

# SHIVERS

TWO



HARVEST OF SOULS



SIERRA

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Welcome to **Shivers - Harvest of Souls**,

the second game in the **SHIVERS** series. Hope you like it here in

the odd little town of Cyclone, Arizona, because you won't be able to leave until

you save your friends (not to mention your own hide). Feel free to look around, and don't worry if you get stuck. There's plenty more to do elsewhere!

We've incorporated some new features which we hope will enhance your experience. The toolbar includes a Map button, which allows you to jump to anywhere in Cyclone, and an Internet button which enables you to chat with your friends while you play. Other features include dynamic sound and the ability to adjust the size of your panorama, turn the smart cursor on or off, vary your pan speed and turn the captions on or off. You can even create your own version of some of the puzzles and challenge your friends.

If you're having technical troubles, read the README file or call technical support listed toward the back of this book. The README file is also a good place to check for the latest information about the game since this book had to be printed ahead of time.

So it's time to dim the lights and head into Cyclone, a little town that promises to turn your head around and send cactus needles down your spine.

*Note: Though the game is loosely based on Native-American mythologies, it in no way represents actual beliefs and rituals of Native-American peoples.*

The canyons are beautiful but dangerous.

## SYSTEM REQUIREMENTS & INSTALLATION

**TO RUN SHIVERS - HARVEST OF SOULS, YOUR SYSTEM SHOULD INCLUDE THE FOLLOWING:**

- 486 DX66 or better
- Windows 3.1/WIN 95
- 12 MB RAM
- Double-Speed CD-ROM drive
- SVGA, 640x280 at 256 colors
- Hard Drive
- Mouse, Keyboard
- WIN compatible soundcard, DAC required.

**TO RUN OPTIMALLY, WE RECOMMEND THE FOLLOWING**

- Pentium
- WIN 95
- 16 MB RAM
- Quad-Speed CD-ROM drive
- SVGA, 640x280 at 256 colors
- Hard Drive
- Mouse, Keyboard
- WIN compatible soundcard, DAC required.

### WINDOWS 3.1 INSTALLATION

- Launch Windows if you are at a DOS prompt.
- Pull down the FILE menu under Program Manager and select the RUN option.
- When the RUN dialog box appears, type the letter of your CD-ROM drive followed by "\SETUP" and the enter key. For example, if your CD-ROM drive is labeled D, you would type: D:\SETUP<ENTER>.
- Follow the on-screen prompts.
- To start the game under Windows 3.1, double-click on the SIERRA program group within Program Manager, and then double-click on the **SHIVERS** icon.

### WINDOWS 95 INSTALLATION

- Start your computer system so that Windows 95 has launched.
- Insert the **SHIVERS - Harvest of Souls** CD into your computer.
- The Auto start sequence should ask you if you wish to install **SHIVERS**.
- Select the install option and follow the on-screen prompts.
- If Autoplay is not activated:
  1. Start your computer system so that Windows® 95 has launched.
  2. Insert your Sierra CD into your CD-ROM drive.
  3. From the START menu select RUN.
  4. In the RUN window, browse to or type D:\SETUP and click OK. This assumes that your CD-ROM drive is D. Please substitute the drive letter as appropriate.
  5. Follow the on-screen prompts to install **SHIVERS - Harvest of Souls** game to your hard drive.

- To start the game under Windows 95, insert the CD into your CD-ROM drive, and select the Play option when Autoplay appears.

HE'D HEARD STORIES OF THIS

**PLACE.** Ever since he'd crossed the state line, it seemed all he'd heard were stories about the evil that dwelled in Devil's Mouth Canyon. But he'd thought some about evil and had decided that it was really just a concept that described the absence of good. It wasn't something real, something tangible that could jump out and grab you. Still, he was curious..... What was it about the canyon that was so compelling? He was here to find out. It was an intellectual inquiry of sorts. Not to mention a damn sweet spot for a hike.

But his girlfriend was going to require some convincing. Coming from New York, she found Cyclone's history as a mining town fascinating.

"Get a load of this." She was reading the tourist brochure. "The whole reason the town is called Cyclone is that these guys were on their way to hunt for silver in Colorado but got caught in a windstorm. While they were here, they dug in the streambed for water and struck silver. How lucky can you get? So the town is named in honor of the windstorm."

"The history of this canyon is pretty fascinating, too," he said. "Though less lucky." He really wanted her to come on this hike with him and was trying hard to interest her. "Listen to what it says in this book."

"Huh?"

"Well, if you can feign some interest for a moment, I'll read you what it says about Devil's Mouth."

"Consider it feigned."

"Let's see.... Here's where it gets interesting. 'Though life in the canyon proved to be bountiful for the Anasazi, the canyon was slowly abandoned over time until no inhabitants were left. Several theories exist to explain their disappearance, ranging from epidemic to drought to invasion by hostile nomads. However, no artifacts exist to support any of the theories, and in fact, many seem to disprove them. Some locals believe that whatever force eliminated the Anasazi is still at work today.'"

"Hmmm. They just disappeared without a trace and no one knows why?"

"Pretty much."

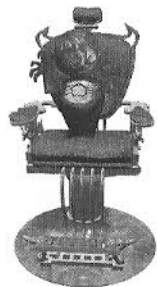
"And some people think it's like an evil curse or something?"

"Well, they don't go that far. This is a tourist guidebook after all."

"What a wild idea."

His plan was working. His girlfriend, always a sucker for a mystery, was taking the bait....

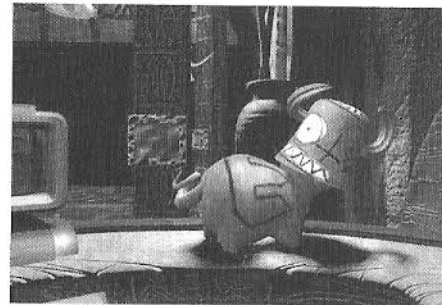
**ALTHOUGH THEY HAD HOPED FOR AN EARLY START,** it was late afternoon by the time they finally set out. Incredibly, no one seemed to know where Devil's Mouth Canyon was, or at least they wouldn't admit to it. When asked for directions, most of the townspeople simply shrugged and quickly changed the subject.



**THEY FINALLY GOT LUCKY** at the gas station on the edge of town. "Devil's Mouth Canyon?" replied the man, pausing as a twisted smile filled his face. "I discovered those canyons." He pulled a scrap of paper from his dusty overalls and a pen from beneath his headband and began to scrawl. "It's kind of hard to find," he said, handing them the paper. "These canyons are like a maze, but it's worth it."

There was definitely something odd, almost sinister, about the man, but they thanked him anyway and climbed aboard the jeep. With the top down and the back piled high with gear, they looked ready for anything. "Water...check! Flashlights...check--did you grab the sleeping bags?" "Are you nuts?" she asked, looking at him in disbelief. "After everything we've heard about the place, and especially after the way that guy looked at me, I'm beginning to wonder why we're going there at all." He wasn't as excited about the trip anymore either but this was no time to admit it.

They drove on the boulder-strewn, gravel road until it got too narrow and rough to drive any further. A sign warning people to enter at their own risk greeted them. "This is the place, I guess" he said, pointing to the drawing on the map.



**AS THEY HIKED UP THE CANYON,** he was awed by the deep colors of the sheer red rock walls. It changed one's sense of proportion to look straight up, and up, and up. And it changed one's perspective to think that an entire culture that had once thrived

here, mysteriously vanished. He made out the fine lines of the petroglyphs, which clearly seemed to be trying to communicate something. If only he could understand what they represented. Perhaps they held a clue to their creators' disappearance.

"It's funny that Cyclone hasn't turned into more of a tourist destination, what with all these petroglyphs," said his girlfriend, interrupting his reverie. "It's probably because of that myth. What was it again?"

"Well, they believe that the petroglyphs are people frozen in stone, waiting for the chance to re-enter the world of the living."

"And how do they do that?"

"Well, they attack you, I guess. The idea is that the people and the petroglyph trade places."

"That's really creepy," she said.

"Not if you think about it. How could a petroglyph attack you? They're made of stone, for god's sake. And we all learned in earth science that stone is a mineral," he assured her.

"But it's just the idea to put a dent in tourism, that's for sure."

