

# HYBRID

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**ENGLISH  
INSTRUCTIONS**

**C64/128 DISK: SL 72813**

**C64/128 CASSETTE: SL 52813    AMSTRAD 464/664/6128 CASSETTE: SL 54813**

**AMSTRAD 464/664/6128 DISK: SL 74813**

**SPECTRUM 48/128 SL 56813**

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## THE GAME

You have control of three highly developed battle droids. You must use them to their full strengths to destroy the direct menace of the Aliens.

To complete your mission you will need to join the three Hybrids together to form one superior and deadly unit. This can only be achieved in four cells which are to be found within the complex. When they are united they are automatically teleported to the cell of an Alien.

Having successfully destroyed the Alien the three Hybrids are separately transported back to the complex. Once more they must attempt to meet up and form together. Your mission is to achieve this four times and destroy each Alien in turn. The Aliens become progressively harder to destroy as they each absorb the life energy of a dying comrade.

## THE CHARACTERS

### Hybrid 1

The brain has weak armour, low fire-power rating, moderate movement and limited speed shot (only single shots available) which make this Hybrid appear very weak. However, it has the ability (using the 'teleport' key) to teleport itself and the other Hybrids anywhere on the same screen. It has access to certain teleporter machines situated around the complex.

### Hybrid 2 (3 × 3)

The robot is the largest and strongest of the 3 Hybrids. It has a high percentage of armour and high fire-power rating. The robot is best employed knocking out structures thus clearing the route for the others. It also has access to certain teleport machines around the complex.

### Hybrid 3 (2 × 2)

The xylon has a medium percentage of armour and a moderate fire-power rating. The speed shot is quick and multi-shots are available. Its greatest asset is its ability to switch on bridges. Again this Hybrid has access to certain teleport machines placed around the complex.

## THE COMPLEX

### Hazards

Guns, cannons, sureshot, beacons, mines, electro wire, electro streams plus many loathesome aliens of various ability.

### Status

**Power:** each Hybrid has 5 cartridges of energy. Loss of control occurs when a Hybrid's energy bank is empty. As fire power rating is reduced, partial loss of control will result. The battle is lost when all 3 Hybrids have empty energy banks.

**Energy:** this is needed to move and is scattered around the complex (denoted by the letter E). Energy can be picked up and used immediately. The Hybrids can exchange energy by standing one on top of the other, the player should then press the Energy key. Energy is lost by being hit by alien droids or by bumping into walls.

**Armour:** this is needed for protection and can be picked up. (Again armour is scattered around the complex and denoted by the letter A). The percentage will increase by a set amount.

**Fire-power:** this dictates how strong the weapons are. The fire-power can be increased by picking up fire-power units scattered around the complex (denoted by the letter F). No. 1 is the weakest and No. 5 is the strongest. Each Hybrid has its maximum and minimum fire-power rating.

**Streams:** these are streams of electric current through which the Hybrids cannot pass. However, within the complex there are bridges to help you cross these streams. You activate these by using the switch.

**Switches:** to activate a bridge the xylon picks up a flashing cube and takes it to receptor cube also flashing and marked by a cross.

**Keys:** all keys are definable.

**NB:** The Hybrids must work together, as certain operations can only be done by specific characters. One character alone cannot complete the game.

**To Load:** See label.

## **HYBRID: THE STORY**

Long before the State had come into existence, the Earth was ruled as a single empire. The last Emperor was Jaled 1V and under his dominion the Earth flourished as never before. It was a Golden age, a time when prosperity ripened in every town and in every country. The powers of technology that had long threatened to destroy mankind were at last harnessed and the forces of destruction were turned towards man's benefit. Science truly became an art and the levels of technological achievement were higher than they had ever been before or would in the future. It was after Jaled died that the decline began. He had left no successor and rival factions warred for control of the Earth. For a millenium chaos and anarchy reigned and the period became known as the Dark Years. Much of scientific knowledge was lost during this time, and the achievements of the golden age became almost as legend.

It was during the last years of Jaled's reign, however, that the aliens came to Earth. Where they had originally come from nobody knew, they had powers beyond belief, mental abilities that defied analysis and physical strength that was beyond imagination. It had

taken the total might of the old Empire to contain their menace; they had seemed indestructible. They wreaked a swathe of destruction across the Earth before the scientists had finally overcome them. They hadn't exterminated the aliens, they weren't capable then, but they had managed to hold them in stasis, in a galactic gaol that was impregnable and escape-proof. The Empire had finally subdued them by blanketing their mind-control abilities, how this was achieved nobody was sure, it was knowledge lost through the years of anarchy.

All this Prator Jonson knew. He was commander-in-chief of the State Security and he was a very worried man. He looked across his aluminium desk, an antique from Empire days, and stared deeply into the Venusian's eyes. He wasn't lying, he could tell that, after all it was his job. Jonson had had enough experience in dealing with Venusians not to doubt their strange abilities. They were humans, descended from the original colony, but over the years they had developed strange talents. Maybe it had something to do with the atmosphere or being closer to the sun, Jonson didn't know, but he did know that their uncanny sixth sense had helped him often in the past. He snapped out of his thoughts as the old man started speaking again.

"And I am not the only one, our whole synod has felt this unholiness, there is a great evil that is growing in strength and its malevolence is focused on mankind. We have never felt such a disturbance before, the creatures from which this surge is coming are like nothing we have ever encountered before. It is almost as if they were made of pure energy and pure hate. And they are growing stronger by the day. You have little time Commander, I warn you, those chains that hold this evil in bondage are crumbling. They must be destroyed, you must not allow them to escape!"

The Venusian's words echoed Jonson's own thoughts, these creatures must be destroyed within the gaol. He could not allow them to escape, the Earth had to be protected at all costs.

**“Don’t worry Saldor,” he said to the Venusian more confidently than he felt, “this time we’re going to get the job done properly.”**

**Ancient technology had been able to control the alien minds but had not been capable of exterminating them. Jonson hoped that modern technology was now capable of it. Science had developed along a different path and although they had not become as advanced as their predecessors they had managed to produce machines of far greater destructive capability. The commander was convinced that they now had the firepower to terminate the menace once and for all.**

**It wasn’t going to be easy though, to get to the aliens in the first place they would have to get through the defences that the old Empire had built into the gaol. These were designed not to keep the aliens in, but to keep any rescue party out. The defences were considered to be impregnable at the time of construction, they were intended to hold the aliens in captivity throughout eternity. The Empire hadn’t foreseen that the aliens would slowly grow in their mind power. So that one day they would be able to throw off their cerebral shackles and seek revenge on their gaolers.**

**Prator Jonson was putting his faith, and the fate of the Earth in the hands of his team of Hybrids. The Hybrids were a top secret project that was known to only five people within the state. There were three of them, half droid, half organic and totally deadly. Their independent intelligence units were totally organic, these were meshed in a revolutionary electro-synergetic mind held with their metal bodies. More than twenty years of work had gone into the three prototypes that they now had. Jonson had not had the opportunity as yet to test their capabilities in the field, he was almost glad of the crisis. It was going to be a baptism for them, a baptism of fire. There were three of them, each with his unique abilities. There had been military droids in the past of course, banned in the old Empire they had been used to devastating effect during the myriad wars of the Dark Years. But none of them could compare to the Hybrids, the State**

technology had even surpassed Empire standards of excellence. What made them particularly special was their ability to merge together to form a single fighting unit – The Hybrid. A fighting unit with more firepower, more armour and more speed than an Imperial battle cruiser. The first unit had the ability to teleport, not just himself but the other two units as well. The second was strong, incredibly strong, he had more firepower and protection than any single military unit in the history of earth. He had to be powerful, after all, conventional fusion weapons had not been capable of destroying the aliens in the past. The third unit, although low in firepower and armour, was incredibly fast and super intelligent. He had the computing power of the State security computer and was in constant and direct link with it. Through him Jonson could control and co-ordinate the operations of all three of them.

He thanked the old Venusian and shut the door firmly behind him. Walking back to his desk he flicked a single switch.

“Randall,” he said softly, “it’s a Red.”

“A genuine Red.”

“The real thing, cancel that field test, we’ve got a proper job for them.” He flicked the switch back up and lit a thin, black cigar. He watched the smoke curl lazily across the office and a glint came into his eye, after all these were his babies, they’d get the job done.

