Interplay™

COLLECTORS' EDITION

LOADED™

SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS



Garth Ennis
Greg Staples
Les Spink

Cover by Carl Critchlow

Gremlin Interactive

I AM 6

DC COMICS
1700 Broadway
New York, New York 10019

PAUL LEVITZ
EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT & PUBLISHER

Dear Fans:

Not everyone has the courage to visit **Raulf**, the barren ball of rock that serves the galaxy as a prison planet for the criminally insane. Or to press the flesh with its inmates, blighters so psychotic they make Hannibal the Cannibal look like your mother's bridge partner. In short, it's not everyday you get to launch into a game as intensely, brutally over-the-top as Interplay's **LOADED**.

Meet the charming lads and lasses designed by Greg Staples (of England's crazed **2000AD** comic), including Miss Manners' "Tot Of The Year" **Fwank** — a totally psychotic killer with a real nice teddy bear and a mood balloon that shifts from mellow green to you'll-be-too-dead-to-notice-it red. And voted Best-Dressed-Inmate, **Butch** — the most dangerous cross-dresser in the known universe. He *claims* it's accidental, but every time he makes an escape the first thing he grabs always *happens* to be a dress.

Loaded is not for the faint of heart. Or the weak of stomach. It well deserves its "Mature Audience" label. If you're old enough to imagine how dangerous hell really could be — have fun!

Stay healthy,

Paul Levitz

WRITTEN BY GARTH ENNIS

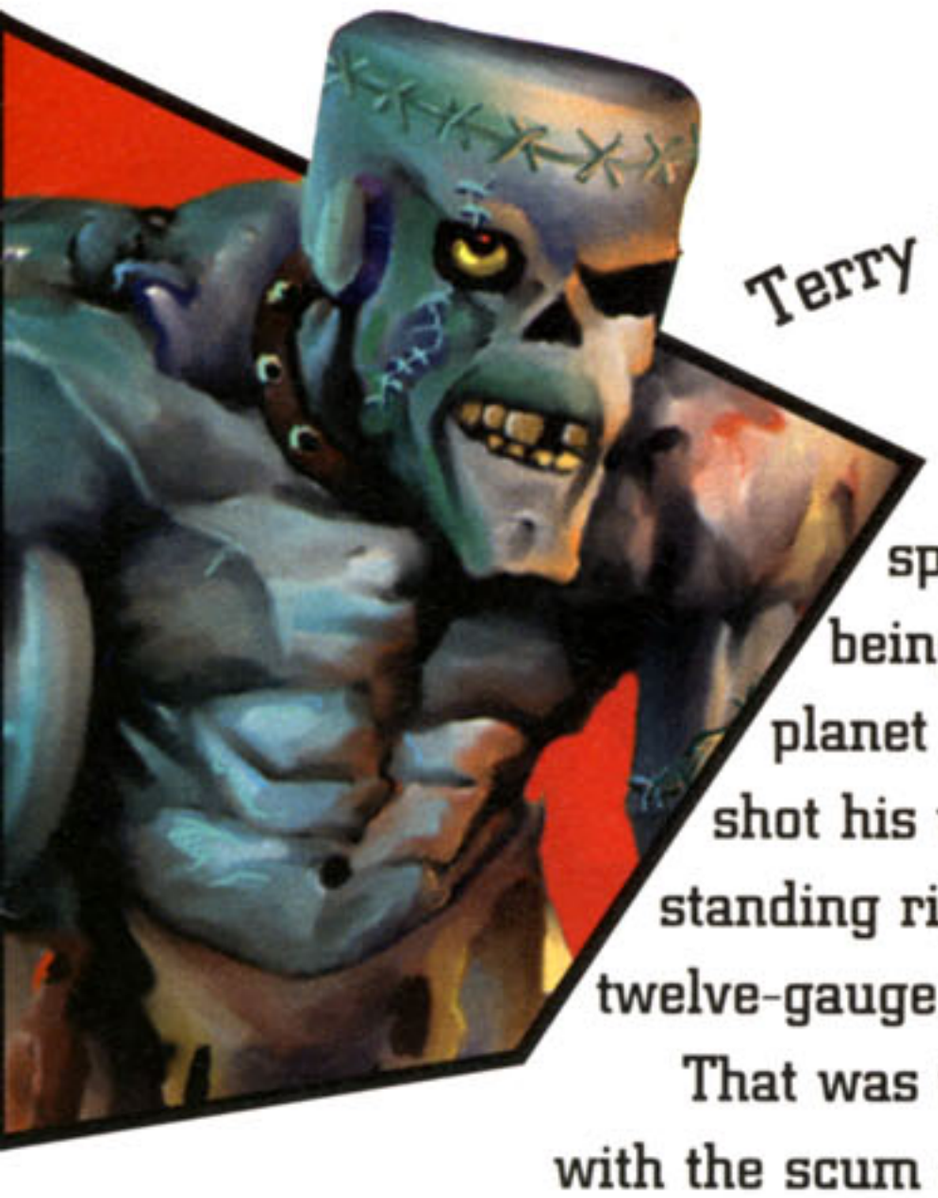
COVER BY CARL CRITCHLOW

INTERIOR ART BY GREG STAPLES, LES SPINK

ADDITIONAL COLOR BY ERIC KACHELHOFER

PUBLICATION DESIGN BY GEORG BREWER

© 1995 Gremlin Interactive, Ltd. Loaded is a trademark of Interplay Productions. All rights reserved.
Interplay is the sole publisher and distributor. Licensed from and developed by Gremlin Interactive, Ltd.
Printed in Canada



Terry the Tosser awoke to screaming,

AND FOR ONCE IT WASN'T HIS OWN.

TERRY liked a good scream in the morning, a very specific scream at the sheer fucking nightmare of being locked up in the high-security hell of the prison planet *RAULF*. He'd been screaming every morning since he shot his wife in the face – he hadn't meant to, but she was standing right behind her mother when **TERRY** let go with the twelve-gauge.

That was the reason he was on *RAULF*, incarcerated along with the scum of the galaxy. He was an asshole, a worthless, sniveling, cowardly little bastard who'd earned his nickname "The Tosser" with some distinction, right along with his seven-century sentence.



But that didn't make him a ***bad*** person.

The screaming was coming from outside his cramped little hole of a cell. He pressed his ear to the door, but couldn't hear any better. It was three inches thick, hardened crysteel, and wouldn't open until a guard, safely ensconced in *RAULF'S* computer center, sent a coded signal specific to that door and that door only. **TERRY THE TOSSER** knew he wasn't going anywhere, and he kicked the door in frustration.

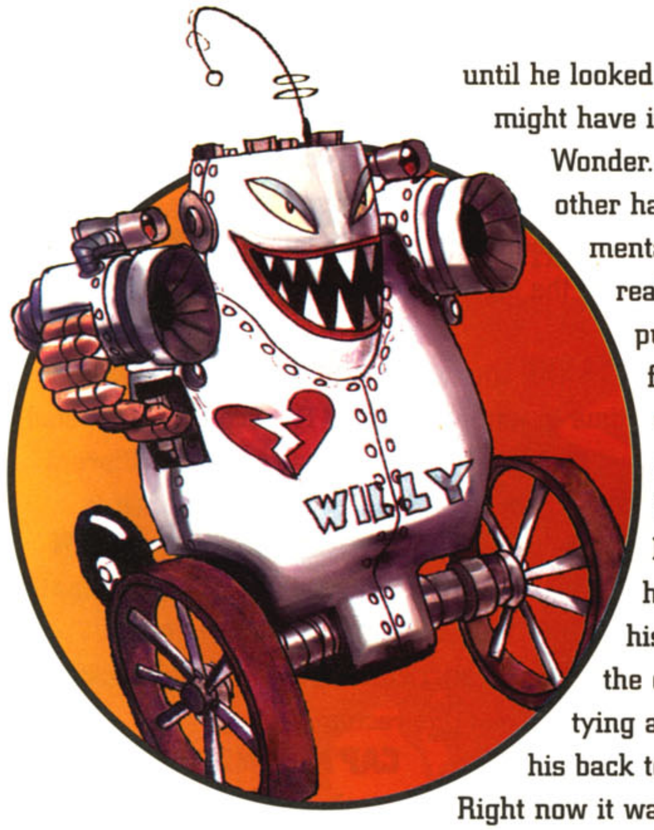
It swung open.

Hardly daring to believe his luck, **TERRY** was just about to investigate further when he noticed the little laptop computer, sitting in the food hatch of his cell. Normally the hatch would dispense a glass of recycled piss and a tasty arseburger, but this time someone had sent **TERRY THE TOSSER** a Fedcom Systems P2000 Microchum.

Overcome by confusion, and momentarily forgetting the open door, **TERRY** switched on the Microchum. *GOOD MORNING*, read the little screen. *PRISON SECURITY FILE READY FOR INQUIRY*. And thirty seconds later, **TERRY THE TOSSER** had learned the top secret codes that could get him off *RAULF*.

TERRY cautiously left his cell for the first time in ten long years. The scene that greeted him was, to say the least, kind of different. In the middle of the corpse-strewn, bloodspattered passageway, **CAP'N HANDS** was pinning a guard to the ground while **FWANK THE NUTTER** shoved a frag-grenade up his rectum.

CAP'N HANDS was a three-hundred-year-old space pirate who'd raped and pillaged his way across the seven systems, replacing his rotting corpse of a body with cyborg parts



until he looked like the Terminator might have if designed by Stevie Wonder. **FWANK**, on the other hand, was utterly mental and really should have been put down at birth, a five-star fucker whose hobbies included torture, torture and torture. He wore a bag over his head to conceal his identity, and had the curious habit of tying a colored balloon to his back to indicate his mood. Right now it was red.

"Ya-har, matey," said **CAP'N HANDS** with a grin. "We've got a bet on. **FWANK** reckons this scurvy pigfucker's body will absorb the blast of a frag-grenade, and I say it'll split him like a dried-up foreskin in me old pet sheep's rosy-red arsehole. So we're going to find out."

"And you're next," added **FWANK**, a second before the guard was blasted into bloody wallpaper, and **CAP'N HANDS** won the bet.

"But what's going on?" bleated **TERRY**. "Why are you out of your cells? Come to that, why am I out of mine?"

"Everyone's out of their cells, ye dog," said **CAP'N HANDS**. "I dunno why, but all the doors were open this morning. The prisoners are free, an' they're wreakin' their terrible revenge on those bastard guards. Listen for yerself."

Sure enough, **TERRY** could hear, far away, the quickfire rattle of a gattle set to full auto, and a series of dull thuds that could only have come from a megazooka. But he had a more pressing problem, with **FWANK** striding towards him brandishing another frag-genade. Anxious to maintain a grenade-free dirt box, **TERRY** remembered the Microchum shoved down the back of his prison grays.

"I got the codes for the gate and the shuttle port," said **TERRY**, as fast as he could. "I can get us all off this fucking rock, I swear!"

"Bollocks," said **FWANK**.

But **TERRY THE TOSSER**, employing his time-honored technique of filling his underpants with shit and begging for his life, managed to convince the pair he was telling the truth. The thought of regaining their liberty was just too much to resist, and all three of them headed for the gate.

"But I want to stop at the property lock-up," said **FWANK**. "I want my teddy bear back."

At the property lock-up, **FWANK** retrieved his beloved teddy bear and gave it a reassuring cuddle. He changed his mood-balloon to green.

"By the way, I saw **BUTCH** earlier," began **CAP'N HANDS**. But **TERRY THE TOSSER** had something to say.

"***BUTCH***? That big girl's blouse? The dickhead who keeps *accidentally* dressing up as a woman, because every time he tries to escape, the only clothes that are handy *just so happen* to be women's dresses? Bullshit, the guy's a fucking transo bastard but he won't

admit it. Oh my dear lord Jesus Christ in Heaven, he's standing behind me, isn't he?"

BUTCH roared with unholy fury and leapt on **TERRY THE TOSSER**, raising a huge knife high over his head, ready to plunge it into **TERRY'S** skull. But **TERRY'S** new pals came to his rescue – pulling **BUTCH** off him, quickly explaining about the security codes.

"All right, all right!" snarled **BUTCH**, smoothing out the creases in the rather attractive little black cocktail dress he was wearing. "But I want to nip this rumor in the bud right now! I grabbed the first clothes I saw, okay? *Okay*?!"

Nobody said a word.

They grabbed all the confiscated guns and knives and bombs locked in the property store that they could carry; gattles and burrow-bombs, plazookas and ripple rockets, a flamethrower or two. Then, **VOX** arrived.

VOX was a gorgeous babe whose reputation preceded her right across the galaxy. *She'll kill you soon as look at you*, people said. *But who would mind being killed by such a fantastic piece of crumpet?* They were absolute sexist bastards, but they sort of had a point.

It didn't take long to convince her to join the lads; **VOX** wanted to get off *RAULF* as much as anyone. She strapped on her rapmaster sonic-scream weaponry, with which she could kill with a single word, and led the way to the prison gate. The lads pole-vaulted after her.

TERRY THE TOSSER was beginning to believe things couldn't get much weirder when **MAMMA** and **BOUNCA** hove into view. No one was particularly keen to see them; **MAMMA** had been abandoned in the spaceport on O'Claherty's World at the age of six months, and his mental development had halted around about the same time. He was a seven-foot-tall, three-hundred-pound psychopath who treated human beings as his toys – most of which he broke straight away.

BOUNCA was stupid as well, but in a dull and pointless sort of way. **BOUNCA** went around the galaxy killing things because he couldn't think of anything better to do. But both cretins were useful enough in a fight, and therefore got to come along.

The journey to the prison gate was relatively uneventful, and **FWANK** was openly despairing of finding someone else to kill when they got to the gates, and found two hundred heavily-armed prison guards there, waiting.



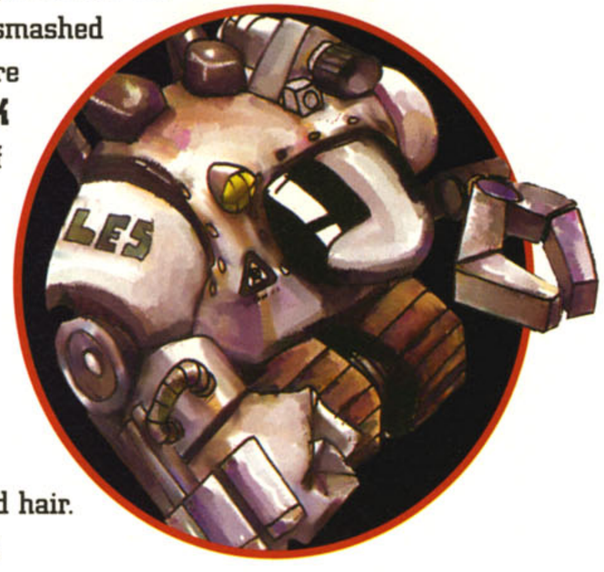
For just an instant there was silence, and then the captain of the guard yelled, "Come quietly and you won't be hurt!"

"That's what I always say to your mother," shouted **CAP'N HANDS**.

TERRY groveled in the dirt and shat himself again as all bloody hell broke loose. **VOX** screamed ultra-high-pitched obscenities at the guards, melting them to protoplasm one at a time. **MAMMA** waded into the enemy ranks, tearing off limbs and heads. **CAP'N HANDS** swung his laser-cutlass like a master surgeon, decapitating three of the guards with every stroke. **FWANK** and **BOUNCA** kept up a devastating rate of fire with their gattles, chopping their targets to flying gore.

The last ten guards took cover behind the meter-thick iron inner gates and returned the little band's fire tenfold. Gattle bolts zinged and sparkled all around them. They hurled themselves down behind the butchered heaps of enemy dead and shot back as best they could, but even plazooka fire failed to dent the gates.

FWANK, however, had the situation well in hand. Dodging the lethal bolts that ripped through the corpses around him, he triggered the burrow-bomb he'd grabbed in the property lock-up. The projectile smashed into the ground at his feet and tore across the space between **FWANK** and the gate, a telltale swelling of earth marking its progress.



It detonated right under the guards and blasted them high into the air, spraying the place with chunky pieces of meat. **TERRY** slowly raised his head, picking what appeared to be a sausage out of his blood-drenched hair. Then he noticed it had a foreskin.



"Right, ye wretched bucket of entrails," said **CAP'N HANDS**. "Let's see these codes ye've been talking about."

Praying to God and trembling, **TERRY THE TOSSER** shakily tapped the sequence of numbers he'd got from the Microchum into the terminal on the outer gate, and the vast iron barrier slowly slid to the side. The escapees walked out into the less than fresh Raulfian air, their eyes settling immediately on the little spacecraft parked beyond.

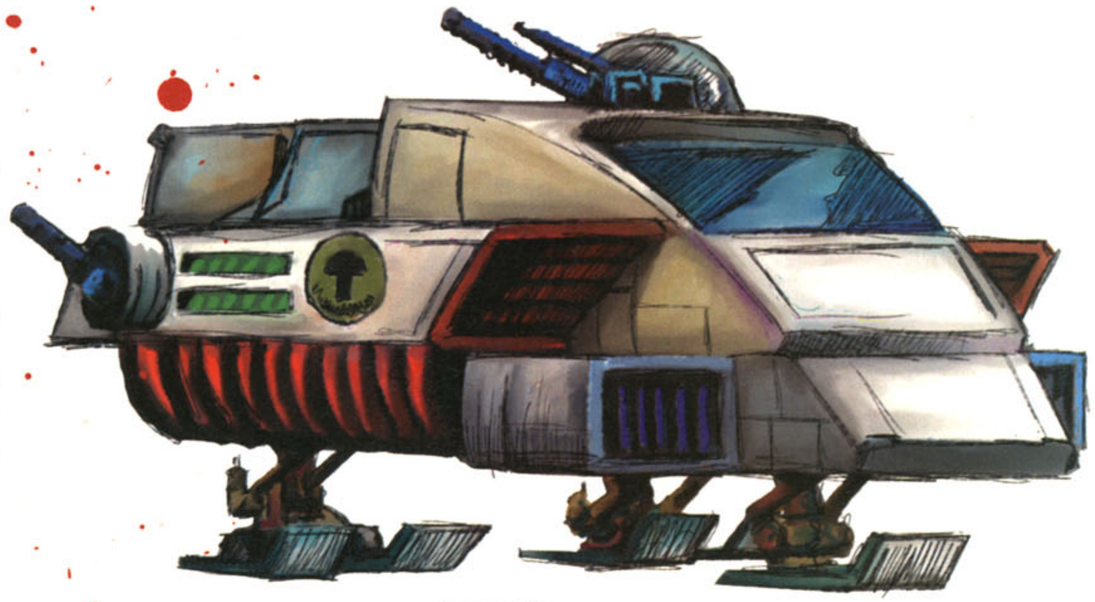
"That'll do nicely," said **VOX**. "Let's get the fuck off this lousy rock."

"Damn straight," agreed **FWANK**. "I've got a score to settle with that bastard F.U.B. He's the reason I'm here in the fucking first place."

"Hey, no kidding?" said **CAP'N HANDS**. "Fat Ugly Boy, the intergalactic bastard? The swab told me there was an unescorted convoy ripe for the taking, passing through the Gallican Nebula. Me and the boys dropped out of hyperspace and ran smack into a fucking battle fleet. Next thing I know, I'm locked up here!"

"Talk about sodding coincidence," said **BUTCH**. "F.U.B. was meant to be selling me a case of megazookas and a gorgeous red frock *which wasn't for me, it was for my fucking girlfriend, right,* and when I went to make the pickup the bastard feds were waiting for me."





"Yuuuhhh!" said **MAMMA**.

"Me too," said **BOUNCA**. "I think."

"Just a minute, you bunch of bozos," interrupted **VOX**, "don't you see there's something weird going on here? Who was it who opened every door in the prison? Who sent this little wanker the Microchum with the codes in it? I've got a score to settle with F.U.B. as well, but I want to know who it is who wants us all out of here. And I definitely want to know why."

Five minutes later, the shuttlecraft tore free of *RAULF'S* gravity, and **TERRY THE TOSSER** began punching in the coordinates for the jump to hyperspace.

"Nearest planet is Little Clinton," said **TERRY**. "We don't have the fuel for anything further, but I guess it'll do for starters... Oh, for fuck's sake!"

"What's the matter, ye dog?" asked **CAP'N HANDS**.

TERRY bent over the ship's computer, peering angrily at the screen. "There's only enough rations and oxygen in the life support for six of us," he grumbled. "We don't have enough to make the trip. We'll starve. What are we going to do?"

TERRY turned around, curious at his shipmates' silence, and was rather alarmed to find them staring at him.

BUTCH was first to smile. Then **MAMMA**. Then **BOUNCA**, **CAP'N HANDS**, and even **VOX**.

FWANK'S mood balloon was bright red.



AND FOR TERRY THE TOSSER,

THAT WAS WHEN

THE SCREAMING

REALLY BEGAN.

What Good Is A Sony® Playstation™ If It Isn't

LOADED™

"Possibly the bloodiest title of the year."
— Game Players



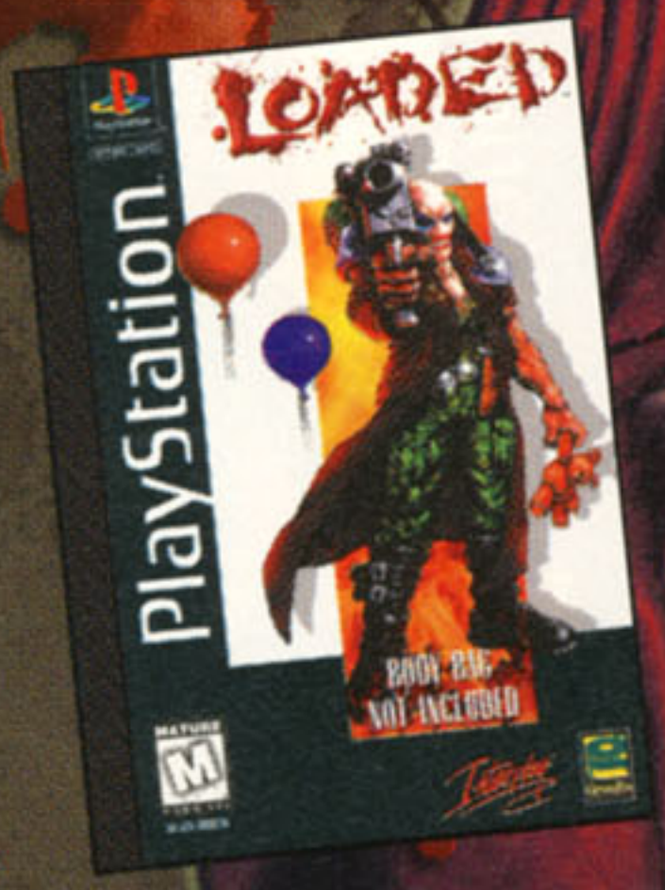
15 Enormous Levels To Explore

When I find F.U.B. my balloon will be red, he will go splatt!, and I'll carve him up into bite-sized chunks so I can feed him to my fuzzy bear Percy.



3D Morphing Terrain

fwank



For more LOADED info, checkout our website at: http://www.interplay.com
Licensed from and developed by Gremlin Interactive Ltd. ©1995 Gremlin Interactive Ltd. All Rights Reserved. Loaded is a trademark of Interplay Productions. All Rights Reserved. Interplay is the sole publisher and distributor. Sony® is a registered trademark of Sony Corporation. PlayStation™ is a trademark of Sony Computer Entertainment, Inc.

Gremlin

Interplay
BY GAMERS. FOR GAMERS.™

KILLER TIP: not a speed demon—go in blastin' or else risk getting surrounded.

WEAPON OF CHOICE: Neutron Spheres
SUPER WEAPON: Homing Teddies

What Good Is A Sony® Playstation™ If It Isn't

LOADED™

"Yee-haw! I'm a killin' maniac, AND I LIKE IT!!!"
— Game Players

When I find F.U.B.
I'm gonna dress him up in
a hideous day-glow mini-skirt,
paint his toes violet,
and call him "Dolly."
Then I'll waste him.



Zoom In & Out Of Action



Features Music of
Pop Will Eat Itself



For more LOADED info, checkout our website at: http://www.interplay.com

Licensed from and developed by Gremlin Interactive Ltd. ©1995 Gremlin Interactive Ltd. All Rights Reserved. MCPS Loaded is a trademark of Interplay Productions. All Rights Reserved. Interplay is the sole publisher and distributor. Sony® is a registered trademark of Sony Corporation. PlayStation™ is a trademark of Sony Computer Entertainment, Inc.

Gremlin

Interplay
BY GAMERS. FOR GAMERS.™

KILLER TIP: Fights best against the ropes. Back into a corner and mow 'em down.

WEAPON OF CHOICE: Flamethrower
SUPER WEAPON: Explosive Ring

BLEED US DRY

Get Loaded. Get 5 Bucks Back. Get Goin'.

Send us...

1. This official certificate. (no photocopies please)
2. The original store receipt with the purchase price circled. (receipts cannot be returned)
3. UPC code from the game box.

(please print)

Name _____ Birthday _____ (optional)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

MAIL TO: Interplay Productions • Loaded $5 Rebate
P.O. BOX 8708, Dept. 486• Newport Beach, CA 92658

The product must be purchased and receipt dated on or before June, 31 1996. This request must be postmarked by July 15,1996, and received by Aug. 1, 1996. Allow 4-6 weeks for processing. The official certificate must accompany your request and may not be reproduced in any manner. Only one (1) rebate coupon will be accepted per family address, household, group or organization. This rebate cannot be used in conjunction with any other offer. Offer valid only on Loaded PlayStation software. Only the original retail store receipt will be accepted. Receipts will not be returned. Not responsible for late, misdirected, incomplete or illegible requests. Void where prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted. Offer good in U.S. and Canada only.

©Gremlin Interactive, Ltd. All rights reserved. Interplay is the sole publisher and distributor. Licensed from and developed by Gremlin Interactive, Ltd.

LDI1

LOADED™

What good is a Sony® PlayStation™ if it isn't LOADED?

