barn, eh? Keep doors shut. Unless you're using them.



A lone vessel cruising through an uncharted star system. Where it is heading, the crew does not know. For they are asleep, locked in their cryogenic-suspension pods, counting cryogenically-suspended sheep. But wait, look outside, emerging like a silent manta ray from the inky blackness, comes a ship, bringing death, destruction and some very bizarre reproductive shinanigans. Aliens. And a bloody great whole heap of them too. But hold on one darn cotton-pickin' minute, for another ship approaches, disappearing and reappearing as it advances. And it be chasing t'other. Predators. Bugger. As one ship latches onto the large vessel,

ALIEN versus PREDATOR



Can't see what's going on here. Looks bloody painful.



Hey, like wow, babe. Everything's all spacey.



This is the canteen, and just look at the floor.



Take it. Take it like a man. In the chest, preferably.

the other docks with the opposite side, and their green contents spill out as swiftly as the puss in of one of Tim's many ripe spots.

THEY'RE COMING OUT...

And that's where you take up the story, or if you prefer, any of three stories, because you can choose to play as either a colonial marine, Alien or Predator in this *Wolfenstein*-esque shoot-maim-or-generally-destroy-em-up. If you pick the marine, you awake from hypersleep to find your ship overrun with nasty green things, and have to progress from the middle of the seven levels of your vessel to reach the Alien ship at one end and the Predator's at the other. There are also air ducts to help you pass around the levels unnoticed, and of course, the ubiquitous secret level. The idea is similar when playing the other creatures - basically kill everything unfortunate enough to step in your path - and there are separate game endings for each of these.

Each of the characters has varying strengths and weaknesses. The Predator's pockets, for instance, are bulging with all manner of characteristic weapons, but speed has been sacrificed. The Alien on the other hand, is a nippy swine, but has your run-of-the-mill claws, tail and jaws. The good

old yankee marine, though, falls in between these categories. Natch.

... THE GOD-DAMNED WALLS!

Hairs stood on end, eyelashes curled and ears cauliflowered when *AVP* first came to our attention, and its looks have been improved upon further. Just gaze at the screenshots. Go on. Every prop was either built or hired, and turned into sweatily atmospheric visuals by British programmers, Rebellion. I got to play this on my own,

Where to now? What does it all mean? Why's he pointing that stick at me?



The Alien hatchery. Blast those huggers as they crawl out.

Don't let those Aliens get into your head. Or on your face. If you have a sticky problem with a hugger, don't fret, don't make such a fuss, just move the D-pad left and right quickly.



"A quick slash of the tail and it's all over for ya, sonny. The big 'E'." "But chief, what ya gonna tell Numba One?" "Ow about, 'Guv, 'e just fell dahn the stairs, like?" "Yeah, skill." But anyway.



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ROUGHAGE

The Predator is certainly a rough 'n' tough character to meet up with, and here we show his top three weapons. The cloaking is not shown, because he isn't allowed to use it much (penalty points, and all that).



The good old blade-on-wrist-type thing. Always good for close up confrontations, and back scratching.



At number two we have the discus. Honest, I know you can't actually see a discus, but it's there. Honest.



And at number one it's the pokey stick! As you can see, it makes the Aliens explode into custard. Lush.



You actually feel for the Aliens in this game. Especially if you, in fact, are one. All those pink things, urgh!

and my immediate reaction was pure thrilage. This soon became fear - it's scary stuff. Panic and horror then made an entrance. It began to get very crowded in my head.

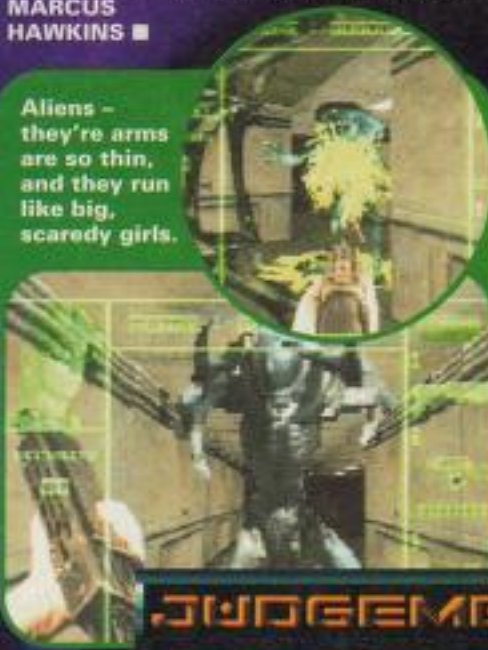
The sound is also wonderfully atmospheric. There's the noise of the doors opening and closing from the films, motion scanner bleeps, echoes, and, of course, the screeches of dying Aliens. Top slacks-filling stuff all round. There's no music, but hell, that'd ruin the tension you get from tip-toeing around a creaky old spaceship.

Comparisons with *Doom* are going to be flying thicker than the shots I was firing in *AVP*, but I have to say that's a somewhat loose comparison. It's like comparing *SSF2* and *MK2* - ultimately it's purely a matter of individual taste.

Of course, there are elements which could have been improved. Movement is realistic, but it doesn't run as fast as *Wolfie*, although the character control is made easier for it. There's also a much better feeling of motion with *Doom*, where the whole screen bobs up and down, and you can spend rather too much time walking backwards blasting the Aliens, rather than advancing. But overall this is one compelling and addictive in-ye-face.

MARCUS HAWKINS ■

Aliens - they're arms are so thin, and they run like big, scary girls.



OPTIONS - CHARACTER
DIFFICULTY - TOUGH
SAVE GAME - NEIN
PLAYERS - ONE

END ■



GRAPHICS

It's real. Programmers litter the floor BEing corpses, Aliens watch from shadows, and it's very smooth.



SOUNDS

The effects really add to the game. Never before has so little had so much impact.



PLAYABILITY

Three different characters with different abilities, and loads of exploration on offer.



LASTABILITY

What's more fun than annihilating Aliens, taking pot shots at Predators, or slashing at humans?



OVERALL

You'd have to be rhino-scrubbingly mad not to enjoy this game. Simple blasting fun at its most atmospheric and the best Alien licence. I'm sorry, but I now have an unnerving desire to go and lie down in a quiet, damp place to recover.

MARCUS ■

JUDGEMENT

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