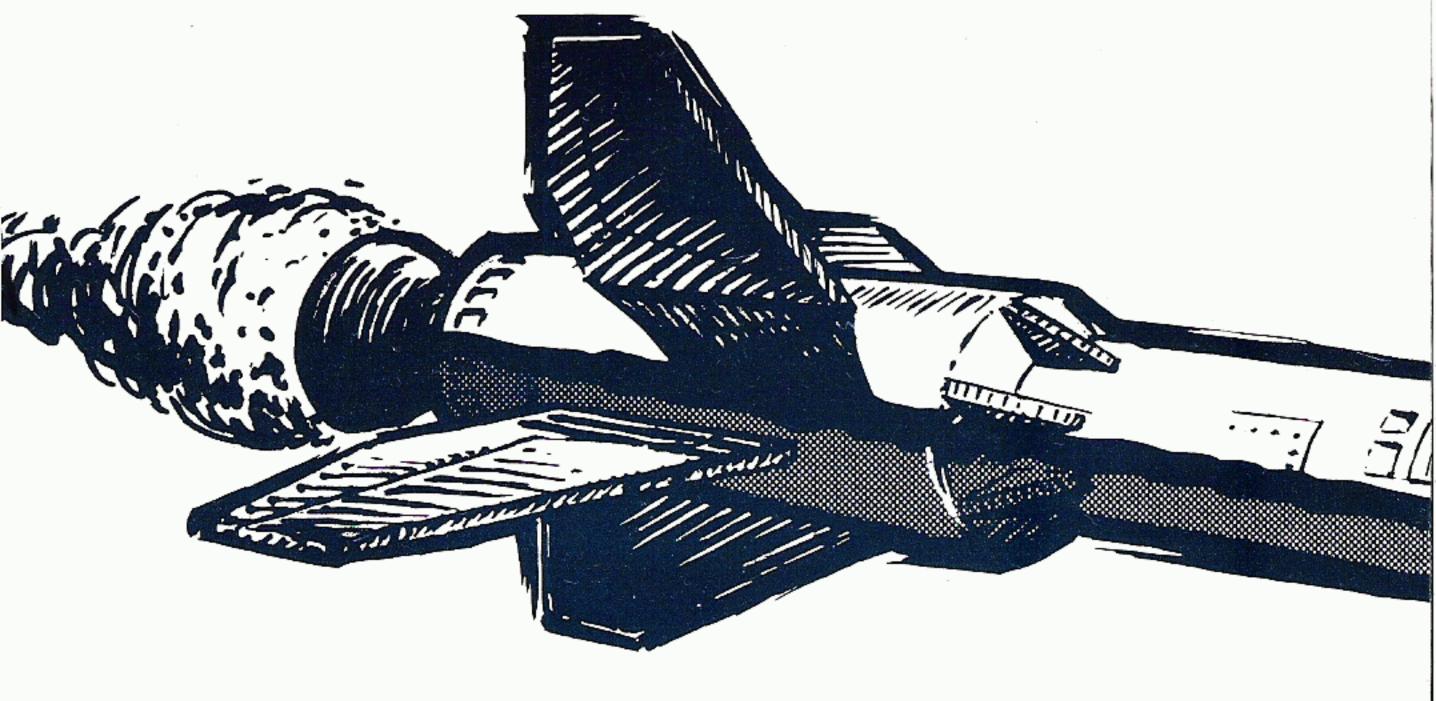
# The missiles are coming...



# mindSports \*\*

### **CHUNNGG!**

The hardened steel vault doors slam shut behind you as you sprint toward the War Room. Your insides turn cold as you think of the missiles far above your head, screaming through the high, thin atmosphere to a mindless rendezvous with oblivion...



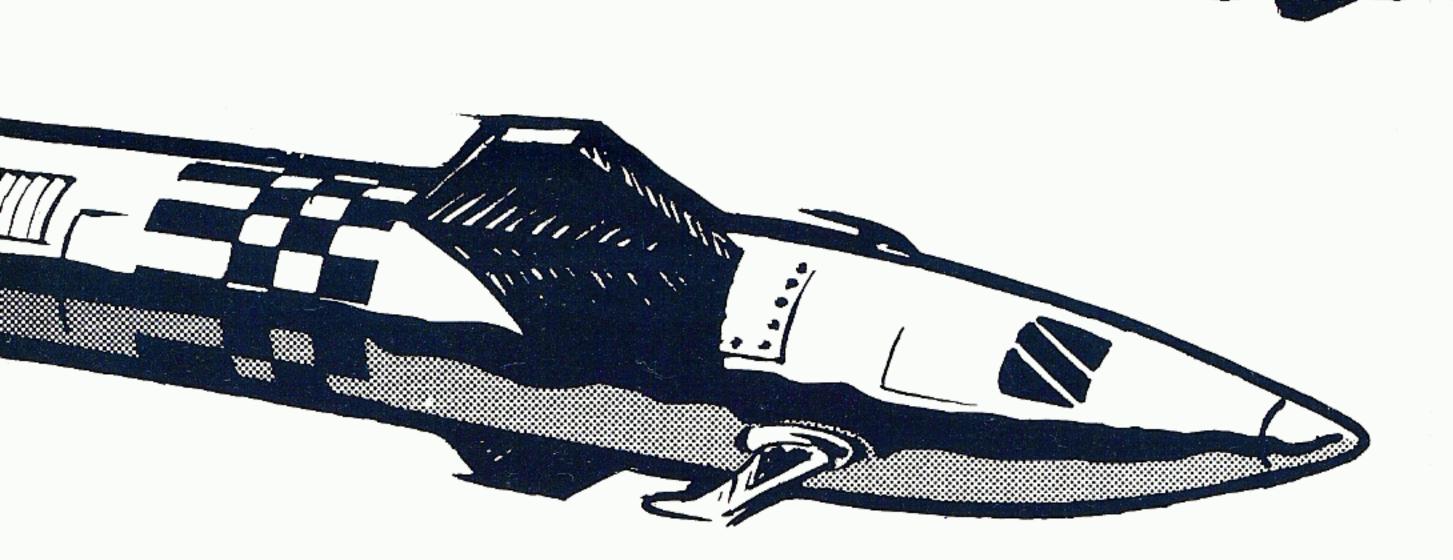
You don't know where it started, or who was mad enough to put the world on the edge of eternity. All you know is that right now, millions of lives depend on getting your own missiles up there between you and them.

The conventional rockets would come first, each capable of obliterating an entire city. Then there are the smart bombs, built with an electronic intelligence that avoids your anti-ballistic defenses and seeks out your cities. Right now, we should be shooting their bombers and fighters out of the skies. But what do those reported killer satellites do? And rumors of an untested flying superweapon have been leaking out of enemy planning centers.

Something is wrong. Amid the flashing lights and wailing alarms, a piece of the defense system is missing. The automatic defenses *must* be in working condition; you oversaw the maintenance checks yourself. Still, something vital is not there, something you can't place.

Racing toward the final set of doors, you identify the missing component at last: there are no voices. The loudspeakers that should announce our responses to the incoming enemy threats are silent. Why aren't we launching?

The last security guard lowers his rifle when he recognizes you. As you exchange passwords, his voice is calm, steady. You pretend not to notice the sweat standing out on his forehead. The doors hiss open, and you enter the War Room.



In the final electronic sanctum, the lights and sounds of remote destruction clamor for attention. You run to the Threat Response Console, the seat from which one person must defend a nation. The commander on duty is motionless. You grab him by the shoulder, spinning him in the chair. His face is white; he stares at you as he mumbles,

"They wouldn't really launch...it's a mistake...it can't be real..."

The weak link in the system has failed. Human response to the ultimate catastrophe is disbelief and stunned inaction. The main viewscreen shows the horror your country faces. You see the tracks of enemy missiles hurtling toward your country's major population centers. There is no time. You throw the commander from the chair and grab the controls. As you swivel to face the screen, you recall fragments of your weapons strategy training:

Take out most of the missiles early, then concentrate on the survivors one at a time to conserve your rockets. Shoot the bombers before they can drop their load, but don't waste your shots on decoys.

Panic and shock tug at your nerves. Settling down to the familiar controls takes the hard edge off your heartbeat. You take a deep breath.

The missiles are coming.

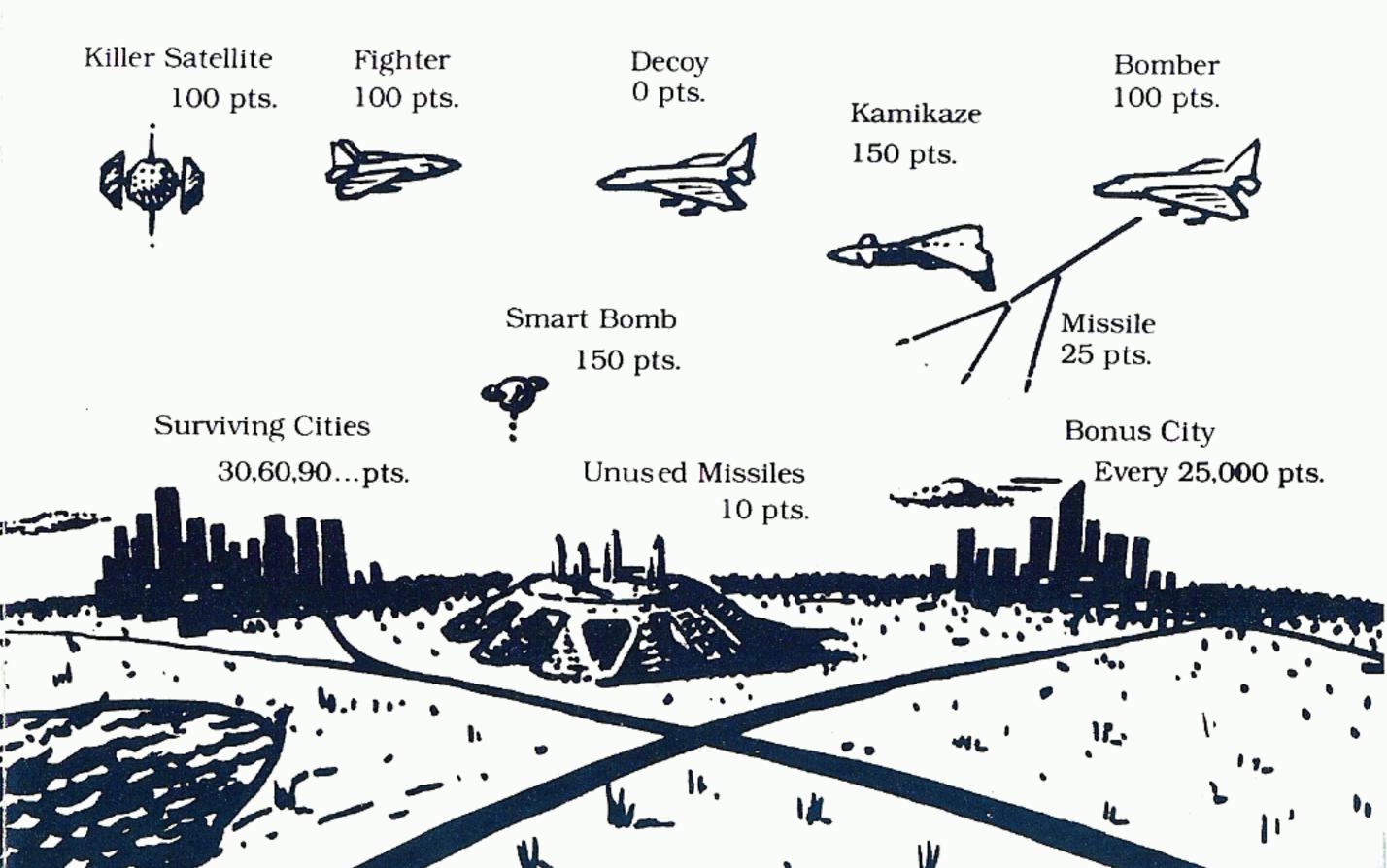
Ground Zero™ is an action game for Macintosh™ computers. If you have used a Macintosh™ before, you already know most of what you need to get the game started. Refer to your Macintosh™ owner's manual as needed for basic operations such as opening icons, clicking, choosing menu commands, etc.

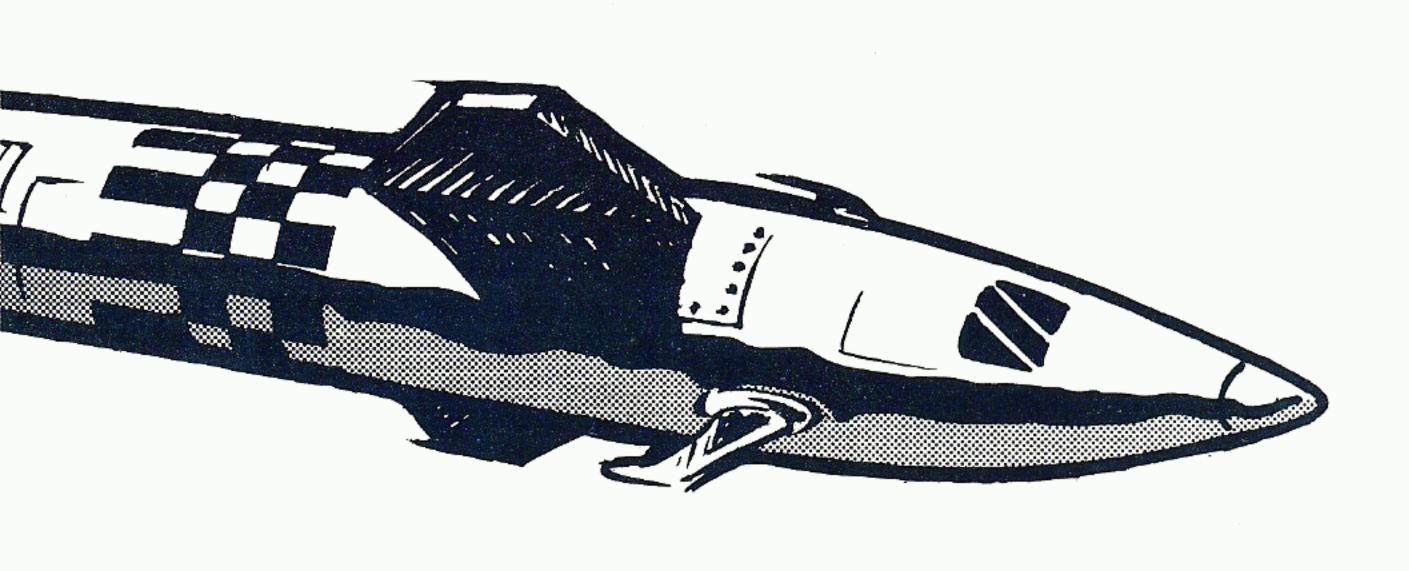
#### Starting the Game:

- 1) Turn on your Macintosh™ computer.
- 2) Insert your Ground Zero™ disk, metal end first, label side up.
- 3) Wait for the Title Page to appear.
- 4) Click the "Start" button on the Title Page.

#### Playing the Game:

The object of Ground Zero™ is to protect your cities for as long as possible against incoming missiles and other dastardly enemies. You control three missile launching bases, each housing ten missiles, with which you must intercept enemies in midair. Enemies destroy any cities or bases they reach. The game (along with life as we know it) ends when all your cities have been reduced to glowing cinders.





To aim a missile, roll the mouse around. A targeting crosshair will match your mouse movements.

To launch a missile, press the mouse button. A missile will be fired at the crosshair from the closest base. Or, to control which base the missile is launched from, use the keys  $\[ \] \[\] \[ \] \[$ 

Look closely at your missile bases. There is a small black triangle on the front of each one. When you start shooting, the triangle will display the number of missiles left in that base. When the base is empty the triangle will turn white, and subsequent attempts to launch from that base will only result in a desperate, anguished beep from your Macintosh™. (There is hope for the trigger happy commander: bases are rebuilt and missile supplies replenished after each enemy attack wave.)



#### Ground Zero<sup>™</sup> menus:

Game New Game End Game Quit	Start a new game End current game Quit Ground Zero™
Pause Pause #P Resume #P	Pause game Resume paused game
Help Enemies Commands	Vital enemy statistics How to play Ground Zero™
Sound Off Sound On	Turn game sounds off Turn game sounds on

Ground Zero was designed and created by Jacques Hugon, Seth Lipkin, Randall McLamb and Darrell Myers with help from Patty Goodson, Roland Janbergs, Lars Jensen, Lisa Lauer, Paul Moody, Chris Rode, Jamie Sharifi, Amy Smith and Alien Wells. Product Manager, Doug MacSwan.

Copyright ©1984 General Computer Company, 215 First Street, Cambridge, MA 02142. GROUND ZERO™ and MINDSPORTS™ are trademarks of General Computer Company. General Computer Company (GCC) warrants this software medium to the original purchaser for a period of 90 days from the date of purchase. If it fails within that time, return it to GCC with proof of purchase date, and GCC will send you a replacement medium at no charge. After 90 days, the medium may be replaced at a charge of \$5.00. The program itself is sold "AS IS". No other warranty is expressed or should be implied. This software product and manual are copyrighted, and contain proprietary information, and all rights are reserved by General Computer Company. Lawful users of this program are hereby licensed only to read the program from its medium into a computer memory for the purpose of executing the program. Any unlicensed duplication or distribution of this program is a violation of the law.

Macintosh™ is a trademark of Apple Computer, Inc. Made and printed in USA.



### Téléchargé depuis Le grenier du Mac http://www.grenier-du-mac.net