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Biographies and Illustrations
Hi there,

Someday, maybe, you’ll get an issue of Unwinnable Weekly that is all about flowers and people being nice and puppy dogs. I doubt it, though.

That’s not because of that old chestnut about bad news selling, though after a decade (!) in the news business, I can tell you first hand that there is some truth to that. On slow nights at one outlet, for example, we’d scour the web for missing persons stories - always a high traffic get. If the victim happened to be a white, blonde single mother, we’d have more clicks than we knew what to do with.

It has more to do with stories about happiness being boring. The same way that God is the literal deus ex machina in an exorcism movie, a story about happiness inevitably ends with “and they lived happily ever after.” Any story with a resolution that can be summarized in six words isn’t worth your time.

No, the stories worth telling are about struggle and hardship and uncertainty. This issue has that in spades. Miguel Penabella explores the brutal surrealism of *Kane & Lynch 2: Dog Days*. Corey Milne grapples with the lonely isolation of *The Rapture is Here and You Will Be Forcibly Removed From Your Home*. Matt Duhamel gives us a searing account of his troubled youth and his impulse to create. And in perhaps the saddest story of all, our resident Space Marine advice columnist, Aurelius Ventro, tells you how to avoid loneliness in love. Hint: you have to kill a dog.

Happiness is a perfect and absolute state. “I’m happy but my back hurts” or “I’m happy despite my dog dying” aren’t true statements. The truth is more along the lines of, “I really messed up my back and in an effort to distract myself from the excruciating pain, I am doing my best to pretend to be happy.”

Happy is a unicorn. Chase meaning instead.

Stu Horvath,
Kearny, New Jersey
June 23, 2014
André Breton, living amidst the eccentric artistic scene of Paris in 1929, wrote in his *Second Manifesto of Surrealism*, “The simplest surrealist act consists of running down into the street, pistols in hand, and firing blindly, as fast as you can pull the trigger, into the crowd.”

I kept this passage in the back of my mind while stomaching IO Interactive’s 2010 game *Kane & Lynch 2: Dog Days*, a repellent game that nonetheless boasts expressive moments of artistic provocation.

Best taken as a standalone title distinct from its subordinate predecessor, the game manipulates and perverts its very form, filtering its images through the nihilistic death drive of the brutal criminal protagonists at its core. *Dog Days* expresses that buried savagery roaring to the surface by way of deliberate hideousness and stands as an outstanding provocation, particularly for a genre hesitant to challenge artistic expectations. By denying audiences pleasurable videogame aesthetics, the game reveals the hidden violence beneath the form itself and robs players of the usual adrenaline-pumping enjoyment.

Surrealism exhibits a similar project in challenging and warping our understanding of reality by collapsing the logic of dreams into a familiar, everyday artistic mold. Although *Dog Days* doesn’t immediately evoke a dreamlike aesthetic that might situate it amongst Breton’s contemporaries, it embraces a myriad of nightmarish images that distorts its reality into a dissonance of roughly censored images, malfunctioning cameras and
nauseating lights and colors – as though the whole world is crashing into a hellish abyss.

Two especially vivid sequences stick out in my mind. One: the grim surrealism of a sudden highway shootout early in the game, displaying a striking sense of memento mori with dead civilians slumped over blaring, flatlining car horns and the overall aesthetic of wreckage and cheerless blight. Two: a later sequence involving its naked, severely lacerated protagonists sprinting like hurt swine through dingy alleyways, guns blazing into crowds.

Death, or rather, a general lack of life in its dreary setting, informs the game’s aesthetic. The landscape is comprised of hollowed-out cars, vacant city streets, crumbling buildings and faltering neon fixtures threatening to burn out. Like the lumbering, unkempt men steering the narrative, Dog Days’ vision of Shanghai is dying a slow, excruciating death. The seedy criminal Glazer sneers, “This town was built for people like us.”

The observation is a vindication for imagery seemingly out of a Cronenberg film. The game’s aesthetic uses the low-grade, home video quality of a snuff film (associating it with that other provocative examination of death and violence, Manhunt), the camera unsteadily stumbling forward as though filmed by an unseen presence in the world, pixelating parts of dead bodies to suggest corruption and decay too gruesome to endure on its own terms.
Dog Days weaponizes the camera, transforming a tool of documentation into an audiovisual assault that discharges cruddy, glitchy visuals and brash noise with great effect. You are complicit in the chaos as the would-be detached third-person camera operator, soaking in the uncaring world that renders its protagonists’ attempts at normalcy utterly futile. Max Chris, in a piece comparing Dog Days and Spec Ops: The Line, likens the protagonists’ degraded psyches to survival horror: “Shanghai is to Kane and Lynch what Silent Hill is to James Sunderland – a reflection of their own inner psychologies.” The lucid nightmare of Shanghai encompasses the kind of locales analogous to a genre setting, offering a nauseating mixture of greens, greys and browns endemic of a sickly world sprouting with parasitic squalor.

These nihilistic aesthetics, along with the uncompromisingly cutthroat gunplay, reflects the lives of the game’s protagonists – lives that can only amount to ignoble death in a gutter somewhere in a Shanghai slum. For instance, the highway shootout renders the open-air freedom of the road into a claustrophobic gauntlet of mangled vehicles, scattered corpses and wild gunfire.

“What the fuck is happening? This is a fucking nightmare,” Glazer feverishly snarls at Lynch.
It is a nightmare, conjured through Shanghai’s industrial jungle and the droning soundtrack of an oppressive world. Even in broad daylight, the sun capitulates to a harsh glare lacking any trace of warmth – suffocating and all-encompassing. Periphery sounds – pained screams in the distance, the crackling of flame, the bark of gunfire – are an aural landscape like a surrealist collage of noise reminiscent of David Lynch’s *Eraserhead* or the brooding ambience of Brian Eno. Kane and Lynch sell the urgency of tense moments, screaming or grunting as they attempt to simply trudge forward. Even hardened men have human anxiety and these aural cues convey *Dog Days*’ ceaseless futility.

During their naked escape, the game convulses vehemence. From the grimy torture bathroom, the pair stumble into more violence, hell-bent, as if they crave it. Completely stripped, the two characters succumb to bodily corruption with no hope of ever returning as they once were.

*Dog Days* captures the grotesque, both in its protagonists and the expressive lucidity of death. It’s a morally-taxing game, with an aesthetic so bent on despair that it borders on the work of Cormac McCarthy or Francis Bacon. There are no heroes in the world of *Dog Days*, only powerful and weak people in purgatorial corrosion. The powerful orchestrate from a shadowy distance, formless and concealed. Up close, the weak compel even as they nauseate and discourage sympathy. It’s the imperfection of Kane and Lynch that makes them linger. They hesitate, they stumble, they fall. Like human beings.
Where does madness leave off and reality begin? Is it possible that even my latest fear is sheer delusion?

- “The Shadow Over Innsmouth”
What would you do if the end was coming? If you saw it crawl over the horizon with inexorable intent? Dark tendrils reaching out and invading every nook of normalcy, until all that remained could only be half-recognized through lurid recollection? Perhaps a better question is, what could you do? The loss of control can be a frightening thing. It is what startles men and women into action, overtaking routine that can keep chaos at bay. We structure every aspect of our lives knowing full well that change is inevitable, hoping to hold it off. True importance may lie in how we cope with that change when it eventually comes.

On February 20, Ukraine suffered its worst day of violence in 70 years. The first clashes emerge from once-peaceful protests held by people who want closer trade agreements with the European Union. Viktor Yanukovych, the current president, disappears as government administrative buildings are seized. Plans are made to depose the president with elections to be held at a later date (it is later revealed that Yanukovych has fled to Russia seeking sanctuary.) In the peninsula bordering the Black Sea there are reports of uniformed gunmen taking control of airports. Ukraine takes a breath.

I am standing amongst the rolling hills of a meadow. There is a large disc-like object hanging in the air. I do not know what it is, nor where it came from. It continues to grow larger as time goes on.

*The Rapture is Here and You Will Be Forcibly Removed from Your Home* is a deliberation on the works of H.P. Lovecraft, who delved into the themes of madness and incomprehensible forces beyond our control or understanding. In a sense, it centers on the idea that life itself is relatively inconsequential when compared to the infinite void of existence.
There are no objectives within the game. There is only the knowledge that something is about to happen, and this proves to be the anchor that plants the player firmly into the realm of existential dread.

A feeling of inevitability permeates the entire experience. It is an oppressive force that weighs heavy in the back of your mind as you make your way through the world. The effectiveness of the game’s music is key to its success; *The Rapture is Here and You Will Be Forcibly Removed from Your Home*’s world itself is deathly silent, the music transitioning between leaden tones that make your hair stand on end to lighter, uplifting notes. The change and inconsistency ensures that you can never settle into any one rhythm. Mirroring life, squirming in turmoil.

There is no clear measurement for the passage of time. All you can perceive is the ominous shape in the sky growing larger. At some point, whatever is going to happen will happen.

I cannot pin down the moment when I broke into a sprint. I don’t know why I ran. It was impossible to tell if I was running to or from something. Once I started I could not stop. I would glimpse distant landmarks and head straight for them. All of the time the object in the sky grew larger. All the time I ran from its shadow.

With Russian forces massing on the Ukrainian border, Crimea votes for secession. Putin signs a bill to absorb the peninsula into the Russian Federation, undoing what Khrushchev had done in 1954. Old wounds are opened. Suddenly countrymen are facing countrymen across makeshift barricades. It is a country on the brink of tearing itself apart.

History casts its long shadow.
The militias seize control. All across eastern Ukraine, pro-Russian separatists are dictating the flow of events. They turn administrative buildings into fortified positions of control, bringing down government aircraft in a bid exert their will. The new government in power is unable to push back, in fear of angering the bear across the border.

In the middle of it all, the ordinary citizens try to go about the business of daily life, the specter of conflict looming. There is no telling what is about to transpire. No one wants to be swept away in the corrosive madness that now holds their nation in sway.

Lovecraft equates madness to the loss of control. Within *Rapture* there was nowhere to run. No way to put a halt to the impending threat. I ran anyway. Perhaps games had instilled within me a need for structure. Without a mission to complete I was lost in a haze of aimless activity.

Run far enough in one direction and you arrive upon a wooden fence – the boundary of the game world. Beyond it the hills roll into infinite green beneath a welcoming sun. The shadow is far behind you. It is coming, of course, but it is not here yet. During what was my third playthrough, I halted. It was an incredibly freeing experience to stop running and idle beneath the digital sunshine. To stroll along the fence, and accept circumstance. My soul felt lighter for it.

Some people spend their entire lives running in a vain attempt to stay in control, in the belief they are the master of events. In the end they may find that time has run out, and looking back they gaze dolefully at how little they have achieved.

While revolution may be inevitable, it is in the spaces between events that the future plays out. It is in small personal stories you find that which makes up the fabric of the world; if you don’t slow down every now and then you could very well end up missing them.
A few days ago, I took notice of someone on Twitter who had produced extremely evocative and detailed sketches on a notepad while idly waiting on a phone call. I insecurely quipped that this person should teach me how to draw. Their response has gripped me ever since.

“The why of drawing is far more important than the how.”

This statement goes far beyond drawing ability. The reason we do things is more important than anything else. For this person, the why is something very intimate, almost spiritual. For many, creation seems to be about manifesting some kind of inner self, or extending themselves out into the world in a way that only it can. When asked, I’d probably lie and say something similar, but if I’m honest, my reason why is all fucked up. To explain why my Why is what it is and not the Why it ought to be, I have to tell you about some awful stuff. It’s pretty raw.

My earliest memory is of attempting to film a movie with my father and mother. It was a rainy afternoon and I had found an old tripod. I wrote a small script and wanted them to act it out while I filmed them. My dad said a few lines and I encouraged him, with all the eagerness of a child at play, to say them with more feeling. He laughed, rolled his eyes and informed me, “That’s enough of that.”

“You don’t even have a camera, Matt,” he said. “This is a little silly, don’t you think?”
Growing up, I was diagnosed with a form of Asperger’s Syndrome. Whether the diagnosis was accurate or not is beside the point. The effect was that it profoundly shaped my childhood. My parents now had an answer that gave order and reason to my anxiety, obsessions and extreme curiosity about not-normal-kid-things and it had nothing to do with their constant fighting. It was a condition and that meant it was treatable.

Gamification sickens me on an almost instinctual level because it entered my life when I was only eight. Punishing me when I didn’t clean my room, do my homework, or eat the right foods only escalated situations – because tackling depression with groundlings is never useful – but this new diagnosis offered them an alternative. It was my Asperger’s that prevented me from reacting normally to punishment; a weakness of my character that could be adapted to. Psychologists informed them that my obsession with videogames was due to a need for positive reinforcement. The solution? A point system. Every time I did even the smallest thing right I was given a point. They were magnetized gold stars on a white board. At the end of the week I could trade them in for small, meaningless trinkets like pens and pencils. Lego were deemed too decadent a prize. They demanded that my school implement the system in the classroom only for me. I was the kid who had a white board with his name on it in class. This worked – and backfired – because humans are drawn to rewards in a Pavlovian sense, but I felt that it showcased just how different, how weak, I was compared to the other kids.

I quickly began to fight back against the system. I figured out ways to manipulate it. I broke my chores down into smaller increments, dragging them out to get more points. Eventually the system was changed. The loopholes I found were closed. I was deemed a difficult case and the psychologists suggested I be sent to a special school.

When people talk about abuse in their past, it usually involves a family member. My parents, while prone to making mistakes, were nothing if not well-meaning and loving. For me, abuse happened at the special school I attended for a year and half. Being in Chelmsford, Massachusetts, a small town over 25 miles from the nearest coast, it had
the unlikely name of Lighthouse. The points system remained, but whenever I acted out in class or escalated a disagreement – that being the only form of self-expression I had at the time – I was taken away to a padded room and restrained by an adult man. I’d often spend what felt like hours of the day in these rooms, although my memory is unsure as there was no clock or windows. The restraints never bruised me more than a bit and, since I could throw a mean tantrum, I can understand why they might want to keep me from hurting someone, but this had a profound effect on my psyche. When the sessions were over the adults never apologized for what they did. They always saw it as a benefit to me. To this day, I struggle with a sense of impotence. I’m hyper-competitive in a way that is unhealthy and I can trace it back to this room. I remember, lying face down on the mat, struggling to breath, I would make promises to myself of how strong I’d be someday. I wanted to grow up and learn how to be better than anyone who did this to me.

Eventually, my parents decided that Lighthouse wasn’t the right fit for me and I needed to reintegrate into a normal public school. I began busing many miles away to a school that had experience with special needs kids. I was put in a classroom with those that had severe disabilities. There was no formal instruction. The restraining sessions continued but they were done in a library instead of a padded room. This continued for another year and a half. I made no friends. Eventually they pulled me out of school altogether.

Fast forward two years. It’s fourth grade and I’m now in California. Corporal punishment is illegal in California, so the restraining stopped. Instead they decided the best they could do is slowly reintegrate me into normal life, as if I was some kind of mentally broken thing. Never once was I consulted on how best to deal with my own emotions. At first I was only allowed to attend school a couple days a week for a couple hours. This continued for a year or so. The next year they tried to up me to a half-day but by this point I was so de-socialized from all the changes in rules that I was a wreck. I’d cry in class for no reason. They decided this was proof I was not ready, that the Asperger’s wasn’t under control and I needed more time. I’d spend my time at home playing videogames and watching the History Channel. My mother didn’t really have much else for me to do and my father was always busy after work.
Whenever they attempted to up my hours in class, my test scores were closely monitored. Any sign that my grades were low was cause for lowering my hours again. This, combined with my already-formed sense of impotence, caused me to obsess over doing things perfectly. I needed to prove to all of them they were wrong about how broken I was. I’d stay up until five in the morning practicing for spelling tests only to do poorly because I’d fall asleep in class. I’d practice the same four notes on my violin over and over trying to get a perfect tone. When I couldn’t reach perfection? I did what I was taught to do: I reduced my hours. I would give up, do nothing for a long time, and come back to it again later hoping that this time I was ready. Nowhere in my hours of psychology sessions, behavioral assessments and parent teacher conferences was I taught that growth came from work, and that hard work was incredibly cathartic.

Eventually, my mom got sick with cancer and the focus put on my “training” was slackened. With less pressure to succeed, I began to, not surprisingly, succeed. By this point it was the middle of high school and the thing about trying to pack a childhood of social experiences into high school is that it doesn’t really work. I was the very definition of odd. I found my way into a church youth group that gave me focus and a sense of community, but the church’s particular brand of Evangelicalism played upon the perception of myself as somehow flawed, broken, screwed up. I developed an extreme sense of guilt and began to believe that sin was what prevented me from fixing myself. This piety was applauded and outwardly I seemed to fit in but inside I was a mess. I began to flagellate myself. After a night of playing too many videogames, eating too many nachos and masturbating too much for a Good Person, I’d kneel on the floor and cry silently and hold my arms outstretched in a cross-like position until they burned and twitched.

At church, everyone thought I was a model student, attending all services, volunteering as a youth leader to the junior high students. These kids would later tell me that I was a huge inspiration to them. I felt like a failure.

I still feel like a failure.

I went to college to study animation, literally on a whim. It was
simply because the only bright spot growing up was the escape of videogames and I wanted to bury myself in them completely as an adult. I picked animation because I couldn’t draw and had spent no time studying art. I wanted to prove to the world that I could spend four years in college and come out a master. Growing up, a special aide would come into my classes on the first day and pass out literature on Asperger’s to the other students in order to prepare them for my arrival. When I arrived at college, I buried my past and made no mention of it. Despite this, the fears and the anxiety remained. When I struggled to do well, my perfectionism and fear of being found out would surface and I would shut down. I couldn’t bring myself to turn in the assignments that mattered most. My teachers would ask me why someone as bright as me did so little work but I could never bring myself to admit how I was feeling, to admit that I was weak, to ask for time off to get my head straight. I averaged a C+ in all my major courses despite having an A average in everything else. It took me years after college to muster up the courage to apply for a job in my field.

When you spend so much time developing a perception of yourself as incapable and flawed, you eventually manifest that subconsciously in self-sabotage. All through college and after, up until very recently, I’ve done it. I don’t believe I can truly change, so I never try to implement healthy systems to accomplish things. I eat to hurt myself. I fret about all the time I’ve wasted and am convinced that I cannot redeem what is an irredeemable life. Whenever I do muster the energy to attempt something, I always perceive it as a test: something I need to do to prove that I’m like all the people around me that I admire. I am often insanely jealous of those around me. Not because of their success, although that is part of it, but because they seem to enjoy their lives. It seems like, for them, art is something fun, exciting, meaningful. From where I sit, it looks like they don’t feel like they need to prove anything to anyone, most of them anyway. The Why of their creative process is part of how they navigate their world. The Why isn’t so that one day they will receive enough external validation to wipe away the memory of their childhood.

I want a different Why. I want to do things simply because I like the way the idea rolls off my tongue. I want to make weird gifs and put them on
the internet. But I don’t. I hold back 99 percent of what I want to do. Why? Because then you’d all see how lame and silly and banal I really am. Because maybe after all the effort and toil it will be revealed that the psychologists were right: I really am a broken thing in need of fixing. That all the stuff I do is really just a little too silly, don’t you think?

I can’t fucking live locked up like this anymore and so, well, maybe it’s time everyone sees just how much of an earnest loser I am. I want the Why of my work to be because it allows me to trace the contours of my existence through creation, even if those contours are messy and uninteresting. The stuff I make will probably suck, it won’t have good branding, and most of it will be useless. It’s entirely likely that I will never get over my childhood, that I will never stop feeling crippling self-loathing in the middle of the day that stops all work, that I will never be able to help others because I can’t help myself.

I think that the only way I have left to try is to just be myself. If it’s a couple years from now and you are someone who wants to know why there is a bunch of weird, stupid, all-too-fucking-earnest and pedestrian not-games adding to the already overwhelming noise of the Internet, well, here you go. It’s all a little bit silly, but I don’t want to be ashamed anymore.

Speak the lines with more feeling.

I’m using the fucking tripod. 🏅
Dear Space Marine
By Aurelius Ventro
Editor's Note: Each month, Unwinnable's resident advice columnist dispenses wisdom of the ages in response to your email and Twitter questions. He just happens to do so from 38,000 years in the future. With the help of the ancient computer CHAD and the mecha-tentacled Magos Valence Mak, Tech-Marine Aurelius Ventro of the Imperial Fists delivers the enlightenment of the Emperor to your unworthy human eyes — as only a Space Marine can.

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Dear Space Marine,

There’s this girl I like at school. I really want to be with her, but I don’t think she even knows I exist. How do I win her heart?

- Lonely in Love

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Dear Lonely,

What a strange designation you have. Were all humans of your era named after their most pathetic weaknesses?

I must confess that your question is somewhat difficult for a Space Marine to answer. In the grim darkness of your far future, there is only war. An Astartes warrior does not concern himself with the ambiguities of human mating rituals. To paraphrase a popular holofilm of your time: No time for love, Apothecary Jones.

Let us start with the assumption that by “win her heart” you mean “convince her to mate with you,” not “tear the still-beating blood-distribution organ from her chest.” That would be an easy solution, provided you have ready access to a chainfist.

I asked Magos Mak, who is at least nominally female despite her almost entirely mechanical exoskeleton, for her insight on your query. Her response was a blunt burst of Mechanicum code-cant that loosely translates as “bring extra unguents.” I admit I do not know how to interpret the accompanying thrusting of her mecha-dendrites.

I must therefore draw on my own experience to address your query. If human mating rituals work anything like Astartes initiation rites, you must prove your worth to the female you desire.
When Space Marines are novitiates, we must perform tasks of courage and skill to demonstrate our merit to our Chapter. For example, the Iron Snakes hunt the giant Wyrms that stalk Ithaka’s vast oceans, whilst the bravest Salamanders of Nocturne slay a Firedrake in honour of their Primarch, the mighty Vulkan. And of course, no Space Wolf worth his gene-seed would be caught dead without the pelt of a vicious Fenrisian wolf proudly splayed across the pauldrons of his Power Armour.

In most cases, Space Marines must slay a mighty beast, often with our bare hands, to prove our mettle. I see no reason why you should not attempt the same.

However, from the mewling tone of your missive, I deduce that you are a mere scholam child, unaccustomed to combat. Thus I engaged CHAD’s search function to determine what manner of ancient creature an untrained weakling such as yourself could reasonably be expected to defeat.

In its results, CHAD identified a domesticated mammalian quadruped called a “COCKerspaniel.” (CHAD’s display algorithms are quite particular; therefore I assume its capitalization of the term “COCK” refers to some arcane acronym of your time. When I requested her analysis of “COCK,” Magos Mak merely fixed her ocular implants upon me with what can only be described as a leering expression.)

I suggest you search your hive-hab area for a live COCKerspaniel, gut it from snout to tail, and drape
its still-dripping carcass about your shoulders. If you are truly fortunate, perhaps the female you desire will own such a creature herself. Then your capture and killing of the beast will impress her even more, as you will have slain the animal she has trained to protect her. She cannot fail to see the honour of such an act.

In any case, the soundest tactic is to arrive at the portal to her hab with the bloody pelt of a COCKerspaniel displayed proudly on your back. When she answers your summons, announce yourself with a title worthy of your achievement -- for example, “Lonely, the COCK-Slayer.” Then, after meticulously recounting your bravery in slaying the beast, profess your desire to mate with her. If nothing else, this will undoubtedly compel her to acknowledge your existence.

In the Emperor’s name, I remain a faithful Servant of the Golden Throne,

Aurelius Ventro
Tech-Marine,
4th Company “Fists of Dorn,”
Imperial Fists Chapter
Miguel Penabella is a freelancer and comparative literature academic who worships at the temple of cinema but occasionally bears libations to videogames. His written offerings can be found on First Person Scholar, Thumbsticks and Medium Difficulty. He blogs on Invalid Memory.

Corey Milne has been into videogames ever since he went on an adventure with a bandicoot. Other interests include history, science fiction and Judge Dredd. An Irishman living in Scotland, he is attempting to make a living from writing to justify his masters degree. Follow him on Twitter @Corey_Milne.

Matt Duhamel is an interactive artist seeking definition in Seattle. You can find his digital consciousness on Twitter @dualhammers or www.dualhammers.com.

Aurelius Ventro is a Tech-Marine from the 4th Company of the Imperial Fists Space Marine Chapter who won’t be born for another 38,000 years, but that doesn’t mean he can’t dispense wisdom from the 41st millennium. Solicit responses to your pitiful mortal queries at DearSpaceMarine@gmail.com or at @DearSpaceMarine. The only human he follows on Twitter is @johnpetergrant.

Arahmynta Duhamel is a concept artist dreaming of worlds in Seattle. Check out her portfolio. She would like to get to know you at on Twitter @mynta.

Amber Harris is an artist, lover of lore and a Magic: The Gathering fangirl. She is trying hard to convince her parents that creating art for a living is a good idea. You can find her art at cowsgomoose.tumblr.com. Follow her on Twitter @amburgersupreme.

Illustrations:
Cover: Connor Sherlock
Death and Form: IO Interactive
Rapture: Connor Sherlock
An Artist’s Statement: Arahmynta Duhamel
Dear Space Marine: Amber Harris
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