

GAME CORNER

By RA

CHEAT CODES

This week I have the cheat codes of Urban Chaos! Here they are and don't forget to cheat!

URBAN CHAOS

During play, press F9 and enter bangunsnotgames to enter debug mode. Now press F9 and enter any of the following cheats:

AMBIENT ### Set ambient light (R,G,B)
BOO Cluster of explosions
CCTV Everything turns fluorescent green
CRINKLES Turn Crinkles on/off
DARCI Control Officer D'arci
FADE # Sets fog fade level where # is any number
LOSE Lose the level
ROPER Control Roper
TELR Return to saved waypoint
TELS Save a waypoint on map
TEW # Go to important game point #
WIN Win the level
WORLD Select music

After entering debug mode, you can simply press the following keys during play:

W Make rain ripples
E Make random vehicle
R Make explosive barrel
I Show pedestrian walking areas
[Toggle enemy view
] Toggle enemy view
P Enemy view on/off
; Slow motion
' Pause action
> Smoke
/ Stealth Debug
CTRL Show stats
G Move forward 10 feet or onto ledge
J Coordinates grib show
L Create light
F11 Clouds on/off
F12 Creates game weapons
F3 Exits game
Keypad 7 Select game effect
Keypad 5 Execute game effect
Keypad 3 Weird orange fog
Level skip:

GAME HARDWARE

PLAYSTATION 2 THE BEST GAMING CONSOLE EVER MADE!

Sony the makers of the famous Playstation has just released the latest model of it in Japan on March 4th 2000. This cool gizmo is designed to handle Audio CD's, DVD movie's, PS2 CD's and the original PS CD's and these are all available at a price of only Tk.25,000! A normal DVD movie player costs Tk.50,000 and a discman would cost you atleast Tk.5,000 whereas you are getting it all in this fabulous machine! PS2 supports the original PS and its own games which are graphically fabulous! The PS2 includes an updated version of its Dual Shock 2 Analog Joystick Controller! It comes with a 8 MB Memory Card which can save a lot of games for you and a 4x DVD player! It also comes with an Optical Digital Output and 2 USB ports!!! Way too cool to handle! Here are the normal specifications of PS2:

PlayStation 2 Basic Specifications and Features

CPU 128 Bit "Emotion Engine" System Clock Frequency 294.912 MHz
Main Memory Direct RDRAM- Memory Size 32MB
Graphics "Graphics Synthesizer"- Clock Frequency 147.456MHz
Embedded Cache VRAM 4MB
Sound SPU2- Number of Voices 48ch plus software -Sound Memory 2MB
IOP I/O Processor- CPU Core PlayStation CPU+ Clock Frequency 33.8688MHz or 36.864MHz (Selectable) -IOP Memory 2MB- Disc Device CD-ROM and DVD-ROM
Device Speed CD-ROM 24 times speed- DVD-ROM 4 times speed

The Sony Playstation will be available in the Dhaka market quite soon with a price tag which will be around Tk.25,000-30,000 but its worth it cause you will never forget such graphics, video and audio! During the game, press Esc + Enter + Up. You will see the Save Game screen. Save the game, and a screen stating that you have beaten the level will appear. You can do this on every level to quickly beat the game.

To Know Better

By Abak Hussain

I died four years ago in a plane crash. You know what airlines? Qantas! Hah! Qantas! Now that is something for the books. Qantas never crashes. It's not possible. Qantas cannot crash. Well, it did. When I felt the plane plunging into the sea, I knew history was being made, Qantas was crashing, but I don't think I wanted to be part of history that way. My body now lies under the sea, I don't even have a proper gravesite. My friends and relatives have no proper place to mourn for me. There is, however, a little memorial site in Melbourne for the "passengers of the star-crossed Qantas flight."

My name is Enrico Steiner. I was born and brought up in Australia by my German parents. We're Jewish. So what? I have not had a bar Mitzvah. In that sense you can call me a bit of a rebel. "You have to have a Bar Mitzvah," they used to say, "it signifies the passing from childhood to adulthood." Maturity at twelve? Believe me, I was twenty when I died. That was four years ago and I thought I knew everything. But I can tell you now, I didn't know much at all. Now, I feel as though I know everything, but I try not to trust what I feel. Feelings have no basis. It's because I argued everything with logic, that most people didn't like me. In fact, I was often referred to as "that arrogant a**h*le." What can you do? If people don't understand something, they pretend that they know better.

My mother works for a bank. She has a life. My father works for the office of film and literature classification. He has a life. I went to university, and wiped tables at restaurants. I had a life. Not any more though. Things fall apart.

My mother, Erica Steiner, is 46 years old. She likes working, working and working. My father, Maximilian Steiner, is 64. At the time of the historical Qantas crash four years ago, he was 60. I remember him telling me, "Enrico, so I've managed to cross the sixty mark. Now I consider myself to have lived long. In case I die soon, take care of yourself. Don't give society too much of that new age rubbish you're always on about. You don't want everyone to think you are hopeless. You will need people to turn to later in life. Make sure you have some people who care about you." And then he went on about how bad his health was and all that. Did he even for a second stop to consider that his son might die before he does? I guess not. The uncertainties of life! That is what makes it so interesting. Take care of my mother? Anybody would laugh at that. She is a workaholic and compulsive coffee drinker. She earns a lot of money, but I'm not quite sure whether she earns more than my father. The OFLC are supposed to be big. I don't know.

When I turned eighteen and got my drivers' license, I pretended to be a tropical teenager, and went over to my parents and asked them to buy me a car. They replied, "When you are old enough and working full time, you can buy your own car, we don't earn for you. It's hard work young man." Who would have guessed that two years from then, I would end up in my watery grave in the Pacific. My parents are now saying the hell with money. My mother is now suffering from some sort of a guilt complex, she feels as though she is responsible for death since she didn't buy me a simple car I asked for. My father is also going crazy. I don't know how to feel. They paid the heavy price of emotional torture for treating me like "that person who I have to feed and give a room to," but then I would've settled for less.

A Little Help From The



DEVIL

Part three

By Ananya



THE devil started to sob. To get seen and caught by a human being was the ultimate disgrace for a devil. Now he would be punished by the superiors and teased by peers for the rest of his career. He might as well get sacked from his current job and given one of those horrible clerical tasks of keeping records manually... there are rumours that many devils had gone nuts and many others simply became skeletons so boring was the job. The devil didn't even have a powerful family or kins to back him up. He was surely doomed and this odd ball in front of him was asking whether he'd like to have some food. What about dignity then? But the devil couldn't be rude to Dhosha, after all he was never that evil kind of devil to be so mean. So he just muttered, 'I'm such a loser.'

Dhosha frowned, 'Come on, look around you. What do you see? Who can be more a loser than me?'

'Nobody can beat me being a loser. You don't even know my story.'

'But you haven't heard my story either. Believe me, I'm worse off than anybody else.'

'At least you don't seem to have any superiors to worry about.'

'And you certainly don't have to worry about eerie MIB agents hypnotizing you.'

So the quarrel continued between the two to determine who is the most unfortunate one. After couple of hours Dhosha lost his temperament and said, 'And you don't have to be the one whose foods get stolen by weirdoes like you!'

The devil took it as an offence. 'Are you by any chance calling me a weirdo?'

'Yes I am. Who else would wear such nasty looking costume but a nutcase?'

The devil snorted, 'Stupid man, you think this is a costume?'

Dhosha said sarcastically, 'Oh now tell me that this is actually your skin; that you are the devil.'

'Well, I'm not the devil' the devil cleared his throat, 'but I'm one of the smaller ones.'

Dhosha cackled as if he had heard a joke, 'So if you are a devil why not just pulverize me and take away all the food? Why do you have to sneak in and steal them?'

The devil made a serious face, 'I don't work beyond my agenda, and this was not in today's agenda.'

'Oh I see. But then how come I can see you? Or are devils supposed to be visible?'

The devil got confused, 'Humans are not supposed to see me, feel me let alone converse with me. Something has happened, I still can't figure it out.'

'Mr Devil, you must have some powers. How about a showdown? Let's see what you can do.'

'Yeah, why not? The devil crossed his arms in front of him and lifted himself a few feet up from the ground. Then he hovered around Dhosha for awhile and landed in front of him again.'

Dhosha was definitely awestruck, but he still couldn't believe it was the devil in front of him. So the devil showed him some more tricks. He shrunk himself to the size of a rat then blew up to the size of an elephant. He unscrewed his head and played soccer with it for awhile. He pulled on his tails and his tummy roared. He pushed on his belly button and his horns lit up. He continued to show all his powers to Dhosha one by one.

By the time the devil had finished Dhosha started to believe in him. But he was all so confused, 'You are a devil, you have such powers and you still think you are a loser.'

'If I weren't a loser would you be seeing me?'

'That's a point.'

The devil sat down in a corner, 'And that's not the only thing that makes me a loser,' he started to tell Dhosha all about his failures in tasks and how the other devils picked on him regularly.

Dhosha felt very sorry for the devil. He sat down beside him, 'Well then I'll tell you my story now.'

After they both had finished with their stories, the devil and Dhosha sat idle for sometimes. Then the devil shook his head, 'I better start getting prepared for the clerical record keeping job.'

'Do you really have to take that job?' Dhosha inquired.

'You see, I have to report to today's evening round up where the mainframe will show that I had been seen by a human being. That would mean an immediate relieve from my current duties. They will give me two choices. One would be to join as a clerk and spend the rest of my life confined there. Two, they will take away all my powers and remove my username from the mainframe. Then I'll have to find

my own work, which for me would be quite impossible. Also I will lose my tail and horns,' the devil sighed.

Dhosha couldn't help laughing. 'Now that's not funny.' The devil scowled.

'Sorry, I was just thinking how you would look like without the horns and that tail.'

The devil stood up, 'Gotta go now. It was nice meeting you.'

'No, wait,' Dhosha pulled him back by his tail. A plan was starting to form in Dhosha's mind. 'I have an idea'

It is the age of computers. Internet, telecommunications, IT... blah... blah... words have become the most commonly used words in any regular conversation. People have advanced a lot in these technological aspects. There is said to be a growing demand for IT professionals, programmers and all that sort. Today everybody wants to become a programmer. The scenario wasn't any different for the devils. With the rise of technological mumbo-jumbo in the mortal world there developed a rising pressure on the devils to get educated in computers skills and languages. After all, they had to keep up with the mortals! Those of who managed to master the computer were getting the most lucrative jobs.

The devils came to realize that in the future computers might become their best weapon against morality (Ha Ha Ha... the devil laughs aloud at this point). So, with a master plan of taking over the control of morality, the devils had founded an organisation exclusively devoted to the research of IT, called DIIT, Devil's Institute of Information Technology. With some extraordinary genius technocrats the institute not only managed to cope up with the humans but also managed to stay well ahead of them. They developed an information system that worked parallel with the internet used by mortals, called Dev(il)net with an infinite capacity database system that monitors all activities in the internet. The devils began to use this net to search for crazy, perverted programmers or programmers angry at the world because they think that everyone else is stupid, to write viruses and spread them to create problems and make trouble for the general computer users. The devil in-charge of this action was known as the Techdev, devil-guru of communications.

Techdev was very pleased with himself. He had had several successes in the recent years. The successes, however, came a little later than he thought. He had taken up several projects about twenty to twenty-five years back, which now are bringing in results. Reason for such delay was man's stupidity and backwardness. Techdev had overrated the intelligence of mankind and he prepared viruses for technologies that man couldn't develop in twenty years. Techdev was at least a decade ahead of mankind in computer technology and he always kept it that way.

At the beginning he used to feel very impatient and angry. After a week-long hard work without sleep or rest he would devise a technological ambush and then see it lay idle for 10/12 years simply because the two-legged idiots down on earth lacked the technology itself. He became so frustrated that he once proposed to the higher council that the humans be given some aid in inventing newer technologies so that his ambushes may become worthwhile. But his proposal was put down rudely without any consideration... all the council had to say was that no matter how immoral the motive is no active devil can ever assist in the progress of mankind. Besides, there were other projects run by the council to hinder the process of any technological breakthrough by mankind and there was no way the council would approve a project that directly contradicts them. This made Techdev even angrier and he had to try really hard to stop himself from resigning from his job. But now after twenty years, Techdev was a happy man and he silently thanked the members of the higher council, for the outcome of those projects were overwhelming and definitely worth the waiting. And in this long period of waiting he had managed to entangle mankind with the ultimate problem of the millennium the Y2K bug!

Unlike all the other devils, Techdev lived a solitary life; only a secretary would come in everyday to make sure that he had his meals regularly. Except for eating, sleeping and the occasional trips to the toilet he would spend the rest of his time working in front of the computer. He had the ultimate control over devnet and the database in the central computer, and he liked to play some tricks on other devils by manipulating them. He once changed the status of a council member to that of a vagabond devil in the main frame to punish him for a certain misdemeanor. The member was thrown away from all of his exclusive clubs and lost his access to the DIIT building.

To be concluded next week..... (honest!)