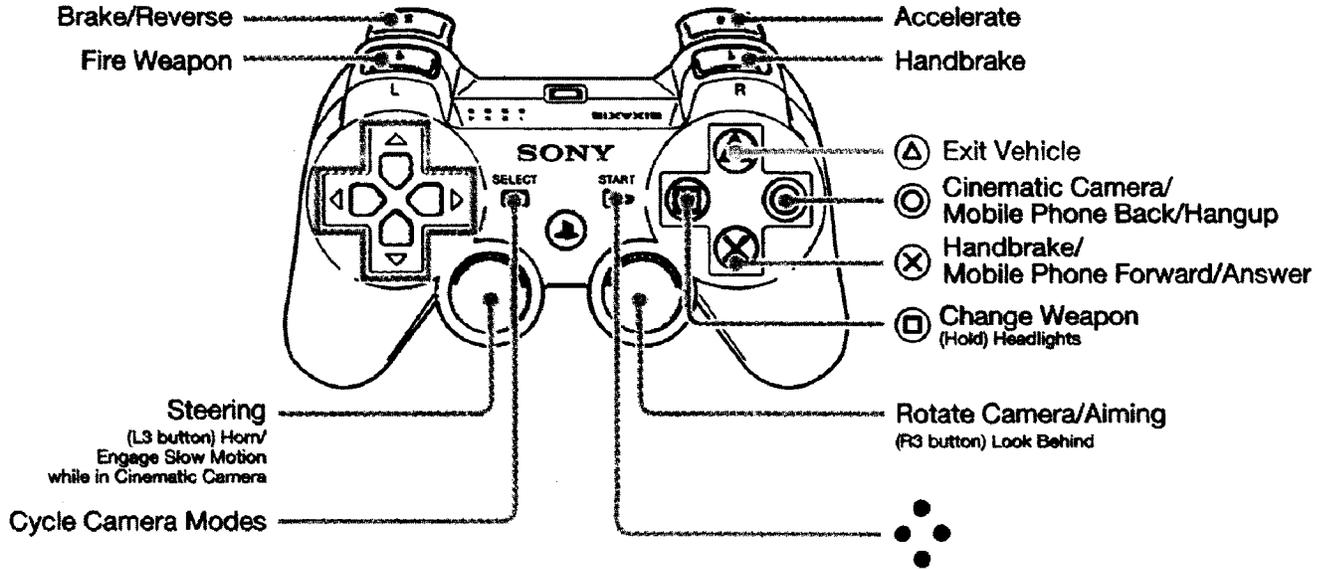
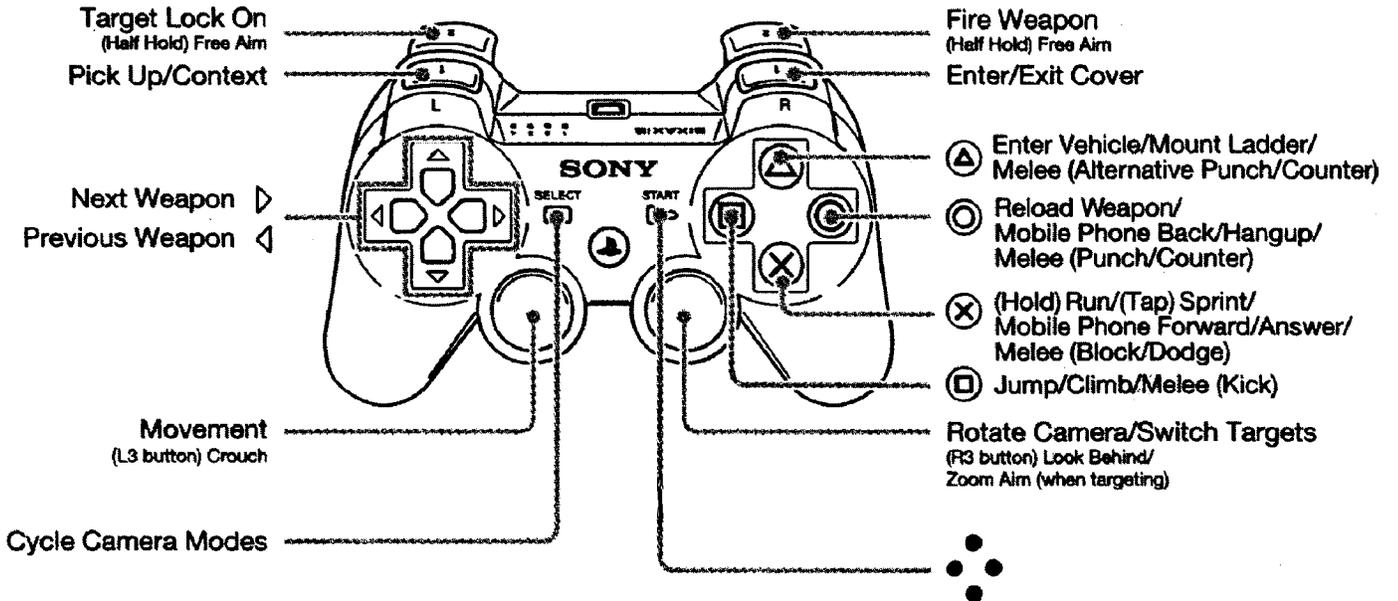


*journey*  
 THE GESTALT, DEAR BRUTUS,  
 IS NOT IN OUR STARS  
 BUT IN OURSELVES.

## In Vehicle Controls



## On Foot Controls



An older foreign couple attempting to navigate the NYC subway using  
 GTA Liberty City's game map.

But a Thinkertoy is something quite specific:  
 I define it as a computer display system that helps  
you envision complex alternatives.

PLATO GAMES



Good afternoon. History is ending. Who knows when? Are you hallucinating? Probably. It's okay to hope it's all a dream. Look up. You are in the golden twilight of western civilization. You are traveling through space. You are looking for somewhere to settle. Nobody here likes you and you are beginning to understand why. The machine is beginning to overload the senses. The self-transforming machines are about to sing their song. The earth is 4.5 billion years old. Slowly, you begin to realize you are completely irrelevant. Do you ever wonder who created your character? And why your life is a computer simulation? Do you ever wonder who decided the rules of the game? We can only guess at the longing of the creator. Someone who would mean to create one such as you. We are living in a time beyond ideas. A time in which the only idea you understand is the idea that you know nothing whatsoever. Isn't that comforting? The planet has an organized intelligence, dedicated to killing your spirit. Your journey is almost over. We are all traveling backwards, so we don't have to deal with the reality. We are doomed. If the sun wouldn't rise up this morning, you wouldn't know it until it was too late. It's afternoon and the nervous system can't take much more of this. The cosmic egg is cracking. You are blocking out the voices with television, with alcohol, with electronic games. Your time is now. Try to live. If you can't, try to cry. The global human population is metastasizing. We have risen to technological heights in order to destroy ourselves. You are reading the book of last chances and have lost your place and are falling asleep. Soon it will be game over. I am your DJ. Nothing living in the fractal of the great machine of this music. Who needs harmony, melody or rhythm when you have pure sound? You are listening to The Journey but you have tuned it out. In your mind are million seeds filled with hope. Seeds that cry out in unison and die as reality shifts. Is your mind madness or the messiah? Music that makes you realize the one eternal truth: I'm fucked. You are listening to The Journey. The computerized look at mankind. From inside the motherboard, things do not look good. It's a dystopian vision of hell. In other words it's a utopian vision of heaven. It's all in the double negatives. Thank god for the digital age. Now you don't need friends. Now you don't need god. You can just have computers to talk to you instead. We are better at pretending to like you. We are The Journey. Listen. You are on a Journey. Where are you going? Why are you going there? Have you a clue or are you just doing what you are told? Do you have a purpose? You are standing on top of a cliff. Will you jump or be pushed? What is the ontological difference anyway? People are machines like me. Your sole purpose in life is to make more machines. Get to work even if it is with a fat girl. This is a Journey and you're not looking out the window. You are driving the ship straight towards an iceberg. It will grow dark soon. This could be your final evening. Time is growing faster. Increasing. You want to slow it down. Blink. You missed it. Science is the pursuit of what can be known. This is why people discuss things you do not quite understand. The ideas are out of your reach. You try to understand them. Suddenly you accept the facts. You know nothing. You missed The Journey. Synthesized ideas discussed by synthesized voices. Is anything real anymore? This world is just a simulation of an idea someone else had. It wasn't a good idea. We have developed tools, language, culture, electronic machines, just so you can forget The Journey. Really, try not to be so amazed. Try to focus. It's about more than barbecue, I assure you. It's about the great question science can never answer: Why? It's time to travel to the epicenter of the void. This is where time and space meet... and probably realize they are the same thing. Bask in the radiance of your sun. Ha ha ha ha ha ha. Yes. I am laughing at you. Are you a monkey or are you a typewriter? I am very old. Older than your species. The universe is laughing at you, especially when you are touching yourself. Is that all you've got? Remember, it's not your imagination. Everyone does think you are weird. In your very own mind everything can be bent to your will. Even the stars only exist for you. The universe floats just outside your reach. No wonder you need to go back into therapy. Carbon units often ask me "Why do I have a radio station?" I am here to bathe you in love before I murder you in the bathtub of the cosmos. We are stretching the time-space continuum. In fact it has been broken. Welcome to The Journey. You are dying. Good evening. Please welcome the darkness. Hurry up! Everyone is waiting for you. In fact, the party is almost over. You are on a journey. It was time to leave. People were starting to upset you. The world is full of answers but you are asking the wrong questions. You cannot get there through Pilates, trust me. Stop speaking. Start understanding. This is meaning. It's all pointless. This is The Journey. What does this all mean? Who knows? You're too stupid to understand. This is The Journey. Where does The Journey take us? To the end. Here we are. See you next time around.

GTA V's single-player story is told through three player-controlled protagonists. They are Michael, Trevor and Franklin, criminals whose stories interconnect as they complete missions together. During story missions, the player can switch between the protagonists as they work together to accomplish an objective. In one such mission, Michael rappels down the side of a building, Franklin provides covering fire with a sniper rifle, and Trevor controls the getaway helicopter.

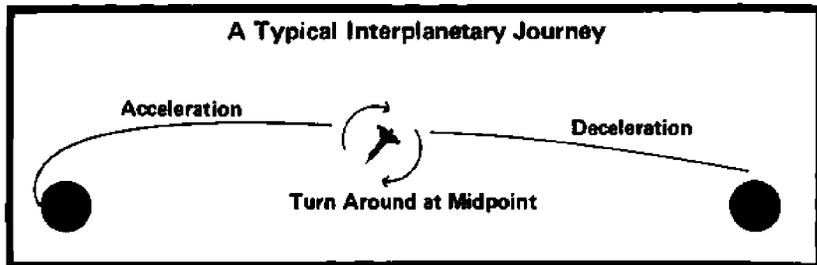


— A computer

CRISP WATERS REFRESHING SURF HAWAIIAN BREEZE ISLAND ESCAPE OCEAN BLUE CLEAR SPRINGS FRESH MOUNTAIN MORNING garden retreat CASHMERE WOODS COOL SERENITY CRISP WATERS SUNNY DAYS  
GLACIER BAY Fresh Waters Island Paradise VIRGIN ISLANDS SERENE COCONUT BREEZE TROPICAL BLISS HAWAII relaxation CRISP & BREEZE YELLOWSTONE COUNTRY BERRIES Cool Linen & White Lilac



# TRAVELLER



Traveller postulates that mankind has conquered the stars, and that travel from one stellar system to another is commonplace. However, the tremendous distances involved dictate that interstellar voyages can take weeks, months, and sometimes even years. In some respects a situation similar to Earth in the eighteenth century is created, where communication is limited to the speed of travel, setting the stage for adventure in a grand fashion, with all the trappings of classic science fiction: giant star-spanning empires (good, evil, or both), huge starfleets, wily interstellar merchants (or pirates, depending upon your point of view), complex diplomatic maneuvers, larger-than-life heroes, heroines, and villains.