



As I start this review I kick back with a BRAND new pint of overpriced brand Pistachio ice cream to ponder the ebbs and flows of such a work that I spent a full nine (9) ICY hours on in meticulous dedication to provide an in depth and well considered review for the dedicated readership of this fine publication.

Before removing the paper cover confining this ice cream in its macro plastic prison I can't help but consider the thin veil that holds us all prisoner. May we one day realize these pathetic shackles and shatter them! Such meaningless limitations leads me to wonder if the developers of Batman in Action found themselves frustrated by such arbitrary restrictions. With many gameplay types, but ultimately a limited scope of their expression, I can't help but think that they must have.

With my first bites I am reminded of the pleasure that I derive from eating pistachios. Yes, and the joy which ice cream so effortlessly delivers unto me. Effort so little spent that it is easily exchanged to the effort of getting a controller to work for this game displayed via video. AntimicroX did the trick, if you ever wanna give it a go yourself. Just make sure you fuck with the controller settings on the launch window before actually launching the game.

Can a company truly call any frozen dessert gelato? What do the Italians have to say about such effrontery? Can Chef Boy R D posit that Spaghetti-O's are gelato if frozen? I shudder to think. Perhaps this is too "meta", if you will (I won't), similar to having a game where you are a character playing a game. Hence it is not you that plays the game, rather its the character that you control who does. Such foolishness upsets me dearly and I must take my leave from this treat for now.



I play slow because I am slow.



Tanks for reading!



Open doors by matching colors
What joy(!/?)



Never was I in want of upgrades that I couldn't have afforded, nor was I over-prepared for any scenario which I was to face. Be it the run-n-gun segments of the ever racist Batman, the mobile or standstill tank interactions with the the large porcine gentleman, or even the flying shooty segments with the lascivious buxom duck. In this way the game was rather smooth to play, helped generously by the music - the true star if there is one. The only tedium came at the last series of levels, series of which there were four, each containing six levels apiece. This tedium was on the walky, shooty level as Batman,

After enjoying the respite of nicotine I've decided to endeavor further with my creamed ice. (note: it is not creamed ice) In doing so I am brought to consider that I have never enjoyed pistachio ice cream, perhaps not unlike the developers and their relationship with developing. I progress through this pint and it relates to the ease by which I was able to progress through the game.



FUN FACT: PS2 never had a good yidsney game!



With a main weapon and a sub weapon for each of the three characters, both having three upgrades in total along with three health upgrades you find yourself looking at the unopened package of pistachio ice cream, thinking about all the other upgrades you've enjoyed in the past only to be disappointed with sheer mediocrity and a true lack of inventiveness. Levels were okay, nothing special. I give this ice cream a 6/10. Thank you for your attention to this matter.

and was only tedious with the sheer number of enemies that would simply continue to spawn for what felt like a padded out hour. Such tedium must my body fall victim to as the macroplastic shell of this par ice cream sheds invisible microplastics into this sham of a treat which I studiously consume.

