

5/9/19

This sounds completely mental but I just found a copy of Grand Theft Auto V while undusting my room, right behind my shelf. Doesn't look out of the ordinary, actually much more pristine than one would assume. What's legitimately boggling my mind though is the fact that I've *never owned the game before*. Ever. I don't even have an Xbox to play it on.

All my experience comes from religiously watching Danny play it when it came out six years ago - that was hella fun and I'm stoked to have a copy for myself now, but... I seriously, *seriously* have no idea how the fuck it could've even entered my room. Dan played it on the PS3, so it's not his either. Either this is a leftover from the previous tenant that he *somehow* forgot, or... I guess someone broke into my apartment just to put the game behind my shelf. Or maybe we're going full-blown creepypasta, haha.

Like I said, boggling my mind. But I'd really love to try it out again, since I remember it being one of the funnest stuff we've ever played.

For that, I'd need to get a 360 first though. Haha.

7/9/19

Snatched a 360 for ten bucks on eBay today, holy shit!!

If the seller isn't too much of an asshat, it could arrive by the weekend. I hope. Considering the low price I got it for, he doesn't seem too smart though...

12/9/19

Jesus Christmas, it finally arrived.

Had to remind the dude *three times* to finally send the package, it's crazy. I guess I'll just never have hopes again in my life.

I'm pretty depleted from work though, so I'd rather not fill my head with noisy violence right now. Getting a fat round of sleep and waking up to fun times with Michael, Franklin and Trevor sounds golden though.

13/9/19

Okay, *fuck*.

I'm not even sure where to begin with this.

Woke up and immediately put the disk in, excited like an eighth-grader going on a date with his crush. I even chanted 'G-T-A! G-T-A!' as if I wasn't already in my mid-twenties, but I can't remember the last time I was *this* hyped for something.

And then it loaded. I was under the assumption that I could choose between Story Mode and Online, but no, it booted straight to Story. Which wasn't too bad, since I have no interest in playing lobbies with tons of hackers anyway, but here's where the weird shit starts:

It didn't start the prologue mission. It loaded straight to Trevor, in the middle of the city, instead. You unlock Trevor about a quarter through the game, meaning that I'm playing on a preexisting save file from the guy that probably owned the game before.

Why did I write 'probably'? Cause this isn't even near the full extent of the weird shit.

There was this small frame of time after the game released when media outlets were going bonkers for controversies within the game. It was a huge release so it was to be expected - the nudity, the fact that you can kill the hookers (like any other NPC, duh), but most importantly, of course, Mission 25.

The mission where you torture someone.

So as Trevor, you're ordered by the FIB (the FBI of GTA) to kidnap this

totally innocent Indian guy (called Mr. K) straight from his boardroom meeting and interrogate him in some attic to get info on some other guy. By that, I mean you literally tie him to a chair and break open his legs with an oversized wrench... among other powertools. It's pretty gruesome, especially since he *immediately* gives in and tells you the info without even having to torture him at all. I see how Rockstar tried to make this scene into satire or criticism to actual real-life torture, since Trevor constantly makes remarks about how ineffective and 'power-play-like' the whole thing is, but *man*, it's still a lot. Very vivid, very real-looking. It made Dan and me feel pretty uncomfortable the first time through.

Now, guess what the next mission on my radar was. Yup, yup, yup.

Well. Seeing as I didn't like the whole ordeal the first time through, I decided to just freeroam with Trevor, since that's what GTA is for in the end. Spawned near the southern beach, I wanted to get a feel for the way Trevor walks and functions again before doing anything of note -

And then the screen faded to black.

In the lower right corner, 'By The Book' popped up. In the cursive font the game uses for entering vehicles, areas... and loading missions. Yeah.

I was literally ported into the mission. By doing nothing. Just as I was about to move the stick, the game faded out. Internally, I started to freak the fuck out - but then again, Rockstar's games tend to be prone to glitches, I thought. So that didn't stop me from continuing.

I remember By The Book starting at a wildly different point, somewhere in the FIB building with signature asshole Steve Haines giving you the mission briefing. I think it was Michael that then was tasked to extract the poor guy from his meeting and bring him to Trevor, who'd then do what he does best.

However, the game simply decided that this was not the case. I saw a cutscene start up for just a split second, before completely fading out once more. Again, didn't press *anything*. I didn't even breathe. Shit got creepier by the second, but I think I reached my limit when it faded in again.

I was in the attic. The game spawned me right into the interrogation room, with the hostage already tied to the chair, with the power tools already on the table, with Trevor raring to go. There was a distinct lack of Agent Haines, who guides Trevor through the torture. No context, no mission, no cutscene.

Only three people. Trevor, Mr. K, me.

At this point, I was fucking terrified. This was far beyond any reasonable glitch we ever encountered. The game really wanted me to play this mission, sequence breaking left and right just for the sake of it. I wanted nothing less than to do so.

So I turned off the console.

Maybe I sound like a coward, but I haven't turned it on again. This just gave me the deep creeps. I *still* don't know where the game came from or who tampered with it to such an extent, but I'm getting shivers just thinking about it. If this is supposed to be a spooky hack, fucking congrats I guess.

My whole hype has been ruined at this point. I don't feel like booting it up again. I really just kinda wanna go back to sleep.

14/9/19

*Fuck this game.*

I budged. I turned it on again. I was *really* craving some GTA after work, thinking 'maybe this was a super rare glitch'. And I got punished for it.

When GTA V boots up, the first thing you hear are police sirens, followed by the Rockstar logo. Not fucking this time. I selected the game from the Xbox menu and it just... *immediately* faded in to the torture room. Like I

never turned off the console.

I can't really recall the last time my heart sank this much. It felt like something horrendous entered my stomach.

This wasn't a glitch anymore, by any means. It boils down to a hacked version, since someone has to have tampered with the game at this point. Deleting the opening movie, maybe deleting the rest of the game to increase the speed at which it loads, I don't fucking know. I'm really just trying to rationalize.

Trevor, Mr. K, me.

For the first time, I could make Trevor walk. However, there was nothing else to do but go to the cupboard and select the tool that I wanted to use on Mr. K. Oversized wrench, electric clips, gasoline-fueled waterboarding and a hacksaw. I don't remember a hacksaw in the mission, so I guess this was what I was supposed to choose.

Hell no.

I quit the selection again and walked around the room, but like I said, I couldn't do anything. The exit door wouldn't work, I couldn't talk to Mr. K either, hell, the pause menu wouldn't even pop up. Fucker deleted *the pause menu*. Just... I really wanted to play GTA, man.

So, out of other options, I got really sick of this and finally selected a tool. The 'least worst', being the electric clips, since the wrench does permanent damage and waterboarding's just... Jesus Christ.

Right as I selected it, Trevor spoke. It was then that I noticed that nobody has spoken even once since I started up the game. He said,

"I'm gonna level with you. This'll hurt."

I regretted my decision immediately. I'm certain it was just normal game dialogue, but the way he said it was a lot more ominous than I had in mind. As if he was looking forward to it.

I didn't even have to input anything. Trevor immediately put the clips on Mr. K's chest and... holy shit, the screams. It sounded like he was actually getting cooked inside out, and his vocal chords with it... I'm still shocked by how, just, *realistic* the whole scene felt. It felt like months until Trevor was done.

And then... he just left.

Trevor released the clips and left through the inaccessible exit door. The camera stayed focused on Mr. K, crying in agony with all the pain that he must have felt.

... It's been three hours and Trevor hasn't come back yet. I've been watching Mr. K cry silently for three hours, tied to his chair like a bag of flesh waiting to be violated. He sometimes mutters something about his family and how much he misses them. It's making me shiver just thinking about it.

But most of all, it's making me question what the purpose behind all this is.

I'm turning the game off now.

15/9/19

... I feel really sick.

I used the hacksaw.

It wasn't my fault. I swear. My boss told me I might have to get laid off because of 'internal adjustments', and he did it with such a smug-ass face... I just really had enough. I needed something to release my frustrations on, so I opened the game again, BUT I SWEAR I DIDN'T INTEND TO USE THE HACKSAW.

The game unsurprisingly booted me straight to the attic again, zoomed on Mr. K (who looked drained), but Trevor didn't take more than a few seconds to enter the scene. It makes me wonder where he went, but there's nothing that could hint at it.

I checked the cupboard after, and - it was all gone. Every other tool just vanished. The hacksaw was the only option remaining. I tried to exit

the selection, but the game wouldn't even let me do that anymore.

I swear. I couldn't select anything else. All I could do was press A and make Trevor proceed. Yes, I feel horrid for doing it, but what else was there to do??

... So. Trevor took the saw, and...

... He put it on Mr. K's left leg.

And then he moved his arm forward.

And backward.

And forward, and backward. And forward, and backward...

... I didn't know GTA V displayed gore as much as it did. I could clearly see the skin splitting open from the edged teeth of the saw boring into his leg. Mr. K screamed much worse than yesterday. I didn't know that was possible. It's still ringing through my head. After the leg had been opened, gallons of blood burst out. Yellow strings of nerves were laid open and severed. Trevor even fiddled around with one of them, just for kicks. He seemed to enjoy it a lot. Next, the bone, which he really leaned in to sever...

God.

I... God.

I couldn't watch it to the end. I shut off the console before the leg was done. Sometime through, I vomited all over my carpet. I haven't found the strength yet to clean it up.

I wanna cry.

16/9/19

I couldn't leave Mr. K.

I wanted to quit this forever yesterday, but... maybe it's some really fucked version of morbid curiosity... maybe it's stress... I couldn't leave him alone now.

Mr. K's leg was fully amputated, rotting on the ground surrounded by dark brown blood. His stump must have been burnt shut because he was still alive, whimpering in pain.

Trevor came in a few seconds later, again. He brought something new. A baseball bat. It was the only thing I could select. The hacksaw was gone. Thank fuck.

He grabbed it from the cupboard and walloped Mr. K across his face. Blood spat from his lips and I think I could see teeth flying out. Then, he repeated it from the other side. Mr. K screamed, and more blood shot out with it. After four or five times, Trevor left again. Without a word. Again. A silent stream of red kept leaking from Mr. K's mouth.

It took me a lot less time to select the tool today. I even watched the whole thing to the end. Maybe yesterday broke my hesitation. Maybe this is what I should do.

Maybe salvation waits for us both at the end.

17/9/19

I hate hate hate hate hate hate hate my boss.

I got fucking laid off. I'm fucking unemployed. Fucking smug fucker.

But you know what? Fuck it! It's fine. We've only got a few more tools to try out until this is all done. And then I'll get a new job, and Mr. K's fine, and Trevor's fine, and I'm fine. The game's all fake pain anyway. Fucking *code*. My pain's real. My pain hurts.

Today was waterboarding. It felt kind of soothing to make Mr. K shut the fuck up for once, only gargling for air. To see him silently accept what's happening. Like me.

Trevor left again.

I'll keep the console on from now. I've got all the time in the world.

The sooner this ends, the sooner everything will be fine again.

18/9/19

It's 3AM and Trevor just came back. Watching Mr. K cry got really boring. He brought the giant steel wrench today. Wasted no time carving his shit in.

Mr. K's right knee is now all mushy. Looks fun. Felt relieving. I hope Trevor comes back once more today.

19/9/19

Trevor didn't come back again yesterday.

But I had the fattest grin when he arrived and brought his pliers today. It was time to take out all remaining teeth from Mr. K's face.

We took out 26 teeth in total. I guess this means Trevor knocked out six of them already with the bat. All the unnecessary white's laying on the festering floor now. Mr. K's gums look squeaky clean. I imagined he was my ex-boss. Every tooth felt cathartic. I almost creamed myself.

20/9/19

It's happening.

Trevor came back without a tool today. He knocked Mr. K's chair over and began stomping his rib cage in. Looked painful, but there weren't any screams that left Mr. K's mouth anymore. Just heavy breathing. Sorta disappointing.

Anyway, after a few stomps, Trevor said,

"I've been arranging a little present for you, buddy. It's almost here." He then put up the chair and left again.

I can't remember the last time I felt so fucking thrilled. We only gotta wait a little longer. It's happening. It's happening. It's happening.

24/9/19

I'm so sorry.

Trevor hasn't come back yet. Me and Mr. K have been locked in the room alone for a long time now. We've been talking.

Mr. K told me how he missed his family. I told him that he didn't have any. He didn't look at me.

Mr. K told me that he didn't know how he deserved this. I told him I didn't know either. He didn't look at me.

Mr. K told me how he wished he could die. I told him how I wished I could kill him. He didn't look at me. He's disgusted of me.

I'm so sorry, Mr. K. I'm so sorry.

I know who's put the game in my room now. It was Trevor. He set it up. He planned it out. He couldn't torture Mr. K if there was no game to play. I needed to play the game. I'm his puppet.

I haven't eaten anything in four days.

27/9/19

Trevor came back.

He brought Mr. K's family. His wife and two young sons.

He said,

"Look, kids! Here's your daddy! Your beautiful husband, Miss K!"

And pointed at the mangled body that belonged to Mr. K. Missing a leg, all teeth, carrying flesh wounds everywhere. Mr. K couldn't react anymore.

The wife hurled on the floor instantly. This was the first time she saw

her husband in two weeks. Two weeks, she must have feared the worst. The worst happened.

But the kids killed me.

They didn't do anything.

They didn't even cry.

They didn't even comprehend what was happening.

They stood in shock silence.

Trevor spoke up again.

He said,

"Wanna know who did it?"

He took the kids by his arm and pointed them toward the screen.

Toward me.

Trevor grinned. The kids glared. The wife cried out.

The screen froze.

Looks of horror and disgust. All on me.

The console won't shut off.

It was me.

It wasn't Trevor.

It was me.

I can't do this anymore.

I don't deserve life.

I don't deserve death.

I deserve suffering.

I drenched myself with gasoline before writing this.

I pray that hell exists.