

Predator 2

No sign of the Predator as yet...



It's ugly, it smells, has lousy dress sense and is a crap actor. But we let **ANDY STOUT** review

PREDATOR 2 on the Game Gear anyway.



I met the Predator once. Honest. There I was, happily flicking through a copy of *Just 17* on the bus (for the problems you understand, especially the ones involving farm animals) when this shimmering thing sat down.

"Sssscusse meee," said this sibilant hissing sound and suddenly there it was next to me, dripping blood.

"No I won't," I said. "You should see a speech-therapist. I'd get some dental work done while I was there as well."

"I'm losst," it said mournfully, flicking an offal-encrusted bogey across the bus. "Do you know the way to Losss Angeleesss."

"No problem. Get the Picadilly line to Heathrow, avoid the British Airways people telling you their planes get there in 35 minutes, and get a 747."

"Thhankyuuu, and mayyy I borrow your copy of *Jusst 17*. I like the bits about au pairs and shhhheep."

Well, as it was now slimed with gloopy slithers of human kidney, I let him have it and he disappeared. Always wondered what happened to him.

The Premish Is Thish

Los Angeles 1997 and there's an alien trogging around killing people. (Fact: in LA this is considered normal behaviour.) Columbian and Jamaican drug gangs have grabbed police officer hostages to boot and are running riot. You are Lieutenant Michael P. Harrigan, you are slightly insane and you've got to clean up the entire city on your own with no back-up. Wow, cutback city. Bet the West Midlands Serious Crime Squad never had to put up with this. (Nope, they were too busy inventing confessions. Ed.)

Still, it's not all bad. You get to blow away fun, naff stereotypes like the Jamaican Rasta Voodoo Posse (bit like having the British Bowler-Hat Wearing Fog-Loving Dumpling Eaters) and actually see the Predator's laser scanning device. Yup, there's precious little actual Predator in evidence, but if you can see the target sights you just know he's around somewhere (like permanently off screen until the very end probably, ho hum).

Aardvark Tennis

Okay, you're saying to yourself, the film was pretty dud, the Master System game was frankly appalling (with apologies to Frank Lee A. Paul Ng who lives in Scunthorpe and makes the best prawn crackers this side of Hong Kong), so can the Game Gear version be any good? Nah, course it can't.

You start off on the streets, head up to the rooftops, go back to the streets, down to the underground and then back to the streets again. Don't know where you go from there, care even less, but it might just have something to do with the streets, you never know. Watching two aardvarks playing tennis in a vat of lumpy custard would be more exciting than this. Give me the *Just 17* problem page any day.

END ZONE

Graphics



Sound



Addictiveness



Playability



Seriously naff beat 'em up. Please, please, please let there not be a *Predator 3*.

OVERALL 44

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No creature with teeth as yet...