



LADY TUT

A relentless desert storm surges over the Eastern Sahara, moving tons of sand in its path, altering the very face of the earth. For days it pounds the length and breadth of ancient Egypt, scattering powerless bands of nomads, erasing villages without a trace.

After seven days of this hell-from-heaven, the storm has had its fill and finally blows itself out across the Red Sea. Through the lingering clouds of dust, the legacy of this killer wind becomes clear...

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...and a stunning revelation it is.

For not only have mountains been leveled and bodies been battered beyond belief, but something new, powerful and terrifying has been uncovered.

Not since the Fifth Millennium B.C. has this sight been witnessed.

There is an unfamiliar shadow crawling across the desert floor today. It is being cast from a tomb...from a mighty pyramid, the traditional mausoleum of ancestral Egyptian royalty. But this pyramid, stripped of its concealing sand blanket, is like no other.



It is larger — broader, taller. It is darker — millions of blocks of virgin granite, menacingly dominant against the otherwise golden desert. It is in perfect condition, wrapped by a covetous earth against the ravages of the centuries.

But there is something else, something less tangible, something even more disturbing: This tomb is intact. It is the only Egyptian pyramid not to have been plundered by later generations. Its contents have not been disturbed in the over-7,000 years of internment. And that includes the corpse.

The corpse. Another extraordinary aspect of this mirage-come-to-life. In the sarcophagus, hundreds of feet below the pinnacle of its housing, lies the remains of one of Egypt's most fabled beauties, most enchanting temptresses, most visionary leaders and ruthless defenders of the throne.

In the blinding gold coffin lies Meritre Tutankhamen. The remains of Lady Tut.



Natives in the surrounding countryside are in a panic. Leaders struggle to maintain some semblance of order. A wave of suicides sweeps the Middle East. For she is back. She is here. As foretold in a score of ancient writings, Lady Tutankhamen has seared a path, somehow, in some way, back from the black, back into the living world she pledged to decimate so many centuries ago.

That she was assassinated in a savage coup is a given fact. That her murder interrupted a sweeping plan to attain complete power over ALL living things is conjecture. That she vowed to pursue her insane quest from the grave is the terrifying fable that has whispered in the Egyptian winds for seventy centuries.

And now she is back.



The world's most accomplished Egyptologists, historians and archeologists converge, agreeing on but one significant point: All of the ancient writings speak of how the Lady loathed mortal men — “stupid, stinking pigs on two feet,” one document quoted her as saying about her subjects. In fact, the experts state, it appears as though Lady Tutankhamen mocks the rest of us, even from the beyond, with a bold and sneering taunt...

“...if but one among you possesses the cunning, the wit, the strength and the valor that it would take to reach my chambers in the depths of this vault, I will spare you and all of your maggot families.

“Unless goats have learned to fly and dogs to read, then pigs such as yourselves have not learned to think. You will not succeed.

“I will see you in the night...in your worst nightmare of nightmares!”



A chilling, sobering challenge. But just a suggestion of the horror any raider can expect — should any man step forward. After all, this much is known about the pyramids in general: Conventional weapons do not function in the bizarre magnetic fields encountered within the pyramid walls. Any firepower will have to be found once inside, if any is to be had at all. Further, the few species of snakes and spiders that survive in these musty stone tombs are breeds apart — aggressive, relentless, and as deadly as the vicious Lady Tut herself.



Then there are the weird sightings being reported by those guarding this particular pyramid: Reliable reports of noxious-smelling winged serpents... passages, opening to reveal shrieking disembodied spirits... closing silently on the small teams sent in to investigate. Always followed by the haunting, inviting strains of a young woman's laughter.

The United Nations is in a quandry. The CIA, KBG and INTERPOL won't answer their phones. Even the most seasoned international mercenaries are backing away from this one. Time is running out and the alternatives are few. Who has the guts and the brains to take on Lady Tut? Who's crazy enough to fool with the ancients — especially an ancient “lady scorned”? Who? WHO?

If you know of anybody who fits the mold, have him report immediately to the pyramid/tomb of Lady Meritre Tutankhamen. Applications being taken within!

