# A Sebastian de Andrade Came. The Fills Art & Lore ANDRADE GAMES Written By Sebastian de Andrade & Kevin Fayard

# THANKS TO MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS FOR ALL THE SUPPORT. THANKS TO YOU FOR BUYING THIS GAME.

#### TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER 1 LORE

CHAPTER 2 LEVELS

CHAPTER 3 BOSSES

# - CHAPTER 1 - LORE

The year is 1917 - war engulfed the earth. Billions were slaughtered at the hands of unprecedented technology in the name of fanaticism. Yet all previous atrocities were as preambles to an even greater, unforeseeable catastrophe. When on the 15th of April, a host of aliens descended from wartorn skies and opened fire indiscriminately on soldier and civilian alike, the foundations of the world were shaken and mankind would face his darkest hour. Against such a terrifying, overwhelming foe, the scrambling, exhausted nations of Earth had no choice but to put aside their old grudges and fight side by side if they wanted to avert total extinction – or worse. Still, courage and unity were not enough to match the sheer power of a species so advanced that the very cosmos proved no obstacle to them.

Meanwhile Dr. Brunhield Stahlmüller, an accomplished scientist, worked tirelessly with her assistant, Harmuth Griesgram, on developing an experimental airplane codenamed the Red Beezlebub. Based not only on existing aeronautical technology but also on fragments of alien wrecks from the recent battlefields, this new invention is capable of prolonged atmospheric flight as well as deep, interstellar travel. Finding no pilots left in any condition – bodily or mentally – to take the pilot seat, the brave doctor dons the helmet herself and takes the Red Beezlebub on her virgin flight; to the battlefields of Verdun. Her target: the Chessmaster, the new, self-crowned king of humanity. An usurper and abomination. Fueled by gasoline and hatred, her Valkyrie's flight will end either in blood-soaked victory or glorious death. Little did she know that he himself is only a piece on the real player's board, and she is watching Brunhield's every move with greedy, leering eyes...





# - CHAPTER 2 - LEVELS

Verdun was one of the most brutal battlefields in World War 1. In the game you can still see the scattered corpses from a senseless war – silent reminders of what human folly can accomplish. Soldiers are still fighting to the bitter end in the trenches. But the Red Beezlebub brings hope after a grueling eternity, promising to put an end to this unspeakable atrocity.





ANDRADE GAMES

CLASSIC ARCADE CULTURE IN MAJESTIC PIXEL ART

## Sebatian de Antonde Grane 1917 Three form Investore

While Mankind lays aside their old hatreds, the Red Beezlebub clears the tarnished skies of France of the alien menace. The threat of an intergalactic invader is so oppressive that it seemingly washes away over a thousand years of competition and hostility. Could there have been a way to avoid this horrible war that engulfed all of Europe in the past?





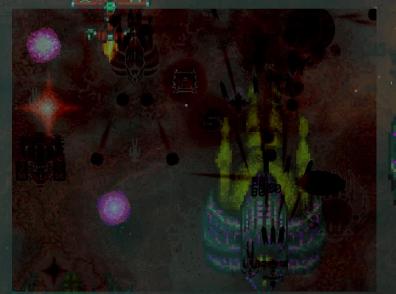


Brunhield Stahlmüller is the first human in space. The orbital view of Earth is beautiful to behold, but this moment of awe is quickly interrupted by searing bolts of plasma fire from the intercepting alien fleet.



The alien home world is entirely encased in an ethereal sphere of red, organic fabric. This gelatinous layer, named the Bloodsphere, is the result of the alien seeding, which causes the growth of extraterrestrial plants that exude red pollen into the sky. Over many years, these pollen clot together and begin forming a translucent, red barrier that is the Bloodsphere. The plants themselves, and by extension their web of pollen in the atmosphere, are not only a symbol of the aliens' power, but also a catalyst for their telekinetic communications and control methods. Aptly named, Brunhield will make sure to coat the alien planet in a true blanket of gore that is more







This verdant, green world was once a barren desert. The alien seeding caused rampant growth of malign, twisted plantlife that provides a better atmosphere for the aliens to live in. Creating not only a hospitable habitat for the aliens, but also providing them with a medium for far-reaching communications and mind control, they use their infernal seeds to ensure total dominion over all of their slave-planets. Even Earth has been seeded, but with the Empress of the Stars destroyed, there is no-one left who would be able to take advantage of the Earth's changed ecosystem and control the minds of humans. Or so we like to believe.







# - CHAPTER 3 - BOSSES

A petulant and power-hungry despot, the Chessmaster is a bloodthirsty ruler whose obsession with violence led him to construct his massive throne on the vast battlefield of Verdun. Here on the vast expanses of northern France, enslaved soldiers are forced to continue their doomed battle for all eternity, fighting and dying for the sick pleasures of their king; to him, they are but chess pieces, to be moved and sacrificed at a whim. An otherwise unremarkable example of his species, this vicious little upstart was granted his position by the all-reigning Empress of the Stars, who saw fit to put a weak ruler on a weak world.

"This Idea of an entity standing on a real battlefield came to me when I was actually visiting Verdun myself. I am very interested in history, particularly in the madness that drove both World Wars."

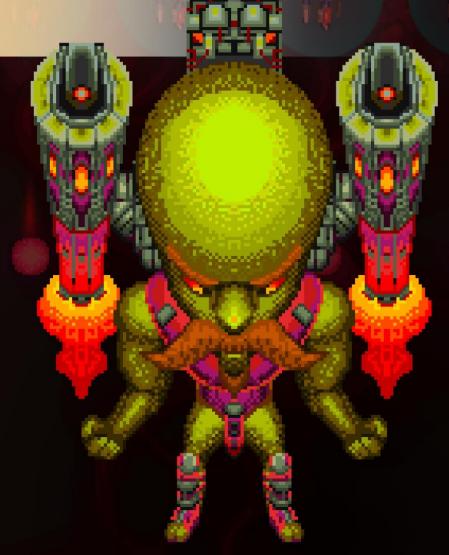




It is difficult to say if this creature, possessed of an unfathomably huge brain, is the result of aggressive genetic manipulation or simply a freak accident of nature herself. Whatever the case, his massive intellect was instrumental in conducting complex, strategic simulations. The resulting instructions were then broadcast across the entire alien fleet, allowing them to outmaneuver and overpower the human forces even more easily than their superior technology already allowed them to.

Aside from being a tactical genius, he is also madly obsessive over rockets of any kind; it is perhaps ironic that they would prove to be both is greatest love and his inevitable death.

"Originally, the rocket-belt remaining on this boss's corpse would have been used as a propellant to shoot Brunhield into the far reaches of space. However, this created the problem that it would have been a one-way trip, with no way for her to return to earth, thus the Red Beezlebub became updated with a rocket engine."



#### Mad Rocket Slave

Grosshirn Der Krankheit

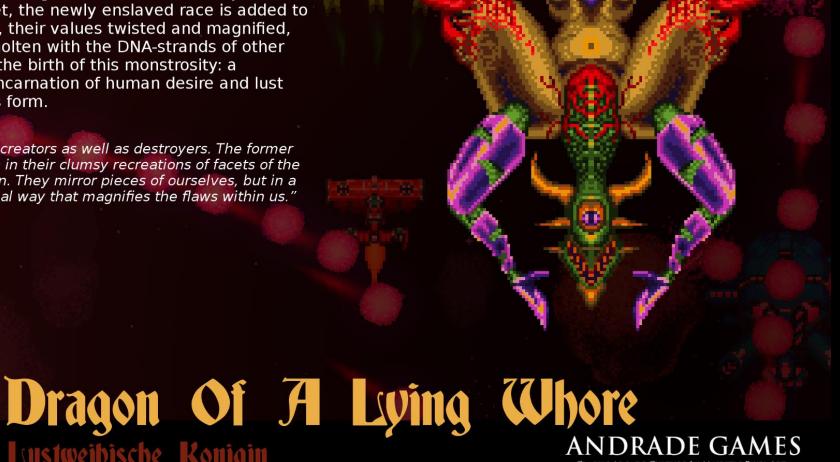
ANDRADE GAMES

CLASSIC ARCADE CULTURE IN MAIESTIC PIXEL ART

### Sebastian de Andrade Game

The aliens, though imperialistic and driven by conquest, are highly absorbing both in terms of culture, as well as genetics. Whenever they annex another planet, the newly enslaved race is added to the collective, their values twisted and magnified, their genes molten with the DNA-strands of other beings. Thus the birth of this monstrosity: a nightmarish incarnation of human desire and lust given hideous form.

"The aliens are creators as well as destroyers. The former aspect is shown in their clumsy recreations of facets of the human condition. They mirror pieces of ourselves, but in a twisted, irrational way that magnifies the flaws within us."



Lustweibische Konigin

### Thurston Than The Care

Once there was a man who set out to create something great – something truly marvelous. Yet, everyone and everything stood in his way, denying him the path of fulfillment and splendor. Society broke him, crushed his spirit and will to live. Amused by this tale of failure, the aliens built this baleful device as a living caricature of this tragic man, as well as a device of creating an infinite supply of more broken people.

"Maybe it is just a bad taste, but I think you get the story."



#### Brain Fuck Machine Geistestum Zerstorer Knecht

#### Sebastian de Andrade Game

Once she was but a minister on her home world, in the days when the original seed was sown. However, she rose quickly through the ranks, eliminating all competitors in brutal fashion, their bones ground to dust. Once she was the undisputed ruler of the entire planet, having killed, enslaved or exiled any who would question her reign, she commanded the alien host to reach out to new, distant stars. Not just one planet, indeed all of the cosmos should bow to her greatness and fall prostrate, yet one woman from an ill-developed, puny race would defy her tyrant will.

"I love her design. In the first level you can see a statue of her. The spikes on her head are the antennae with which she gives orders to the alien forces."



