



Not a weakling, Raziel becomes a serious bad-ass through the course of his journey. In his first battle with Kain, Raziel becomes one with the Soul Reaver blade. Together, the two become practically unstoppable. The weapon itself is one of the coolest things in gamedom. Imagine a demonic lightsaber fused to Raziel's right arm. Later Raziel and his blade earn the ability to project sonic waves and even fire. How awesome is that? Raziel cannot scale walls or swim in the material realm, but by stealing his brothers' powers, he learns how to use his claws to their fullest. No one can say that Crystal Dynamics spent three years on this game without refining the control. As responsive as he is agile, Raziel makes Spidey look like a cast member in the movie *Cocoon*. Not many games hide from you the fact that you're actually completing a puzzle. Sometimes you won't even know

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you've completed one until it's finished. By the way, be ready for some seriously wicked puzzles. If you can complete all the puzzles in Soul Reaver without help, apply to the genius organization MENSA (which ironically means stupid in Spanish).

To paraphrase the dubiously-masculine ninja, Eggo, everything about Soul Reaver is unbelievable, from the story to the architecture, from the characters and animation to the game engine. The Nosgoth scenery is some of the best I've ever laid eyes on, for a PlayStation game. Dimly lit hallways go dark when Raziel takes the torch from its holder. Stained glass windows project exterior light like a church window. It's frightening how far Crystal Dynamics has pushed the PS—even with all that pesky fogging.

You didn't think I'd get through the review without some gripes, did you? Okay, the fog is

a given when you push this many polygons, but what about other things? Much like Zelda for the N64, the areas are so far apart that I did more walking than I'd like. Sure, you can warp, but that's no fun. Enemies are too uncommon—when there's a load of moves at your disposal, you want to use them often. But believe it or not, that's the extent of my grievances.

Take this trip through Nosgoth—playing an angel of death doesn't happen often. And games this good don't come along as often as they should. As I said before, do what I did and put your jaded-gamer tendencies aside <cough, cough—ECM> and give Soul Reaver the time it deserves. Vae Victus!

Cerberus regularly shifts himself back and forth from the material plane to the spectral plane in hopes of avoiding deadlines.