

HOUSE of USHER

House of Usher

Our endearing thanks to the genius of Edgar Allan Poe. We would also like to recognize the gifted tales of horror by H.P. Covecraft which have been such an inspiration to our work.

... Despite all we see or seem, life is but a dream within a dream . . .

By John and Patty Bell Copyright 1980 Crystal Computer

Prologue

"During the whole of a dull and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens. I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country, and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher..."

The Fall of the House of Usher Edgar Allan Poe You stand before the edifice of crumbling stone, hesitating, as you are scrutinized by the cold staring window eyes of the waiting house. Passing by the crouching alabaster lions, you pause . . . with an ominous creak the door swings open at the top of the stone stairway . . . the house wants YOU!

Basic Movements

All actions in the game may be executed by pressing keys 1-9. Below is a brief description of their function:

- 1 moves player up
- 2 moves player right
- 3 moves player down
- 4 moves player left
- 5 fires an arrow in the last direction that you moved
- 6 Uses something carried
- 7 Drops an item of baggage

For quick movement in a single direction, hold down (1-4) and the 'REPT' key.

Status Report

- **STAMINA** Physical strength, ability to go on
- **COURAGE** This quantity increases as you demonstrate it in the game
- OFFENSE Your striking strength when battling monster
- DEFENSE Armor against attack and perils
- WEIGHT Your own weight plus what you are carrying
- WEALTH Value of treasure you are carrying
- LOCATION Name of room or area you are in
- TIME You have until dawn to solve the mystery, find 1000 in treasure or get 1000 in courage
- SHOOT Number of bullets left to fire

The Mystery

Wart 1

Son coeur est un luth suspendu; Sitot qu'on le touche il résonne.

Part 2

While, like a rapid ghastly river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever
And laugh — but smile no more.

Bervert et Chartreuse Belphegor
Directorium Inquisitorium

Part 3

... there did stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of Lady Madeline of Usher. There was blood upon her white robes and the evidence of some bitter struggle on every portion of her emaciated frame . . .

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