

Silo 64 Manual

Loading:

Commodore 64 – Put the disk in drive label up and type: Load"*",8,1.

Commodore 128 – Hold the Commodore "C=" key while turning on the C128. Once the C64 screen is up put the disk in drive label up and type: Load"*",8,1.

Controls:

Joysticks: Port 1 to play Dave the human, Port 2 to play Dot the Robot

You can move each character in 8 directions. Press the fire button to shoot your weapon in the direction you are walking (or hovering!).

Points: Every 10,000 points you'll get a free man (or machine)!

The Story:

The Earth has been destroyed by nuclear Armageddon. Your family, as well as other families in your home town, took refuge in the local underground fallout shelter, Silo 64. Only your trusty robo-companion is all that's left of your life before the blast. All your rations and supplies have been depleted. There's just one thing left to do...Venture out, and seek your fortune in the wasteland!

Dave's Diary:

September 1st, 2057

"I don't remember much about life before the bomb. Momma said the sun shined all day in the clear clean sky, and birdies n such would play and sing in the trees. The air was soo fresh and sweet back then. But all that's gone now, even dear momma. I've been locked up in this damned fallout shelter since I was 4!!! My daddy's job was with the department of defense, so he snatched us up one day when we heard the sirens, and we went to this "shelter" with other families from our area.

After the big blast, and after the ones who didn't make it in stopped trying to get in, some of us started to venture out into the new world. Eventually, most of the others left the shelter to find help, but never came back. Even little Marie, the girl next door, eventually left to find a new hope out there in the wasteland. I miss her.

January 8, 2058

HOLY SMOKES! I got a visitor, well, sorta...Old Man Kogg made it back to the shelter!! But he died shortly there after. I was so happy to see him, until he started getting diarrhea of the mouth... He said he saw weird things flying in the northern skies. Then he got wide eyed and said something about Zarblat and terrot forming? Or was it terra farming? He was spewing just pure madness. Thankfully he didn't suffer long...I think it was my gran-dads b-day today...I miss him n gramma...or do I just miss her snicker-doodles? Anyway...nite.

January 22, 2058

Shelter, Shelter my foot! More like a dang prison cell, now that I'm the only one left. Well, almost, I do have one friend...Dot, my robot buddy. He was the last thing I ever got for my birthday before I stopped counting. He's a tough little bot, One of the engineers who took shelter here fixed him up right good, so he could defend himself and me if need be. Dot is my only friend.

July 4, 2058

Today's the day, my birthday in fact. I'm a grown man now. !? I've talked it over with Dot, and we agree that it's best that we leave our home, Silo 64, to find a new life, a...better life...? We have been out of food for a few days now. I've got my dads old WWII uniform on, fits just like a glove. Not to mention I'm packin'a vintage Desert Ranger laz-pistol! I always wanted one! Haha...Maybe I'll find Marie...