

ISSUE 34

EXPLOITS

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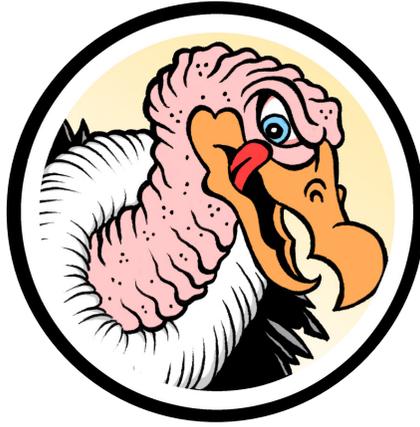
an **UNWINNABLE** publication

Rob Haines on
**The ABSURDITY
of HITMAN**



The DEATH of the NINTENDO DS

• ***The MEMORY POLICE • RED RIDING HOOD •
ALONE • TWO MINUTES to LATE NIGHT***



Editor in Chief | Stu Horvath

EXPLOITS

A MAGAZINE DEDICATED TO THE REASONS WE LOVE THINGS

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This machine kills fascists.

SMALL HANDHELD, AFFORDABLE ADVENTURES

by Latonya Pennington

In September, 2020, it was announced that Nintendo **had ceased all production** of its 3DS handheld gaming device. Not only did this signify the end of the 3DS era after its first appearance in 2011, but it also marked the end of the entire Nintendo DS line. The original Nintendo DS appeared on the scene in 2004 and 2005, and its DS Lite counterpart would become my gateway to my favorite videogame genre: Japanese roleplaying games.

I was originally introduced to JRPGs via the Playstation 2 as a kid, the game *Tales of Legendia* having knocked my socks off in 2005. The music, dramatic cutscenes, storylines and character development left me in so much awe that I replayed it two or three times after I beat it. However, my strict parents (bless their hearts) rarely let me pick out my own games. Combine this with a lack of buying knowledge and money, and you have a Black Asian kid who was deprived of JRPGs for more than a decade.

The only other JRPG I would play between 2005-2019 was the very first game I picked out for myself: *Legacy of Ys Book I & II*. This game was a DS port of two Ys PC games published by Nihon Falcom in 1990. *Legacy of Ys* cost my mom around \$20 in 2009 and was worth the money due to having two games in one DS cartridge. *Ys I* made as big of an impact on me as *Tales of Legendia* did due to its sprawling dungeons, epic quest and awesome music.

After holiday robberies in 2006 and 2008 resulted in me losing my Playstation 2, my original DS, a white DS Lite, became my main method of gaming. Although I only played loveable oddities like *Spyro: Shadow Legacy*, my first DS Lite would fill the gaping hole left behind by my Playstation 2 until its top screen went red and then went blank entirely in 2017.

Thankfully, earlier that year, my older sister passed down a tablet that she was no longer using. It was there that I rediscovered JRPGs anew by playing the mobile ports of *Final Fantasy VI* and *V* and playing many fun yet generic games published by Kemco. This sustained me until Christmas 2018, when my sister graciously let me have her old black DS Lite and also gifted me with *Kingdom Hearts 358/2 Days* and her old Game Boy Advance game collection.

Having lost three game consoles, I became determined to make the most out of my second DS Lite. In the summer of 2019, I went back and forth between two Gamestop stores to sell some DS and Game Boy Advance games for store credit. Through my own curiosity and some recs from YouTube gaming enthusiasts, I obtained *Kingdom Hearts Re: Coded*, *Radiant Historia* and *Dragon Quest IX*. Yet, the most surprising purchase came in the form of the DS port of *Chrono Trigger*, which I happened to find at a Virginia mall Gamestop after Thanksgiving.

In July 2020, I bought *Suikoden Tierkreis*, the final DS JRPG I would buy before the demise of the 3DS. Four months later, I've obtained a 3DS XL of my own thanks to my sister, luck and a very generous seller who sold his console, case and ten games for \$175. Although my time with the DS Lite is now over, I will always be grateful for it. It was a small handheld, but it gave me affordable adventures. Through games like *Ys I*, *Dragon Quest IX* and *Chrono Trigger*, I have a deeper appreciation and love for JRPGs. 🍷



MUSIC



TWO MINUTES to LATE NIGHT, The BED-ROOM COVERS

The ball has dropped on 2020, but as we forge ahead with renewed vigor and a steely resolve, it can be difficult to appreciate the full extent of how this ongoing pandemic upended every aspect of our culture. The music world saw big names succumb to COVID, from the recent passing of country singer Charlie Pride, to Adam Schlesinger of Fountains of Wayne, to the legendary singer-songwriter John Prine. But for every big name that passed, for every megastar that had to cancel globe-spanning tours, there are countless others who grind out a living as touring musicians that were crippled by the closures of smaller clubs, not to mention the millions employed at those venues.

Musicians had to find new ways to stay connected to their audiences. Many livestreamed solo performances from inside their closets over social media, or on Zoom shows organized by promoters of shuttered clubs and even local libraries. While these shows were far more intimate than watching a full band at a crowded bar, there is only so much one performer can do in front of a webcam. I'm no computer expert (all I know is that the World Wide Web is a series of tubes), but it is mystifying to me that technology can instantly

apply a camera filter to your face to make you look like a chicken nugget, but is unable to adequately account for audio lag to allow people to remotely play music together, in real-time, over the interwebs. And some genres of music do not lend themselves to quiet acoustic renditions of songs performed by a single person surrounded by their sweaters.

I listened to a lot of heavy metal in 2020, as Unwinnable's honcho Stu Horvath and I embarked on an [Iron Maiden podcast](#). It's the best Iron Maiden podcast (hosted by two longtime friends from Kearny, New Jersey) out there, in my humble opinion, but listening to all that metal made me appreciate that it is a genre that cannot easily thrive in the brave new world of coronavirus living. Thanks to being a long-time fan and social media follower of Brooklyn metal club St. Vitus, though, I discovered, early on in the shutdown, the greatest thing going in heavy metal in the year of our (demon)Lord 2020 – Two Minutes to Late Night's Bedroom Cover series.

Two Minutes to Late Night ("2M2LN") is an exuberant heavy metal themed spoof of a late-night talk show that is as DIY and devoted to the artists it showcases as the club where it started, St. Vitus. Hosted by Gwarsenio Hall

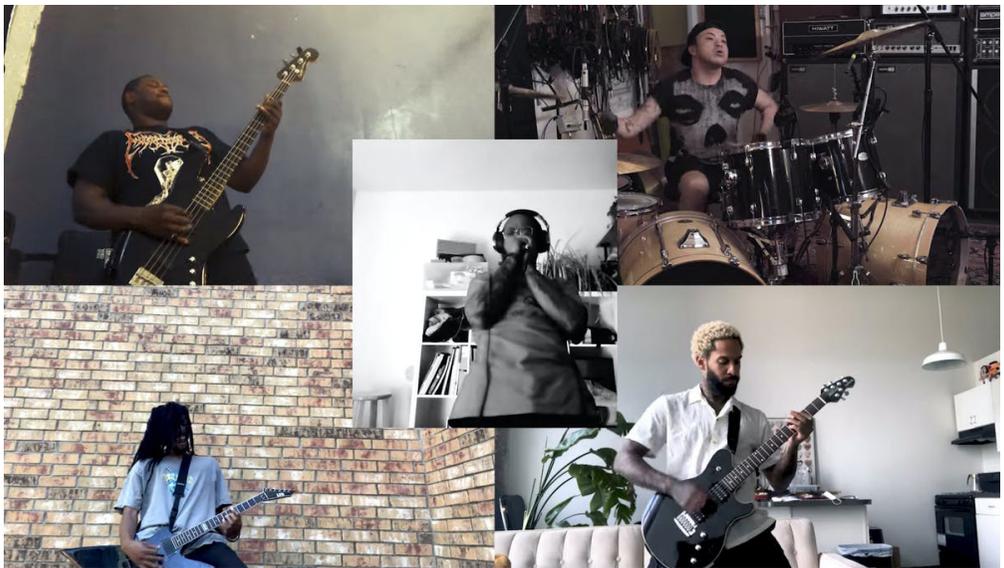
MUSIC

and featuring Kevin the Sound Guy, a.k.a. comedians and co-creators Jordan Olds and Drew Kaufman, 2M2LN manages to thread the very narrow needle of being fun and silly and metal as fuck all at once. One kickass Bedroom Cover of “Rocket Queen” by Guns N’ Roses finds Gwarsenio being handed a cup of tea mid-song. As he sips from the mug, his pained shrieks at the too hot liquid stand in for Axl’s signature ooohs and yeows. Funny isn’t a word often associated with metal. It’s a genre known as much for being self-serious and dark as it is for the utterly illegible fonts used in the logos of its bands. Yet, 2M2LN reveals that heavy metal has plenty of funny and engaging performers who are eager to laugh at themselves and the over-the-top nature of metal’s image.

When the pandemic hit, both St. Vitus and 2M2LN wasted no time in addressing the challenge head-on. St. Vitus launched a hugely successful Kickstarter to support the bar and its employees, and on March 18th, 2M2LN posted its first Bedroom Cover of

“Weird Al” Yankovic’s Devo-inspired masterpiece, “Dare to Be Stupid.” It features 2M2LN co-star Stephen Brodsky of the show’s “house band” Mutoid Man, Nadia Kontogiannis of Dead Temple as a mustachioed Elvira character, Weird Al Vira, and members of Khemmis and Thou playing along with the ludicrously talented Olds. The video displays the strange mix of joyful energy and rippin’ rock that makes the talk show so engaging. Whatever metal mystique is lost by seeing a guitarist shred your face off from a corner of their cramped NYC apartment is more than made up for by the “Metal Stars – They’re Just Like Us” quality of glimpsing into the performers’ very normal looking homes. This allows the well-produced videos to achieve a certain level of intimacy, similar to the solo shows many other, far quieter, musicians have been doing.

Since that first effort, 2M2LN has released a new cover video weekly, totaling 36 installments to date. The song choices cover a broad range of music, from Steely Dan’s “Reelin’ in



MUSIC

PLAYLIST

the Years” to The Misfits’ “Earth A.D.” (with a particularly surprising guest performer). The latest video is a parody of Elton John’s “Step Into Christmas” featuring Gwar entitled “Stab Into Christmas.” It’s as magical as you’d expect. As a bonus, the show has good politics. They released a cover of Rage Against the Machine’s “Killing in the Name” played by all non-white performers in support of defunding the police, and the aforementioned holiday cover features the excellent lyrics, “Stab into Christmas / Let’s kill a landlord / We’ll make him sit on a machine gun bidet!” God bless us everyone, indeed.

2M2LN has a [patreon](#) to raise funds to compensate the various metal musicians and singers who join Olds in performing the cover songs, as well as the behind-the-scenes editors and sound people who put it all together. Faced with an extraordinarily difficult situation, 2M2LN managed to brighten the monotony of quarantine while providing an outlet (and some cash) for stuck-at-home musicians. I believe each one of the covers is worth watching, but I’ve created this YouTube playlist of my 13 favorite (it seemed like the appropriate number to use in connection with a 2020 playlist). Next time you’re feeling glum, check them out. If you missed them in 2020, they’ll make for a great start to your 2021.

– ED COLEMAN



This list provides the original song and artist, with the cover band performers in parentheses as listed by 2M2LN:

“Dare to Be Stupid,” by “Weird Al” Yankovic (MUTOID MAN + KHEMMIS + THOU)

“Reelin’ in the Years,” by Steely Dan (SPIRIT ADRIFT + HIGH ON FIRE + MUTOID MAN)

“Snakes of Christ,” by Danzig (OLD MAN GLOOM + BARONESS + CANDIRIA + POTION)

“Rocket Queen,” by Guns N’ Roses (SLEIGH BELLS + POISON THE WELL + HIGH ON FIRE + CLOAK)

“The Warrior,” by Scandal (UNEARTH + WAR ON WOMEN + BLACK DAHLIA MURDER + VILE CREATURE)

“Candy’s Room,” by Bruce Springsteen (JAY WEINBERG + HIGH ON FIRE + MUTOID MAN + ROYAL THUNDER)

“Something to Talk About,” by Bonnie Raitt (PUP + MASKED INTRUDER + MRS. SMITH)

“Earth A.D.,” by The Misfits (MAX WEINBERG + MY CHEMICAL ROMANCE + HATEBREED + DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN)

“Killing In The Name,” by Rage Against the Machine (JESUS PIECE + FEVER 333 + CREEPING DEATH)

“Ever Again,” by Robyn (ROYAL THUNDER + MASTODON + SPIRIT ADRIFT)

“Dead Man’s Party,” by Oingo Boingo (PROTEST THE HERO + DETHKLOK)

“Walking on Broken Glass,” by Annie Lennox (MURDER BY DEATH + DISTILLERS + MY CHEMICAL ROMANCE)

“Stab Into Christmas,” parody of Elton John (GWAR + MUTOID MAN)

WATCH ON YOUTUBE

BOOKS



The MEMORY POLICE – Yoko Ogawa’s *The Memory Police* takes place on an island where objects disappear, along with people’s memories of them. The few people capable of remembering are hunted down by the sinister, unknowable memory police. For everyone else, the disappearances are impossible to directly confront, much less oppose, for the simple reason that no one can remember what they’re supposed to be grieving.

The main character, a novelist, isn’t one of the few who remembers. The more she loses, the more she perceives “holes” opening in her heart. She attempts to process this phantom grief through her novels. She writes about a woman locked away in a tower after her voice is stolen from her. Eventually the woman gives up on trying to escape, reasoning that even if she could, she would disintegrate, because:

“When the voice that links the body to the soul vanishes, there is no way to put into words one’s feelings or will. I am reduced to pieces in no time at all.”

It’s strange how distinct memory, will and identity seem when we’re privileged enough

to control all three. But when one is stolen, we learn they’re anything but. They’re essential supports for one another and, when one goes, the others fall with it. And we disappear.

Our memories and the selves they compose aren’t abstract concepts that exist outside our lived experience. They *are* our lived experience, made up of the objects experience and the ways we remember them. Without those object-memories, there is no us. We maintain any capacity for self-determination only because we retain the ability to draw our own conclusions: we edit and sort the material we have to work with into the story of who we are. Both parts of the process are necessary: the material, and our memory of it. We are contingent on ourselves, always.

What happens to us, then, when we forget? When a memory changes unnoticed? Now that we’re all locked away in our own towers, lacking so much of the raw material that made us who we are, will our memories of that material alone preserve us? What will happen when we leave our towers? Will we be the ones to leave at all?

– HARRY MACKIN

The INVISIBLE BRIDGE – After reading *Nixonland* last year, I moved on to the next massive installment in Perlstein’s history of American conservatism, which takes its name from advice Krushchev gave to Nixon, “If the people believe there’s an imaginary river out there, you don’t tell them there’s no river there. You build an imaginary bridge over the imaginary river.” This pretty much sums up the political philosophy of the conservative movement in the US. Once again, Perlstein manages to illustrate how effectively cynical right-wing leaders stoked the anger of disaffected voters for political power, while offering an incredibly robust context for the shift in our politics. Most revealing are the parallels between Reagan’s approach to politics and what we’re living through now: spoon feeding people what they want to hear, decrying inconvenient facts as fake news, doubling and tripling down on positions and insisting anyone who disagrees is attempting to destroy America. Thankfully, Trump is less charismatic than the Bedtime for Bonzo President and one million times stupider. But Perlstein’s book about the fall of Nixon and the rise of Reagan reminds us that we are decades into a conservative mission to exploit and nurture people’s feelings of personal grievement to achieve power for power’s sake. Sad.

– ED COLEMAN



The END of the WORLD RUNNING CLUB

– I spend a lot of time thinking about how I’d handle the complete collapse of civilization. The specifics of this situation could arrive via any number of cataclysmic conditions; civil war, widespread natural disasters, some sort of unimaginable horror that I can’t describe on account of its unimaginability. Who knows? Since I have no survival skills, nor any other skills that would have value in a world without wi-fi, it doesn’t matter. I’ve run this mental simulation a million times and the outcomes usually aren’t awesome.

I don’t have any serious anxiety about the world coming to an end soon, but since I’ve picked up *The End of the World Running Club*, it’s a line of thought I’ve been working through with a more urgency than usual. The 2014 dystopian novel from author Adrian Walker follows mediocre thirty-something husband and father Edgar Hill after a meteor shower decimates much of the earth. He’s soon forced to fight against impossible odds to find his family, despite being desperately out of shape and short on motivation.

Seeing shades of your own worst weaknesses reflected in a reluctant and largely unlikeable hero isn’t comfortable, but it does serve as a fair warning against the dangers of complacency, whether the world is ending or not. I’m fortunate to live a life of relative comfort, and now more than ever, that’s nothing to take for granted.

– BEN SAILER



MOVIES



RED RIDING HOOD – Calling *Red Riding Hood* a hot mess is an understatement. On paper, it seems perfect: a money-making machine like *Twilight*; it has a love triangle, supernatural violence, useless parents, even the same director, Catherine Hardwicke. However, the unfocused plot, poor handling of theme and the truly unlikable townsfolk only affords us a film which exists solely as a testament to following a trend for the purposes of profit.

The plot of *Red Riding Hood* is superficially based on the fairy tale of the same name. It has a wolf, a grandmother and a hood to hit all the familiar beats you'd expect. But instead of the story of a young girl who teaches us not to talk to strangers, the film is one of family secrets, suspicion and choosing between two hot sad-boys. None of these subplots do anything but fill time.

For example, Valerie (Amanda Seyfried) must choose between her childhood love and the wealthy blacksmith's son. However, this love triangle was artificially created by Valerie's mother to prevent incest and hide her affair with the blacksmith. This triangle,

manufactured to capitalize on a trend, is just as manufactured within the context of the story itself.

As for the main werewolf plot, if you were expecting it to inject some suspense, or change the stakes as the non-Cullen vampires do in *Twilight*, you'd be disappointed. When confronted with the supernatural, the townsfolk collectively go "well, we're back on this shit again," and everyone puts on their suspicious faces.

This brings us to arguably the most damning failure of *Red Riding Hood*: The townspeople are terrible. They are cruel and petty in ways that may be "realistic" in a medieval-inspired society, but they prove themselves to not be worth saving or even worth Valerie's pity. At no point in *Twilight* did Bella's normie friends do anything so reprehensible as to make us root for Edward to eat them all.

Despite its best effort at being the next *Twilight*, *Red Riding Hood* fails at every turn. In trying to bend over backwards to hit all of the *Twilight*-mom approved beats, it only twists itself into an irredeemable knot.

– SEBASTIEN GREENE

MOVIES

BLOODY NOSE, EMPTY POCKETS – It’s weird to call something a “mockumentary” when it’s done cinema verite, but *Bloody Nose, Empty Pockets* is that. It’s a look at the last night of a fictional Las Vegas bar, filled to the brim with some actors and some actual barflies as they talk about life and memory and regret. It’s lovingly shot, beautifully done, and certainly worth a watch.

– AMANDA HUDGINS



RIDE YOUR WAVE – It’s hard to make me care so much about a boy, let alone a straight couple, but the astonishingly healthy depiction of a mature, interdependent relationship at the heart of *Ride Your Wave* is an astounding exception. Masaaki Yuasa and Reiko Yoshida’s 2019 film rests on the artfully executed tragedy 19-year-old Hinako feels after the death of her boyfriend Minato. As a tide pushes against her board, losing Minato and their future together feels like sliding backwards along the cultural narratives that relationships are seen through. In this way, the story speaks beyond grief. It’s relatable as someone that falls into codependency, as a young woman that constantly mediates her reliance on her boyfriend, as an isolated kid that had to learn to open up and rely on a support system of friends. A partner can quickly become an unknown weight in college years, but from the beginning Hinako wants to feel independent living alone in her unpacked apartment. The hardest part is learning to be alone again, and *Ride Your Wave* reminds us that we can be alone with others.

– AUTUMN WRIGHT



BIT – Labeled as a film of “intersectional vampire lesbians,” *Bit* hopes to achieve “perfect representation.” Yet, what we see is the ends of what representation can do for the audience. A shallow series of images and words that place queer characters against “incel reddit using white men” and then tortures many of the characters of color. Here lies no empowering affect that the film hopes to evoke. We are only left with the feeling that in the end, we were played purely because we hoped to enjoy seeing ourselves on screen.

– WAVERLY



TELEVISION



ALONE – I have been watching a lot of the History channel’s *Alone* while in lockdown. In the comfort of my home, I recline and watch 10 people try to survive in the wilderness for a grand prize of \$500,000. At the same time, the death toll for Americans dying from COVID-19 keeps on ticking. If all this sounds a bit dystopic, that’s because it is.

Alone is basically *The Hunger Games* but the contestants never come into contact with one another. Instead, they are isolated to their own plots of land and forced to make a home out of what is around them. The goal of the reality show? To outlive, or more accurately, *out starve* your fellow competitors. It’s a show that I never would have imagined myself watching, especially while living through a global pandemic that has forced me indoors for extended amounts of time.

And yet, I’ve watched three seasons.

The participants are survival enthusiasts equipped with more knowledge about the outdoors than I’ll ever have. Despite that, I reprimand them through the screen. Underneath multiple layers of blankets, I say things like, “Dude, move your gillnet out further.” Or, “You need to get your fire going, what the hell!?” This coming from me, a man whose survival knowledge begins and ends with the tidbits I’ve learned from this very show.

At first, I thought it was simply the morbid curiosity in me that kept my interest in *Alone*. But I don’t think that’s the case. Outside of my frustrations about how the show exemplifies the ways our capitalistic system willingly cannibalizes us for the sake of monetary gain (these people are starving themselves for months for \$500,000!) I’m struck by the honest revelations many of the contestants come around to during their individual journeys despite the show’s machinations.

Through the deafening silence of isolation, many contestants are able to finally hear a bit of their inner selves again. Parts of themselves long silenced by the daily grind of eating, sleeping and working that many of us face for far too many of our days on this planet.

In the murk of this year, I’m overcome by warmth hearing their epiphanies. They’re often simple things too: realizing the importance of family, pursuing your passions, telling the people in your life that you love them. And while we’re facing a time that no simple platitude can remedy, I don’t mind reveling in these feelings for a moment. Immersing myself in knowing that we are all made of the soil we tread, the people we surround ourselves with and the voices we cultivate within ourselves.

– PHILLIP RUSSELL

TELEVISION

The CROWN – *The Crown* isn't kind to Margaret Thatcher. As an American, I'm not used to seeing 80s neoliberal icons torn down in mass media: half my country, apparently, still worships Reagan and a TV drama so sharply critical of him likely wouldn't air here.

For all this, *The Crown's* take on Thatcher isn't a progressive one: in an otherwise-touching spotlight episode on Thatcher's Britain, a key message seems to be that, perhaps, a monarch would have done a better job in Thatcher's shoes. As the Trump administration proves, many of Reagan's adherents in the States feel similarly.

– VIOLET ADELE BLOCH



SCUMBAG SYSTEM – Of the shows based off the work of established danmei author Mo Xiang Tong Xiu, *Scumbag System* is perhaps the least polished. Done in a 3D style, it can come across as cheap, but in many ways that almost suits its narrative better than if it had been done as lovingly as something like *Heaven Official's Blessing*. *Scumbag System* is about a man who dies while insulting a terrible webnovel with his last breath, and so gets bodily transported into that webnovel to play the role of the stories arch villain. To survive he must follow the rules of the System (which will punish him for being out of character) but he must also try his hardest to not be a complete villain, because the original villain ended up as a bodiless creature in a pickle jar.

It's a silly show, but it's a lot of fun, and you can watch the entire thing for free on Tencent's YouTube channel.

– AMANDA HUDGINS



HEAVEN OFFICIAL'S BLESSING – Beautifully animated, this donghua (Chinese animation) is currently available on both Funimation and Bilibili, and follows the story of a recently re-arisen God Xie Lian who has effectively Forrester-Gumped his way through the regional history of empires, and the red-clad supplicant who has never stopped believing in him even when everyone else gave him up for dead.

It's hard to fully explain the plot, but it's the best television show out this year, and it's based on a very gay, very romantic novel that is also quite good and someday I will manage to write something that will convince people to watch this.

– AMANDA HUDGINS





HITMAN – IO Interactive’s *Hitman* series has an image problem.

Hitman is, in fact, the best slapstick comedy improv murder theatre ever created, but doesn’t know how to convey that to its audience. Instead, it’s marketed as a gritty assassin simulator, jammed full of super-serious-spy cutscenes with the narrative density of an exceedingly-expired can of spaghetti sauce.

2006’s *Hitman: Blood Money* ran magazine adverts with centerfold spreads of murdered women, with aspirational captions like “Perfectly Executed,” while in 2012, *Hitman: Absolution* led with an ill-conceived trailer full of sexually suggestive, heavily-armed nuns, whom Agent 47 proceeded to murder in a climactic gunfight viewed through lingering gratuitous torture-porn shots.

More recently, the rebooted *Hitman* and *Hitman 2* managed to avoid obvious missteps, yet still hid their playful sandboxes behind interminable dour cutscenes, sketching a complex web of covert operations between someone called the “shadow client,” a secret organisation called Providence, an international spy ring whose name utterly escapes me and various other narrative devices whose purpose distills down to one simple truth:

You’re going to be told to kill someone. Sometimes it’s two people, sometimes four. Sometimes you’ll do it by poisoning their

drink, sometimes by staging a horrific accident while you smugly stroll out through oblivious security. Sometimes you’ll do it while wearing a clown suit, or dressed as an anthropomorphic sports mascot or the Phantom of the Opera. Sometimes you’ll be mistaken for another famous bald man - because there’s always another famous bald man you just happen to look remarkably similar to – and you’ll parade around in their clothes, living their fraught little lives until the time comes to strike.

Sometimes you’ll throw **briefcases round corners**. And sometimes you’ll cosh a waiter to steal his uniform, only to realise they weren’t alone and instinctively throw kitchen supplies at the onlooker before they sound the alarm, and yet your target comes to investigate the weighty thunk of canned spaghetti hitting bone, and you’ll do a murder real quick, before scuttling out through a side-door, a trail of havoc and devastation in your wake.

The problem is that it’s hard to convey how ridiculous, joyful and playful *Hitman* is, and it’s simply easier to advertise the game as an espionage thriller about murdering women in sexy lingerie, while spinning the player a yarn about how they’re definitely an edgy assassin with a mysterious past rather than the straight-man in a ludicrous, black-comedy world.

And that does *Hitman* a disservice.

– ROB HAINES

GAMES



DESTINY 2: BEYOND LIGHT – There has never been less to do in *Destiny 2*. Since the coming of the evil pyramid ships, multiple worlds and activities have vanished. It's no longer safe to go to Mercury. Entire raids have disappeared. Whole game modes have collapsed into each other. It's the slimmest the experience has been since launch. And yet, it's the best.

Despite this aggressive “vaulting” of content, *Destiny 2* has never played better. In it's new, svelte form the game is more focused than ever. While there is less to do, everything that is left is more impactful. The game is moving increasingly towards a stage where instead of playing obscure modes tied to rewards simply for the sake of it you instead play the parts you like best to chip away at long term goals.

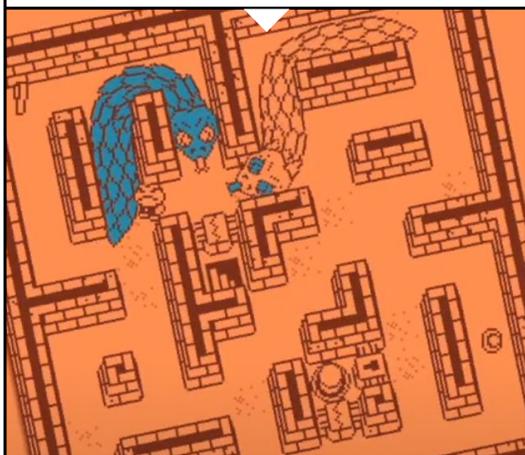
In many ways, this is what “games as service” should be. As they age, there will need to be ways to manage the massive, clunky beasts they become. *Destiny 2* is on a great path to figuring that out.

– DAVID SHIMOMURA



TOMB TOAD – Grabbed this iOS game on a whim because I can only lose at *Downwell* so much. Instead of controlling the toad, you control the dungeon by twisting it around. As such, each little square is a chamber of pain for the titular toad. Something isn't clicking for me, and it's probably the same issue I have with all iOS games – touch screen controls do not satisfy. Human digits are incredibly sensitive, and the tactile response of a control is tattooed into my brain cage. The screen offers nothing in this regard. This is not a failing of *Tomb Toad*, a slippery game made even more frictionless by the nature of the medium. I'm stuck on a level and can't beat it and so I quit.

– LEVI RUBECK



The WITCHER 3 – I'm finally playing this! After owning it for three years! And it's really great!

Very solid third person open world RPG with lots of cute girls and fun dialogue and mysteries. Not the greatest game of all time but hey, not everything can be *Shadowrun: Dragonfall*.

That's life.

– VIOLET ADELE BLOCH

HOROSCOPE

The sky is empty. There are
no stars. 🪐