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The Oblivion

The voice of Mist and Light

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Resident Evil: Operation Raccoon City is an upcoming 2012 third-person shooter video game for Microsoft Windows, PlayStation 3 and Xbox 360, co-developed by Slant Six Games and Capcom, and currently scheduled for a release in North America on the 20th of March 2012, on April 26, 2012 in Japan, March 22, 2012 in Australia and March 23, 2012 in Europe.

The game takes place during the events of Resident Evil 2 and Resident Evil 3: Nemesis, and is set in Raccoon City, whose residents have been turned into zombies after an outbreak of the T-virus, a biological weapon developed by the pharmaceutical company Umbrella. Players will take the role of an officer of the Umbrella Security Service (USS). They have a vastly different objective compared to the Spec Ops opposition: members of the USS are tasked with destroying evidence of Umbrella's illegal activities, including killing survivors of the outbreak, while the Special Operations Team (U.S.) has to expose the actions of the company. Operation Raccoon City will allow the player to make major "what-if" decisions such as killing Leon S. Kennedy, one of the protagonists of Resident Evil 2 and the protagonist of Resident Evil 4.

Alongside the Single Player Mode, the game will also offer four-player cooperative gameplay, which pits the USS against the US Special Operations task force.

On its website, Slant Six Games wrote that it was currently developing "an amazing new project with a new publishing partner on a world class franchise."

So get ready to visit the Raccoon City again to blow up some real
Zombie Head!



Game World Classics

SILENT HILL SERIES

Silent Hill is a survival horror video game series consisting of seven installments published by Konami and its subsidiary Konami Digital Entertainment. Silent Hill is set in a multiverse consisting of reality and two alternate dimensions whose form is based on the series' eponymous fictional American town. The series is heavily influenced by the literary genre of psychological horror, with its player characters being mostly "everymen", in contrast to action-oriented survival horror video game series featuring combat-trained player characters, such as Resident Evil, which is widely regarded as Silent Hill's strongest "rival". Furthermore Silent Hills are considered to be one of the most scariest games of all times. All the installments in the Silent Hill series, except Shattered Memories, share a common setting; A multiverse consisting of **reality** and **two alternate dimensions** which are uninhabited by people: **a foggy dimension and a dark dimension called the "Otherworld"**, where a partial lack of application of physical laws occurs. The Otherworld's form varies, but is most frequently based on the fictional rural American town of Silent Hill, and the series' characters experience delusions and encounter tangible symbols of elements of their unconscious minds, mental states, and innermost thoughts when present in it. The origin of these manifestations is a corrupted power native to Silent Hill, which materializes human thoughts; this force was formerly non-evil, but was twisted over by the occurrence of certain events in the area. Only the alternate dimensions are explored by the games' player characters, with occasional transitions between them.

Another recurring plot trait in the Silent Hill series is a fictional religious organization called "The Order". The Order has certain members who act as antagonists in most of the series' installments and keeps its identity concealed, maintaining a false public image as a charity organization which operates an orphanage. The organization is officially named "Silent Hill Smile Support Society", sometimes abbreviated "4S", with "The Order" being a nickname. The religion followed by The Order focuses on the worship of a chief deity. The organization's dogma is derived from a myth: the deity set out to create paradise, but ran out of power during the process; she will someday be resurrected, thus becoming able to finally create paradise and save mankind. The Order repeatedly participates in illegal acts: ritual human sacrifices whose purpose is the deity's resurrection, illegal drug trade, and kidnapping and confinement of children in a facility to teach them its dogma through brainwashing, while presenting the facility as an orphanage. Multiple endings are also a staple in the series from which certain of these endings are joke endings. The installments in the Silent Hill series contain various symbolisms. The symbols are images, sounds, objects, creatures, or situations, and represent concepts and facts, as well as feelings, emotions, and mental states of the characters.

The installments in the Silent Hill series utilize a third-person view, with occasional fixed camera angles. While visibility is low due to the alternating fog and darkness, all of the series' player characters are equipped with a flashlight and a portable radio which warns the player of nearby monsters by emitting static. Another key feature of the series' gameplay is puzzle-solving, which often results in the acquisition of an item essential to advance in the games.

The Silent Hill series has been universally praised for its graphics, atmosphere, and story, specially Silent Hill 2 appeared on several critics' lists for its story and use of metaphors, psychological horror, and taboo topics. It ranked 1st on X-Play's list of the "Scariest Games of All Time" in 2006. IGN listed it as one of the five best horror video games created after 2000 in 2009. It is one of the twenty greatest PlayStation 2 games of all time. In 2008, Games Radar placed it on its list of the fifteen "Best Videogame Stories Ever", describing it as "a punishing tale not easily matched". In 2009, Wired News listed it as the eleventh most influential game of the decade for its emphasis on psychological horror rather than gore.

Fun Fair 2012

The month of February opened with a blast. The fun fair preparations reached its pitch and the fun fair fever touched its height. One word can truly describe the actual event: Fabulous. Though the Fun Fair 2012 had its own flaws but it truly was an amazing event.

The people specially ladies of FFC have performed a laudable performance in this event through their hard work. The schools have done a wonderful contribution of their time, work, force and money for this charitable event. And all the stall holders and customers need a big round of applause for contributing their time and money for this event.

The Fun Fair 2012 had a simple theme which was “The Colours of Spring,” and the theme was set up beautifully though the management could have done much better if they had used a wider variety of colours for the stalls and avoided pasting the rainbow coloured flowers on the banners. Some stalls set up their colours themselves and they were able to produce a very marvelous effect; just like FFC Grammar School, whose stall was dressed up in an eye catching red coloured theme; which enhanced in effect due to the clouds.

Work on the Main entrance started a week before the actual event. Its design emerged with many questions, none of which were answered except on the final day when the gate stood completely decorated ready to greet the visitors.. The gate was certainly a pretty site; Huge rainbow like tunnels covered with flowers and leaves. Same is for the rest of the decorations, from the tropical coloured monstrous parrots to the huge flowers that gave life to the beauty of the event.

Fun Fair 2012 began on 11th of February, Saturday morning; which was very cold and cloudy. The event began with the inauguration which was performed by MD, Mr. Arif Hayat and followed by a short but remarkable performance from FFC Grammar School. The rest of the whole day continued in the frenzy of fun and hard work.

There was a vast variety in stalls as is the custom of this mega event. The food items were delicious though some stalls had priced them way too much when compared to what the actual price may be. The games stalls offered a vast variety of games too. From the video games on PS2 and XBOX 360 to the funny mind blowing, time limited games of minute to win it and as usual the unlawful games of chance like LUCKY 7 which should have been banned long ago in an Islamic Republic.

The beauty of the event sharpened and brightened up at night when the cold wind began to blow and the lights turned on creating a magical affect in the arena. The rush of people grew and the business of food stalls rushed up to heights. The music with the lighting and people transformed the arena into a fantasy world like the Hobbiton in the Lord of the Rings. People got really busy in buying dinner, enjoying cakes and getting warm with coffee or tea. Some were busy in enjoying the juicy Paratha roles while some were enjoying Burgers. The Fun Fair which had been had been witnessing a low visitor rate during the whole day suddenly became a crowded ground. Finally as people got their bellies filled and their thirst quenched and they began to relax in the lightness of the music, the stage show began.

The stage show was a praise able performance; full of what we call “cheap” comedy. It was written and designed wonderfully but it still lacked a proper theme or a darker tone, which should be present in this event for this is the only time when nearly whole of the town gathers together. The whole town can be given a message in a very innovative way. This stage also came to an end with the burst of confetti in the air. The clock struck and the tiredness started to take hold of people and so finally after the speech of Mr. Tahir Javed (GMP) and G. Arif Hayat (MD), there was a display of fireworks, which was beautiful and exciting but alas serious improvement is needed in quality of the display; there should not be so big gaps of time in fire bursts. This marked the end of funfair 2012 and everyone departed tired but happy towards their homes. Our critics have rated this event in the following categories:

Theme selection and design: A Decoration: B Lighting: A Stage Show: A

Overall: A

The Story of M. Rafey

S.O.T. ZAIDI

(Episode 5)

The light of twilight fell dimly upon the carrion that was piled up on the ground. A deadly silence prevailed in the air. A thin sheet of mist had begun to mask the air when there was a movement on the ground and the territory of silence was breached by moaning sounds. There was a groan and squirming and squelching sounds as some kind of organic tubes started moving out of the pile of dead. A body rose; face covered in blood, one eye dangling out and rest of the skin mutilated as if burned by acid. The Body looked at itself and the surrounding area. He raised his hand and a spark came out of it. He felt a twinge of excitement for he was still ALIVE.

The morning felt cold as I wondered where fate had led me. Never had I thought that I would suffer such troubles and yet I was still alive even after so much had happened.

Three days have passed since I lost my parents; since we discovered Shanazah's dead body; since the terrible incident that had turned everyone into murderous monsters. Yet I live and am in a safe haven. Fate has played a cruel joke on me; I am not normal anymore even though I look and act normal, from mind I have changed due to some freak mind abilities I have earned that have the potent to blow up a whole town. I have to rest or my mind will blow. It is good that Oz has brought us to his secret mansion well hidden and protected in every possible way one can imagine. I have learned to accept that nothing about Oz could be normal. Every time I look at him I wonder what other secrets he might be hiding. Oz is a secret agent plus he is something ... MAGICAL. Yes I have accepted the possibility of magic or supernaturalism now that I have witnessed it... now that I am a part of it. Even Oz has no cure for what I have become.

Twilight had spread its wings on the sky. Birds were chattering. The sky was covered with clouds. A light breeze blew in the garden that stood lush green on the face of Earth. At this time a girl of great beauty stood there gazing at the sky lost deep in some thought.

"Beautiful isn't it," said a calm voice in her ear.

The mist from her eyes cleared and without looking at the speaker she said, "The sky! Yes. It is ancient and it feels to be holding great memories in it. It is calmer than the sea but holds a different kind of magnificence; a feeling like that of sadness."

"But the sky changes. Sometimes it is covered in a mist of clouds while sometimes it is clear in its revelations like the glorious morning sky. Beside sadness it holds many other stories like that of cruelty, hate, victory, happiness, vengeance and specially love."

The girl moved her face to look at the person beside her whose face was lost in some deep thought. Her long hair sparkled as she moved. "Oz you will never stop even if I give a clear refusal."

The boy smiled and said, "I will keep trying in the hope that you will change your mind." Then he held out a red rose.

Zee sighed and closing Oz's fist she looked into his eyes then glanced away.

"Am I so bad that you refuse to look in my eyes too," said Oz.

"It's not that Oz. Its just that your face might not be charming but those eyes hold a deepness; a kind of magic. I don't want get trapped in that magic."

"I would never use magic on you. You know that well...but I get your meaning," replied Oz.

"Oz its difficult to decide. You were my friend and you will always will be but the option you have given me... my mind is still not clear on that. I feel confused. Please Oz don't force me. Don't burden me with more thoughts I beg you."

Oz eyes sparkled though his face showed no expression. He opened his fist and the red flower in his hand had turned white. He said, "One day Zee,

you will realize and you will come. I will wait for that time."

Then the flower in his hands disintegrated into golden sparkling stars, small and numerous and they left his hands and embedded themselves in Zee's hair. A crown formed on her head and she felt warmth flowing in her. She closed her eyes. Her hair had begun to shine and slowly the stars faded away and when she opened her eyes, Oz was no more there.

A screen on the watch flickered and jumped into action. The girl peered into it. A cold voice addressed the girl, "How long will I have to wait?"

"You stinking scum bag, Can't you be patient. I am stuck here myself for I cannot find anything except for the bloody faces of those dead. Send me some help, bring in some force. I cannot find them alone."

The chief laughed and said, "Patience? I see you have lost yours at least. You seemed sure you would find them."

"For three stinking days, I thought I could but they have disappeared off the face of earth. Even the GPS and satellite monitoring have failed to detect them. Accept it, either they are gone or else they are dead and your theories are all wrong."

"ENOUGH. They are there. They MUST be there. I will send some force. Remember this Sofia, if you fail then you depart from this life as well." The screen closed with a beep and Sofia stamped her feet angrily muttering curses. Then she jumped down from the tree she was sitting on and loaded her shotgun. Preparing herself she set out for the search again.

My mind was still swirling. So this was what the virus could do. What it was doing to me. Images kept burning in my eyes and I felt sick of remembering Oz's words:

"Rafay I will perform some tests on you," said Oz.

"Will they hurt."

"Yes Perhaps a bit but then everything will be clear. Just relax and don't worry."

After that Oz had performed some test under various scientific equipment. Some of them normal, others agonizing. Finally Rafay was free while Oz waited to analyze the results.

After some time Oz had approached Rafay and said, "Finally I understand why you caused that blast back there. Child you have got the ability to perform telekinesis. So the virus was a perfect version for it produced the desired affect wanted. You are lucky child for you have strength as well as mind power."

"What is telekinetic?" Rafay asked bewildered.

"Telekinesis is the ability to manipulate, move molecules through your will. Some laws and scientists reject it while some accept it and have tried to prove them. If you master your abilities you can be a great help to us in this war. Your genes have been altered at a surprising way. Nothing seems to have changed yet everything has changed," explained Oz.

"I don't want these powers. I want to be a normal human. I want to live a normal life and die. I cannot hold the stuff which does not seem part of reality. All this crazy stuff."

"Alas Rafay know this that some things are unchangeable. It all may seem like magic but it is real and its best for you if you accept this reality," said Oz and then stood up to leave.

Night was falling in as I mourned at my lost. Oz entered the roof and started examining the road through a special telescope.

"I thought this house was safe from any trouble," I asked.

"It is but its better to keep an eye on things these days you know."

"So what were you doing down there in the garden?" I asked.

"Down where," said Oz suddenly jumping up.

"Just a few minutes ago down in the garden with Zee."

"Oh that's nothing," said Oz.

"Are you sure."

"Yep"

I looked at Oz who seemed to be avoiding my gaze and said, "Oz look at me."

Oz began to smile.

"You love her, don't you?" I said.

"You make it sound as if it was a sin," said

Oz.

"But it is wrong, isn't it?"

Oz sighed and looked at me then he approached me and sat beside me gazing at the sky. In his calm voice he said, "I know you will never accept it but the truth is that Love is unconditional, irrevocable... beautiful. It is a power, an oblivion which gives strength and happiness even in gravest times. It is the ancient power which exists between every relation, every being and memory. Try to understand. Love is a diamond with many shapes. Love can never be ignored Rafay. It is pure and the most precious jewel a person can posses." Oz kept on speaking leaving me disturbed by his thoughts and he seemed to understand that for he said, "I know Rafay, that you have a problem with my thoughts, but I also know that once you fall in love, you will automatically understand. And we need to replenish our supplies of food and coke, we have run out of them," said Oz.

I smiled and said, "Specially when Hassan seems to find it entertaining to keep drinking a tin after every ten seconds."

"Oh don't worry, Hassan will not be drinking anything for some time. He will be having some troubles soon," said Oz winking.

Suddenly there was a howl from below and Hassan's wail followed it, "OZ WHAT THE HELL did YOU PUT IN MY DRINK."

We came downstairs for lunch. Zee was making some sandwiches ; Oz went to help her. Hassan was still in the wash-room, The poor boy could not spare a moment from it. The backdoor opened and Rushna entered in, her clothes and face covered in grease. Oz came out of the kitchen saying, I just mopped the floor, put your shoes out."

She looked at him with fire in her eyes and enraged said, "I spend a whole three hours of patience fixing that bike while all of you enjoyed and relaxed and all you have to say is put your shoes out. Damn you all. Get me some coke and a cake. Why do I have to do all this kind of stuff?"

"Well you are the mechanic.," said Oz hurrying away avoiding any more wails to get a coke. Meanwhile Rushna sat down muttering something about wires and chips.

Oz came back, "Catch". Rushna got the can of coke in mid air and gulped it down opening it in an instant.

"Hey if that bikes working now then I need you to do something. We are running low on supplies," said Oz

"The bikes working pretty fine Oz. Its just needs a bit more tuning. Thank heavens you have got a cool workshop here where I got all the things required to fix it," said Rushna back in her jolly mood.

"Well we need to make a plan."

"Where will we get the supplies from," I interrupted them.

"Simple! The market," said Rushna.

"What! Are you in your senses. Those things are out there ready to grab us as a snack."

"Well what other choice do we have. We can't leave just yet. We have work to do here," said Oz.

"That means the market then," I said.

"Yep market it is but we will need force and you need a bit more training sessions. I see you have some talent in handling weapons."

I smiled. Then Zee said from the kitchen, " Hey come on dinners ready."

"What's that smell Zee. It smells like a bog," said Rushna.

"Oh that's not Zee's cooking. That is Hassan. He is kinda having some troubles with his stomach," said Oz suddenly looking gleeful.

Rushna looking annoyed shouted, "Hey fat boy didn't your parents teach you not to fart in public."

Night darkened and everyone went to sleep. Oz created an uncrossable divide between the girls area and the boys area of the mansion and he himself kept a private area for himself.

On the door of Oz's room a knock alerted him from his work and he opened it to find

Zee standing on the doorstep.

“Come in Zee.”

Zee entered.

“So what brings you here at this time of the night,” said Oz.

Zee sat on a seat and said, “Oz I am worried. I cannot track him or contact him anywhere.”

Oz seemed to know whom she was talking about and so he said, “I have tried everything too and have been a little successful in gaining some news.”

“Tell me Oz Tell me anything. I beg you.”

“Well Zee. He left Canada just a day before this incident. There is a high chance that he arrived here but we don’t know for certain. I have asked The Organization to search but no one is sure of his whereabouts.”

Zee broke into hysterics. Oz sat beside Zee and said, “Calm down Zee and hope for the best.” Then in a much quieter voice he said, “Though hope is a bare chance these days.”

After Zee stopped crying. She said, “So what do you plan of Rafay.”

Oz said, “Good question Zee. Well it seems Rafay has to play a major part in the coming events. Lets see how every thing will unfold. I know one thing for sure; someone’s playing a very bad game with us and we need to be much more careful than we have ever been. I just wish Master Osama would give a hint about that person.”

“What chance do we have of that,” said Zee in a quite voice.

“Luck is our only hope in that matter,” said Oz in a very slow voice.

Rafay was feeling very uneasy in his sleep. He was tense for the new mission and the grief of his parents loss was still fresh on his heart. Furthermore images of Shanzah’s dead body kept flashing in his mind making him sick. It was a very sick death. He wondered how the poor girl must have screamed when she was subjected to this torture and he thought who could be so cruel enough to kill in such a hideous way. The daily training was painning his joints which was a big nuisance and Hassan’s loud snores made it impossible to sleep. Rafay remembered his startled feeling when he saw Oz’s home open up and expand into an enormous

mansion much of which was underground. He knew he was safe here for it was protected through various gadgets and magic. “Neither can a magical being cross nor a Physical probe. I assure you of that. It is safe to feel safe here. Ok everyone,” Oz had said.

As he got engulfed in his thoughts, sleep took him.

In my sleep I was surrounded by darkness when I saw a boy, covered in white robes calling me. I recognized him immediately: It was Osama Tahir, a boy I knew; a very mysterious person by definition. I followed him into a clearing where I saw a mosque or tomb like structure made of white stones. Osama began to climb up the steps and like a ghost disappeared into its arc. As I began to run to catch up, there was a flash of light and I woke up with a start.

Clouds began to thunder in the sky. A storm was brewing after the fire in FFC. The trees bellowed in the chilly eye watering wind. A heavy mist covered the air like a blanket. While Zee and Oz pondered over the plan, an evil lurked in the streets. It was a huge figure of a man. He was hungry but no food was going to fill his belly except raw flesh. He was huge and slime seeped out of his face and eyes. Only a few hours ago he had returned to life with more strength and now he wished most of all to find his old nemesis and slay him for he knew he must have survived. The evil that had been brewing in his heart had taken over him. He was a monster now with intelligence and abilities greater than any of the mutated creatures. Sparks began to fly out of his eyes and he touched a tree trunk. The tree turned into dust and fell down. “Oz come out wherever you are for I know you live. I know your secrets and have powers beyond your imagination. Your end is here Oz!”

Indeed Moosa had risen again. He had dabbled in dark magic and so had survived.

Moosa approached two of the zombies. He started to suck the blood out of them by sliding a tentacle protruding from his skin into their mouth. They fell down finally dead. An idea struck him, “Yes why should I not. Why should I not produce an army to rule this place. To rule this whole world.”

He began to laugh like a maniac.

It seemed that all odds were slowly turning against Oz and his friends. Not far from Moosa in the fog, Sofia stood waiting for a team of men. Soon they arrived. Dressed in black clothes. They wore black leather armour and their faces were hidden under a mask of glass.

One of the men approached Sofia and said, “Commander Sofia. We have come to your aid.”

Sofia smiled and said, “Commander! I like that.”

“Well then soldiers. Call out a chopper and spread out in groups of two for the search of target.”

“Yes Commander.”

“And don’t shoot anyone except Oz the mystic. Bear in mind, wherever you see Oz kill him but no one else, otherwise you will pay with your lives. Keep each other alert with constant information. You will move in pairs for there are formidable enemies always hungry for flesh here,” said Sofia slowly giving a lot of gap in her sentences.

Then in a commanding voice she said, “NOW SOLDIERS. March off Two of you will come with me.”

With this the whole team of soldiers saluted Sofia and marched of leaving her with an evil glint in the eyes. She had a plan and now It was a matter of life or death for her. She turned and muttered to the two remaining soldiers, “Come, Lets wipe out this muck.”

(To be continued in the next issue.)



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