


IT'S BEEN SAID THAT  
HISTORY IS A SET OF  
LIES ASKEED UPON.

I'VE TRAVELED THE COSMOS, BEEN  
AWED AND HUMBLD BY THE UNIVERSE,  
I'VE EXPERIENCED THE CLOSEST THING  
TO TRANSCENDENCE THAT EVEN I  
COULD HARDLY DREAM WAS POSSIBLE.

AND I'VE LEARNED  
I'VE LEARNED THAT  
EVERYTHING WE  
KNOW, EVERYTHING  
THAT WE ARE...



...IS AN INTERPRETATION.



LIGHT REFLECTS OFF OF MATTER, DEFINING THE WORLD WE SEE.



MEMORIES HEIGHTEN THE TOUCH OF A LOVER'S SKIN, SPARKING SOMETHING WITHIN US THAT WE CALL LONGINGS.



IT'S NOT THAT THE WORLD WE KNOW ISN'T REAL; IT'S THAT OUR EXPERIENCES ARE TRAGICALLY INCONSISTENT WITH ONE ANOTHER.



THE BURDEN OF THE INDIVIDUAL IS TO KNOW LONELINESS, TO KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO FEEL SMALL IN THE FACE OF THE UNIVERSE, NATURE, GOD, WHATEVER THAT THING IS THAT YOU HOLD TRUE.



WITH THIS, WE COME TO UNDERSTAND THE IMPORTANCE OF DREAMS—OUR GREATEST IDEALS AND AMBITIONS EXTERNALIZED ONTO THE WORLD.

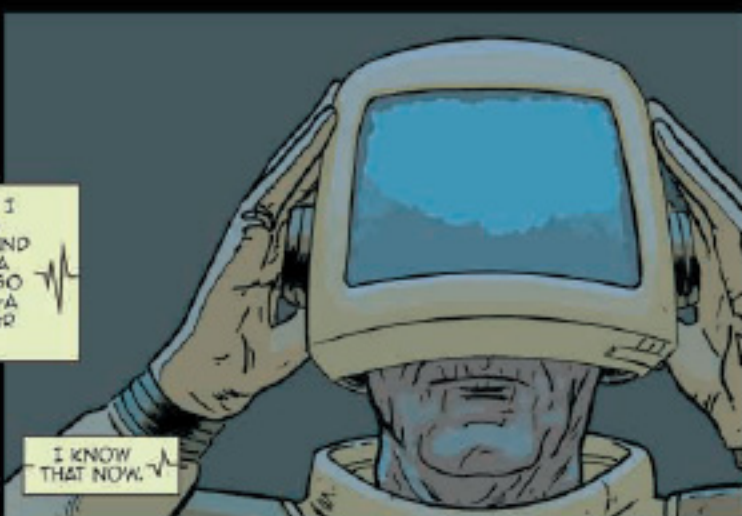
DREAMS ENDURE. THEY EXIST DEEP WITHIN US, UNTOUCHED BY THE VICISSITUDES OF LOVE OR THE MYSTERIES OF RELIGION. THE SPARK THAT CANNOT BE EXTINGUISHED, THEY ACT AS OUR HOPEFUL PRISM TO THE WORLD, GIVING US REASON TO STRIVE TOWARD THE LIGHT.





FOR THOSE VIEWING  
THIS RECORDING, I  
HOPE TO MAKE ONE  
THING CLEAR:

I NEVER ACHIEVED WHAT I  
HOPED TO IN BUILDING  
ROCHE LIMIT. NOR DID I FIND  
THE MEANING THAT, AS A  
MUCH YOUNGER MAN, I SO  
DESPERATELY SOUGHT--A  
FANTASY THAT WAS NEVER  
MEANT TO BE LIVED.



I KNOW  
THAT NOW.



"THE NIGHT SKY  
HIDES THE WORLD  
BUT REVEALS A  
UNIVERSE."

WHEN I LOOK UP AT THE  
SKY ABOVE ROCHE LIMIT,  
I SEE THE ABYSS. I SEE  
THE DARK CORE OF OUR  
UNIVERSE, AND I  
UNDERSTAND HOW MY  
GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT  
BECAME A FAILURE.

HISTORY MAY ONLY BE AS  
TRUE AS WE DECIDE IT TO  
BE, BUT ONE THING IN OUR  
STORY IS REMARKABLY  
CONSISTENT--WHEREVER  
HUMANS GO, FOLLY IS  
SURE TO FOLLOW.



I LOST MYSELF OUT HERE. MY  
FOCUS BECAME OBSESSION.  
MY REACH EXTENDED FAR  
BEYOND WHERE IT EVER SHOULD  
HAVE WENT. I LOST MY DREAM.




THE STARS, THE COSMOS. THE  
UNENDING PARTICLES AND THE  
MYSTERIES THEY CONTAIN.



THAT WAS ALWAYS  
MY DREAM, AND  
IT'S WHERE MY  
STORY ENDS.

# ROCHE LIMIT IN FOCUS

 **DISPATER** (see slide-in-slide view)

## The Docks

The only way on and off Roche Limit. This entry point used to see only the most state-of-the-art deep space vessels until the rise of DIY space travel changed everything and made reaching Roche Limit much more accessible.

**MOIRA**  
tech

## THE SLUMS

Constructed in the tradition of Chicago's Pullman neighborhood, this area of Roche Limit was designed to temporarily house workers who were part of the Moiratech compound project. As construction dragged beyond its targeted completion date requiring more and more laborers—and travel to Roche Limit became more accessible—the population of The Slums grew exponentially. The infrastructure is built mainly of found materials, particularly scrap from the Moiratech construction.

## THE MINES

The mines were once the central focus of Moiratech's investment in Roche Limit. Speculation abounded that a mineral existed within the planet's core that could provide limitless, clean energy. This wishful thinking has since been debunked, though small mining outfits are still operational, hopeful of a discovery that could change the course of mankind. So far, the only notable find has been Gabonium, the mineral used to make the popular colony drug known as "Recall."



## MOIRATECH COMPOUND

Once the nucleus of Roche Limit, this was the walled compound housing the colony's elite, particularly the three Moiratech founders—Shay Thompson, Phillip Murdock, and Leo Maxwell, the "explorernauts" as they've been dubbed. As crime grew amongst the worker population and more and more of the wealthy elite returned to Earth, the Compound slowly began to lose its luster. When the explorernauts went missing—presumed murdered at the hands of their own construction team—the Compound became an abandoned, yet still sealed, ghost town.



« PREVIOUS SLIDE



## DISPATER

-Like Earth, most of the topography is made of silicates and metals.

-An abundance of water is located beneath the surface. Mining for it revealed a mineral native only to Dispater. That mineral is used to make the popular drug "Recall."

Its surface area is approximately the size of India.

NEXT SLIDE »



"FORGIVE ME FOR ASKING, BUT...WHAT'S WRONGS WITH EVERYBODY?"



WHAT'S WRONG? WHY DON'T YOU ASK YOUR PARTNER, ALEX FORD--THE RECALL KINGPIN?



BEST WE CAN TELL, THEY'RE SUFFERING A REACTION FROM HIS DRUG.



WE'VE SCREENED THEM EVERY WAY POSSIBLE. TOX SCREENING, BLOOD TEST, YOU NAME IT.



NOT A SINGLE PHYSIOLOGICAL ALIMENT THAT WE CAN PINPOINT AS THE SOURCE, NOTHING TO EVEN START FROM.

SEARCH IN BATCH



COULD BE A VIRUS, COULD BE AN AUTOIMMUNE ISSUE, COULD BE THE GOD DAMN PLASMA. WE, DON'T, KNOW.



NOW IF LOVER BOY OVER HERE WERE TO SHED SOME LIGHT ON HIS MAGICAL RECALL RECIPE, MAYBE WE CAN FIND AN EFFECTIVE WAY TO PINPOINT AND TREAT WHATEVER THE HELL THIS THING IS.

OF COURSE YOU'RE NOT.



BELIEVE ME, THAT KNOWLEDGE IS ANYTHING BUT THE SOLUTION TO YOUR PROBLEMS. BESIDES, I'M NOT PRODUCING ANYMORE.