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I have only one friend in my area that I can play Doom II deathmatches with. He is a cocky IBM user, and he is always making fun of Macs, saying they are "Crapintoshes." That's why I get extreme pleasure from seeing his body parts splatter across the room after I ambush him with my almighty BFG, or just about any available weapon.

Deathmatches are definitely the most exciting part of Doom II, and certainly the most enjoyable. I can only say this: Once you have tasted human flesh, you won't settle for anything less. (Not to be taken literally, of course.) Here is an account of one of my many deathmatch experiences.

We chose to start in the Underhalls. It's a very good level for deathmatch -- lots of rooms for ambushing your enemy, er, opponent. Besides, the first Doom II level isn't tough enough.

We were on the hunt: for good weapons, and, of course, each other. I streaked through the the deserted halls like a bullet. My hands sweaty and eyes peeled for the slightest bit of movement, I sped along. I stopped at a corner to look around, only to find a rocket flying at me from nowhere, heading right for my fragile head. A quick backtrack and I was out of the way half-a-second before impact.

No time was lost as I loaded up my dear plasma gun, and ran straight toward my friend. Before he could react, the plasma was spraying all over his body

at point blank range. He managed to fire off a rocket that blew me back a couple feet. I, of course, survived. I heard his scream as he collapsed onto the floor. My character's face, left with only 15 percent health, grinned a bloody smile.

One frag for Mac-kind.

frantically cruised the level in search of health and some desperately-needed armor. My search was interrupted by a message on my screen. "I'm at the exit....come and get me...." I smiled. With plenty of weaponry, I headed toward the exit, confident and cool. The door was open, and everything was quiet. Was he just standing there, waiting to be fragged? It made no sense.

Gingerly, I moved forward. My heart was thumping through my chest as I approached on full-alert. I slowly made my way into the exit room, prepared for anything, except... the plasma gun eating a hole in my back.

It was a fraggin' trap!

I murmured some choice expletives as I sped down the hall at top speed. Once I was convinced that I had lost my PC opponent, I paused for some air and a quick health check: 60 percent. Vulnerable, but not teetering on the edge of death. I surveyed the surrounding area for my next move. To my right was a window that looked out on the red key building. I jumped, afraid that my would-be assailant was right behind me.

Out of the blue, he streaked across my screen. I fired a barrage of rockets at him, but missed. Damn. He was close, and we both knew it. I lept out of the top window -- my only escape route -- while he ran inside. I could see him inside the building through a small ground-level window. I fired my rockets again, this time aiming inside. He sidestepped my shots, but took some major damage from the force of the blast. Pointing his plasma gun out of the opening, he fired a quick burst of shots. None even came close.

I picked up a few more health boxes and ran back to the opening. I fired four more rockets into the small room, two of them damaging him. He was hurt....bad. (One percent health to be exact.) I ran around the building and hopped through the window again, ready to finish him off. He must have made a really quick exit, because he wasn't there.

I left the building. I could smell the musty scent of the prey. (Or maybe it was just my own sweat. . .) I was back in the main halls in a few

seconds. Running on pure adrenaline now, I was tense. If you looked at me at this moment, you might even say that I looked strangely evil. Running through the halls, checking every nook and cranny, I made my way back through the level. Suddenly I came to a small niche -- the first one you encounter when you play solo. There was a medical box in there, but I had an eerie feeling nagging me. So I switched to my good ole glistening rocket launcher to make me feel a little safer.

I rounded the corner in 0.02 seconds and looked. He was just standing there like a complete idiot, not moving, not firing, and with 16 percent health. Hiding like a little baby. "Taste the power of the Mac!" I keyed in, followed by three quick rockets. Needless to say (but I'll say it anyway), he was a bloody mess.

Frag two.

Before he could be resurrected (and gather any weapons), I hit the exit switch. We were on Level 3 -- The Gantlet. Easy as peach pie. We ran through the level fairly quickly, a few boring frags for him, as well as a few boring frags for me. Nothing worth mentioning in that level really, except for the end, which is exceptionally well-designed.

The room at the end of Level 3 resembles the children's game "King of the Mountain." There is a huge pit which you must jump into to reach an elevator that will spirit you to the other side -- and the exit. Basically, if you get to the other side first, then you have clear aim toward the elevator as it comes up. On top of that, the ledge leading away from the elevator is really thin, and you almost always have a rocket launcher.

But this time was different.

I decided not to do the ol' "blow-your-friend-off-the-40-foot-ledge-with-the-rocket-launcher" thing. So I typed in some very strange words that you almost never hear in Doom: "Man to Man. . . Fists to Fists!"

"Let's do it," he replied. Both of us were at equal health and armor. As he was lifted up by the elevator, I switched to fists. He arrived at the top and, losing no time at all, ran at me full speed. CRUNCH! I slammed my fist into him a second before he bashed me. So there we were, at the top of a ledge, duking it out, like REAL men. Blood was flying, as well as hopes of supreme victory. But, sadly, he made the mistake of switching to a weapon.

When I hit his face about the 12th time, he spun slightly sideways on

accident, and I heard the familiar blast of the shotgun. A very close miss. Quickly retreating, I switched to rockets and ran right out of the exit room firing four of those deadly missiles in quick succession. The last one hit him, and I watched as he went flying off the ledge and plunged to his death at the bottom. "No weapons, fat boy," I keyed. He filled my screen with some extremely raw language.

He was pissed, to say the least.

'll finish off this long tale with one final anecdote. This next level (The Focus) was a real blast. Double-barreled shotgun blast, that is. The memory of this level will haunt him forever, because I'm never going to let him forget it.

We were running through the level at top speed, scenery blazing by. He found the rocket launcher before I did, and he also picked up a Soul Sphere (200 percent health). Little did I know he also had a plasma rifle. I had the rocket launcher also, as well as both of the shotguns. I saw him in one of the big dark corridors that contains the 200 percent armor as well as the BFG.

I had Mr. BFG in hand, of course.

I fired off that huge and powerful blast straight at him. As hard as that is to dodge, he somehow managed to do it, but at the cost of much of his energy. Running around behind me, he fired the plasma gun into my back, and I had no choice but to get the heck out of there! I turned around and ran backwards, managing to fire off one more BFG blast. It left him with a remarkable 1 percent health. I didn't know this until I was halfway across the level and he keyed it in to me. I had picked up plenty of health along the way, so I was back up to about 90 percent health. I searched the level everywhere, and he was nowhere to be found. Finally, I ventured into the room filled with tons of warehouse crates. I knew he must be in there, so I began my search.

I checked in between boxes, in niches, and everywhere else I could think to look. There was only one section I couldn't get to, and when I ran past it, I saw something grey out of the corner of my eye. There was a small space in between two crates. I turned back around and stared. He was standing there, not even moving. But he didn't see me, which is what was so great. The space was too small to fire into, so I maneuvered around to a larger opening between a crate and a wall. His back was towards me, and I was almost quivering with delight and anticipation.

I switched to my all purpose double-barrel shotgun and typed in, "Where the

crap are you? I can't find you anywhere!" He replied, "Hahahahaha."

BOOM!

I blew a hole in his back not one second after he had responded. He fell to the ground and screamed. I felt like the king of the world.

Deathmatch is an unparalleled experience in fright and excitement on any platform. I haven't found any networkable game that can compare to Doom II, and I have tried many. Also, I don't have an easy time with my opponent. We're both usually trying to find out ways to be cheap, so it's extremely hard to kill one another. This was one of my best deathmatch accounts, partially because I won most of the time. Deathmatch modem to modem is great, so give it a try. Even though I was. . . ahem. . . a Fragmaster in this particular deathmatch, I have to tell you that my friend does beat me quite often.

Practice makes perfect.

ave a first person account of a favorite solo game, deathmatch, or cooperative game? Like "Penthouse" letters, they don't have to be real. But they're better when they're based on actual events.

Either way, send in your personal MacDoom experience along to MacDoom Review at reeltime@voicenet.com with the subject line "DOOMPLAY." Maybe we'll use it in a future issue!