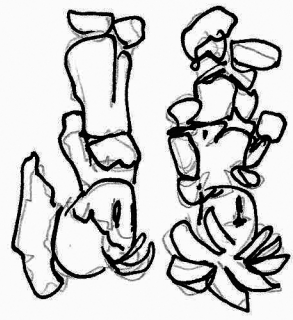




IT IS A  
GOOD LIFE.

IT'S A SUNDAY EVENING, I'M 42 YEARS OLD, AND  
ONCE AGAIN ON THE TV SCREEN, I'M SETTING OFF  
TO RESCUE MARLE, WHO DISAPPEARED IN A FLASH  
AT THE MILLENNIAL FAIR.

THE GAMEPAD IS BLACK, AND I SPENT  
TWO HOURS CONFIGURING IT FOR STEAM.

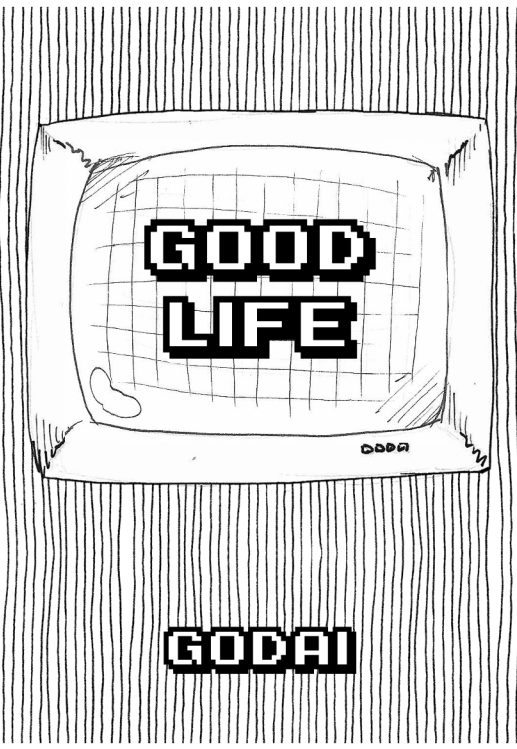


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MUSIC, HOBBIES, PERSONAL MATTERS, SOCIAL ISSUES,  
THINGS NO ONE WANTS TO TALK ABOUT, AND THINGS  
THAT SHOULD BE SPOKEN ABOUT OPENLY. THEY CAN  
INCLUDE COMICS, PHOTOS, TEXTS, POETRY...

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SUPPORT INDEPENDENT, FREE VOICES.

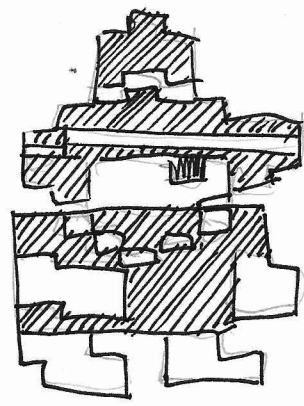
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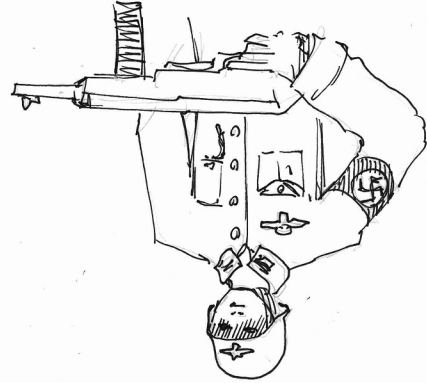
IT'S A WINTER SATURDAY EVENING. I'M 8  
AND FINALLY REACH MONTEZUMA'S TREASURY.

THE JOYSTICK IS BLACK WITH RED BUTTONS.

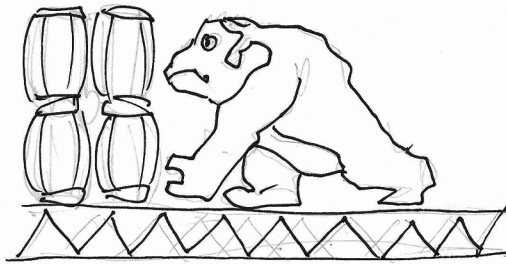


IN A MOMENT, I'LL BE TURNING THIRTY. I HAVE  
A WIRELESS MOUSE.

IT'S THE WEEKEND, BARELY AWAKE AFTER TRYING  
TO PUT MY NEWBORN DAUGHTER TO SLEEP ALL  
NIGHT, I'M SHOOTING NAZIS IN A RUINED CITY,  
SEARCHING FOR PLANS FOR THE SECRET  
VENOM MACHINE GUN.



IT'S A SUMMER EVENING, THE TRAILER AT THE  
CARNIVAL PARK SMELLS OF SWEAT AND MOLD.  
THE BUTTONS ON THE ARCADE MACHINE ARE RED  
AND MADE OF BAKELITE, AND I'M 11 YEARS OLD,  
REACHING THE VERY TOP OF THE PLATFORM DESPITE  
THE BARRELS THROWN BY KONG.



IT'S DARK OUTSIDE, THE PIZZA IS STILL WARM AND  
VERY THICK.

PILOT OF AKUMA'S MECH, I JUMP ACROSS THE  
ROOFTOPS OF THE SHANMARA DISTRICT, AND THE  
MECHANICAL KEYBOARD CLATTERS.

