

TACTICAL ESPIONAGE ACTION
METAL GEAR SOLID® 2
SONS OF LIBERTY™

The Hudson River, two years ago... We had classified intelligence that a new type of Metal Gear was scheduled for transport. The whole thing stank... ..but our noses have been out in the cold too long.

Our boy is right on schedule. He'll know soon enough...

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- This is Snake. Do you read me, Otacon?
 - Loud and clear, Snake.
 - Kept you waiting, huh? I'm at the "sneak point."
 - Everything going okay?
 - The stealth camo's busted. Landing impact.
 - We must have overused it. Sorry, but you're gonna have to deal with it. You're not in the military anymore.
 - Right. I didn't plan on relying on this gadget anyway.
 - The private sector's not so bad, is it? Privacy guaranteed...
 - I'm happy as long as no one gives me any more unwanted gifts.
 - You mean that thing with Naomi?
 - And I can't say I miss the chattering nanny.
 - Mei Ling's not so bad. That reminds me, I have to get in touch with her again about that new Natick flashware.
 - Diverting toys from the SSCEN (U.S. Army Soldier Systems Center) again? Give her a message from me: someone will find out sooner or later. She's better off assuming it's sooner and quit while she's safe.
 - Too true. Okay, Snake, let's get to work. You know how the technical specs of Metal Gear were sold on the black market after Shadow Moses?
 - All Ocelot's doing...
 - Exactly. And now every state, group and dotcom has its own version of Metal Gear. Not exactly a classified weapon for today's nuclear powers. This new one seems to have been designed to wipe the floor with all the other models. The only consistent description is that it's an amphibious, anti-Metal Gear vehicle...
 - That explains why this one is under Marine Corps jurisdiction.
 - The mission objective is to make visual confirmation of the new Metal Gear being transported by that tanker and bring back photographic evidence. But

I want you first to go up to the top level of the infrastructure, to the bridge. We need to find out where the tanker is headed.

- A little reconnaissance, huh?

- There's too much we don't know about this new prototype. Capabilities, deployment method we don't even know how close it is to completion. If we know where the testing arena is, I can start to draw some reasonable conclusions.

- All right. I'll head to the bridge ASAP.

- Try to avoid confrontations. Our goal is to collect evidence on Metal Gear development and expose it to the world. It would be best if you could get out of there without alerting anyone.

- Don't worry. I know the drill - we're not terrorists.

- Very good. Don't you forget that you're part of "Philanthropy" now - an anti-Metal Gear organization and officially recognized by the UN.

- Recognized, but still fringe, Otacon.

- All right. Let's look at your gear. Your weapon is a tranquilizer gun converted from a Beretta M92F.

- M9...

- It's a little hard to work with, because you'll have to reload after each shot since the slide locks.

- Better than scavenging at the mission site. Good suppressor too.

- The chemical stun will take effect in a few seconds and last for hours. You can take down an elephant with that thing. Check out the laser sighting too. The effects of the anaesthetic round will vary depending on what part of the body is hit. We're talking about a difference of tens of seconds between hitting limbs, chest or head.

- As for the equipment... Hey Snake! Cigarettes? What is wrong with you?

- It's kind of a lucky charm.

- You haven't read the Surgeon General's Warning, have you?

Here's the digital camera. Works almost the same way as your old one.

- They don't look armed...

- Hey, Earth to Snake. These are nice, upstanding Marines, not terrorists. Don't get caught; you're in stealth mode here.

- Sure. And if it comes to that, a little beauty sleep never hurt anyone. By the way, Otacon, are you sure of this intelligence?

- Absolutely. Hacked it out of the Pentagon's classified files myself.

- No traces?

- Oh please. I'm too good for that.

- But this might be a trap. Remember, there's a price on our heads.

- You're just being paranoid.

- I hope so. Those men you wouldn't think they were anything but civilians from here.

- With all the ships passing on the river and in the harbor. Putting uniformed Marines on the deck would be a bad idea. People can get a clear view of the water from riverside, too.
- The waterline is too high... According to the navigational plans, this ship should have discharged its cargo upriver.
- It's in there. No doubt about it.
- The military trains you to watch for threats from the stern on a boat. That's SOP for counter-terror ops, too. Security should be tighter.
- You worry too much.
- Where's the target?
- Satellite surveillance is a major international pastime these days. I'd say the cargo holds, safely below the deck. Do you see the entrance to the holds? Looks like there are a few entryways into the crew quarters.
- A chopper? Wha -- ! Looks like we're not the only ones after Metal Gear tonight.
- Is that a chopper I just heard?
- Affirmative. Probably another cavalry... What's their game? Hijack?
- They're probably targeting the ship's controls.
- Otacon, how many men do you need to take over a tanker of this size?
- The ship is run by a computer so... I'd say about eighteen people.
- AKS-74u? Russians?
- You sure?
- No Marine barber touched that head of hair. I'm transmitting a photo. Let's get an ID on him ASAP.
- I'm on it.
- Looks like the tanker's theirs now. KA-60. Kasatka.
- Kasatka? Kamov chopper, right?
- "Killer Whale"...
- We need to get a fix on who they are.
- Judging by their transport, aren't they some kind of military commandos?
- Not necessarily. It could be the KA-62, the civil model.
- Look, Snake, all we need is the photographic evidence of Metal Gear. As long as we have those, we can put it online and blow the whole thing wide open. So no pyrotechnics, okay?
- All right. I'll do my best.
- This isn't like Shadow Moses. Reach me if anything happens. The frequency is 141.12.
- How can I check in and save my progress?
- I'll do it. There's a frequency set aside for it -- 140.96. Sorry, but no Mei Ling this time. Call me on the Codec when you want to save.
- Got it.
- I'll be waiting just past the Verrazano Bridge. You need to be off that ship by then.

- I'll be in touch.

What you're wielding right now is a converted Beretta M92F, designed to fire tranquilizer rounds. A direct hit will knock the target unconscious. Think of those rounds as tiny syringes. The impact of the round causes the mixing of two chemicals in the shell. The resulting gas compresses a tiny piston and injects the tranquilizer in the bullet's tip into the target's skin. The tranquilizer's effects are felt at different times depending on where the bullet lands. A head or heart shot will take effect immediately, but a round that hits somewhere like feet or hands will take a while. Use the First Person View Attack for maximum accuracy. The gun is fitted with a suppressor, so there is no need to worry about alerting the enemy with the noise. But since it is a tranquilizer gun, the M9 has its limitations. All it can do is knock the enemy unconscious. Keep that in mind.

Push the Action button near a scalable railing to hang off the other side. This is called Hanging. You can use it to move around, hide, and even maneuver around an enemy's back. You can move left and right while Hanging by moving the left thumbstick or using the left step and right step buttons. When you're ready to pull yourself up, just push the Action button again. A Grip Gauge appears below the Life Gauge during Hanging. The Grip Gauge indicates how tightly you are holding on, and steadily decreases as long as you are in Hanging mode. When the Grip Gauge goes to zero, you won't be able to hold on anymore. You need to hoist yourself up before you fall off. Push the Crawl button while Hanging to jump down straight below. If the ground is too far below, you'll lose some LIFE. In some places, you won't make it at all. Be careful of that. If it's about waist-high, you'll be able to climb up or over things with the Action button. Keep that in mind.

Hey, you have a chaff grenade. You can use that to interfere with enemy radio communications... and electronic devices for a short time. The chaff grenade is a weapon that disperses aluminum foil or metal coated glass and plastic fibers to confuse the enemy radar. What you have is a portable application of the chaff-launchers built into fighter planes. When detonated, the grenade releases tiny chaff pieces as well as miniaturized active jammers using a small amount of explosives. The grenade can't create full-scale chaff corridors or chaff clouds, but will form a Radar Cross Section

area large enough for single-personnel use. This weapon is for electronic interference only, though. It has no effect on enemy personnel.

You've picked up gel bandages, I see. When you're bleeding, select the bandage as an equipment to stop the blood. The bandage is a type of alginate dressing. It's a highly absorbent pad that gels blood and other fluids on contact. It releases calcium ions during absorption, hence the coagulating effect.

So you've got rations now. These are military food supplies, and allow you to recover some LIFE with use. If it is equipped in advance, the ration will automatically be used and LIFE will be regained when you receive damage. You can select it in the window and push the confirmation button to use the item on the spot. Rations were designed to be carried and eaten on the field. They're all about functionality and calories. They use a special freeze-drying methods developed by NROC. They're compact, portable, and last for weeks.

You have Pentazemin in your inventory. If you need to take some, select it in the Item Window and push the Enter button. Pentazemin is a mild tranquilizer used to treat clinical depression, obsessive-compulsive behavior, and anxiety. It belongs to the benzodiazepinate family, and along with its antidepressant and anti-anxiety qualities, it suppresses convulsions. Take it when you have a tough shot ahead with the sniper rifle and you need to minimize shakiness. But I guess you don't have one of those yet. Well... you can also try some if you're feeling really seasick.

I see a lifeboat. That's a fully enclosed, fire-resistant model, equipped with its own oxygen pump. Those have a water-based cooling system and self-contained air supply on board. This means that even if the boat is sealed, there would still be air available for the crew and engine operation. It automatically rights itself if it's overturned, and can withstand contact with fire for a significant period of time. But you won't be able to use that lifeboat. It's too noticeable, for one thing, and it just doesn't have the kind of speed we need.

Snake, go through that door into the ship's interior. Push the Action button down in front of the door and wait until the door opens before letting go.

If you need to open the door faster, hit the Action button repeatedly while you turn the handle. Make sure you keep doing it until the door is open.

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- Snake, you of course know the saying "One for all, all for one."
 - What is this, all of a sudden?
 - Oh, I figured you'd need a lot of motivation, so I came prepared. It's from 'The Three Musketeers' -- the book, not the candy bar. Anyway, it means that if you go up against everyone by yourself, they'll gang up on you too. I think. Since you're on your own on that ship, you need to take this to heart and avoid confrontations. How was that? Just like the old days, huh?
 - Almost reminds me of Mei Ling, but... You sure you got it right?
 - Of course! And I'll teach you a lot more of these, you can count on it.
 - Great...

Backup unit, head to Deck-B, ASAP. Secure the port-side staircase

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- Snake, those pipes you see along the wall and ceiling are steam conduits. They're thin enough to penetrate with gunfire. Don't touch the steam one of those blasts from the hole will burn your skin off. You may be able to use it as a trap of some sort, though.

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- See those lockers? It's a good place to hide yourself if you're in a pinch. Push the Action button near the locker to open the door. Walk into it for a quick concealment. Push the Action button once more to get out of the locker. You can see out from the slit in the door. Make sure you check the area using First Person View before you go out. You can also hide enemies you've knocked out in the locker. Just open the locker, then drag the body to the locker. If you open the locker, you can use the door as a cover during an exchange of gunfire. But of course, this is a pretty flimsy door there are limits to how many bullets it can withstand. Don't count on it too much, okay?

- This reminds me of when we first met.
- I was the one inside the locker that time. We're equal now, huh?
- Not unless I wet my pants.
- That's a low blow, Snake!

The tanker's crewmen would relax here when they're off-shift. There's a lot of stuff there. Make sure you don't move it around too much. Someone may

notice that it's been tampered with. Leave no traces -- that's common sense when infiltrating a target, right?

- Look at the TV over there. It's showing the hold.
- So that's...
- The new Metal Gear.
- Why are they broadcasting this?
- They probably want to keep a record of this exercise -- and maybe give a little presentation?
- Presentation?
- That ship's been transmitting a live video feed via military satellite uplink for a while now.
- So there's some brass out there, smacking their lips over this little home movie.
- I've been trying to pinpoint the receiving location, but I haven't had much luck. There's a heavy duty firewall in the way. I'll try some more, though.
- Wherever it is, it must be a warm, dry office with hot coffee on tap.
- A far cry from that tanker, huh?
- That's what happens when the battlefield has a Revolution in Military Affairs.

Snake, go to the bridge first and find out where this ship is headed. The bridge is on the top level. Go up.

Snake, there's a surveillance camera in place. Once you're in its field of view, an alarm will go off. You can't afford to be seen. Wait for the camera to point the other way, then run past it. There's also a blind spot right beneath the camera. Use it to buy some time. You can also use the chaff grenade to set up some electronic interference.

I've got him! Send reinforcements!
Return to your positions! Increase security!
Understood. Backup squad, head to Deck-C. Secure the port side area.
Attack team, withdraw and regroup.

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- Okay... There's a saying that goes "Even a bird on high dies a glutton's death, as do the fish of The Deeps." The lesson is er, don't be greedy. The fish that belonged to a family called the Deeps died from overfeeding, and so did a bird that got high on something -- probably fermented fruit.
 - ...okay. If you say so.

- I do, Snake. Don't take unnecessary risks just because you're greedy for more Items. Remember the Deep family's fish.

- ...

So it is the Kasatka... Russian choppers...

- Snake, did you find out where that ship is headed?

- I'm looking at it -- 35 degrees longitude, latitude around 58.

- More than 500 miles off the coast of the Bermudas, out in the middle of the Atlantic... So the prototype is ready for solo testing -- it's basically combat-worthy. That area is outside the Second Fleet's operational range, too. It must be a stand-alone Marine Corps project -- which means this prototype Metal Gear must be designed for independent deployment, without any Naval assistance... Anyway, analysis can wait till later. Snake, you need to go down to the holds and locate the actual Metal...

- !?

- ...Shalashaska has landed. I'm on my way to the tanker holds...

- Report your status.

- Control room, communications and engine room are under control. All entry and exit points to the tanker holds secured. Infrared sensors placed and operational.

- Good work. Are the explosives in place?

- Yes, they're all planted.

- Listen. Once we have what we came for, the tanker will be scuttled. And the vehicle's pilot. He's the only one who underwent the VR training. No one else can do it.

- Are you sure you can trust him?

- Your part in the mission is complete. You are to leave at once.

- No, it's not over yet! I can see the moon... even in this storm. Pale as death. I have a bad feeling about this mission...

- You swore this to me. That you would leave the unit, once the mission was complete. Do not worry. This is a country of "liberty."

- No! This is where I belong, with the unit. I have nowhere else to go. Father, I want to stay and fight.

- There is no choice to make here, Olga! Need I remind you that you are carrying my grandchild? You will be on the helicopter out of here, now!

- Damn it!

- Freeze! Hands over your head! Now! Toss your gun overboard! Slowly. A woman...? Show your face.

- You men -- you're all the same.

- Who are you?
- We are nomads. Wanderers.
- I said don't move!
- Americans... so you shoot women too?
- I'm a nomad too. What else do you have there? Take the knife and toss it. Not there. Toss it overboard! Hold that position. Now, turn around.
- You know what you're doing. It's stopped raining... Not too shabby, is it? New York, I mean? And that brings our tour to its conclusion!
- Scout knife with a surprise -- you a Spetsnaz?
- I think you deserve a little credit. No one's ever dodged that shot of mine... But no one gets lucky twice, either!

CYPHER!? Hmm...

- Otacon, the ship appears to be under their control. The men have Russian gear, but I haven't been able to find out anything else about their origin.
- I know who they are.
- You do?
- We've ID'd the old man.
- Who is he?
- Sergei Gurlukovich.
- Gurlukovich...! One of Ocelot's allies?
- Yeah... The GRU colonel. He's the one Ocelot was supposed to meet up with, after Shadow Moses...
- They're after Metal Gear...
- Everything's changed. This is not going to be as simple as we thought.
- You could say that. I saw a surveillance remote just now, it looked like the Cypher.
- A Marine Cypher-T?
- No, Army.
- First the Marines, then the Russians -- now the Army...?
- You're right, this isn't going to be simple.
- Snake -- There's something I have to tell you.
- What?
- We didn't dig up this info about the new Metal Gear -- on our own. Not like usual...
- How did you find out, then?
- It was a tip. An anonymous tip.
- Anonymous? You've never trusted those -- why would you start now?
- I, ah -- I have a younger sister. A stepsister. We have different parents... I only knew her for two years.
- You've never mentioned her before. So...?

- The sender of the tip was "E.E."
- "E.E."?
- Her name is Emma, but I always called her "E.E."...
- Emma Emmerich?
- Yeah. It just caught my eye, you know? I figured it was a coincidence, but I couldn't get it out of my mind. There's really no one out there who knows about her.
- When was the last time you saw her?
- Over 10 years ago.
- You think it's a trap? To lure us out here...?
- I don't know. After I got the tip, I did break into the Pentagon system to get confirmation.
- Okay...
- Watch your back, Snake. Maybe I screwed up.
- I've got a light-equipped USP; I can take them on now. There's no ammo, but it takes a 9mm, just like the Marines' M9. I'll find those somewhere around here.
- Don't raise too much racket with that thing.
- I hear you.

Hey, Snake, you found a handgun. It's a decent one - USP. The USP fires real bullets - not the knockout rounds the M9 uses. You know that, right? The USP isn't equipped with a suppressor, either. If you fire it when there are enemies nearby, they'll probably hear it. Keep that in mind. Having the USP will make combat easier, but being undetected is still the best way to go. OK?

Snake, I know you're into high places, but do you think maybe you can head down into the hold sometime this year?

You have the Thermal Goggles equipped huh? They provide night vision by using variances in heat distribution to create an image. It uses a two dimensional solid state projection system to create high-res images at sixty fps in real-time. By using the Thermal Goggles, you can take a look at the enemy's neck to see if they have dog tags or not.

- Another Chinese proverb: "Those who look to the Heavens prosper, those who defy it are no more." Do you know this one? The meaning here is -- hold on a sec -- that you can only survive as long as you're a part of the natural order of things. You remember pre-ripped jeans? Manufacturers thought that

just because people loved old, broken-in jeans, they would want to buy new jeans that looked old. So they purposefully...

- What do jeans have to do with nature and order?

- Denim should fray and rip on its own, naturally. Right? Some designers tried to go against that, and -- no one bought them! The earnings report from that fiscal year is enough of a proof!

- Earnings...?

The stun grenade in your equipment is for incapacitating enemies without killing them. Stun grenades are non-lethal weapons that knock out enemy personnel with an intense flash of light and a burst of sound. Once the grenade is airborne, a timed detonator ejects an internal cartridge using a small amount of explosives. The cartridge then explodes, and releases a flash rated at over a million candlepower, with an accompanying bang of over 200 decibels. The combinations of the flash and the bang temporarily overwhelms human sensory perceptions. There are no projectiles released, so it can only knock out enemies, not wound them. Keep that in mind.

Raven!?

Snake, there should be a door into the holds in the northwest section of the engine room. Head west.

Repair of the entrance way to the Engine Room on the port side is complete. Will return to position following patrol of the small room on the port side.

- Hey, Snake, what's "Hardest won, most easily lost"? It's time, get it? Amazing how relevant these Chinese proverbs still are! Once the moment's gone, it's gone. Except for daylight savings time, of course. That extra hour to do anything you like with every autumn... gotta love it. Then again, you lose an hour every spring, so I guess the proverbs are right.

- Wow, they thought of everything. Did they even have daylight savings back then?

- Of course not! They knew how to save time. We're the ones that need to be tricked into it.

- But you said -- The moment never returns,

- Snake. Let's not waste it on idle questions. Okay...?

- Snake, wait! Don't move!
- What?
- Look at the walls on both sides of the hall. I see something -- infrared sensors!?
- I see it. Some kind of device on both sides of the hall...
- ...infrared sensors?
- Right.
- And they're linked to ...
- Let me guess. Sentex.
- Exactly. Plastic explosives.
- So this is what they were talking about.
- Looks like it. If you trip the sensors... If you touch that, the explosives will detonate and that ship will be pulverized.
- I'm not in the mood to go sleep with the fishes, but... There are too many sensors. Looks like I'll have to find another way.
- No need to worry. There's a way through. Take a close look -- do you see the thing with blinking green light right next to the explosives? That's the control unit for the sensors. Destroy that and the sensors stop functioning. You can't get in close enough to touch it, so you'll have to shoot it out. But the M9's knockout rounds won't work. The USP you picked up should do the trick. Use that gun. The actual explosive device is the one with a blinking orange light on it. Don't even think about shooting that. Any significant impact will set off the detonators, which is not good. Just aim for the green lights and take out the control unit. Looks like there are several control units. Unless you take out all of them, you won't be able to get through. Once you've destroyed a control unit, the IR beam should shut off. If the beam is intact, that means there's a control unit you haven't managed to take out. You need to destroy every single control unit. Use the First Person View Attack to target and destroy only the control unit.

Snake, that handgun of yours is a USP. The USP comes in a variety of calibers, from a 9mm to a .45. Yours is a 9mm, with 15 rounds per magazine. It's also equipped with a flashlight for nighttime shooting. In the dark, select the USP and aim to turn on the light. Unlike the M9, the USP isn't suppressor-equipped. The gunshots may bring enemy reinforcements running, so be careful.

Verrazano Bridge checkpoint passed. All non-essential personnel report to the holds in 10 minutes time for the scheduled briefing session with the Commandant. You are ordered to continue manning your posts until that time.

Snake, the Metal Gear prototype is down in the holds. That corridor wraps around the holds. There are several doors into the holds from the corridor, but it looks like most of them are locked. But I think the farthest door isn't locked yet. You can get into the holds from the door at the end of that corridor. Head north.

- Colonel, we have sealed the stern hatch.

- All right.

- The lift is also under our control. We're on the foredeck. About to descend to the holds. Sir, the Marine commander has started his speech already. We will complete the preparations before the end of the speech. All communications to the holds have been severed. No one is aware of our presence.

- Let no one down into the holds until we are out.

- Yes sir! We will secure your exit with our lives if necessary.

- There is one more thing...

- Yes sir?

- My daughter -- keep her safe.

- Yes sir!

...

Who goes there?

Snake, are you bleeding? If your Life Gauge is down to the point where it's red, the bleeding won't stop. As long as you're bleeding, your Life Gauge will keep dropping gradually. Besides that, the bloodstains could put the enemy on your trail. The only way to stop the bleeding for good is to let your body recover until the Life Gauge is green. Rations are the best way to do that. Try to crouch down or assume Crawl position and stay still while you're bleeding.

- Who goes there! Oh, Shalashaska. Why are you here? We thought you were with the Colonel. What the... !

- The colonel will be joining you soon... Comrade...

- Snake, are you in yet? Have you made it to the holds?

- It's taking longer than I expected. We've already passed the Verrazano Bridge.

- All right. We'll use another recovery point.

- They may be planning to change course.
- What?
- The exits to the deck are all sealed.
- What are they planning?
- If they get Metal Gear, we're going right off the fringe. The men down here are definitely Marines. If the deck is sealed off they have no way of knowing that the ship's been taken over. I'm not interested in fighting these guys. The weapons won't do me much good here.
- Can you see Metal Gear?
- No. I'll have to go around to the bow. They have some serious defenses here. I doubt the recent arrivals want to blast their way through the Marines either.
- Wonder where they're headed.
- I don't know... Not the beach, that's for sure.

- OK, Snake. Let's go over this one more time. Use this camera to get photographic evidence of the Metal Gear prototype. Now, do your thing and take pictures that speak louder than the government's plausible denials. We need four shots: Metal Gear from the front, front-right, and front-left, and a close-up of the Marine Corps marking.

- Marking?
- There should be a MARINES insignia on the body of Metal Gear. Just let someone try explaining away a clear shot of that.
- All right.
- There's actually one little thing...
- Just spit it out. I'm used to things going wrong.
- It looks like someone's monitoring our transmission.
- Who?
- I don't have a clue. All they're doing is watching -- it would creep me out less if they tried to interfere with our communications.
- Could it have something to do with that Cypher we saw?
- Maybe. I've switched the encryption protocol for our burst transmission for now. What I want to do is use a different method for sending those photos, just in case.
- Instead of using the Codec?
- Exactly. There's a workstation in the southeast corner of the block where Metal Gear is housed. I've made arrangements so that you can send the pictures from the machine.
- Arrangements?
- I hitched a ride on Link-16 into U.S. military's proprietary network. Managed to get into that workstation and overwrote a part of the system software so I could remote-install a little app I wrote...

- Why bother with anything that complicated...
- No, it's pretty simple, really. Look, all you have to do is stand in front of the machine and push the Action button. The app will automatically launch and download the image data from the camera, split the files and encrypt them individually. The data packets can then masquerade as...
- OK, OK. So all I have to do is push the Action button in front of the computer once I have the pictures, right?
- Well, sure, if you put it that way. And one more thing... The Commandant's already begun his speech, but you need to get the pictures before he's done talking. Otherwise, they'll spot you. OK?
- How much time do I have?
- I hacked into his personal files and took a look at the text of that speech. I'd say you have seven more minutes -- longer if he throws in a joke or two.
- A seven-minute time limit, huh?
- Remember, Snake, just the photos, OK?
- With these kinds of odds, I won't be making any sudden moves. But that doesn't mean we can just let Metal Gear be hijacked.
- Okay, okay, but first, the photos...
- All right. We'll deal with the rest when we get there.
- Stay low.

- Ok, we're finally there.

- So this is the new Metal Gear...

- Yep. And we're going to show the whole world its baby pictures. Get the prototype on camera. We need four images. One from the front-right, the front, and the front-left, and a close-up of the MARINES marking on the prototype. Once you have the photos, use the workstation in the southeast end of the area to transmit them over to me. Send me something I can use! That digital camera you have was specially made to take pictures of the prototype Metal Gear. When a picture is taken, the screen data is first stored in the camera's internal memory. Then it's automatically processed through various algorithms to protect against tampering. Each picture is electronically stamped and distinctively encrypted. So, in the off chance that someone alters the data during transmission, we'll know immediately. Oh -- there's a limit to the internal memory's capacity. If the memory becomes full, overwrite the pictures you don't need anymore. Send the pictures to me when you're done.

So, any Codec moments from you, Snake? Ok, I'm receiving the images... Looks like I have your photos now. Let's take a look...

Okay, now we have all the photos... Snake, the speech is about to wind up. Forget the photos and get out of there now.

... We the Marines will lead the charge into a new world order with Metal Gear RAY. That is all. Dismissed!

- Excellent speech, my friend...
- Who the -- !?
- Gift of the silver tongue -- they say it's a mark of a good officer - and of a liar. Americans are too in love with the sound of their own voice... to speak the truth.
- Identify yourself!
- I am Shalashaska! Also called Revolver Ocelot.
- What do you want?
- This machine will be quite useful.
- What are you planning to do -- steal this thing?
- Steal? No, no, I'm taking it back.

(Gurlukovich...)

Nobody move! Understood? This ship now carries enough SEMTE_x on its key structural points to blow it out of the water at the touch of this button. That's right -- no one has to die needlessly. We're almost at the target. Get a move on!

- What do you intend to do with RAY -- sell it on the streets?
- I was raised in Snezhinsk formerly known as Chelyabinsk-70, the nuclear research outpost.
- What are you talking about?
- After the Cold War ended, my home was bought out by the Americans.
- Is there a point to this sad story?
- Not that you would understand. Land, friends, dignity... All sold to the highest bidder -- the United States of America. Even the technology that gave birth to these weapons is Russian, developed by us!
- What do you intend to do?
- Russia will rise again and RAY is the key.
- I regret to inform you that I have no intention of selling Metal Gear.
- As I said, I came to take it back. Yes -- returned. To the Patriots...
- The La-li-lu-le-lo! How's that possible!?
- Ocelot, you...! Have you sold us out?
- I was never in your employ, Gurlukovich...
- Are you still in league with Solidus...!?
- No hard feelings, Colonel. Mother Russia can rot, for all I care.
- Since when, Ocelot! When did you turn?
- I'm glad you noticed comrade. I abandoned "her" during the Cold War.

- Aargh...
- Metal Gear only has room for one! Gurlukovich, you and your daughter will die here.
- Damn you!! Die, you dog!
- Sergei! Looks like you were long overdue for retirement.
- Traitorous dog...
- Show's over! If you wish to live, I suggest you run now! This ship is still in the Lower New York Harbor. You may yet make it to shore if you swim for your life!
- OCELOT!!
- Aaaaarrghhhh!! It's been a while, brother!
- Who are you?
- You know who I am.
- Liquid?
- Not so young anymore, eh, Snake... You're drowning in time. I know what it's like, brother. No wonder Naomi passed you over for the FOXDIE program. Aaarrrrr! Out -- get out of my mind!
- Liquid...
- The price of physical prodigy... Few more years and you'll be another dead clone of the old man. Our raw materials are vintage, brother. Big Boss was in his late fifties when they created his copies. But I -- I live on, through this arm.
- Liquid's arm?
- You don't have what it takes after all. You're going down, Snake -- with this tanker!
- Otacon, we have a problem...
- Snake!! Snaaaaake!!

No problems... proceeding as planned, sir. ...Yes, at the location we discussed... Yes. I have photographic evidence of Snake on the scene. The Cypher was most useful... I look forward to tomorrow morning's news flash... I would say the Marine Corps' plans are on indefinite hold... ...Yes, of course, Mr.President.

SNAKE!!

-
- Snake, do you remember the sinking of that tanker two years ago?
 - Of course.
 - Terrorists blow a hole in an oil tanker full of crude, barely 20 miles off the shore of Manhattan -- your classic nightmare. It didn't take long for the government to put an oil fence around the whole mess. And then that massive offshore cleanup facility went up inside. The Big Shell.
 - I hear the cleanup isn't quite over yet.

- It takes time! But in the meantime, the Shell's become a landmark, a symbol of environmental protection.

(Calling teams Alpha and Bravo... Deploy at the Big Shell as scheduled...)

- Approximately six hours ago, the Big Shell was seized by an armed group.

- Do we have an ID?

- Former members of the Navy SEAL's special anti-terrorist training squad, Dead Cell, Russian private army members may also be involved. It's a highly trained group and they have the Big Shell under complete control.

(Come in from down wind, then pull up fast! Get ready to fast rope down to Shell One! Five minutes to ETA! Alpha, your top priority is to rescue and safeguard the President! Team Bravo, watch out for Stillman's back, and get those C4's disarmed.)

- What are their demands?

- Thirty billion dollars.

- Thirty billion dollars!? What makes them think they can get that much?

- There was a government-sponsored tour going on at the Big Shell that day.

- Hostages, huh?

- A VIP from one of the major conservation groups, and one from our own government -- the Most Important Person in a sense.

- The most important person

- James Johnson.

- The President!

- Unless the demands are met, the terrorists intend to blow the Big Shell out of the water.

- And the crude will ignite, turning the Manhattan Harbor into an inferno.

- That's not the worst-case scenario. If the chlorides being used to decontaminate the sea water go up with the oil, toxins containing catastrophic levels of dioxins will be released. In other words, the bay's ecosystem will be wiped out, and the sea will turn into a toxic soup for centuries -- becoming the worst environmental disaster in history.

You have two mission objectives. One: infiltrate the offshore decontamination facility Big Shell and safeguard the President and other hostages and two: disarm the terrorists by any means necessary. You should know... that SEAL Team 10 is also conducting a rescue operation.

- Is this a joint effort?

- No. FOXHOUND remains a covert body. Don't alert them to your presence - that is an order.

- This is Snake. I am now inside Strut A of Shell 1.

- How are things?

- We're in luck. Looks like there are no sentries posted here.

- What's the visibility?

- The lights on the plant's struts are functioning. I won't have to use the IR goggles.
- Any problems?
- There was a brand-new hole cut through the oil fence. There's someone else besides me that wanted to get in badly.
- That's not possible.
- What about SEAL Team 10?
- They landed on the roof of the Big Shell as planned. And by the way Snake, we're changing your codename for all following communication.
- What's wrong with Snake?
- Just a precaution. You are now designated Raiden. All right, Raiden. You've already covered infiltration in VR Training.
- I've completed three hundred missions in VR. I feel like some kind of legendary mercenary...
- Okay, we'll skip that part. This will be your first sneaking mission. The arms will naturally have to be procured on-site. Make sure nobody sees you. If you need to, contact me by Codec. The frequency is 140.85. When you want to use the Codec, push the Codec button. When we need to reach you... contact you, the Codec will beep. When you hear that noise, press the Codec button. The Codec's receiver directly stimulates the small bones of your ear. No one but you will be able to hear it.
- All right. I'll contact you if anything changes.
- First, make your way to the upper section of the Big Shell.
- How do I get up to the next level?
- There's an elevator at the far end of that area. Use that.
- Sounds good.
- Your new Sneaking suit uses electrofiber technology, a product of fiber-optics research. The texture isn't far removed from rubber but the material protects against a wide range of toxic substances. The suit itself has a wide array of built-in sensors. It is referred to as Smart Skin in military R D. Data about damage to different regions of the body, including blood loss is exchanged between the suit and the intravenous nanomachines to create a feedback system.
- There's a lot of pressure on my torso.
- Relax. The suit applies varying pressure to major internal organs to maximize performance and safeguard their functions. They call this the Skull Suit in F0dHOUND.
- Skull suit - seems appropriate somehow
- The hatch with a circular handle will open into the elevator area. Locate the hatch first.
- Copy that. Moving onto main mission objectives.

Got your feet wet? These are the basic controls for swimming. When you're on the surface, you can swim in corresponding directions using the up, down, left and right movement of the left thumbstick. Push the Punch button to dive down from the surface. Stroke the water and move forward by pushing the Punch button. Push it in rapid succession to swim faster. Change your heading by moving the left thumbstick. Up will take you up, down takes you lower, left and right to face those directions. The O2 Gauge will appear under your Life Gauge while you're underwater. The gauge corresponds to the amount of air you can hold from a single deep breath. Once the O2 Gauge falls to zero, the Life Gauge will start to drop. You need to be aware of that. Move the right thumbstick to make high-speed turns. Move it to the left or right to make 90-degree turns in those directions, and down to make a 180-degree spin. A word of warning: weapons become useless when you're in water. Though I doubt you'll be encountering any enemies underwater..

- Colonel, I've sighted an enemy sentry. AN-94 and a Makarov... Those grenades.. all his equipment is Russian-made.
- Must be a Gurlukovich man.
- Gurlukovich?
- A Russian private army that was in line to work with the Shadow Moses takeover group, four years ago.
- What's their stake in this one?
- They must have made a deal - an arrangement with the terrorists. They've become a band of mercenaries, an army without a country.

- Colonel, there's definitely another intruder in here besides me.
- That's not a possibility.
- Not a team -- looks like a solo job.
- One man...?
- We may not know who he is, but he managed to take care of every sentry in the area; they're all out cold. Whoever he is, he's got some skills.
- We need to get an ID... But for now, you can take advantage of the situation and get to work. There's a terminal in front of the elevator, a node.
- Did you say "nerd"?
- Not "nerd" -- "node".
- Oh.
- Use the node to gain access to the Big Shell's facilities network.
- Then what?
- Pull up the map of the structure; that'll let you activate the Soliton Radar.

- The Soliton Radar? True, that radar came in useful during VR training.
- A radar system -- uses biological magnetic fields as input. These estimated enemy positions are projected onto a map according to reference points collected via GPS signals and field personnel reports. We need to get to the map through the Big Shell's node to put this data processing to practical use. The node unit is about three feet high -- should be colored blue. Each area has at least one.
- How do I gain access?
- Just push the Action button in front of the node. The nanomachines in your body will take care of the security clearance, and allow you access to the node. Complete the procedure before those sentries gain consciousness. If they spot you, you won't be able to gain access for a while. Stay on guard.
- Got it.

-
- Good work, Raiden.
 - The radar should be functioning now?
 - Remember your VR training sessions. The tool is exactly the same one -- it maps the terrain as well as the position of enemy personnel. Let me explain about your Soliton Radar system. The bright dot in the middle is you, Raiden. The red dots are your enemies and the blue cone shape represents their field of vision. Your radar isn't affected by the weather, but if you're discovered by an enemy you won't be able to use it. It gets jammed easily I'm afraid. It's all made from currently existing technology. You won't be able to use it in an area with strong harmonic resonance. So be careful. The Big Shell's layout map should now be available after touching the Pause button.
 - How do I save the mission data?
 - I've set aside a proprietary frequency for saves. And an analyst to work on the data too.
 - Jack -- is everything all right?
 - What are you doing here!?
 - Jack, can you hear me?
 - Rose! You're not supposed to be involved! What's going on!?
 - Jack, I'm a part of this mission.
 - Colonel, what the hell is going on?
 - Raiden, meet the mission analyst. She'll be overseeing the data saving and support.
 - Why her?
 - The FOXHOUND analyst that was supposed to take part in this mission was in an accident. Rosemary was brought in as a replacement.
 - An accident...?
 - And according to the files, she knows you better than anybody else.

- Rose may be in the service, but an intelligence analyst is no field officer.

- Not to worry. She has our technical staff at her disposal.

- She's never been a part of a field mission. This is insane.

- I have my own reasons for selecting her for this mission, soldier.

- Colonel, I fail to see

- I know your VR training performance in and out. But sometimes that's not enough. You're familiar with the Shadow Moses incident?

- You know I covered it in VR.

- If there's a crucial tactical detail that case taught us, it was the power of the operative's will to survive.

- I was trained to fight. My personal feelings have no place in a mission.

- We've learned that it doesn't work that way. And on the field, you need all the help you can get.

- Jack? You're stuck with me whether you like it or not.

- Rose...

- You need someone to watch your back. But I have conditions that need to be met, Colonel.

- What is it?

- I'll perform my duties and save that mission data. But I'm aware that technically, I'm not part of the mission control team. After all, I'm just a normal girl who's worried about Jack. But that means, Colonel, that I am not required to follow your orders outside of my immediate duties. Jack is not simply a field personnel for me to track. His safety comes first to me, not the mission. And because of that, I will be monitoring... and keeping a record of every communication you have with him, Colonel.

- ... Given the circumstances, you're free to do what you see fit. Hey, I prefer this to being kept in the dark, waiting. I'd like to make a request, if I may.

- Of course.

- His handle is Raiden. For the duration of the mission, could you call him that?

- Yes sir.

All right - Raiden. Let me know when you're ready to turn in a save. The proprietary save frequency is 140.96.

I just switched frequencies. Jack?

- What?

- Do you know what day it is tomorrow?

- April 30th -- is there something special about it?

- Isn't there?

- I can't remember. I'm sorry.

- Oh well, I'll keep trying 'til I hear the answer. I'm going to let you go now, Jack. Take care.

- Raiden, the enemy sentry is regaining consciousness.
- Be careful, Jack!
- Find somewhere to hide until the elevator arrives. You must stay out of sight!

I'm under enemy fire! Secure the perimeter! Stay on the lookout.
Return to your positions! Stay sharp!

-
- You've acquired some ration. Good -- this is a portable field food source that can be consumed to recover LIFE. Select the ration in your window and push the Enter button. You can use it on the spot and regain some LIFE. If you have it selected, you can automatically consume the ration the moment your LIFE runs out and avoid death. Rations not only provide nutrition, they also stimulate the immune system and lessen psychological stress.
 - Not exactly gourmet, though, is it...
 - Stop complaining, Raiden...
 - Hang in there, Jack. When the mission is over, I'll make you my specialty.
 - Yeah, right.
 - Hm?
 - Oh, nothing. I can't wait!

-
- The terrorists call themselves "Sons of Liberty."
 - Sons of Liberty?
 - The name of their leader is Solid Snake.
 - The hero of Shadow Moses!? So that's why you changed my code name.
 - Right. But it can't be THE Solid Snake. He died two years ago, on that tanker... after he blew it sky-high.
 - Could he have survived?
 - Not a chance...

-
- Colonel, I'm on the roof. There are no sentries, but it would only take one to spot me in this light.
 - You never had daylight VR training, after all. Stay extra sharp until you can find a node to log in from.
 - What about the commandos?
 - SEAL Team 10 has landed on Struts B and C.
 - And the President?
 - Seems he was spotted on Strut B.
 - Strut B?

- The Big Shell is comprised of Shells One and Two. Each unit consists of a central core and six struts surrounding it.
- So the whole thing is shaped like two hexagons connected end-on-end.
- Exactly. And you're on the roof of Strut A, Shell One at the moment. First, get to a node. Log into the network.
- Got it.

-
- Jack, do you remember what day tomorrow is?
 - That again... I'm sorry, but I still don't have a clue.
 - That's okay.
 - What is it, Rose? Talk to me.
 - I'd rather you figure it out. It's important.
 - How important?
 - Important enough. And we'll talk about it, tomorrow.
 - Why not now?
 - Tomorrow seems more - appropriate. I need all the help I can get so that I won't chicken out anyway.
 - Is that the reason you decided to be part of this mission?
 - ...
 - OK... I'm going to finish this thing by tomorrow, no matter what.
 - You know I'll do everything I can to help you.
 - Rose, there's something I need you to do as an analyst.
 - What is it?
 - It has to do with Solid Snake. The leader of this takeover incident is claiming that he's Snake himself.
 - The legendary mercenary?
 - Hm. I need as much data on him as possible. Everything they have on him after the Shadow Moses incident.
 - He's dead now, isn't he?
 - Yes. Should be a burial record somewhere too.
 - You should be able to request top-level security clearance from the Colonel. That should get us into the most classified material.
 - I'm on it. I'll contact you as soon as I find out something.

Raiden, that door is locked. You most likely won't be able to get through. Find another way in.

-
- I see a lot of birds over there....

- The tanker accident two years ago released crude oil containing massive quantities of Endocrine Disruptors. The fish that absorbed them were then eaten by seagulls, which further concentrated the Endocrine Disruptors in their bodies. What sort of outcome this will lead to is still currently under review and is yet unclear. It just goes to show that finishing the cleanup of ocean oil spills does not mean that environmental restoration efforts end there as well.

- Colonel, do you think the terrorist ringleader is really Solid Snake?

- Yes, I do.

- But during the Shadow Moses incident, Snake was a...

- A hero?

- Yeah.

- Certainly. You went through VR training, but it is not as if the simulation is faithful to every fact. It... changes people.

- ...you too, Colonel?

- Raiden, focus on the task at hand. Solid Snake is the terrorist kingpin. He is an opponent you can't underestimate. Understood?

Raiden, look at that wire fence. You may be able to crawl through it. Crouch down using the Crawl button, then move the left thumbstick in the direction you want to move. Push the Crawl button again to stand up. You can use weapons even while Crawling. This is different from VR training, so you keep that in mind.

- Raiden, SEAL Team 10 is in.

- Do we really have no line of communication with the SEALs?

- They don't know a thing about us. You know we work in the dark, and this mission is no exception. Only a few people know about your presence here.

- ...

- There's no need for concern. This operation is under Pentagon's direct command, and the NSDD (National Security Decision Directives) came from the Vice President and the Secretary of Defense. Your mission may be top-secret, but it's gone through the usual channels.

- Colonel, I've located the node, but it's under heavy surveillance. I can't get in any closer.

- Distract them. Try making some noise to draw their attention away.

- How?
- Flatten yourself against a wall and hit the Punch button.
- Got it.

-
- Raiden, watch out. There are sentries posted on the connecting bridge. They will spot you if you continue on course.
 - Any recommendations?
 - Use the Hanging mode.
 - Hanging?
 - Face any waist-high railing and push the Action button to clear the railing and hang over the side. Once there, you can move sideways while keeping out of enemy sight.
 - All right, I'm giving it a try.
 - Don't forget the Grip Gauge. It will keep decreasing during a Hanging maneuver, and once it runs out, you will fall.
 - Copy that.
 - Wait a second, I just intercepted new intelligence on the operation being executed by SEAL Team 10.
 - Intercepted?
 - As I said before, they need to be kept in the dark about our presence.
 - So we just listen in...
 - I'm patching it through.
 - This is Alpha zero. We have the President.
 - Is he safe?
 - He is safe.
 - What about the package?
 - Tell the guys upstairs that we've secured the package. Easy money.
 - Good work. Your retrieval is on the way. Come on home...
 - Roger that... H-holy!
 - Alpha zero! Report!!
 - Damm it! Cover the President!!
 - Come in, Alpha zero!
 - This is Alpha zero. We are under attack! This is crazy! Is that...!?
 - Alpha zero, respond!
 - ...
 - All Alpha, respond!
 - Raiden, the President's life is in danger! Head to Strut B now!

-
- Uaaagh! Damn it! I can't hit him!? Aaaargh!! Aa Aa Aaaargh!
 - Alpha zero, come in Alpha zero.
 - Aah! Oh no, no!

- All Alpha, come in! What's going on? Alpha, respond!
- What are you?
- Five today... Or rather, six?
- Get down!! Where is he!
- Agh! Urgh...!
- Hmmm? Strange smell... You smell like - S... Are you -- it has to be!
- Shoot him! What are you waiting for!!!
- Vamp
- Yeah, queen
- Are you all done cleaning up?
- Yes. But wait till I tell you what I found.
- Something interesting?
- I'll tell you in person. Where are you?
- In the central unit, with the President.
- Be right there.
- Hold on, I'm not an enemy. Calm down. My name is S... My name is... Pliskin. Iroquois Pliskin. Lieutenant Junior Grade.
- Are you a Navy SEAL? How did you get in?
- Fast rope descent, from a Navy chopper.
- Have I seen you before?
- That suit -- are you FOXHOUND?
- ...That's right.
- FOXHOUND was disbanded
- ...?
- Where were you before FOXHOUND? Delta Force?
- I was a part of the Army's Force XXI trials...
- Force XXI? That's about tactical IT deployment, right? Any field experience?
- No -- not really.
- So this is your first.
- I've had extensive training -- the kind that's indistinguishable from the real thing.
- Like what?
- Sneaking mission 60, Weapons 80, Advanced...
- VR, huh.
- But realistic in every way.
- A virtual grunt of the digital age. That's just great.
- That's far more effective than live exercises.
- You don't get injured in VR, do you? Every year, a few soldiers die in field exercises.

- There's pain sensation in VR, and even a sense of reality and urgency. The only difference is that it isn't actually happening.

- That's the way they want you to think, to remove you from the fear that goes with battle situations. War as a video game -- what better way to raise the ultimate soldier?

- So you're saying that VR training is some kind of mind control?

(Raiden? What's going on? The Alpha team from Navy SEAL 10 is dead... no, a single survivor.)

The kid's wired with nanomachines.

- What about the President?

- Looks like they took him somewhere else...

- I see... You said there was a survivor from SEAL Team 10?

- Yeah. Lieutenant J.G. Pliskin.

- Has he seen your face?

- What?

- This is a top-secret mission. No one can know that we're involved.

- It's a little too late for that.

- What's up?

- Take a look?

- What the hell...?

- A Navy Captain... Aghh...

- You all right?

- Give me a few minutes. Must have lost a few more pints than I thought.

- What was that man just now?

- That bloodsucking freak? That was Vamp... He's Romanian, a wizard with knives as you saw.

- The way he moved -- didn't seem human.

- You won't see that in VR, I guarantee.

- What is he?

- One of the members of Dead Cell.

- Dead Cell... Him?

- A special forces unit created by Ex-President George Sears. The name was originally intended to reflect its anti-terrorist functions. The unit would launch unannounced assaults on government complexes, for the ultimate terrorism simulation. "They were needed to show VR troopers like you how to deal with the real thing." But around the time their original leader died in prison, the unit began to unravel. They were always close to the edge, but they became more and more extreme. Began to go after U.S. allies, even civilians. We estimate that no fewer than a hundred people died as a result of "accidents" the Dead Cell arranged on their own. They were out of control -- and it all came to a head six months ago.

- What happened?
- The unit was devastated. There are only three left now -- and you just saw one of them.
- Why would they go after the Big Shell?
- How should I know? I told you they were on the lunatic fringe.
- What about the leader? He says he's Solid Snake?
- Snake died two years ago.
- You mean the incident that made this Big Shell necessary in the first place.
- Right. And he was the one that sank that tanker.
- But he's a Legend
- Legends are usually bad news. There's not a lot of difference between heroes and madmen...
- You're saying Snake is still alive and pulled another one?
- No, he's not involved in this one. His body was positively ID'd two years ago. Snake is dead... And buried.
- What about the other soldiers I saw Russian equipment too.
- Former Soviet military. They're probably mercenaries. The Big Shell is too much ground for just Dead Cell members to hold down. You weren't briefed on any of this? ...and you came in alone to boot? Why? What are you really doing here? Can't tell me, huh? Fine with me...
- I don't smoke.
- Keep it anyway. May come in handy. Take this too.

Come in Alpha zero! This is Bravo zero, currently at the bridge between Struts B and C. The President is -- Damn! I can't hit this thing! It's like some bad dream Alpha! Anyone! Come in, all Alpha! This is Bravo zero!

- Aren't you going to answer him!?
- The BC connecting bridge.
- We need to get there. Can you handle it?
- I need a few more minutes. Remember my frequency -- it's 141.80
- 141.80 Got it.
- I've been briefed on this plant's layout. If you need information on the place or about Dead Cell, contact me. You're using nano communication, right?
- Yeah. But I can patch into your frequency.
- Hey -- what's your name?
- Raiden.
- Raiden? Strange code name.
- Makes up for the boring one my parents gave me.
- Maybe I'll find out someday.

- Rose... are you okay?
- Yes. Thank you... i-it really scared me at first, but I think I've gotten used to it. I'll be behind you all the way, so don't worry.
- I guess women really are strong.
- Not quite. It's not women that are strong -- it's me.
- Just as long as I can count on you.
- ... actually, that's not true. It still scares me to death. But I'll be strong. I'll try -- for you. Good luck!

- What the hell is that?
- Come, put me out of my misery!
- This is impossible! Nothing will hit her! Is she the one they call Fortune?
- queen.
- Don't let them take the President! Ready grenades! A dud!?
- Today is another bad day... Is there anyone here that can give me happiness? I'm so sorry, my beauties... I'll see you again someday.

- Colonel, SEAL Team 10's Bravo team was wiped out.
- I see.
- What happened to the cargo choppers?
- Both of them are at the bottom of the harbor. Looks like your new hosts have a Harrier 2.
- A Harrier? What is this?
- Calm down. It just means they anticipated the attack.
- What?
- Besides, since the SEALs drew their fire, your infiltration went off without a hitch. On top of that, we know their defensive capabilities.
- Are you saying this was all a feint?
- Raiden, get a hold of yourself. The entire mission is in your hands now, do you understand?
- But...
- There's no time for questions. They could decide to retaliate for that failed assault.
- You mean the hostages?
- They could be in danger, yes. But we need to consider the possibility that they'll blow the whole Shell. If that toxic spill does take place, it'll devastate not only the harbor, but poison the coastline for generations.
- ...
- Raiden, we've had to adjust the mission objectives. The priority is now on removing those C4's that the terrorists wired over the Big Shell. The President can wait, but this can't.

- Colonel, you know I'm no bomb disposal expert.
- That's not a problem -- the Bravo team brought an explosives pro in with them. He was supposed to standby on Strut C according to their mission plan. You should find him there.
- Is this according to simulation too...?
- What are you talking about? Get to Strut C and find him!
- Understood... But I need to ask you something before I go.
- Make it quick.
- Who are they -- Dead Cell, I mean? They couldn't hit her, no matter how hard they tried... And that vampire too. It's -- it's like... It's like being in a nightmare you can't wake up from.
- Jack, snap out of it!
- And you Rose -- I can't believe you're on this mission. I keep thinking I'll wake up...
- Raiden, this is real. And that's why you won't wake up.
- But nothing seems real.
- I've made up my mind to stay with you. Whether this is real or a bad dream, I'll keep watching you, till it's over.
- Thank you, Rose. And I won't let you be just a dream...
- Are you two done? Raiden, you're needed on Strut C.

-
- Freeze!
 - Don't shoot!
 - You a cop?
 - I'm not NYPD. I came in with the Bravo team. Who are you with? And what happened to SEAL Team 10?
 - They're all dead...
 - All of them!? That's bad.
 - Did I tell you you could move?
 - It's all right. He's not one of the bad guys. Don't go pointing that thing everywhere, kid. What's your name?
 - My name is Peter. Peter Stillman.
 - Lecturer at NAVSC Indian Head ...Also a consultant for the NYPD bomb squad.
 - A poor old man who got dragged along for this picnic.
 - I thought you'd retired.
 - I did. Can't keep up with everybody, as you can see. A famous church got wiped off the map thanks to me. With too many lives inside. All I lost was this leg.
 - So you're the bomb disposal guy?
 - Kid, this is THE bomb disposal guy. Open any explosives disposal textbook and you'll see his name.

- Heh, just ancient history now.

- Why did they bring you out of retirement then?

- Because the terrorist group here includes one of my students. The Emperor of Explosives - Fatman. He built an atomic bomb when he was only ten. I created him in a sense.

- And that's why you're here...

- I'm pretty rusty. I was supposed to supervise the bomb disposal -- looks like it was taken care of before I had my turn.

- I wouldn't say that. There are at least two people here who can claim to be experts at bomb disposal.

- Are you two with SEAL team 10? I didn't see you at the mission briefing.

- Oh, we're with another squad. My name is Pliskin, Lieutenant Junior Grade.

- Honored to meet you, sir. Mr. Pliskin, do you have any experience with explosives disposal?

- Don't worry about me. And he looks young, but he can do it. But we need more manpower.

- What's your name?

- Raiden.

- That's an odd name.

- Any other survivors?

- There was also an engineer with me.

- An engineer?

- A skinny guy. He went in with us...

- Where is he?

- I haven't seen him since that skirmish.

- Was he killed?

- I don't think so. I didn't find his body.

- I see...

- They told me he was the security systems architect for the Big Shell.

- Why would they take a civilian along?

- Everything in this structure is computer-controlled. He was supposed to get us past all the security measures.

- I never heard anything about that.

- He had official orders with him....

- We'll leave that for later. Right now, we need to figure out how to deal with all the bombs.

- But there's no one left... from the SEAL's EOD (Explosive Ordnance Disposal) squad.

- Yep. So we have to do it ourselves.

- But I've never defused a bomb before... Hold on a sec..

- Off to confer with the CO again?

- Glad to hear Stillman is safe. Assist him in any way possible to clear the C4 from the structure.

- Colonel, you know I've never been trained in bomb disposal.
- It's all right. The man you're working with is the best in the field. All you have to do is follow his directions. You will of course keep your identity and mission objectives to yourself.
- Is it true that an engineer came in with Stillman?
- I wasn't informed of that. It's probably something the SEALs decided on their own.
- ...
- There are more important issues at hand, Raiden. The enemy may retaliate for the failed assault. Get those C4's neutralized now.
- Colonel, I'm not qualified for bomb disposal.
- Jack, it's me.
- Rose?
- You can do this. Trust me.
- You haven't had bomb disposal training per se in VR, but you're more than capable of handling C4.
- ...This is a little different from using C4.
- You're up for this. You know that.

How about it, kid? Are the results in yet?

- There's no need to think about this so much. You won't actually be dismantling the bomb. That's not for amateurs. What we'll try here instead is a temporary freezing measure. Here, look at this It's live. You can see it pulsing. Now you spray this on the sucker and... ..there we go. Simple, huh? The spray freezes the detonator instantly.
- How long does the effect last?
- There's no way the thing can detonate in this condition. Even if you leave it alone, it'll stay out of commission for at least 24 hours.
- That's enough time.
- If we had the manpower, I'd recommend complete disposal. But this will have to do. The spray can be used from several yards away. Now, check the floor, ceiling, walls, under a table - everywhere. Try to imagine the locations the bomber would choose.
- That won't be easy. We don't know a thing about Fatman. Is there anything that'll help us locate the bombs?
- Here, take this with you. It's what they call an Ion Mobility Spectrometer. It can recognize ionized gas emitted by C4's.
- ...the what?
- In other words, that little gadget sniffs out C4's scent.
- That's right. I've established a linkup with your radar network so any scent detected will be represented visually. Have the sensor activated and keep your eye on the radar.

- What if he's using some other, odorless substance?
- I know Fatman well. I know how into his own aesthetics he is.
- Signatures?
- Yes. On every bomb he builds, he always leaves a trace of the cologne he uses. The sensor also picks up that particular scent spectrum.
- Is that something he learned from you?
- No, it was his own quirk. He wouldn't work by any rules except his own, and he followed them like a religion. And common sense wasn't one of his strong points. I thought I taught him everything I knew... I have no children of my own, and I... thought I found a son in him. He had the right stuff, you know. There's something very unusual about an ability like that. Even at Indian Head, he got special treatment. I remember some people called him one of the "fat cats." Maybe that's what started all this. I didn't teach him the most important thing I had to tell him. There are some things you have to pass on. The trick is to know which one. Right... All I taught him were skills. And now I have to stop him from using it to destroy us all. You see the green stuff on the radar? That's a visual representation of the C4 scent detected by the sensor.
- It's a pretty big area, isn't it?
- Don't complain. It's better than nothing.
- Just activate the sensors and search the area, okay?
- All right.
- Don't forget that you need the radar to use this system. Log into the node at every strut/and turn the radar on.
- We have to keep out of the enemy's sight too.
- Because the radar gets knocked offline when we're spotted?
- Exactly.
- Fatman would have allotted some C4's here in Strut C as well.
- Here?
- I know the structure of this facility. And, if he wants to take out the plant, where he would target...
- You know this for sure?
- Of course. I taught him the techniques he uses. His ideas are based on my theories. Demolition is a kind of ideology it makes no exceptions for time or place. Big Shell consists of two hexagons joined end-on-end, north to south. There should be packets of C4's on each of the vertices, or the struts in this case. You need at least that to take a building of this integrity out.
- Six on Shell 1, another six on Shell 2... a total of twelve bombs, at least?
- Considering the Shell's architecture and composition from an engineering standpoint -- that's my conclusion. And it's exactly what he would have decided as well.
- Kid, this place is all yours. I'll take care of Shell 2.
- Take this.

- What's this?

- Security card issued to Shell personnel. The Big Shell's security layout includes varying levels of clearance. The clearance level is identified by the number printed on these doors. Raiden, your card key can open doors with security clearance level 1. Pliskin, your card can get you into level 3 areas. You'll need it to get next door to Shell 2.

- How did you get this?

- That engineer I told you about gave it to me. He was supposed to program a set of all-access cards once we were on-site. Unfortunately, this card won't get you into every area of this structure.

- We'll have to deal with the remaining security lockouts as they come up. Let's get going. You stay here.

- No, I'm going.

- The two of us can handle it, don't worry.

- But...

- You'll just slow us down with that leg of yours. There's a war going on here. I don't have time to babysit anymore.

- Why don't you let us handle the grunt work? You can tell us what to do over the radio, like in the original mission plan.

- All right. I'll give you instructions from here. I may also need to prepare a backup plan just in case...

- In case of what?

- Good luck to both of you. This is a dangerous one.

- "Who Dares, Wins."

- If anything comes up, let me know. My frequency is 140.25

- Good luck, kid. I'll see you later. "Semper fi."

- That man's no SEAL. I don't even think he's a Navy man.

- What?

- Semper fi... Marine Corps talk. Normally, team leaders stay in the CP (Command Post) and give orders with those headphones. And as far as I know, SEALs keep their officers away from the field. And -- "Who Dares, Wins" is a motto of the British Special Air Service.

- Is he one of the terrorists then?

- No, somehow I don't think so. If there's someone to suspect, I'd put my money on you.

- I'm ...

- Just take care of those bombs for now.

- What about you? They could be back in this area soon.

- I'll hide out in this pantry for a while. If I lock the door, it should be all right. Plenty of food in here too, so you won't need to worry about me. I'll give you instructions by Codec from here. Good luck - kid. Bomb disposal is a face-off with your own mortality. Don't let the fear get to you. When you give in to fear the darkness comes...

- Raiden here. I took care of the C4 in Strut C. The ceiling of the Women's Bathroom was set to blow.
- That's not like him...
- Anything wrong?
- Maybe. Pliskin's reported other locations too, and none of them are effective demolition points.
- What do you mean?
- It means that they wouldn't be the best places to choose if you wanted to destroy this place.
- Are you saying they don't plan on blowing the Shell up?
- It certainly seems that way. So far, we haven't seen anything but a waste of good explosives. Unless of course, we're missing something...
- A trap?
- He couldn't have overlooked the fact that I would be called into this. There's something going on.

- So, looks like you remembered I'm still here after all.
- Huh?
- I thought you'd completely forgotten that I existed.
- Of course not! What's wrong with you?
- It's just... you haven't saved in a while.
- That doesn't mean I forgot.
- Is that so? And didn't you think I'd be worried?
- But...
- I was really worried... You're okay, right?
- Yeah.
- Good.

- Jack -- it must be so nerve-racking to defuse a bomb...
- Yeah, I'd say so.
- OK, that was a stupid thing to say. Sorry.
- That's all right. It's just that I've never been trained in this stuff.
- You okay? Are you feeling well?
- I almost threw up a few times.
- Oh Jack...
- But I'm okay. It's not like I'm in this alone.
- Oh -- yeah, that's true. What do you think about when you're defusing those things?
- I don't think so much as remember. And I know that I need to resist that, and keep my mind blank. I can't let myself be overwhelmed by the fear.
- So, am I a part of what you try not to remember?

- ...
- I was just kidding. But I guess this isn't a good time for that.
- No, it is. And I do think about you. I'm trying to remember what's so special about April 30th.
- Any success?
- No, not yet.
- You need to stay alive so you can.
- Okay, that's a deal.

-
- This is Raiden. The C4 found in Strut A has been frozen and disposed of. Explosives were planted in the Pump Room on the first floor.
 - This is all wrong. This is something only an amateur would do.
 - What do you mean?
 - All the bombs that have been found so far don't appear to be in the right kind of locations. And the quantity of explosives isn't sufficient either.
 - Even Fatman can make mistakes, right?
 - No, there's something else going on here... Get a move on with the disposal, Raiden. I've got a bad feeling about this.
 - Do you think it's a trap?
 - I don't know, but I'm going to tell Pliskin to watch his back too. Just hurry.

-
- The Cypher is a type of unmanned surveillance craft. It will alert the patrols upon discovering an intruder. If you're spotted by one, the reinforcements will come running. Use the chaff grenade to set up electronic interference. The Cypher will be offline for as long as the chaff is active. The Cypher can be taken out by destroying its camera. Raiden, you need to stay out of the Cypher's field of vision. You can't afford to be apprehended.
 - But Colonel, there's nowhere to hide...
 - Jack, snap out of it.
 - Hang from the railings and let the Cypher pass you by. Try Hanging, and keep an eye on the Grip Gauge!

-
- Jack, do you remember the day we met?
 - I'm kinda busy right now, Rose.
 - You're right, sorry.
 - I do remember. It was right after I transferred to New York. There were all these tourists around you, in front of the Federal Hall.
 - A group of middle-aged Japanese ladies came up and asked me, which building it was that King Kong was climbing in the movie. I said it was probably

the Chrysler Building. And then you showed up and started mouthing off. You were like, "No, it's the Empire State."

- I said the Chrysler Building was in Godzilla.

- Ha ha ha... We started arguing, and I forgot all about the tourists. I was insisting that I was right, and you were doing the same.. The next thing we knew, the Japanese women had gone away.

And we ended up going to the Skyscraper Museum to see who had the better recall. We argued all the way to Battery Park. And for nothing!

Since the museum was closed.

We went our separate ways from the museum. And then I found you again by coincidence out in the base corridor.

An amazing coincidence -- that we were actually working at the same place.

That night, we went up to the top of the Empire State.

It was so beautiful -- I could look down on the Chrysler Building from a hundred and twenty stories above ground.

I felt -- overwhelmed.

I didn't care anymore who was right.

And that was our first date.

We watched "King Kong" in your apartment a bunch of times that night.

Didn't sleep till morning...

...

If it weren't for that coincidence, we wouldn't be together.

I know...

- I'm sorry Jack.

- I'm taking up your time again.

- What?

- Take care.

The sensor you received from Stillman visualizes the C4's detected odor on the radar screen. This means that the radar must be enabled in order for you to take advantage of the sensor. Raiden, log into the node first. Strut F's node is in a small room in the southwest block of B1. Make doubly sure you stay out of the enemy's sight. If the radar goes offline, the sensor is useless. The C4's will become invisible to you again.

Raiden, don't get yourself worked up. It's safer to take out the enemy first, then look for the bomb. Don't even think about searching for the bomb while looking over your shoulder for the enemy. Knock them unconscious or take them out altogether first.

-
- Tell me a little more about Dead Cell.
 - Dead Cell was a shadow unit within the SEALS organization.
 - Right. They handled surprise raids on vital government facilities, didn't they?
 - Yes. They were originally put together to check the nation's military security system. The unit was the brainchild of ex-president George Sears... Dead Cell was a secret unit positioned at the opposite end of anti-terrorist outfits such as Delta Force and SEALS.

 - Were they always a... ..group of madmen?
 - No. They got weird when Colonel Jackson -- Fortune's husband -- was sent to jail.
 - Sent to jail? For what?
 - Corruption. He misappropriated government funds.
 - Sounds like he deserved it...
 - That's what everybody else thought. Except for the members of Dead Cell. They felt the Colonel was falsely accused. Fact is, they took the case to the powers that be. But they never managed to reopen the case.
 - Was there any truth to their claim?
 - Who knows? Whatever the situation is, Dead Cell's name was tainted.
 - And Colonel Jackson...?
 - He was being held at Leavenworth...
 - "Was"...meaning he's been released?
 - Well... in a manner of speaking. The Colonel's dead.
 - Oh.
 - Apparently he lost the will to live and died in prison. The members of Dead Cell snapped with the loss of their leader. They underwent a radical change and became uncontrollable.
 - And that's why they undertook this terrorist operation?
 - Seems as good a reason as any...

-
- Raiden, Stillman is a top-notch explosives technician. Follow his orders and disarm the explosives.
 - Okay. But exactly who is Peter Stillman?
 - Gotcha. I'll look him up. Hold on a moment.

Strut F has a solid makeup, with areas that can't be accessed simply by walking. If you jump off from the top, there should be an area that you can access.

-
- This is Raiden. I just finished disposing of the C4 in Strut F. Found explosives on B1.
 - You're taking too much time. You should work a little faster.
 - There's no time, Raiden. I've got my hands full here, so it doesn't look like I can help you. It's in your hands.
 - There are still bombs in that area that haven't been disposed of. Search carefully.

-
- Be careful! There are Claymore mines around there.
 - Who is this!
 - Stealth-equipped Claymore mines, invisible to the naked eye. Use the mine detector.
 - Identify yourself.
 - Just call me "Depththroat."
 - Depththroat? You mean from Shadow Moses?
 - Mr. x, then.
 - Mr. x now, is it? Why would it matter if I called you Depththroat?
 - Never mind about that.
 - Why did you contact me?
 - Let's just say I'm one of your fans.
-
- Colonel, someone calling himself Mr. x just contacted me. Do you know anything about it?
 - No -- and whoever it was, it wasn't a burst transmission. The transmission was sent from within the Big Shell.
 - He called himself "Depththroat" at first. Do you think -- ?
 - I caught that part too, but the possibility of it being true is none. Gray Fox was the one who used that alias in Shadow Moses, and he's dead.
 - Is it an enemy trap?
 - Could be. Exercise extreme caution.

-
- Raiden, Rosemary has some information to report.
 - I looked into Mr. Peter Stillman's file. Full name is Peter Stillman. Known as "Peg-Legged Peter." He is a legendary bomb disposal technician. He is also a longtime instructor at the Naval School Explosive Ordnance Disposal, and a consultant for the NYPD bomb squad. But five years ago he lost his leg in an accident... and since then he hung up his gloves to focus on being a lecturer. He was called back into service because, as he said, he is the only explosives specialist who can stop Fatman. Although no longer an active

consultant, he is still without a doubt the number one guy when it comes to disarming explosives. He should be very helpful to you.

Everything's going smoothly over here. I just finished defusing another C4. One more bomb defused. There was one planted pretty high up, on the ceiling. The coolant spray couldn't reach that far, so I had to get up on a stand and do it. For some reason, there was one planted on an enemy soldier's back...

- I don't see a lot of adequate cover in that area.
- There's some cargo on those conveyor belts. That's about it.
- Good thinking. Raiden, take cover behind the cargo on the conveyor belt. Match your movement to the belt's.

- I've taken care of that annoying fly. What's the situation over there?
- Puzzling. I saw a man dressed like a ninja just now.
- Ninja?
- It's the only way to describe it. A kind of cyborg ninja, complete with a sword.
- What...
- Are you hiding something from me?
- Olga, are you sure it wasn't an Arsenal Tengu?
- Don't be a fool. Think I wouldn't know the difference? I've never seen field gear like that, ever.
- All right. We'll intensify patrols. Anything else?
- Actually -- one more thing. You'll find it hard to believe, though. I saw a man hiding under a cardboard box.

Where?

- On the connecting bridge to Shell 2. So you believe me this time?
- I've seen someone use that box trick before. We'll lay a trap on the Shell 2 connecting bridge.
- Over and out then.

- Freeze! You must be one of Dead Cell.
- Of course not. What a thing to say.
- Drop your gun.
- Not a chance!

- I saw a female soldier - Russian.
- Must be Olga Gurlukovich.
- How do you know?

- Unlike you, I've been briefed.
- She's not a Dead Cell?
- No, she commands a Russian private army.
- They must be the ones patrolling the Big Shell.
- That's right. She's led the group ever since her old man, Colonel Gurlukovich, died. Watch yourself with her. She's a tough one.

-
- Raiden here. The C4 reported on the roof of Strut E has been taken care of.
 - Good work.
 - Only one more left to go...
 - This is Pliskin. Do you read me, Pete?
 - I'm here. What's up?
 - Raiden, you need to hear this too.
 - I'm listening.
 - I checked out the bottom of Strut H for you, Pete.
 - Wait -- what's this about?
 - I asked Pliskin to look around. Knowing Fatman, I can't shake the feeling that all the bombs so far were just wrong.
 - So did you find anything?
 - A hell of a lot of C4's packed into the bottom of the strut. Pete called it right. I knew he had the real thing up his sleeve...
 - So all the other ones were dummies?
 - No, they're a threat all right, but the detonation wouldn't be enough to destroy the entire Shell. But the C4's Pliskin found would inflict serious structural damage.
 - That's not the bad news either. These are sensor-proof.
 - What!
 - New model, I guess. The ionization sensor can't detect them. The whole thing is sealed tight to prevent vapor leak, and there's no trace of that cologne signature. Pete, looks like he fooled you.
 - Yes...
 - But you managed to find the thing anyway?
 - It was sheer luck.
 - Bombs that are invisible to the sensor...
 - Any ideas, Pete?
 - Are there more out there?
 - I'll go see for myself.
 - You can't move fast enough.
 - He's right. I can try the spray from a distance.
 - Hold on!
 - There's something not right about this one, I can feel it.

- Well, Pete? Should I come back and get you?

- No, there's no need. Raiden, you have one left to go, correct?

- Right -- except for those scentless ones.

- How about you, Pliskin?

- I have two left not counting this one.

- OK... It'll have to be me. I have the level 4 card that'll get me into Shell 2 in any case.

- You'll never make it. With that bad leg of yours, they'll spot you for sure.

- That won't happen. I... I can walk just fine. I can even run...

- What do you mean?

- That bomb, five years ago. I messed up. Even with all my experience, I lost it. And a church was lost in the explosion. All those kids playing nearby too... These past five years, I've lived a lie.

- Lied?

- Yes, lied. I didn't lose my leg in the explosion.

- ...

- So many dead - all because of my mistake. All I could think about was hiding from the crime, shielding myself from the public outcry. I wanted people to be sorry for me, for my weakness...

- ...

- I faked being a victim myself because I couldn't bear to face the families of the real victims. This is no prosthetic. I can keep my footing on catwalks and hike over deserts. I lived my lie so well I haven't even answered to myself for my sins... It was supposed to be a shield. And it's become a shroud instead. I've killed my soul by playing the victim. Instead of protecting me, it's made my life even more hellish.

- What good can that do the victims?

- I know -- I'm a coward!

- Hey, Pete...

- God forgive me... I can walk with my own two feet. And I need them to stop Fatman. His crimes are also mine - one of omission, and arrogance. No one should teach the skills I taught him without a clear conscience. This is the only way I can defuse my own sins.

- I get you, Pete. That one's all yours. You got it, Raiden?

- I understand.

- Pete, I've taken care of guards in Struts G and H of Shell 2. I wouldn't recommend you go into any of the other struts.

- I owe you one.

- I'll get back to freezing the baby bombs then. You do that too, Raiden.

- I'm on it.

- I'll have the radio with me, if you need to get in touch. Just don't ask for "Peg-Legged Peter." He's gone for good.

- I can't believe it... Stillman's prosthetic leg was all a 'big lie!
- Don't be too hard on him, Rose.
- But he's got no right to go around pretending he's got a prosthetic leg! That's an insult to people who really can't walk!
- Everyone's got their own reasons. Sometimes, you've got no choice but to lie...
- ...You're right. I guess it is necessary sometimes...
- Rose?
- It's nothing. Well, see ya.

- I have the last C4 frozen. There's nothing showing up on the sensor now.
- Good work, Raiden.
- You're way ahead of me, kid. I still have one to go. How's your bomb, Peter?
- It's a bomb all right. Sealed C4, and in huge quantities...
- You think there's another one in Shell 1?
- For sure. Somewhere at the bottom of Strut A.
- Why are you so certain?
- If this bottom section of the strut is demolished, Shell 2 will be well on its way to destruction.
- You mean that Shell 2 will actually sink?
- Not immediately. There'll still be five struts left. But, if Shell 1 loses a strut at the same time, it'll be a very different story. The Big Shell's structural integrity depends on a very exact balance. If both Shells lose a strut each, the whole structure will tear itself apart under its own weight.
- What do we do?
- I have a sensor that can locate even those scentless C4's. It makes combined use of a neutron scintillator and a hydrogen bomb detector.
- You brought that stuff with you?
- Of course. I made the calibrations while I was in the pantry.
- Does it work?
- I just tested it, and it definitely responds. But the best I can do is a sound beacon, not the radar.
- Sound?
- The shorter the interval between beacons, the closer the target.
- I get you.
- There's another one in that pantry I was in. You can go back and get it.
- It's all yours, Raiden.
- I'm going to study it some more, and see if the freezing process will work. Don't touch the other one until I say so.
- OK. I'll standby until you radio in.

- Rose... no comment?
- About...?
- I've killed someone.
- Jack, it's a battlefield...
- My opponents are living, breathing human beings! This isn't like the VR training! They have bodies. They have -- had -- lives. I took all that away from them.
- But you've got no choice if you want to survive...
- And yet... maybe because of the VR training... I can't help but try and block out that reality. It's the only way I can manage to fight...
- Jack!
- What?
- I don't care what it takes, just as long as you come back alive. Do whatever it takes. Please! Just come back in one piece!
- ...OK.

-
- Peter, I have Sensor B.
 - Good. Head to the bottom of Strut A.
 - How's your invisible bomb?
 - I'm looking at it, but I'm keeping my distance. How's Pliskin doing?
 - A few more minutes... I just got to the last strut, but there are a few enemy sentries I have to take care of. Does it look bad, Peter?
 - Maybe. It's an odd one -- the detonator hasn't been activated.
 - What?
 - But the sensors are live... Which means...
 - This is Pliskin. I've located the last C4.
 - Is that it!?
 - I'm about to freeze it.
 - Then -- Wait! Pliskin! Damn! That WAS it!
 - What's going on!?
 - The detonator just woke up. It's counting down!
 - What happened!?
 - The big ones were rigged to be activated when all the baby C4's went offline... Raiden, the one in Shell 1 should be counting down too. Hurry!
 - What's the remaining time!?
 - 300 seconds.
 - 300 seconds?
 - Raiden, move! Get to the bottom of Strut A now!

-
- Raiden, Pliskin, listen carefully.
 - What is it?

- I fell for it.
 - Fell for what?
 - Fatman has my number. A proximity trigger. Microwave.
 - Microwave?
 - With a 7-foot range. It's not a technique I taught him. Neither was that multi-bomb booby trap. Looks like he's far surpassed me as far as explosives technique goes. As for the rest --
 - Pete, get the hell out of there!
 - There's less than 30 seconds left. It's too late.
 - No!
 - Pliskin, get away from Strut H, as fast as you can.
 - Pete --
 - Raiden, keep your distance. Use the spray from as far away as possible.
 - Me?
 - You can do it. I know that.
 - I'm not so sure...
 - But I am. Do it, I know you can.
- !!

-
- Colonel, I've neutralized the bomb.
 - Good work, Raiden.
 - It was a great loss for everyone.
 - Yes it was.
 - Colonel, any damage report on the explosion?
 - Seems that the duct for diverting the contaminated sea water was destroyed.
 - And the central section of Shell 2 is flooding. The explosion's ignited the oil slick on the surface.
 - What about the toxins?
 - The chemicals stayed in containment. There's no immediate danger.
 - Is the Big Shell stable?
 - Shell 1 was unaffected. The price was high, but the threat of the bomb is over for now.
 - What's the next objective?
 - Rescue the President. Get back to the upper level.
 - Roger that.

-
- Raiden, the terrorists have retaliated for our bomb neutralization.
 - What?

- A hostage has been killed -- shot in the head. They shot one of them on the roof, just to make sure we caught it. One of our satellites caught it, clear as day.
- Damn!
- They announced that they would kill one every hour from now on.
- What are my orders? What should I do?
- Stay with your mission objective. Rescue the President.
- What about the other hostages?
- President Johnson is your first priority.
- Priority my butt. They're all in danger!
- Jack, be reasonable. I know what you're feeling, but you can't save them all.
- No, not by myself.
- Are you expecting that Pliskin to come through?
- Well...
- Looks like he's turned his radio off too.
- I can't complete this mission by myself.
- That man was not included in the simulation. He is not a factor in this mission.
- What do you mean by that, Colonel?
- Your mission must remain a solo effort.
- What about the SEALs? No second attempt?
- They haven't even gotten to planning that. All we can do is wait. In the meantime, you're our only hope.
- ...I understand.
- Raiden, go and rescue the President. You can start off by getting to the upper level of Strut A.

 I can't tell you how happy I am that you were alive after all. I knew this moment would come. Show yourself and finish me like you finished off my father! Otherwise, you'll be the one to die! That's not -- him? This could be -- interesting. You've seen the fires of hell, haven't you? Maybe you can give me death... My name is Fortune, lucky in war and nothing else. And without a death to call my own. Hurry, kill me please!

-
- What is she, a witch!? For some reason, I can't hit her! I don't understand. She's obviously impervious to attack...
 - What are my options? Disengage her and get out.
 - The elevator is still upstairs. My retreat's been cut off.
 - Hang on until the elevator comes down again. Your weapons can't hurt her, and you need to stay alive. Use whatever cover you can find and evade her.

Fortune's rail gun packs some power. A direct hit will kill you. Do not present her with a target under any condition, stay behind cover. Don't even think about attempting melee combat. Keep your distance and evade her attacks. Just buy some time until the elevator arrives!

Raiden, it's no use. That door is jammed shut with rubble. There's no way out. You're going to have to manage.

-
- Raiden, Fatman just contacted us directly.
 - Fatman called US?
 - Yes. Looks like he placed a bomb on the heliport. He specifically asked for you, Raiden.
 - What!?
 - He's killed off Peter. Now he's after you.
 - Why me?
 - How should I know?
 - Look. This is really not a good time for this.
 - The countdown's already begun, Raiden!
 - Great, how much time do I have left?
 - I'll show you the count. 300 seconds remaining.
 - So he's planning on taking this place out.
 - It looks like he has a different agenda from that of Dead Cell.
 - What about backup?
 - None. There's no time.
 - Which type of explosives is it?
 - He didn't say.

-
- I'll take over, queen.
 - What is it?
 - It seems our friend Fatman is out of control.
 - He'll actually try to destroy this place?
 - Yes.
 - This could unravel everything we've planned. But why would he do such a thing?
 - Who knows? But he's nothing more than a stereotypical mad bomber now. He's completely lost sight of our ideals. And with it... his loyalty to Commander Jackson.
 - All right. I'll take care of the wayward soul. It wasn't him... Unfortunate. I expected more of this one, really.
 - But he couldn't kill you, I see.
 - Completely useless.

- Then he's all mine.
- Later, Vamp?
- Now!
- Ugr!
- Damn...

Vamp? Are you gone? No. No, that death was meant for me. Why am I the only one that can't die! Alone again... Cheated out of death again... How long will you force me to live! How much longer, Dad? You've punished me enough... I thought you could give me peace. But you couldn't kill me either.

- There's no need for sorrow, queen.
- !?
- I died once already. I can't die twice.

-
- So you're the one... You're right on time, I see. I like a punctual man.
 - Is he Dead Cell?
 - I am Fatman. I am the greatest that humanity has to offer, and the lowest. Can you hear it? Hear this rhythm? It's the rhythm of time. And life! Don't you love the sound? I used to hang around department store clock counters. Life is short. Bombs tell the time with every moment of their existence. And nothing else announces its own end with such a fanfare. Glad you could make it. The party's about to start... Yum... Good year. Let's drink to Stillman, shall we?
 - If you destroy the Big Shell, you'll never collect your ransom.
 - Ransom? What are you talking about?
 - Thirty billion dollars in cash!
 - So that's what's going on, huh?
 - What the hell are you talking about?
 - Oh, you'll know soon enough. And I could care less what they plan to do. My ambitions are much more simple: To be the most famous bomber of them all.
 - You're nuts. No one's going to give a damn about you.
 - Oh, yes they will. I'll go down in history as the man who beat Peter Stillman. That's the only reason I assisted them.
 - Like hell you beat Stillman. He had your number.
 - What did you say?
 - You have nothing of his courage or --- What're you laughing at!
 - That crock died a dishonorable death... six months ago.
 - Six months ago -- the liquidation of Dead Cell.
 - Call it what you want. Only the right stuff survived that hell. It set me free, you know. Opened the way to a new dimension... So that I could become the emperor among detonation devotees!
 - You're nothing but a common criminal. And that's the only way people will ever remember you.

- How dare you! I'm an artist! That is why I dislike boorish military types. It's time to start the party... This is how it works: I plant a bomb. And it will explode soon after that. If you prefer to stay in one piece, you'll have to disable my bombs. "Laugh and grow fat!" Let's move!

Raiden, as you can see, Fatman is wearing a blast suit. You can do very little damage through the suit. Use the First Person View to go for the head. The blast suit can't protect him from the impact of the shot itself. A series of rapid fire will knock him off-balance and create an opportunity for attack. Use it.

- My suit... Oh no... I've nothing to wear to the party...
- The party's over for you.
- That's what you think.
- What do you mean! What did you just do? What is this?
- I have beautiful hands. These delicate hands can craft works of art.
- Answer me! What the hell is this!
- It's the switch for the biggest bomb in the entire place.
- !?
- No use. Once it's activated, there's no stopping the count.
- Where did you plant it? Where is it?
- Somewhere in this area. Don't worry, it's very close by.
- Where is it!
- Go ahead, shoot me. I'm already dead...
- Damn!
- Think you can find it? When it goes off, it'll take the Big Shell with it.
- Tell me where I can find the bomb.
- That's your problem. This is the highlight of the party! Bring it on I say. They'll be happy too. I die here -- and start my legend. Too bad you won't be around to see the movies... "Laugh and grow fat!"

- Colonel, where's that bomb?
- We have no information on that. Sweep the area. Hurry, Jack! The bomb has to be somewhere on the heliport. Use whatever means necessary to locate it.

- Good work, Raiden. Looks like all the bombs are neutralized. One of their main leverages is now gone. That leaves --
- Colonel, Fatman didn't seem to know about the ransom demands.
- Intentionally kept in the dark, I'd say.

- He seemed to be coming from a very different place from the other terrorists.
- ... Raiden, a lot of hostages -- our President included -- are still in danger. Keep your mind focused on protecting them.
- ... What are my orders?
- Rescue the President.
- We have no idea where he is.
- You haven't been in the central core yet. I suggest you start there...
- Wait, I have another call. Want me to take it?
- No, I'll go offline. Best to keep our presence unknown.

-
- How're you doing, kid?
 - Pliskin!? Is everything all right?
 - Could be better. Looks like I was out cold for a while.
 - How did you manage to stay alive?
 - Had a little help from a friend.
 - Friend?
 - What about the bomb?
 - Defused. And Fatman too.
 - That's good news.
 - How's Shell 2?
 - It's a mess. The bomb crippled H Strut.
 - What about the toxins?
 - The what?
 - If the Big Shell blows up, the explosion is expected to produce massive amounts of toxins...
 - Never heard anything about that.
 - Huh?
 - Well, looks like there's not much danger of that in any case. But the central core is starting to flood. It won't last much longer.
 - What about the President and the other hostages?
 - They weren't in Shell 2. They must be in Shell 1.
 - We need to get the hostages out of here now.
 - It's too far from Manhattan for a swim.
 - What about the lifeboats?
 - There doesn't seem to be any.
 - Doesn't make sense. So a chopper is our only extraction?
 - Right. And it comes with a passenger limit. Intel has it that there are about thirty hostages. It'd take more than a single trip. We'll have to come back.
 - Can you pilot a chopper?

- No, but I brought a gearhead with me. He's a good guy. I'll introduce you later.
- Pliskin, I'm on the heliport right now, but I don't see their Harrier. It's out somewhere.
- We'd better move now then. Our chances with a Harrier after us are close to nothing.
- Do you know where the President is?
- No. That one's all yours.
- The President is at the top of our rescue list. These are our orders, Lieutenant J.G..
- Your orders. Not mine.
- What?
- See you later.

-
- You passed with flying colors.
 - Identify yourself!
 - I'm like you... I have no name.
 - Are you Mr. x?
 - Hm. If you like. But come, let's get out of the open. Follow me.
 - Are you with FOXHOUND too?
 - Neither enemy nor friend. Just a messenger from the La-li-lu-le-lo. This is safer, I think.
 - Safe from what?
 - Eavesdropping, of course.
 - All right -- why did you contact me?
 - I've been ordered to give you backup, including the relaying of necessary intel.
 - Ordered by whom?
 - ...
 - Why won't you identify yourself?
 - There is no need for you to know.
 - I'll decide whether I need to know.
 - You are not yet trusted to make such decisions.
 - ...
 - I'll tell you something you do need to know, instead. The current location of the President.
 - What!
 - Or rather, the person who knows the current location of the President.
 - Who is it?
 - A Secret Service agent named Ames, currently being held with the other hostages.
 - Secret Service, huh.

- The head of the President's security detail. Ames has been fitted with the same type of VIP nanomachine system as the President. If you're within range, you should be able to communicate.
- Why are you telling me this?
- Do I need to repeat myself?
- There's no reason for me to believe any of this. You understand that?
- Of course. But you also have no choice but to believe.
- ... Do you have any other leads? ...Where are those hostages?
- Ha ha ha ha.

- The hostages are being held in the B1 conference hall in the Shell 1 core. You'll find Ames there.
- What does he look like?
- We don't know if it is indeed a "he." I've never met this person either.
- How am I supposed to look for someone without even a description?
- Use your ears.
- What's that supposed to mean?
- Ames has a pacemaker. You'll be able to hear the machine sound in the heartbeat.
- You expect me to walk up to these hostages... and listen to every one of their heartbeats?
- The sound is too minute to detect unamplified. You'd be captured immediately.
- So what am I supposed to do?
- Use the directional microphone. There's one somewhere in the core. Take this. This security card will unlock all level 2 security doors, including the one into the core. It's called a PAN card. It works together with your body's own electronic field. And watch yourself. The core is more heavily guarded than any other section of the Big Shell. You'll get nowhere dressed like that. Try this instead.
- One of the terrorists'
- The surveillance camera won't let you on the elevator without the right uniform.
- You want me to disguise myself?
- Men assigned to the core and those on perimeter duty are given different colors to wear. Your new outfit will work in some areas not others. The uniform alone won't fool them either.
- You're talking about weapons.
- Right. You need an AK.
- But I saw them carrying an AN-94.
- All men assigned to the core section carry AK's.
- So without an AK-74u, someone will see through me really quick...
- You can take care of the weapon issue yourself. One other thing

- There's more?
- You'll also have to pass a retinal scan to get into the conference hall.
- Biometrics. Crap.
- Nothing but the real thing will suffice. Deception is not an option here. I suggest you hurry. They have the nuke on their side.
- The nuke!? They have a nuclear weapon WITH them?
- You didn't find their continuing presence here unusual?
- Even with the President as hostage, this is an island -- and they have no visible means of escape...
- ...Even if they do have a nuke, the warhead is no good without an access code. The security lockout can't be bypassed...
- They don't need to. They have the code. You saw it too, I believe. The Navy man with half a handcuff. The other half of it is on the football, or the Black Case if you like. The nuclear button. And now they have it.
- Why did they have to bring the football along? To a decontamination plant, of all places.
- But they did have to. Because, after all, the Big Shell is the farthest thing from a cleanup plant there is.
- What!?
- Dead Cell didn't have to bring a nuke along with them. It was right here to begin with. Nothing in this affair is what it seems...
- A cover-up -- but why? For what?
- For Metal Gear, that is housed here.

- Metal Gear!?
- The very same. Bipedal nuke-capable vehicle of Shadow Moses infamy. This place is the R D center for its newest incarnation.
- What the hell is going on?
- Better ask Ames the rest.
- What's this for?
- You might be glad you have it. Keep the controller's vibration function on.
- What do I need a cell phone for?

-
- Colonel, who was that man just now?
- He's not one of ours. No -- we have no one like that in our unit.
- He said that the Big Shell was housing a new model of Metal Gear.
- First I've heard of it.
- Colonel, what are you not telling me?
- I've been completely open with you, Raiden. I've told you everything.
- Is that everything you know -- or everything I need to know?
- Snap out of it, Raiden!
- ...

- I'll have the Metal Gear rumor looked into. You need to make contact with this Ames.
- So you believe that Ninja?
- Since we have no leads on the President's current location, we have no other alternatives. Right now, collect as much data as you can, including anything on Metal Gear.
- Are those my orders.
- Yes they are. Disguise yourself as an enemy soldier and infiltrate the Shell 1 Core.
- ...Understood.

Shell 1's core has extremely tight security. Impersonate an enemy personnel to infiltrate the section. For a proper disguise, select the enemy field uniform you received from the Ninja. This will allow you to blend in. But you still need one more thing. It will look suspicious if you're not carrying the standard equipment. All personnel in the core are equipped with AK-74U's. Select your own AK when you're in disguise. Find yourself an AK. You have a Level 2 card in your possession; go and search the warehouse in Strut F.

-
- Pliskin... do you read me?
 - What's up, Raiden?
 - I just ran into a guy decked out like a... a ninja.
 - A ninja?
 - Yeah. Do you know anything about this?
 - No. Can you trust that costumed freak?
 - I don't know. But the Colonel told me to follow the guy's instructions...
 - And like a good soldier, you'll do it, right? I'll let you in on a little secret, kid... The ninja that was publicized in the Shadow Moses incident no longer exists. The guy you met has no connection whatsoever with the incident.
 - And how do you know that?
 - Because I do.
 - ...
 - Just be careful who you trust. Okay?

-
- Got a minute, Jack?
 - Rose?
 - I found some information on where Solid Snake is interred.
 - Great. Shoot.
 - I've located the grave site.

- And the body?
- Exhumed for DNA testing.
- Well? Do you have the results?
- The right arm was missing, but there was no doubt that it was him. That body belongs to Solid Snake.
- Hrrmm... So the head of the terrorist group must be --
- An impostor.
- Right...
- You sound disappointed.
- I guess -- I guess I was kind of hoping to meet the legend in the flesh.
- I get you. But it looks like he's not behind this incident.
- Raiden, the President needs you, I think. Disguise yourself as enemy personnel and infiltrate the core section. Your priority is to contact Agent Ames.

- Jack, I know you're probably doing fine, but don't get discouraged. Remember, Lieutenant J.G. Pliskin is with you too. You'll be all right.

- ...
- What's wrong?
- Nothing.
- Don't give me that. Every time you say "nothing," it's always something. What's wrong?
- It's just that, you know... you seem to think pretty highly of him.
- Well... Yeah. Pliskin's the kind of guy you can really depend on. Isn't he? Wha-? What!?
- Heh heh. Yeah, Pliskin is one heck of a man, isn't he? He's so cool, so -- confident!
- ...Yeah, yeah...
- But he's nowhere near as cool as you. You'll always be my No. 1. Always.
- But... that's not what I meant...
- Hee hee. You know, you're kinda cute sometimes. Bye, Jack.

Retinal pattern recognized. You are cleared to enter.

-
- Raiden, if you need to get past the biometric security system, you need to bring one of the enemies to the retinal scanner.
 - How do I do that?
 - Put an enemy sentry in a chokehold, then drag him over to the retinal scanner. Come up behind an enemy without any weapons selected, then press the Weapon button to put him in a chokehold. If you preemptively destroy the

enemy's radio before you take him to the scanner you can prevent him from calling for help in case he manages to get away. The sentries carry their radio behind their right hip. Use the First Person View to take it out. Raiden, the retinal scanner does not work on anything but living and open eyes. Don't knock the man out either. Be careful.

- Raiden, one of those hostages in there is Ames. The only thing we know is that Ames wears a pacemaker. His heartbeat should sound different from other people's, so use the directional microphone to locate him. Once you recognize Ames by his heartbeat, keep the microphone pointed toward him. Then push the Action button and call out to him. If it really is Ames, he should respond in some way.

- What if it's the wrong person?

- The guards may get suspicious and come running instead. Security could get tighter too.

- Try to be sure before you take the risk.

- Don't call out to a hostage with the Action button until you're fairly sure that it's Ames. If you do make a mistake, switch the microphone for an AK and get out of there before a guard gets suspicious. You don't have a directional microphone, however. Find one first. The microphone is the only hope of identifying Ames among all the other hostages. The directional microphone should be somewhere in the core of Shell 1.

- Have you searched B2 of the core?

- Once you have the directional microphone selected, the screen will switch to First Person View. Point the microphone toward the hostages by moving the left thumbstick. This is how you listen to the hostages' heartbeats. Listen carefully to pick up the sound of the pacemaker. When you're sure that you have Ames, keep the microphone pointed in the same direction, then push the Action button to call his name. Don't randomly call out to people. You'll only draw unwelcome attention to yourself. Another thing -- whenever you have the directional microphone selected, you won't be able to move. If the enemies see you with the directional microphone, they'll naturally be suspicious.

I suggest you wait until the guards are out of sight before selecting the directional microphone. If someone does get suspicious, switch the directional microphone for the AK immediately. It's all over if you're caught in the act. Raiden, retain your cover at all costs inside that conference hall. There's only one way in and out of the area. If you're discovered inside, they'll cut off your retreat and call in the reinforcements. You won't make it out of the room. The mission will be over if you're discovered. Don your disguise and look for Ames while deflecting the enemy's suspicion.

- You're Ames, aren't you? You must be Ames. Keep still and listen to me. I'm not a terrorist. I got in here using one of their uniforms. I'm taking off the tape. Stay quiet.

- Who told you about me? An informer calling himself Mr. x, dressed like a ninja.

- I see. I'm Richard Ames.

- Secret Service?

- No -- I was sent in by the La-li-lu-le-lo, just like you.

- What?

- You're here to find out where the President is. We have little time, so I'll be brief. How about switching to nanocommunications first?

- Nanocommunications?

- Right. Silence beats talk when it comes to safety.

- Are you on?

- Right here. Do you really know where the President is?

- Almost certainly. He was moved to the first floor of Shell 2's core section.

- The first floor, the core of Shell 2... Is he still there?

- I don't know. I can't get a response.

- You don't think he's been -- like the other hostages...?

- ?

- A hostage was killed in retaliation after the SEAL 10 disaster, remember?

- What are you talking about?

- ...?

- Regardless of what they do to other hostages, they won't touch the President.

- What makes you so sure?

- The case.

- You mean the nuclear button they took?

- Right. And the case won't do a thing by itself. That case may be the single most advanced example of a weapons fail-safe system. The password is nothing less than the physiological data of the U.S. President.

- Physiological data?

- The President's own vital signs -- heartbeat, brainwave pattern, blood pressure and so on -- are constantly monitored and relayed by his internal nano-machines. This information along with the DNA pattern serve as a biometric password, unbreakable even by the latest parallel processor supercomputers. The password entry itself cannot be performed unless brainwave patterns and heartbeats fall within normal parameters, rendering chemical and other forms of coercion impractical. In other words, the login

must be made of the President's own free will. As a fail-safe, the input must also be reconfirmed hourly, even after the initial login. If a valid confirmation is not forthcoming, the system will automatically cancel the login. And that's why they can't harm the President... -- at least until the bird flies.

- Is there really a new model of Metal Gear here?

- Absolutely. The Black Case serves as the launch key to Metal Gear as well.

- Why would they hide a Metal Gear in an offshore plant?

- ...Haven't they told you anything?

- ...

- The entire thing was planned -- the oil spill, the tanker accident that caused it, everything. The Big Shell was built specifically for the development of a new Metal Gear model. The inspection tour was to check its progress...

- What's going on around here...

- Wait!

- Here comes Snake.

- That's him?

- Use the microphone to listen in.

- King -- Fatman is dead.

- It doesn't matter. Saved us the trouble of getting rid of him ourselves.

- Why did he betray us?

- Who knows? They're a band of lunatics to begin with. Nothing they do should come as a surprise.

- I'll have his background rechecked, just in case.

- ...You think he was working for them?

- We can't discount the possibility. Especially with that intruder still at large.

- Yes... the man in the Sneaking Suit. You know more about those suits than I do.

- But FOXHOUND was disbanded four years ago. So it must be -- the Patriots... What about the damage to Shell 2?

- The circulation system for the contaminated water has been damaged. The water being drawn in is overflowing, and the lower block of the central section is flooding.

- Seal the connecting pathway between Shells 1 and 2.

- The Sentex and IR sensors are already in place.

- Any effect on -- it?

- No.

- What about the President?

- The password entry has already been made to the Black Case. In one hour, we'll need a confirmation from him. His work is done after that.
- Make sure you keep him alive until then.
- Yes, I know.
- What about the unit's activation?
- Almost complete. The code has already been entered. All we need now is for the girl to start the system.
- The usual method, I assume?
- No -- the drugs took care of everything...
- Hm...
- Only a few more steps to Outer Heaven...

- Who is that cyborg Ninja, Shalashaska?
- I cannot even guess...
- What about you?
- I'm having the matter looked into.
- Olga! Don't cast suspicion where it isn't due!
- Where it isn't due? When you watched my father die and did nothing?
- It's been two years ago, Olga. Let it go.
- I read the case file for Shadow Moses, by the way.
- Olga, how could you suspect me!
- I know that the Ninja is not one of MY men.
- How meaningful you make that sound. If Sergei were still alive --
- If the old man were still alive, I wouldn't need to take orders from you!
- Olga, Sergei was my best friend...
- If you sell us out -- I'll kill you myself.
- Listen, daughter of Sergei. Don't ever let me see your gun pointed at me again.
- If you wish. I'll put a bullet in your back instead.
- Stop this infighting! I took you both in when no one else would. You think any government would have you as regulars in this political climate? The worst kind of wetworks, maybe. But even that's doubtful. I'd recommend against switching camps -- you've nowhere left to go.
- U-urgh!!
- It's happening again?
- This damn right arm -- Liquid! It's almost as if it's having its revenge -- !!
- How much do you think we spent on that arm in Lyon? The best transplant surgery team in the world --
- I never trust a Frenchman. There's something going on. The incidents are becoming more frequent... Maybe that man's presence...
- Ocelot, I'll leave this place in your hands. I have the intruder to take care of.
- Yes, King. Yes, Aaargh!

- Is that really -- Solid Snake?
- That's what he claims.
- I thought Snake was dead.
- Solid Snake did die. But he's also here in the Shell. Either he survived, or there are two of them...
- Two of them?
- And that's impossible.

- Anyway, what did you manage to catch?
- They said password input was complete...
- I thought so...
- You said the password entry into the Black Case had to be made by the President willingly.
- That's right.
- So this means the President is cooperating with them?
- It would have to be, yes.
- Why?
- Probably tired of being a puppet. But it wasn't a smart move to betray us...
- ...a puppet?
- We're running out of time. They WILL fire a nuke. You know what you need to do before then.
- Fire the nuke? But it's nowhere close to the ransom deadline.
- Ransom?
- Thirty billion dollars in cash...
- What are you babbling about! The nuclear strike is not a threat -- it's been the objective all along!
- They plan to slaughter millions of people!?
- No -- a high-altitude detonation. You've heard of the Compton Effect?
- The total disruption of electronic equipment caused by EMMA pulse.
- Textbook answer. Well, when an average nuclear warhead goes off within the atmosphere, the result is an electromagnetic pulse of up to 50 billion megawatts. The EMMA field can reach tens of thousands of volts per meter, and most electronic equipment will be toast in an instant. But that isn't their aim. What they plan to do is "liberate" Manhattan, pull it offline, and turn it into some kind of a republic. Hence "Sons of Liberty," I suppose.
- "Sons of Liberty"...?
- Damn, Ocelot is coming! I'm going offline.
- If one of the key movers of world economy stops functioning, it could mean the beginning of a global depression.

Search my pocket. Hurry! It's a security card. You'll be able to unlock doors of up to Level 3 security. Use it to get to Shell 2. Take care of the President before they launch the nuke! He's coming here. Pick up your AK!

- What do you think you're doing?
- I asked him to remove these. I'm ill, you see.
- I always knew that the DIA turned out second-rate liars.
- W-what are you talking about?
- No need for denials. We know what you are -- Colonel Ames. They knew that the President was planning to betray them. So they sent you in to keep tabs on him. Am I right?
- You --
- Sorry, Colonel. You failed to carry out your duties. You'll never escape the La-li-lu-le-lo -- Is that so? What the -- !
- You -- you -- you tricked me... I understand now -- Ocelot... you're --
- You -- which team are you with? Show me your face! You know who he is?
- No. He's not one of mine.
- Identify yourself! Hm, we meet at last... Hold your fire! We need the hostages alive!
- Hurry! Get away!!
- You? But you died!?
- Leave this to me!

We have an intruder in Shell 1! All personnel, we are on red alert! Begin Caution Mode protocol. Search every section of the structure! The intruder may be dressed in our own colors. Face check all personnel encountered! I repeat... We have an intruder in Shell 1!

-
- Colonel, Ames is dead. Looked like a heart attack.
 - Hm, that's unfortunate. However, we do at least know where the President is.
 - So there really is a new type of Metal Gear in this place?
 - Apparently. We're still looking into it...
 - I've also been told that the nuclear strike was what the terrorists were after from the start. NOT the thirty billion dollars!
 - Chri--, it was a cover-up all along...
 - Colonel! What are you keeping from me!
 - I am not keeping back anything! It's not as though I'm told all the facts either! ... I'm pulling in all the favors I can to look into all this. Just be a little patient. Our priority should be with the President right now. We can take it that they've completed the password entry and are preparing Metal Gear for nuclear strike. Get to the President as soon as possible.
 - But the President is cooperating with them --

- According to Ames, yes. But it's also true that they're about to get rid of the President. There's something else going on here, and the President may be able to tell you what it is when you see him in person. Once they get the confirmation for nuclear launch, they'll do it. You need to rescue the President before then.

- ...

- Jack, I agree with the Colonel. You need to protect the President for now.

- All right...

- Jack, how's the mission going?

- Fine.

- "Fine." Is that it?

- ...Look, I don't really feel like talking about the mission. At least with you, I want to talk about something else.

- Okay, then... let's talk about you.

- Me?

- Yeah. Your least favorite subject.

- That's not...

- Oh, yeah? Then go ahead and say something!

- Like what?

- Anything. Tell me something about yourself.

- I can't think of anything interesting to say.

- Why do you want to talk about me so badly?

- Because I'm curious.

- But why?

- Is it really that strange to want to know more about someone you love?

- No, it's not strange, but...

- You know, sometimes I... Oh, look, now we're talking about me, not you.

- ...

- Why won't you tell me anything? About what you were like as a child, what kind of things you liked to do, what kind of people your parents were... I've never heard you talk about any of that. Why?

- ...I...

- Don't you think it's just a little bit unusual? That I don't know anything about my own boyfriend's past?

- Rose... when I get back, I'll tell you everything.

- Is that...a promise?

- Yes. It's a promise...

Get out of Shell 1. According to Ames, the President is on the first floor of Shell 2's core. Cross the connecting bridge from the north side of Strut D to get to Shell 2.

-
- Rose...
 - So, have you decided to talk yet?
 - Nope.
 - That's too bad.
 - ...Why are you so interested in me all of a sudden?
 - Because I'm curious. More so than before... Does it really bother you that much?
 - There must be some things you don't want to say.
 - Like what?
 - ...You know, those things you don't want to say.
 - Let's see, things you don't wanna say... like that you've been married before? That you're eighty years old? That you used to be a woman?
 - Rose...
 - What exactly is it you won't tell me? Do you think I'd hate you if I knew? ...Do you really have that little faith in me?
 - No, it's nothing like that...
 - Then what is it?
 - It's...
 - ... It really bothers me... the fact that there's a side of you I don't know... sometimes... I just can't help myself...
 - You've got me right now. Isn't that enough?
 - No. It's not. I'm sorry, I know I'm being greedy, but... it's just not enough.
 - ...

Looks like you've lost your balaclava, Raiden. You'll no longer be able to impersonate enemy personnel.

-
- Raiden, can you hear me?
 - Pliskin? Where have you been?
 - Checking around. I'm in Strut H right now. How's the situation over there?
 - We have a lead on the President's location.
 - Where is he?
 - Shell 2 Core, the first floor.
 - I'm cut off from the core where I am. It's a mess here.
 - All right. I'm on my way to Shell 2 right now.

- There are IR sensors in place on the connecting bridge between Shells 1 and 2. If you break the beams, the Sentex will go off.
- Yeah, I heard them talking about that.
- Target the control units and destroy them. Make sure you don't shoot the Sentex.
- What do the control units look like?
- Take a look with your binoculars.
- That's the Sentex... And that must be the control unit.

-
- Raiden, what you see there is a booby trap consisting of an infrared sensor and Sentex. The Sentex will detonate if the IR beam from the sensor is disturbed. Whatever you do, don't touch the IR beam.
 - But there's no way to get through there without crossing the beam.
 - Neutralize all the control units for the IR sensor. Those control units in the distance are obviously out of handgun range.
 - What do I do then?
 - Use the sniper rifle to take them out.
 - Lieutenant J.G. Pliskin would know this kind of thing, wouldn't he?

Don't try to shoot out control units with the handgun when the distance is too great. The weapon doesn't have that kind of range. Use the sniper rifle. Use the PSG1 to take out those control units. I saw a PSG1 in the storage room on Strut F. There should be one left, so go and grab it.

-
- Jack, have you remembered what day it is tomorrow?
 - Uh, no...
 - I see...
 - Ah, you said you had something you wanted to talk to me about. What was it?
 - We'll talk about it tomorrow.
 - Why does it have to be tomorrow?
 - So I can build up enough courage first. And... so you won't run away.
 - I would never do something like that.
 - Liar. Every time I want to talk about something, you suddenly remember that you have some work you have to do, or you get a stomachache.
 - That's not...
 - You know it's true. What are you so afraid of?
 - I'm not afraid of anything. And I won't try to run away.
 - Is that so? Well, then we'll talk tomorrow.
 - Yeah.
 - So... you have to come back, okay?

-I know.

-
- Raiden, I found us a ride.
 - I'm all ears.
 - One of the enemy's Kasatkas.
 - Is it in good shape?
 - Full tank. I'm heading for Shell 1 now. What about that Harrier?
 - It's not on the heliport here.
 - Good. I'll set this one down there then.
 - Can you cover the hostages? They're being held on level B1 in the core.
 - Pliskin, you didn't happen to find any other places where hostages were being held, did you?
 - No -- nothing like that.
 - OK...
 - How many hostages are there?
 - There's a few short of thirty. One dead, and several wounded.
 - The Kasatka's cargo area will hold thirteen max.
 - What about the other Kasatka?
 - I sabotaged it. It can't come after us if it can't get off the ground.
 - Oh.
 - We'll have to make two trips.
 - Can you fly a Kasatka?
 - I have a pilot who's flown the civilian model, the KA-62, in VR. There's not a whole lot of difference between the military KA-60 and the civilian model.
(Cleared for takeoff...)
 - Raiden, let me introduce you to my partner -- Otacon.
 - "Otacon"?
 - Hey, Raiden. Nice to meet you.
 - Damn!
 - Raiden, I'll talk to you later.

-
- Colonel, I need some answers from you. Who exactly is Pliskin and his partner?
 - I know what you're thinking.
 - It keeps coming back to Shadow Moses. And now this Otacon...
 - A.k.a. Hal Emmerich, Ph.D. A Shadow Moses survivor.
 - Rose?
 - Snake and Otacon both became fugitives after Shadow Moses, wanted for acts of terrorism.
 - An anti-Metal Gear organization...

- They sabotaged and destroyed countless Metal Gear units throughout the world... And were responsible for the incident two years ago that necessitated the construction of the Big Shell.
- Snake and his partner aren't terrorists.
- Jack, why are you defending them?
- I look back on what I've done here so far and things like training and sense of duty alone won't get you through a sneaking mission like this.
- Jack, are you okay?
- You need something - higher. I can't think of the right word, but... it has to be pure will, backed up by -- by courage, or ideals, or something like that. I'd stake my life on it. The Solid Snake that saved Shadow Moses couldn't turn into a terrorist.
- Maybe that's true, but they went down with that tanker two years ago. We even recovered Snake's body. And the DNA test results on the body say it's him.
- Jack, I know what you're saying, but Snake is dead. He can't be here, not even as this Dr. Hal Emmerich.
- But that also means that he can't be the terrorist leader behind this thing.

-
- I've been waiting for you! A messenger from the Patriots! Where do I -- know him from?
 - So you're the boss around here.
 - No, not just around here. I'm the boss to surpass Big Boss himself... Solid Snake...
 - No! That is NOT Solid Snake!
 - What a pleasant surprise - brother.
 - Save it. You're no brother of mine.
 - Don't say you've forgotten me - Snake.
 - Snake?
 - Raiden, take cover! Stop impersonating him!
 - Brother, I'm a whole different game from Liquid! HRRRRRRR!! Urgh!
Hrrrrraaaaa!
 - Oof!
 - That the best you can do, Snake!?
 - Did I get him!? Otacon, we're in trouble! It's the Harrier!
 - The world needs only one Big Boss! I'll drown you fools for interfering!
 - Raiden, this is the Stinger missile launcher! The Kasatka can't stand up to the Harrier! You have to shoot the Harrier down!
- (Snake, we got company!) I'm counting on you!

-
- There's something coming up!
 - That's Metal Gear!? It's already active!
 - They got my eye. Vamp - go!
 - Hey, what's that -- ?
 - It's running on water...

-
- Raiden, you all right?
 - Yeah. How about you guys?
 - Barely managed, but we're all right.
 - The chopper?
 - We need some time for repairs.
 - Oh...
 - The President's all yours.
 - OK... Can I ask you something?
 - What?
 - Are you THE Snake?
 - ...
 - They said you were dead...
 - No, not me. There are still too many things I need to do.
 - Snake, you're a legend -- and that's why I need to ask you this.
 - Legend?
 - A legend is nothing but fiction. Someone tells it, someone else remembers, everybody passes it on.
 - I'm here because I was assigned to this mission, not because I want to. If I could, I'd be out of here in a second.
 - ...
 - How could you come back to all this? Why keep fighting?
 - There's something my best friend said to me once.
 - Wha...?
 - We're not tools of the government or anyone else. Fighting was the only thing I was good at, but... At least I always fought for what I believed in...
 - What about -- what about the DNA results from that body?
 - That was Liquid's body. He and Snake are identical on the genetic level.
 - Liquid.
 - A deception -- for our own protection. We stole his frozen body from some organization. Kind of a hassle though... That's all there is to it. ...
 - Are you two really an NGO?
 - Insofar as we're a nonprofit organization of civilians advocating a cause, yes. The cause happens to be the eradication of Metal Gear. We work on our own. But it's a cause worth fighting for.
 - Why would you stick your neck out for something this risky?

- That's the way I used to look at it, four years ago. I was holed up in the middle of nowhere in Alaska, drinking too much. We have a responsibility to the coming generations, to the world.
- What responsibility?
- To keep track of the mistakes we've made as a species. We need to remember -- to spread the word -- to fight for change.
- And that's what keeps me alive.
- You think you can change the future?
- I'm not as arrogant as that.
- What you do isn't grassroots activism. It's more like terrorism.
- I admit that... But our group, Philanthropy, received some information: a new Metal Gear prototype was being developed here, and terrorists were planning to raid the facility. The information came from a very reliable source.
- So you're here to...
- We're here to stop all that, but I also have a personal motive. Looks like the terrorists have his sister in the Big Shell. We're here on our own, not under anyone's orders. We have our own battles. Otacon's here for someone -- I'm not.
- This is a military mission.

-
- Jack? Are you all right?
 - Just barely.
 - You almost gave me a heart attack...
 - Sorry. Wasn't intentional.
 - I know that. And I know I need to stay stronger.
 - Say a prayer for me, Rose. So I can come back...
 - You will make it back. I'm with you all the way, remember...
 - That means a lot to me, you know.
 - I'm going to save the data, okay Jack?
 - Colonel, Metal Gear's already gone active...
 - It's not too late. You can still prevent a nuclear strike by securing the President and preventing password confirmation from taking place. Get to the President. He's in the core section of Shell 2.
 - I'm checking the satellite images... Looks like you can get to the core from the other side of Strut L. The core hasn't gone under yet from what we can tell. Follow the railings down, then jump onto the pipes. The only viable strut in the outer perimeter is the L. That attack just now doesn't make any sense -- it's like they have no more use for this place.
 - Colonel, you were monitoring the Codec calls. That man was the real Snake, all along...
 - Maybe.
 - Maybe?

- Don't let your guard down with him.
- Why do you say that?
- Because they were never a part of the simulation. They're an unknown factor.
- You can take your simulation and...! We're out here, we bleed, we die!
- Calm down!
- I suggest that you do, Raiden.
- Even if that is Snake, that has no bearing on your mission.
- Colonel, you and Snake used to be on the same side.
- ...
- I don't understand. I read about you and Snake in "In the Darkness of Shadow Moses" --
- I don't give a damn what that piece of trash said. Do you get me?

 Uggh... I'm going to go in my pants... Nobody's lookin' ...right...

-
- Olga -- Snake, he's here. In Shell 1.
 - My father had some unfinished business with him!
 - Olga, calm yourself! We will not change the plan because of your personal feelings.
 - Then screw your plan! I've been waiting for this day for two years, and I WILL send him to the bottom of the ocean, right next to my old man!
 - The launch comes first.
 - Dammit! Where is Ocelot?
 - Not here.
 - I don't trust him.
 - Don't talk that way about one of your own.
 - He's NOT one of my own. He left my father to die remember?
 - Olga, we'll talk later. We need to get started on the final checks for the unit.
 - All right. I'm headed back there.
 - The upper connecting bridge to Shell 1 is down.
 - What about the chopper?
 - The Kamov is out of action. Take the oil fence from Strut L.
 - I'll tell my men to start pulling out.
 - Not yet. Their retrieval comes last -- the intruder's still at large..
 - Snake... What about the other man? He's got luck on his side, certainly. Hmm... He survived that explosion...
 - Listen Olga, the Code confirmation is in one hour. Keep the President alive until then.
 - I know -- no one gets in here. Turn the currents on.

- Of course...
- High-voltage currents on. The door stays shut unless the President manages to take out that circuit panel from inside the room. And it's no job for bare hands.
- All right. Come back immediately.
- One more thing...
- What?
- We leave for Russia when this business is done. I want half the money for that.
- Of course. That was part of the agreement.
- We start living for ourselves after this. If there's anyone who wants to stay here, I want you to take good care of them.
- Gladly.
- Gurlukovich soldiers are the cream of the crop. It's time they went free...
- What happened to rebuilding Mother Russia?
- The old man is dead. The world is a different place now...
- It's your life.
- Just as a reminder, I'm going to say this again, one last time: Don't try anything on us.
- The feeling is mutual...

-
- I'm in front of the room where they're keeping the President.
 - Everything all right?
 - No sign of flooding, but I can't get close to the door. The floor is electrified.
 - Don't test it. You'll be bacon.
 - Any suggestions? Remember the Shadow Moses VR training.
 - Take out the circuit panel?
 - Right.
 - But there's no way into the room.
 - Try ventilation ducts.
 - Yeah, I think I see one.
 - Look for a remote-control missile launcher. You can guide it through the duct into the room. -- then target the circuit panel.
 - Got it.
 - Right. But make sure you don't hit the President. The President is wired with nanomachines. If we know the frequency,
 - I can raise him...
 - We've tried that repeatedly, but there's no response. It looks like the walls have a built-in radio shield.
 - So that's why Ames lost contact with him...
 - If you need to confirm his position, you can log into the node.

- Understood.
- Locate a remote-control missile launcher first.

You've got yourself a remote-controlled missile. Referred to as Nikita, it's a wireless guided projectile. It's a surveillance missile based on Micro Air Vehicle technology. You control it by watching the image transmitted from the CCD camera mounted on the missile. Although it's primarily designed for scouting missions, it carries a small explosive charge that allows a long-distance attack. You can also trigger the charge by removing it from equip status following the missile's launch. You won't be able to move while controlling the missile. Also, you'll have to be careful that you don't run out of fuel while it's in flight. Unlike VR training, you won't have a bird's-eye view to help you control the missile.

-
- President Johnson...
 - Huh? So you're finally here...
 - You've been expecting me?
 - Your equipment -- that Skull Suit isn't exactly standard military issue.
 - ...Are you alright, sir?
 - Is this some kind of sick joke? I thought you came to kill me...
 - ?
 - I'm prepared to face the consequences of my betrayal. What are you -- !?
 - What the -- You're... a man...? Hm Well, who are you?
 - FOXHOUND, sir.
 - FOXHOUND? I see. Now things are starting to make a little sense... Switch over to nanocommunication so nobody can listen in.
 - Yes, sir.

 - Do you read me, sir?
 - Uh... yes. Mr. President. It's my understanding that the terrorists have managed to input the code sequence necessary for launching a nuclear strike...
 - That's correct. I punched the sequence in myself.
 - You're working for them!?
 - If you asked me two hours ago, my answer would have been yes. Right now, they're keeping me alive until my vital signs are reconfirmed.
 - They betrayed you?
 - I wouldn't quite put it that way. I wanted power. They sought destruction.
 - But why stoop to terrorism!?
 - I wanted absolute power.
 - But you're the President -- you have power...

- No. I'm just a figurehead.
- ?
- I don't have any control. The real power is in the Patriots' hands.
- The Patriots...?
- The truth behind this country... I'm not surprised you've never heard of them. Very few are aware of their existence, even among those with codeword clearance.
- ?
- Politics, the military, the economy -- they control it all. They even choose who becomes President... Putting it simply, the Patriots rule this country.
- No...
- Hard to believe, isn't it? But it's the truth. The Space Defense, income tax reduction and the National Missile Defense (NMD) programs -- Every policy that's been credited to me was actually done according to their instructions.
- Space Defense was initiated by Congress...
- That's what the Patriots want the country to believe... It's all a show. - "Democracy" is just a filler for textbooks! Think about it! Do you actually believe that public opinion influences the government?
- ...No.
- This country is shaped and controlled as the Patriots see fit. The people are shown what they want to believe. What you call government is actually a well-staged production aimed at satisfying the public!
- ...
- Don't look at me like that -- I'm legally sane, you know.
- It's not your sanity that worries me...
- The Patriots -- even I don't know who the actual members are. Are they financial, political, or military leaders? No one knows who the Patriots really are. Even my instructions come from a cut-out. All I've been told is that every key decision is made by a group of twelve men known as the Wisemen's Committee.
- Your Office...? The White House...?
- Merely puppets. Pawns in a game. By pledging my loyalty, an insignificant son of a senator was awarded the Presidency.
- Hm.
- Of course, that wasn't the only price I had to pay...
- What do you mean?
- Even if a pawn becomes a queen, it is still just a playing piece... I wanted to leave my own mark in history. But my ambitions were... You'll understand someday... I wished to be a member of the Patriots. I wanted to wield the power of a king, instead of being an expendable pawn...
- And that justifies acts of terrorism?
- Yes. I'd intended to use the new Metal Gear as a bargaining chip...
- Bargaining chip?

- But I underestimated Solidus... he actually wants to challenge the Patriots
- ...even if it means the destruction of the world!
- What are you saying?
- Whether you believe it or not, the balance of power rests in the hands of the Patriots. They regulate the country's various interests through controlled presentation, staging a "drama" that is palatable to the general masses. Can you imagine what would happen if they ceased to function?
- ?
- Picture a massive political vacuum, a space that every power-monger will try to fill for their own greedy ends. I'm talking about an unregulated power struggle -- panic, civil war... chaos. Like it or not -- the Patriots is an organization that must continue to exist.
- So you changed your mind because you wanted to avoid global chaos?
- Exactly. When I told Solidus that I wished to prevent disaster, he replied that pawns can never become players...
- And who is this... Solidus?
- My predecessor... George Sears. That was the name the public came to know him by. I knew him by his codename, "Solidus Snake." He was the third Snake, preceded by Solid and Liquid... a survivor of the "Les Enfants Terribles" project. Neither Solid nor Liquid, he was a well-balanced masterpiece that the Patriots saw fit to entrust with the Presidency. However, he fell out of grace with the organization four years ago when, acting on his own, he started an incident.
- Four years ago... Shadow Moses?
- That's right. At the time, the DARPA Chief, Donald Anderson -- together with certain influential parties -- initiated the development of Metal Gear REX and an advanced nuclear warhead. However, this did not fall in line with the Patriots' plans. What's more, Solidus decided on his own to send his most trusted man, Ocelot, to provoke Liquid Snake, bringing about the said incident. As a result, he succeeded in obtaining REX and the data on the warhead. But in doing so, he ended up revealing the existence... of both REX and the Genome army -- a blunder that earned him the wrath of the Patriots. Shortly thereafter, Solidus was removed from the Presidential Office.
- I thought he resigned...
- That's the story given to the general public. Following his "resignation," the Patriots selected me -- their new pawn, for the Presidency.
- But that would mean that the Presidential race was --
- That was quite a show, wasn't it? It was a well-scripted drama staged by the Patriots for the benefit of the public. Even the Democrats and Republicans were dancing to the Patriots' tune. Everything went according to plan, but for one exception...
- ?

- Following his resignation, Solidus' health was scheduled to fail him, bringing about his untimely death.
- Capped...?
- Correct. But before the Patriots could execute their plot, Solidus went underground with the help of Ocelot. As he avoided pursuit, Solidus gained control of Dead Cell, winning over Colonel Gurlukovich's outfit. From there, he bided his time, knowing that his opportunity would soon arrive...
- What opportunity?
- The completion of the new Metal Gear project -- an opportunity that would even his odds against the Patriots. By stealing the Patriots' most valued project, he would be able to place them in a very uncomfortable position. It's the only chance he has for survival. Once he has the new Metal Gear, he'll declare war against the Patriots. Needless to say, he must be stopped.
- Metal Gear is already operational...
- No. Not yet.
- ?
- What you saw was Metal Gear RAY -- hijacked two years ago from the Marines by Ocelot. That was not the new Metal Gear.
- Then, where's the new Metal Gear?
- Right here.
- What?
- You're standing in it. To be more precise, this entire "Big Shell" facility is the new Metal Gear.
- What'd you say?
- No. I'm quite serious. The upper structure that you've seen is camouflage designed to represent an offshore cleanup facility. The main structure extends from the foundation all the way down to the ocean floor. The connecting elevator is located on the B2 floor of the Shell 1 Core. Arsenal Gear... that's the code name for the new Metal Gear.
- Arsenal?
- That's right... Arsenal. We're talking about an impregnable fortress carrying a load of over a couple of thousand missiles including nuclear warheads -- all protected by a horde of mass-produced Metal Gear RAY units.
- Mass-produced...?
- The RAY unit was originally designed for the Marines to be used as a countermeasure against the Metal Gear variations throughout the world. The Patriots had RAY redesigned to protect the new Arsenal Gear.
- So now anti-Metal Gears are guarding a Metal Gear?
- Ironic, isn't it? That's not all. Arsenal Gear has full access to the Military's Tactical Network, giving it the ability to exercise absolute control over our nation's armed forces, not to mention our nuclear armament. In short, Arsenal was created to be the core of our country.
- What kind of idiotic weapon --

- Weapon? No. You're not seeing the full picture. Arsenal Gear is more than just a military tool... It is a means to preserve the world as it is. It will establish a new form of control. The Patriots will use it to keep their place as the country's true rulers. ...Right now they feel pressured and threatened.
- By what?
- They fear an overabundance of digital information -- the world will drown in the coming flood of information, and they along with it.
- ?
- The Arsenal plans include a system to digitally manage the flow of information, making it possible to shape the "truth" for their own purposes. In short, the Arsenal's system is the key to their supremacy.
- The key...?
- Yes, the "GW" system is the Patriots' trump card. Arsenal Gear will be fully operational when "GW" is successfully integrated. Once operational, it will be a completely new form of power for the Patriots to wield. I had hoped to seize the project from them so that I would be in a strong bargaining position...
- Bargain for what?
- I'd hoped to trade my way into their ranks. But Solidus preferred rebellion. Outer Heaven -- his plan to unleash a nuclear blast over the skies of Wall Street to break the Patriots' control over the business community -- is also a key factor in his offensive effort.
- Outer Heaven...?
- Listen. There isn't much time. The "football" served as the key for activating Arsenal Gear. I've already input the necessary code sequence.. It won't be long before "GW" begins to establish connections with other external systems and Arsenal Gear becomes fully operational. Stop them before that happens. That is your role.
- Role?
- You've got to find Emma Emmerich. She's the only one who can stop that thing once it's been activated.
- Emma -- Emmerich?
- She's the system programmer for Arsenal Gear. I believe she's somewhere on level B1 in the core of this building.
- I thought the levels below us were flooded?
- I'm sure they won't let her die just yet as she's the only remaining programmer for this project. According to Ocelot, she was being held in a locker room located in the northwest part of level B1. Cut transmission, and get moving! This is Card 4. It'll give you access all the way to Emma's location. Give this to her when you find her.
- What is it?

- A program for disrupting the control functions between "GW" and Arsenal Gear. Take Emma to the Computer Room on level B2, Shell 1 core. She'll know how to load the program into the main system.
- A virus?
- That's right. Modeled after FOxDIE, a biological weapon designed to selectively eliminate personnel with a specific genetic code.
- But why do you have it?
- The Patriots had it engineered as a fail-safe. And Ocelot forgot to search me. You've got to hurry! That disc is the only way you're going to stop Arsenal! Well, I've told you everything you need to know. There's only one thing that remains to be done...
- ???
- Now, kill me!
- What the --!?
- There's no time to argue! The final check for my vital ID will start any second! If you kill me now, you'll at least prevent the nuclear strike! Cut it out! Do it! That's your role! Pull!
- That 's abusing your right to free speech Mr. President. Or is it... Ex-president?
- The President! Why did you --!?
- Alas, my finger must have slipped... I'll see you around, "Carrier boy"...
- Forget him... he... did us a favor... Without free will, there is no difference between submission and rebellion. My only real choice is to put an end to this charade... let me at least have the freedom... to end it myself...
- What are you...?
- Find Emma... ..stop Arsenal. This is my last order -- as your Commander-in-Chief... I'm counting on you...

-
- Colonel, the President is dead.
 - I see... I'm sorry to hear that.
 - Where do we go from here?
 - Your mission was to rescue the President and eliminate the terrorist threat. However, given the recent turn of events, we will honor the President's last directive. You must put a stop to Arsenal Gear once and for all.
 - Do you actually think there's any truth to his story about this "Big Shell" facility being a front for Arsenal Gear?
 - I don't have the security clearance necessary to verify the facts. However, he was the President. I'm sure he knew what he was talking about.
 - Aren't you forgetting that he was part of the terrorist plot?
 - All the more reason why I believe his information is reliable.
 - ...

- We're talking about a man who chose to die rather than risk a nuclear holocaust. Thanks to his sacrifice, the nuclear launch authority has shifted to the Vice President, effectively eliminating the terrorist threat.
- Colonel, when you put it like that, it almost sounds like I should've assassinated the President to "eliminate the threat."
- That was not my intention. I was trying to point out that there is certainly some credibility to the words of a man who chose death to protect the innocent.
- The Colonel has a point, Jack.
- What about the information he gave me on the "Patriots"?
- That's a new one on me. I'll see what I can find out.
- ...
- Raiden, we're running out of time. Find Emma. She's supposed to be located on level B1, in the core of that building you're in, right?
- ...
- You've got to find her before Arsenal becomes fully operational. Hurry Jack!
- ...
- It's up to you to make sure that the President didn't sacrifice his life in vain.
- Understood.... Raiden out.

-
- What's your stat us, Raiden?
 - Snake? The President... he's been assassinated.
 - What!?
 - There was nothing I could do --
 - What about the nuclear strike code sequence!?
 - He died before his vital ID could be reconfirmed.
 - Then the enemy's lost their nuclear strike capability --
 - But, that Ocelot guy obviously killed the President on purpose.
 - Why? It doesn't make any sense. They had to know that they couldn't launch the nuke if they killed the President.
 - Maybe there's a way to launch without reconfirming the vital ID?
 - Or maybe they've found a more effective weapon within Arsenal Gear.
 - You knew about Arsenal Gear!?
 - Yeah...
 - Why didn't you tell me about it!?
 - You never asked.
 - Am I correct in assuming you also know that the Big Shell's a front for the project!?
 - You mean, did I know that the Big Shell, a fully functional environmental cleanup facility, was designed to camouflage Arsenal Gear? Yeah, I did. It's exactly what the President and Ames described... a massive cover story.

The good news is that it hasn't really done much in terms of cleaning up the environment, so we won't have to worry about any toxic gas being released if we have to blow the house down.

- Right... and when did you find out about all of this?

- It took a while, but we uncovered the info around the time you took out that mad bomber.

- ...

- There's no doubt that Arsenal Gear is being built here... then it was all set up two years ago on that day -- all of it.

- Two years ago... What really happened here?

- I took these photos two years ago...

- I know these pictures -- they were on the news, on several websites. If I remember right, the reporters blamed you for sinking the tanker...

- I'd infiltrated the dummy tanker to obtain proof that a Metal Gear was under development. Shortly after I made it aboard, an armed group led by Colonel Gurlukovichj raided the ship and gained control.

- Olga and Ocelot were among the raiding party.

- Yeah. And him...

- Who're you talking about?

- A man that was supposed to be dead. Their target was also Metal Gear RAY. But Ocelot eliminated Colonel Gurlukovicha and Marine Commander Scott Dolph and he hijacked RAY.

- So he betrayed them?

- I don't know what kind of deal was going down. All I remember is what Ocelot said at the time something like "I'm taking it back"... celot then sank the tanker along with the soldiers of the Marine Corps...

- How did you manage to get out?

- Otacon managed to have a small boat ready for me.

- That was the easy part. The tough part was not getting dragged down with the sinking tanker -- small miracle when you think about it.

- It turned out that the whole thing was a setup to lure us.

- Photos of Snake -- taken by the Cypher -- were released to the public. In turn, we became the world's most wanted environmental terrorists... It was definitely a move aimed at putting a stop to our anti-Metal Gear activities.

- But why did they choose Snake?

- Since the Shadow Moses incident, Snake became sort of a hero. I think the Patriots weren't too happy about that.

- You knew about the Patriots!?

- Well yes... to a certain degree.

- It seems like everyone knows about them except me.

- They didn't choose Snake to be a hero... So they decided to do a smear campaign. I think the Patriots wanted to make an example of him so everybody would think twice before opposing them.

- That's it! They set all this up just to nail you guys?
- No. There's more to it than that -- the Marines' Metal Gear RAY project headed by Commander Dolph was carried out in opposition to the Navy's Arsenal Gear project. To be more precise, the Patriots considered Metal Gear RAY to be a thorn in their side. Hence, they attacked the dummy tanker and stole RAY... They followed this up with the perfect plan. They immediately sent a fully loaded tanker to the same location and sank it, then set up the facility to camouflage the development of Arsenal Gear. And we fell for it -- two more puppets in their show.
- Colonel Gurlukovich... and his daughter, Olga?
- Both fell victim to Ocelot's plot.
- Was Solidus behind all this? He used Ocelot to get hold of RAY, huh?
- No. He was underground, keeping a low profile at the time. Forget it. We're wasting time. We can figure this out later. The nuclear strike's been prevented, but Arsenal still has a massive payload of missiles to deal with.
- Right. If the opposition gets control of those missiles...
- Raiden -- you've got to find Emma.
- Wait a second. Isn't Emma Emmerich --
- My sister.
- What's she doing here?
- You got me. She's a computer whiz who specializes in neural-AI and ultra-variable volume data analysis using complex logic. How she got involved in weapons development is beyond me.
- ...
- Whatever her reasons, we need her in order to stop Arsenal. Raiden -- find her.
- I'm on my way.

-
- Raiden, are you reading me? This is Otacon. What's your situation?
 - Wet and miserable... this place is flooded. The seawater that's been pumped up is pouring into the building.
 - I see. Listen, there's something I have to tell you about E.E.
 - Don't worry about her. I'll get her out --
 - She's afraid of water.
 - What!?
 - Yeah... when she was six years old, she almost drowned with my father in our swimming pool.
 - She can't swim!?
 - Well yes and no... we used to swim a lot together when we were kids.
 - In fact, she swam like a fish until that day when she almost drowned...
 - That pretty much coincides with what the Colonel told me...

- When the accident happened, I was in my room. I learned later that E.E. was calling me for help... She didn't doubt for a minute that I'd be there.
- You could see the pool from my room... but I didn't realize at the time that she needed my help.
- What were you doing?
- I... I was...
- So Emma survived the ordeal...
- Yeah. But my father didn't...
- So you blamed yourself and left your family?
- No. E.E. seems to believe that was the case. The fact is... I betrayed her.
- And you think that she can't swim because of the traumatic experience?
- I haven't seen her since that day... but yes, I think so. I got a letter from Julie, her mother, after they moved back to England. In her letter, she mentioned that E.E. couldn't swim anymore... that she refused to even wear a bathing suit.
- Damn! If she still can't swim, we're in trouble... level B1 in the core is pretty much flooded.
- Look... maybe you can help her overcome the trauma.
- You want me to help her get over it?
- It's still going to take some time to repair the Kamov. Sorry, kid. Emma's rescue is up to you.
- Thanks. An underwater mission... well, this is a first. Look -- I'll see what I can do.
- I suggest that you drum the map of the building into your head, 'cause you won't have time to look at it when you try to bring Emma out.
- I'm counting on you, Raiden.
- I covered most of the core when I had to take out the C4's... if there's anything you need to ask me, call me on the Codec.
- I'll do that.

-
- Jack?
 - What is it?
 - I've always been alone...
 - Huh?
 - I'm so lonely...
 - Lonely? Rose, we've always --
 - Not always.
 - What do you mean?
 - You've never slept beside me...
 - What are you talking about?
 - I -- After we've been together in my room... you stay awake all night or you head for the door.

- Is this really the time to bring this up?
- Why, Jack? Why?
- Listen, Rose. I'm right in the middle of a mission, and I...
- Why!? Why can't you relax when you're with me!?
- Look... the mission... I...
- Why don't you open up to me!?
- Rose... I... I just can't!
- All I ever wanted was to share your dreams -- to spend a meaningful evening with you... I just wanted to find you by my side when I woke up. Is that asking too much?
- It's the night -- I'm scared of the night... it's got nothing to do with you...
- Scared of the night? What's that supposed to mean?
- I can't relax when I'm with someone...
- Jack? You wouldn't even let me in your room!
- I need privacy... I just can't be bothered.
- Bothered!?
- Wrong word! What I wanted to say was that there are certain things that I have to keep to myself...
- Do you remember that time I forced my way into your room? We'd known each other for almost a year... and you blew up! It was the first time you ever raised your hand against me!
- ...
- I was so worried about you...
- Look... I'm sorry...
- It wasn't your violent nature that scared me. It was your room... your heart...
- Stop it...
- There wasn't anything in your room -- only a bed and a small desk. It looked like a prison cell...
- Rose?
- No television set... no family pictures... not even a poster...
- Rose, I only use that room for sleeping.
- A lifeless room... almost like your empty heart.
- That's why I tried to keep you out.
- I thought I was beginning to understand you -- until I saw that room.
- Would you've been happier if I had a picture of you hanging on the wall!?
- That's not what I was trying to say --
- Enough, Rose. We'll talk about this later... after the mission.
- Right... after the mission... I understand.

 - Still tickin' huh?

- Unfortunately, hell had no vacancies...
- Ha! Argh!
- I thought so... Human muscles are quite eloquent. They speak out clearly what a person's next move will be. They even tell me which way a gun is going to be pointed before the trigger is pulled. But your muscles -- they're different... This should be fun... well worth the wait.
- You knew I was coming...?
- You've become a nuisance. I can't let you interfere with Arsenal Gear. The girl is just ahead. She is of no use to us now... but she served us well as the live bait for the big catch. Crazy Ivan sometimes speaks the truth.
- Emma's alive...
- She was, some time ago. But the flooding has become quite serious -- I wouldn't be surprised if she's a mermaid now.
- ...!
- Did you really think killing the President would prevent a nuclear strike? Think again.
- I didn't do it!
- Hm. Arsenal is still armed with a purified hydrogen bomb.
- Purified hydrogen bomb?
- This is no ordinary nuclear bomb. This weapon is capable of heavy hydrogen nuclear fusion using lasers and magnetics to generate heat-insulated compression. It was a top secret project initiated by the current President... and Solidus has no idea of its existence. The clean thermonuclear bomb is at an experimental stage and is handled differently. Specifically, it becomes launch-capable when Arsenal is activated. A nuclear threat still exists. Six months ago, we lost everything we believed in... We were abandoned to take the fall in their cover up. We were labeled as killers responsible for the mass-murder of civilians as well as our own allies. And the "public" believed every word turning a deaf ear to whatever we had to say to the contrary. Our only goal is to wipe them from the face of the earth and destroy this world of deceit they have created along with them.
- You're insane.
- Insane? We might be the only ones telling the truth...
(Final check for activating Arsenal has been completed... All Arsenal personnel... report to your stations.)
- Well... it sounds like Arsenal's ready to go into operation.
- Damn it!
- You're still hoping that the girl can install that virus you're carrying around, aren't you?
- You know -- !?!

It's a shame you're not going to be around long enough to hand her the program... That isn't seawater, you know it's a by-product of the microbes contained in the pool. Buoyancy is practically non-existent thanks to the

high oxygen content ...once you fall in, you don't come up. Take a good look at your grave. Show me what you've got!

- Colonel! They've apparently completed the final check procedure for Arsenal Gear!

- Find Emma on the double! You've got to get her to install the virus program that the President gave you! When you find her, take her to the Computer Room on level B2 in the core of Shell 1!

- Snake! Did you catch all that!? I didn't make it on time... Arsenal's going active!

- Yeah, I heard. The hostage rescue's gonna have to wait.

- I'm going after Emma.

- We'll secure the Computer Room. Looks like we can't install the virus program without Emma.

- Can't your partner do it?

- I would if I could. But the security for this system is no joke. I need more time...

- That's why we need her.

- Understood. I'll make sure you have your family reunion...

- ...

- What's up?

- A lot of years have passed between E.E. and me...

- Then you should see her, right?

- I don't have the right to see her.

- We can talk about this later. Raiden, I think you'd better get moving, Emma's in the Locker Room to the north, right?

- I'm on it.

- Are you alright?

- Who are you?

- Raiden. I'm getting you out of here.

- Get me out...? You're lying! Where're you taking me this time!?

- What are you talking about!? I'm here to help! Here -- I'll prove it. Do you have nanos?

- What?

- Well, do you?

- I do... Everybody on this project has them...

- Okay, good. Let's try... Can you hear me, now?

- Nanocommunication...?

- That's right. I have nanomachines, too.
- Then you're not one of them...
- That's what I've been trying to tell you.
- And you came to rescue me?
- Actually, I need your help to stop Arsenal... I understand you're the only one who might be able to do it.
- And who told you that?
- The President.
- ...Really?
- I need you to come with me to Shell 1. Your brother's waiting for you there.
- My brother?
- C'mon! We have to get moving! This place'll be flooded soon! We'd better move!
- I can't... I can't swim... Leave me...
- You can swim! You used to love it!
- How did you know...?
- Your brother told me.
- He's really here?
- That's right... he's here to rescue you.
- I don't believe you!
- He would never come for me!
- And I'm telling you he's here -- waiting for us at Shell 1!
- No! He left me... my mother -- when we needed him the most! When my father died, all he could think about was himself!
- Emma, we can go over all that later. But first, we have to get out of here!
- No! I hate water! It's hopeless! I can't swim! I can't swim!
- You can do it!
- I can't...
- C'mon! Deep down inside, you know you can swim!
- I can't keep my eyes open in the water... that endless blue... The water... it wants me... it won't let me go...
- Alright, then close your eyes. I'll guide you.
- I... I was injected with something! Um... my legs! I have trouble moving them!
- Listen, Emma. Just hold your breath... I'll do the rest. First, we'll head for Filter Chamber 2. Then we'll take a break.
- And all I have to do is hold my breath...
- That's right.
- How long? Just a little while.
- Are you sure?
- Of course I'm sure! That's how I got here.
- I don't think I can do it. I'm not good at holding my breath...
- Look Emma. I have an idea...
- Put your ear against my chest and listen to my heartbeat.

- Your heartbeat?
- Count the beats -- don't think about anything else. When you reach 100, open your eyes. By that time, we'll be on the other side. Give me a signal if you think you're running out of breath.
- What will you do then?
- I'll swim faster.
- Hang on tight... Okay, let's go!
- I'm closing my eyes...
- Take some deep breaths... One... two... three...
- Wait!
- What is it?
- Let me take off my glasses...
- You know... you should wear contacts.
- There's nothing wrong with my eyes.
- ?
- I wear them for show.
- Trying to be different from the other girls?
- No, it's not like that. I like glasses. And there's this guy I liked who used to wear them...
- Your first boyfriend?
- No... ..somebody more important. Anyway, they bring me luck.
- I see... OK -- let's go.

-
- You did good...
 - I concentrated on your heartbeat... it reminded me of when I was a kid... I remembered my brother giving me a piggyback ride... I was sleeping with my ear against his back... I could hear his heartbeat...
 - Sounds like you were close.
 - We were... back then. We were stepchildren in our parent's second marriages. Wherever my brother went, I used to tag along... My brother didn't have any close friends, so he used to take care of me. We both wanted to be loved so much... so much that we used to pretend...
 - Pretend?
 - Yeah... we used to play "House." My brother was the husband and I was the wife. But it was always just make believe... we were only kids. You know what I mean?
 - I never had a family... but I think I know what you mean.

-
- Raiden, what's your status?
 - Colonel? I've got Emma Emmerich here... we've managed to avoid drowning.
 - Good job. Get her over to Shell 1 as soon as you can.

- That's going to be hard with the connecting bridge on the upper level destroyed.
- Didn't Olga say something about taking the oil fence at the bottom of Strut L?
- Yeah, I remember that.
- You should be able to go down by way of Strut L. Try and get over there.
- What about Emma? She's been injected with something and she can't walk without any help.
- Take her with you... free your hands of any equipment and hold down the Action button to give her a hand. To release your grip on her, take your finger off the Action button. Emma can sit and wait until you help her back up. And be careful... you won't be able to use any weapons while you're leading her. Now, head for Strut L!
- We're on our way.

-
- Raiden, we've infiltrated the Computer Room. What's your situation?
 - Emma's safe. We're heading your way.
 - Good job! Shell 1's deserted. Looks like everybody's aboard Arsenal.
 - I had a look at the system, but there's nothing I can do. E.E.'s our only hope...
 - Right... I'll put her on then.
 - Huh? E.E.? How...?
 - I'll use my Codec as a relay.
 - Ahem, ummm...
 - Here she is...
 - Uh... Hal...?
 - Ah... E.E.? Is that you?
 - Hal...
 - E.E....
 - Uh... why're you involved with Metal Gear?
 - Huh???
 - You knew our family's dark history, and still got involved!? What's wrong with you!?
 - I should've known...
 - Answer me! Why are you repeating the same mistake?
 - ... I wanted to hurt you... I wanted to see you suffer...
 - E.E....?
 - You abandoned me --
 - No!
 - That's not what happened...
 - Alright -- that's enough!
 - ...

- Who are you?
- I'm a friend of Otacon's, Emma.
- Otacon...
- Enough with the sibling rivalry.
- That's not what this is!!
- We haven't got time for this! Raiden! Get her over here, right now.
- I -- I...
- Gotcha, Snake. I'll head over there with Emma.
- Most of the enemy's aboard Arsenal. But I suggest you be careful. Make sure Emma gets here in one piece.
- Raiden... take care of my sister.
- Don't worry. I'll get her there.

-
- Emma, Snake and Hal are waiting for us in Shell 1's Computer Room. I've got this disc that the President gave me... This disc is supposed to contain a virus that can corrupt Arsenal Gear's operating system. We need you to...
 - This is... this is my program...
 - What?
 - Why did the President give it to you? Did something happen to the President?
 - The President... ..he's dead.
 - What...?
 - You actually wrote this virus?
 - It's not really a virus... it's more like a worm cluster. It's actually a delayed-effect autonomous program that's designed to invade GW's cerebrum and render its nerve connections useless.
 - You know what GW is?
 - Of course... I created it.
 - ...
 - You look surprised.
 - Uh... Well...
 - Cat got your tongue?
 - I'm sorry, I... How about the "Patriots"? Ever heard of 'em?
 - Yes. But I only know what I've been told.
 - Can you tell me what you know?
 - Uh, sure. But it's hard to put into words. Right...
 - Are you reading me, Emma?
 - Yes -- loud and clear.
 - The President said that Arsenal Gear was the Patriots' key to supremacy.
 - That's as good a description as any.
 - What exactly is it?

- It's a massive data processing system capable of controlling information on a global scale.
- A data processing system...?
- That's right. The system's a social device for maintaining the Patriots' control.
- You've lost me.
- In this day and age, information emerges from every direction, and is freely distributed... A variety of information - gathered by servers employing the latest in high-speed communication networks and P2P technology - is rapidly circulated to individuals. In fact, the speed of this circulation process is accelerating on an almost daily basis. The Patriots seem to be afraid of this development. Apparently, they believe that their role will shift from dominant to dominated.
- ?
- Let me give you an example. You're aware of Solid Snake's anti-Metal Gear activities, aren't you?
- Yeah -- I know a little about it.
- That's just a small sample of uncontrolled information. I can guarantee you the Patriots did not want Solid Snake's name publicized.
- Now, look at it like this... political scandal, corporate corruption... up until now, the Patriots have managed to keep a lid on these and other self-serving events. But with their existing data processing system, they are no longer able to effectively control the flow of information generated at the individual level. With the newly created system, they can fully regulate digital information. High-level information can be categorized in stages, given clearance levels, and deleted as necessary -- never to be seen by the public. By deleting such information, the Patriots can shape the course of history as they see fit.
- Somebody's bound to catch on --
- No. The memory capacity -- not to mention the life span -- of the average individual is extremely limited. On the other hand, digital information lasts virtually forever... it doesn't deteriorate.
- So...?
- The alphabet... twenty-six letters, right? It could've been thirty letters. What if the 4 deleted letters were controlled by a program?
- Impossible.
- It's not. In fact, something similar is already underway.
- Do you know how many genes exist in an individual?
- About 30 to 40 thousand?
- Right. That's what was announced at the turn of the century.
- But there's actually 100 thousand, according to the original theory advanced by the scientific community. Information regarding the remaining 60 thousand was suppressed by the Patriots.

- No...
- Why? How would you know? Do you know what a gene looks like? Did you count them yourself?
- There are research organizations...
- Of course... and their reports have already been subtly altered. They're even beginning to believe the doctored reports. GW is a system that allows the Patriots to decide what will be recorded in tomorrow's history.
- So what we're talking about is one huge censorship system for deleting information which might be inconvenient to the Patriots?
- Exactly. The actual, physical core for handling the task -- GW -- is installed in Arsenal. It's the only system in the world with an optic neural AI that has a parallel processing capacity of 980 trillion hamnets.
- I suppose that being a specialist in neural AI and complex logic played a significant role in your association with the Metal Gear project.
- That's not the only reason...
- What do you mean?
- ...
- I guess there're plenty of other reasons.
- Yes, there are --
- I understand...
- Do you?
- So Arsenal Gear was actually designed to protect the GW system, wasn't it?
- Uh...yes. It's armed with everything including nuclear weapons, and is fully equipped with cyber-terrorist countermeasures. Physically and logically, it's the ultimate fortress for housing GW.
- But is the AI actually capable of controlling everything?
- No. GW is only the system's core. It's only for deciding what data is stored or deleted. The actual sub-system for executing the task exists within our social structure...
- What!?
- Do you remember the panic that gripped the computer industry prior to the end of the century?
- You mean the Y2K problem?
- That's right.
- Let me guess... the Y2K countermeasure contained a program designed by the Patriots?
- Yes. And everything supplied from that day onward contains the same program.
- Impossible.
- Do you know how a computer operates? Do you really know the basic principles on how data is exchanged?
- ...

- Nobody's aware of it, but there's a sub-system in place. And it's about to be activated.
- Is that why Solidus wants to burn out every electrical circuit in Manhattan with a nuclear blast?
- Probably. But the overall system isn't actually complete.
- What?
- It still lacks the necessary factors for judging situations. I heard they were planning a major experiment in the next few days, to provide complex data for GW to study. And suddenly all this happens...
- Emma... it's not your fault. If it wasn't for the terrorists...
- Yeah... you're right... Well... I think that's about all I know.
- Right... uh, thanks. I think we'd better head for the Computer Room.
- My bird in the Computer Room! Is he safe!?
- That noisy, overgrown parakeet?
- Excuse me, he's a parrot... and he's my best friend -- my only friend.
- Well... the bird's okay.
- Good!
- Did you know that in the old days miners used to take a canary into the mine shafts to detect toxic gas?
- That's what he's for...?
- No... I really needed someone to talk to...
- Right. I think we'd better get moving. We've got a little longer to cover than the last time.
- I'll give it my best.
- Whatever you do, don't open your eyes.
- Why not?
- A dead body... not a pretty sight.
- Oh...
- Once we get past it, it'll be too dark to see anything. What're those sticks in your head?
- These? They're lacquered chopsticks. They hold your hair in place. Did you know that they're pretty popular in Europe and South America?
- Can't say that I do... you're not only cute, but smart too.
- Oooh, I'm much more than cute...
- Okay... let's go!

-
- Um... Jack, about trying to break into your room...
 - Rose, just forget about it...
 - No. Listen to me. I said I did it because I was worried about you, but... it wasn't just that.
 - What?
 - I was suspicious. I thought there might be someone else...

- Someone else?
- Another woman.
- Rose...
- I really thought so... because sometimes, you're so horribly cold.
- You know I wouldn't...
- I'm serious. Sometimes I feel like you're pushing me away. So I...
- Did you get in?
- Yeah.
- Are you satisfied now? There wasn't anyone there, was there?
- No. No, there was no one there. There was absolutely no one in your room. Not another woman. Not me. Not even you.
- Rose...
- I'm sorry. I just wanted to apologize, that's all. Talk to you later.

-
- Emma's terrified of the sea lice. She won't move.
 - I sympathize... I wouldn't want to be anywhere near those things either.
 - But we can't exactly sit here. Arsenal Gear is about to go online...
 - Raiden, you'll have to get through there even if it means forcing her to move. I know it seems cruel. We have got to move Emma past that section.

-
- Well, Jack. It sounds like you and Miss Emma are getting along just fine.
 - Rose?
 - I've been monitoring your every move and conversation. I can't say it's been fun...
 - Give me a break! I'm only trying to keep her spirits up.
 - Is that right?
 - Absolutely. My mission is to get her to the Computer Room.
 - That's all?
 - Yeah.
 - You're lying. You're attracted to her, aren't you.
 - ...I'll admit she's cute.
 - Cuter than me?
 - Rose, you're beautiful.
 - You know how I feel about you.
 - Have you remembered yet?
 - You mean April 30th? Yes. It's your birthday, isn't it.
 - Wrong! You're not even warm!
 - What is it then?
 - Forget it... it's nothing. Maybe I'm just a little... a little jealous...
 - Rose?
 - You'd better get moving. Good luck.

-
- Jack, how far do you think the Patriots' digital control extends?
 - I don't really know, but it probably influences a lot of what goes on in our everyday lives.
 - Even mundane things, like -- which movies and songs become a hit, and what kind of clothes we wear?
 - I think taste would be the easiest thing to manipulate. I mean, think about the kinds of film and bands everyone wants to go to see -- it's whatever's at the top of the charts.
 - And if the charts are made up...
 - Exactly.
 - But you can't really control individual taste. It's too closely tied to personality.
 - I don't know about that. Trends have always been about following the leader...
 - Not necessarily. The age of direct personal interaction is over. So is the idea of word-of-mouth communication.
 - Rose, you have any friends you've met online?
 - Huh? Yeah, I do.
 - How many?
 - Well -- if you count only the ones I talk to a lot, I'd say about twenty.
 - How many of those have you actually met?
 - One or two, tops...
 - Uh-huh. That's how it is for everyone, I guess. And even if your online buddies had fake identities and were circulating false information, you'd have no way of knowing.
 - Fake identities...
 - Right. And there'd be no way for you to know for sure.
 - Well, what about people who do meet face to face then -- like us?
 - Us?
 - Have you ever really shown me the real you?
 - ...I wouldn't even know the real me myself.
 - But you're being honest with yourself now -- well that's how I see it.
 - Well, how am I being honest?
 - I've never seen you show so much -- feeling. Fear, anger, even a kind of giddiness... It may seem a strange thing to say, but you're living out loud for the first time that I've seen.
 - I'm just trying to get the job done. This is war, you know.
 - I do know that. I'm just saying you're different from your usual restrained self.
 - What about you, then?
 - I always want to be open with you, as much as I can...

-
- Damn it!
 - What's wrong?
 - This door is security level 5... I don't have Card 5. Damn...
 - Giving up already? Ta-DAH!
 - What the...?
 - Are you impressed?
 - You should've told me you had it...
 - The truth is... I just remembered it myself.

Raiden, there should be a ladder down to the water somewhere near your present location on Strut L. Take Emma to the ladder.

-
- I have a question for you.
 - What is it?
 - How do you feel about heights?
 - I can't say I like heights... though water's higher on my phobia list. Why?
 - Well... we have to go down a ladder.
 - How far down?
 - Just a little bit...
 - Why do I feel like we've had this conversation before? How little is little?
 - ...About 130 feet?
 - ...
 - Think you can do it?
 - Would you take "no" for an answer?
 - How are your legs?
 - Better. The numbness is gone. I can climb down on my own.
 - Okay... follow me.
-
- The sunset... It's beautiful...
 - If we don't hurry, it'll be the last we see.
-
- Enemy soldiers... Gun Cyphers... I don't think we're going to be able to slip past all that. Looks like it can barely support one person. How much do you weigh, Emma?
 - Are you going to ask me how old I am next?
 - If you go alone, I think you can make it across.

-
- This is Raiden, do you read me?
 - Yeah. What's up?
 - We've made it to the lower part of Strut L. We'll have to cross the water from here.
 - Can Emma walk?
 - She's okay. The pontoon bridge doesn't look too sturdy. Emma is going to have to cross it alone.
 - Right... the oil fence -- There's Cyphers and several guards. Raiden, you're carrying a PSG1, aren't you?
 - Yeah.
 - It's time to play sniper.
 - Not bad. This spot gives me a good view of the targets.
 - You're going to have to cover Emma until she crosses to Strut E. I'll get there and provide some support of my own.
 - Thanks.
 - Think you can handle it?
 - Yeah. I know the drill. I've faced a similar situation in Advanced Mode Level 4 VR training with the PSG1.
 - VR...? Guess that's better than nothing. Make sure you don't hit Emma. Right now, with Arsenal's boarding in progress, security should be at a minimum. That doesn't mean it's going to be easy. Given the situation, they've probably got Claymores in place to make up for the security shortage. Make sure you use your thermal goggles.
 - Right.
 - Okay. I'm heading for Strut E.

 - Emma, are you reading me?
 - Loud and clear...
 - I'm gonna clear a path for you from here.
 - How?
 - Sniper fire.
 - You're kidding...
 - Trust me.
 - What if I fall into the sea? I... I can't swim!
 - You were doing pretty good a few minutes ago.
 - Okay.
 - Think you can do it?
 - Would you take "no" for an answer?
 - No. Alright, get going. You'll be fine.

-
- This is Snake. Can you hear me?
 - Yeah. Nice and clear.
 - I've reached my sniping position on Strut E. I'll provide support fire from here.
 - Right. Do me a favor and take out whatever I miss.
 - Just call me when you want me to shoot.

-
- Snake, I can't handle this alone.
 - Ok. I'll take care of it.
 - I'm going to show you how sniping should be handled. Take a good look.
 - My sniping field will be limited to the area you're watching through your PSGI's scope. Keep a good lookout on Emma's surroundings even while I'm shooting, all right?

No!

- Raiden! Emma's been stabbed!
- That bastard!
- How bad is it!?
- She's conscious... but the bleeding's bad. I'm bringing her over there right now!
- E.E....
- Raiden! Get that disc over here as soon as possible. I'm afraid her time's running out...
- I'll be there!

-
- Snake, what's your situation over there?
 - Emma seems to be uh... doing something to GW's defensive capabilities.
 - All we need now is your disc. You'd better hurry -- I don't think she's gonna make it.
 - How's the bleeding?
 - She's... Just get over here. You'll find the coast is clear with everybody aboard Arsenal right now.
 - Understood.

-
- How's Emma?
 - I think he got some internal organs... We can't stop the bleeding...
 - Hh...

- Hal?

- I'm here.

- Got the disc? Emma's set everything up. Apparently, all you have to do is pop in the disc. Um... that should insert the virus into the AI...

- Is it working?

- Just leave it to Emma. What the -- !? An antibody agent!? Damn! The connection's been cut!

- Is the virus upload complete? I don't think so. The count's stopped at 90. Otacon...?

- I don't think Emma's made any mistakes... But... A portion of the worm cluster might've been altered after the disc left Emma's hands.

- By the Patriots?

- Will the virus still work?

- I have no idea...

- Hal... is... is everything alright...?

- Uh...

- It's alright. Everything's alright.

- Good... At least I... I won't be adding... another page to our family's dark... history...

- Yeah... that's right...

- What if the virus doesn't work?

- Either destroy that thing, or take out Solidus and his men.

- How do we get on board?

- I don't think we can, unless somebody inside gives us a hand.

- Hal... I... I always...

- What is it? ...wanted to see you again.

- You don't hate me?

- Never... I never wanted to get in your way... I never wanted to hurt you... I thought that with Arsenal... if I followed in your footsteps... I could be... closer. I just wanted you to look at me... look at me as... as a woman.

- EE... I could never do that...

- Don't be so honest. It ...hurts...

- Sorry... Can I... can I ask you one last favor...?

- Sure...

- Call me... call me... "Emma."

- What...?

- Please call me... Emma.

- What's wrong with EE? Emma... Emma?! Emma!? Emma!? Answer me! I didn't... I didn't leave you. ...because of the accident. I had... I had a relationship with your mother. She seduced me... and it went on... My father's death... was no accident. He took his own life... It was my fault. All my fault. Forgive me, Emma...

- Hal. Hal.
- Attention! Arsenal Gear is ready for launch! Evacuate the upper levels immediately!
- Sounds like they're cutting this area loose!
- What do you mean!?
- It means we're gonna sink...
- We have to get the hostages out! What about the Kamov repairs?
- Done... We won't be able to get everybody aboard... We'll just have to take as many as we can.
- My sister... ..won't be able to come with us.
- We will be commencing the countdown shortly... Personnel in the upper levels, head for the evacuation area immediately.

- I'm always the survivor... ..Why, Wolf?

- Otacon, take care of the hostages.
- What about you guys?
- We got other arrangements... There's our ride out of here. Anyway, we're gonna have to sink that thing if the virus doesn't work.
- I should be going with you.
- You've got your job, we've got ours.
- You mean I'd only get in your way...
- Wrong. Only you can save those hostages. Got it?
- Right. Listen. The two of you won't be able to destroy that thing. Eliminate the enemy... that's your only option.
- Hal...
- E.E....? Damn...!
- Otacon! Try to get as many hostages out as you can. It's a short flight to the shore, so don't worry about overloading the Kamov.
- Leave it to me.
- I repeat! Personnel in the upper levels... head for the evacuation area immediately.
- I'm counting on you, Otacon.

- Hal... I miss you... Hal... I miss you... I miss you... I miss you...
- You and me... we're the same... Both you and I... We were always alone... always... We only wanted to be loved... we were always waiting -- waiting for somebody... somebody who would love us... But we were wrong... You can't wait to be loved. You have to go out and find it. Four years ago... I realized that you can't just wish for a happy family. You have to make it happen... I only wish I knew that sooner. I learned that I could love... as you probably did... Emma...

- You think he's gonna be OK?
- He's tougher than he looks. Consider it done.
- Now... how do we open this thing?
- You can come out now!
- A ninja...? What the...?
- Arsenal's going to take off. We still need you to take care of a few things...
This time, do not fail us.
- Snake! What's this all about!?
- Bed time, Raiden.
- !!
- I wouldn't do that!
- You're changing sides now!?
- Change sides? I don't recall saying I was on yours.
- Damn it. You!
- Ready for some shut-eye?

- Jack? Are you reading me? Do you want to save your mission data up to this point? Your mission data's been saved.
- ...

- Is he still alive?
- He was when Olga brought him in. I've checked everything including the Genome data, but there's nothing on this guy. NSA, CIA, FBI... He doesn't exist in any database. He's a nonexistent operative from a nonexistent organization.
- I suspected as much. However, I know this man...
- !?
- Wake him up. It's been a while, hasn't it... Jack the Ripper?
- You know this fellow?
- You've grown... High concentration of cerebral implants... Have they altered your memory, too? This is my son... I taught him everything... Jack... I never thought I'd see you again...
- You... know me?
- You don't remember... Your name... your skills... everything you know... you learned from me. The eighties... ..the civil war. You were one of the best among the child soldiers that fought in that conflict. When you were barely ten years old, you became the platoon leader of the "small boy unit." At the time, your outstanding kill record earned you several nicknames including "White Devil" and "Jack the Ripper." Jack... I was your godfather, I named you.

When the war ended, you disappeared from the relief center. I wondered what happened to you... I should've known they would recruit you.

- It's an interesting coincidence...

- If he's a lackey for the Patriots, I doubt that he knows anything of interest.

- What should we do with him?

- We'll use him like you suggested...

- What about Dead Cell?

- Ignore them. Happening again?

- Could it be that he's here too?

- In another hour, we demonstrate the power of Arsenal Gear.

- Attack with standard weapons, of course?

- Yes. Proceed as planned.

- At last report, all is well with "GW."

- Hm. How about the troops?

- The men are being refitted with Arsenal Gear equipment as ordered. You're the spitting image of Big Boss...

- Is that so? Perhaps I should be grateful to this kid for that.

- This situation... I find it very... nostalgic.

- Where am I?

- Why inside Arsenal Gear, of course. Actually, we're also inside the memory of Shadow Moses. I'll take this back. You don't need this anymore, do you? A foul wind is blowing... We shall speak again.

- Don't move... Stay as you are... We're being monitored by a camera.

- What are you up to...?

- I'm switching over tonanocommunication...

- Mister x...? Ninja...?

- Correct... it's me.

- I thought you were the leader of the Russian troops...

- No. That was just a smoke screen.

- A smoke screen?

- I was sent to provide you support.

- Support? Who sent you? The Colonel?

- No... the Patriots.

- What!?

- I... I deceived my troops... betrayed them...

- But why?

- My child is... being held hostage by the Patriots. It all started two years ago when I lost my father during the tanker incident... My men and I had nowhere to go... so we joined forces with an illegal Russian organization.

- The Russian Mafia?

- Something like that. Actually, I learned much later that it was a subordinate organization of the Patriots. I was expecting at the time. When I gave birth to my child, it turned out I was in a hospital run by the Patriots. In the morning... my child was gone. My baby is being kept somewhere in this country.
- Have you ever met your child?
- No. Once a month, they send me a photo of my child via network. I've never even held the child in my own arms...
- I see... Given your situation, nobody can blame you for what you did.
- That's your opinion...
- What about Snake? I thought you were enemies...
- He wasn't responsible for my father's death. Actually, we owe him our lives. Two years ago, they were responsible for getting out of the sinking tanker alive...
- So you were partners since the incident?
- No. I only found out the truth shortly before this.
- Huh?
- When I confronted him here...
- You fought with Snake!? When?
- Well... it was around the time you were holding hands with that girl. Snake... So you joined hands with him to pay back a debt?
- No. Mutual gain...
- Mutual gain?
- My job was to assist you. If Solidus gets away with Arsenal, your mission is a failure. The Patriots would judge that as failure on my part and terminate my child. Putting it simply, my child's life depends on your success.
- So you did it all for your child. But why would the Patriots want to help me? Are they hoping I'll take Solidus out?
- No. You're just like me... we're just pawns...
- Pawns for what purpose?
- The S3 Plan...
- Huh?
- You'll figure it out sooner or later -- but I wonder if you'll handle the truth?
- What do you mean?
- Listen... we haven't got time for this. Solidus will commence his attack any minute. He's got to be stopped.
- What about the virus?
- No results so far. I think the Patriots have tampered with the program.
- Will it work?
- I don't know...
- Get me out of this thing.

- Not yet. I'll release your restraints after I leave this room.
- Where's my gear?
- Snake's got everything. I couldn't bring it here.
- And where do I find Snake?
- The passage way ahead leads to a hangar. He'll be waiting there. I gave him a card key for the hangar.
- Does Snake plan to destroy Arsenal Gear?
- No. Even for Snake, it's impossible to completely destroy this thing. The only option is to stop Solidus and his men.
- What're you going to do?
- Stay concealed. That's my role. I still can't afford to be discovered...
- Olga, you can't keep this up -- they're bound to find you.
- Listen... I'll free you in a little while. Brace yourself.
- Ugh! 'Ugh!

-
- Jack, are you all right?
 - Oh, y-yeah.
 - Jack, is it true? What Solidus said?
 - ...Yes.
 - It's unbelievable... Drafting small children, sending them to war -- it's not allowed under international conventions.
 - ICC rules don't mean a lot in war. Someone told me that there are over three hundred thousand children in combat right now. I was just one of them...
 - So you remember? I thought your memory had been... manipulated by them.
 - It was -- but I have nightmares every day, pieces of the past I can't put together...
 - Why didn't you tell me?
 - You couldn't begin to understand.
 - You wouldn't know that until you try me.
 - I didn't want you to get hurt.
 - ...
 - There was never a real reason for me to fight, except that someone put a gun in my hand. And that someone was him...
 - It wasn't your fault.
 - If I survived the day's fight, I was praised, fed, and had a bed to sleep in. I think I was only six when I held my first AK, but I'm not even sure of that.
 - Jack?
 - I'm not like Snake, I never questioned why we fought. There was no purpose, no way out. They give you a gun, you ask how many to kill. If you didn't, you were the one they shot instead.

- It's OK. No one is blaming you.

- We were shown Hollywood action films every day. The kind with macho guys and big guns. They call it image training.

- ...

- They -- they built us from the ground up, into killing machines... We were fed once a day. I can still taste the gunpowder they mixed into the food.

- Gunpowder? In the food?

- The gunpowder had toluene in it, giving it hallucinogenic properties. It kept us drugged, controllable.

- Oh, my God...

- When the civil war ended, those of us who survived were taken in by NGO's. They gave me a new life in the States. I can't complain. But nothing's changed. The only people who have no problem with my past have secrets and agendas of their own... Terrible nightmares -- every night. I can never forget...

- Jack...

- I'm afraid of the night. That's why I don't sleep next to you.

- You should have told me...

- Told you what? That I'm a killer and always have been?

- No, no.

- What I hate more than anything else in the world is my own past. I didn't want you -- or anyone -- to know about it.

- ...

- Now I know why I was chosen for this mission. No one can take him on -- take him down -- except me. I've been kept alive this long for this. I knew, as soon as I saw Solidus.

- Jack, I love you the way you are now. You have to believe me.

- ...

- I didn't know anything about you, I admit that. Where you were born, how you grew up -- but I know that now. And I know that what I feel for you can only get better, and I'll share in your past if that's the price.

- It doesn't work that way. No one can share the burden of what I've done. It's not one of those warm and fuzzy things couples share.

- I accept the good and the bad, Jack. That's what you do for someone you love.

- I don't want to share my past with anyone. I just want to forget about it.

- Jack? I haven't told you -- you know, about what I've done... ...

- The last two years with you -- it's been more than I've ever hoped for.

- Jack...

- But I can't go any farther. I know you want to get married.

- I --

- But -- I can't. I can't risk starting a family. There's no way to erase

my childhood.

- It's all right, Jack. Please, don't say any more...

- Raiden, do you copy You must continue your m-mission.
- I've lost all my gear. I need to locate Snake.
- He was never factored into the simulation. Leave him out of this.
- I can't do much naked, especially in this temperature.
- That's true -- you won't be able to attack or enter the Hanging mode, either.
- I think Snake has my gear.
- Raiden, take out Solidus and his men. You must recover Arsenal intact.
- Colonel, are you under orders from the Patriots?
- Your role -- that is, mission -- is to infiltrate the structure and disarm the terrorists --
- My role? Why do you keep saying that.
- Why not? This is a type of role-playing game. The point is that you play out your part -- and I expect you to turn in a perfect performance!
- Colonel, I just remembered something.
- What?
- That I've never met you in person. Not once.
- ... Complete your mission according to the simulation!
- Colonel, who are you?
- No more questions. We have Rosemary.
- What do you mean by that!
- Over and out.

- Raiden, turn the game console off right now!
- What did you say?
- The mission is a failure!
- Cut the power right now!
- What's wrong with you?
- Don't worry, it's a game! It's a game just like usual.
- You'll ruin your eyes playing so close to the TV.
- What are you talking about!?
- Raiden, something happened to me last Thursday when I was driving home. I had a couple of miles to go -- I looked up and saw a glowing orange object in the sky, to the east! It was moving very irregularly... Suddenly, there was intense light all around me -- -- and when I came to, I was home. What do you think happened to me...?
- Huh?
- Fine, forget it...

Even my patience has its limits. I just can't leave this thing up to you any longer. I'll do the fighting! You can just go home!

Variety Level 13 Rescue Meryl, the "Return of Genola." Variety Level 7 Shoot down the space invaders! Training will have to be postponed if we are invaded by UFOs.

I hear it's amazing when the famous purple stuffed worm in flap-jaw space with the tuning fork does a raw blink on Hara-kiri Rock.

Your mission is to infiltrate the fortress Galuade, rescue the hostages and neutralize Metal Gear before its assembly is complete.

Kawanishi-Noseguchi, Kinunobebashi, Takiyama, Uguisunomori, Tsuzumigataki, Tada, Hirano, Ichinotorii, Uneno, Yamashita, Sasabe, Kofudai, Tokiwadai, Myoukenguchi.

An Anemone or Clematis plant's juice can cause a rash. When pruning them it's a good idea to wear gloves.

I was a North American Fall Webworm in my past life. Those were the good old days... What were you in your former life?

-
- Jack, it's me.
 - Hi Rose.
 - Jack -- I owe you an apology.
 - If it's about that conversation just now, I'm the one who's sorry.
 - No, it's something else.
 - What is it?
 - That day at Federal Hall two years ago -- it wasn't a coincidence. I was ordered to keep an eye on you...
 - Keep an eye on me?
 - Yes -- by the Patriots.
 - You're a spy.
 - I suppose. Yes. It's an ugly word.
 - ...
 - Are you still there?
 - Was sleeping with me a part of the job?
 - I fell in love with you...
 - How could anyone --

- I can't excuse what I did. I've reported every detail of your personal life to them these two years. What you did, said, everything...
- Must've been fun.
- But some things I didn't tell anyone!
- ...
- Like what I felt for you.
- So that's why you were involved in this mission. I should have known. Why else would they toss an analyst into the mix at the last minute?
- I'm sorry, I know what I did was wrong... No matter where I go - I get used. I reinvented myself to suit your tastes. Hairstyle, clothes, the way I move, things I talked about... You say you love the color of my hair, my eyes. They're not even real.
- You must have gone over my psych profile with a fine-tooth comb.
- It was my job.
- Great performance -- had me completely fooled.
- What I really wanted was for you to see the real me. It hurt to play out this -- this artificial romance. It was worse to lie to myself than to you. The more love you gave me, the more it hurt -- because I knew the person you loved was just a character.
- So it was artificial on my end too. It was just a game, not the real thing.
- Oh Jack...
- I feel better knowing that.
- What?
- I was in love -- or thought I was -- with someone who didn't exist. I was trying to be someone I wasn't by loving what wasn't real. I don't know who you really are. The person I knew isn't real; she's not the woman I'm talking to right now. In a sense, the deception was my own, not theirs.
- Jack, I thought I was acting, because that was my job. But I did fall in love with you, that wasn't an act.
- You expect me to believe that?
- ...
- It's okay. You had your reasons, right? Hey, I understand. But I have nothing left to...
- Jack!!
- What?
- I'm... ...I'm carrying... I'm pregnant, Jack. Your baby.
- Rose? What's going on?

-
- Amazing how you walk around like that.
 - Snake!
 - Been waiting long?
 - Ah-choo! Where's my gear?

- Right over there. That's more like it. Everything you had when you were captured is still there. Sorry about earlier. I had to use you as bait to gain access to Arsenal. It worked.

- Why didn't you tell me about Olga?

- You never asked.

- Uh!

- Not happy about that? Get over it.

- ...any effects of the virus yet?

- Still waiting on that.

- So it was rigged by the Patriots?

- Looks like it. From what I can tell, Arsenal is headed for Manhattan.

- I don't know what Solidus is planning, but we'll have to deal with it one way or another. There's also a troop of production-model RAYs ahead.

- How many units?

- Twenty-five, according to Olga.

- Twenty-five!?

- Yeah. Can't say I've faced that many Metal Gears before, but -- I think we can deal.

- No way we can...

- We can because we have no other choice.

- How?

- I've stocked up on Stinger missiles. Oh yeah, Olga left this for you. Olga asked me to give it to you. Besides, I'm not a big fan of blades. Move the Right thumbstick up and down to make a vertical slice, and left and right to slice parallel to the ground. Move the thumbstick in a circle to do a rotating cut. Click the thumbstick to lunge and strike. You can guard with your blade if you have the lock-on button pressed down. You should be able to deflect a bullet or two.

Teach yourself how to handle the blade. You're going to need it at some point. Move the right thumbstick to control the blade. Move the right thumbstick up and down to slash up or down, and left and right to slice the blade horizontally. Move the right thumbstick in a circle to twirl the blade. Click the right thumbstick to get a stabbing strike. It has more reach and power than normal strikes, but you're also more open to counterattacks. Weigh the pros and cons well. Push the lock-on button with the blade selected to block. With the lock-on button pressed, you'll be able to deflect enemy gunfire. Be careful, though -- blocking works only for frontal attacks. Every time you push the Weapon button, you can turn the blade from the blade side to the back. Using a back strike allows you to knock out the enemy without killing them. Are you comfortable with the blade? The enemy's straight ahead. As soon as you're ready, we're off!

-
- Come on, time to go. If you run out of ammo, you can have mine.
 - You got enough?
 - Absolutely. Infinite ammo.
 - Wait up, Snake.
 - What?
 - Snake, have you ever -- enjoyed killing someone?
 - What are you talking about?
 - I'm not sure. Sometimes it's hard to tell the difference between reality and a game...
 - Diminished sense of reality, huh? VR training will do that.
 - No, it was field training, when I was a kid. I lied, Snake. I have more field experience than I can remember. It's not VR that's doing this to me.
 - Raiden, we don't carry guns to take people down. We're not here to help some politician either.
 - You can say that because you're a legend, a hero. I'm Jack the Ripper, a dirty reminder -- of a terrible mistake.
 - Legends don't mean a whole lot. I was just a name to exploit. Just like you.
 - People will remember only the good part, the right part of what you did.
 - There's no right part in murder, not ever. And we're not in this to make a name for ourselves.
 - Then what are you and Otacon fighting for?
 - A future. You can stop being part of a mistake, starting now.
 - What am I -- what am I supposed to do?
 - Find something to believe in. And find it for yourself. And when you do, pass it on to the future.
 - Believe in what?
 - That's your problem. Come on!

-
- Snake, Raiden!
 - Otacon! You all right?
 - Yeah. So are all the hostages.
 - That's good news.
 - How's everything on your end?
 - All right for now. But there is something --
 - What?
 - The Colonel's last transmission was strange.
 - Strange? How?
 - Just -- strange. No idea --
 - Interference?
 - I don't know.
 - Where is this Colonel?

- I don't know. I've never met the man, actually...
- ...I'll dig around.
- Thanks. I owe you one.
- If there's anything else, call me on the Codec, I might be able to help. The frequency is 141.12.

-
- Raiden? About this Colonel of yours -- I found out where he is.
 - Where?
 - Inside Arsenal.
 - What!?
 - I've checked out all the possibilities, but I keep coming back to Arsenal. It isn't a relay point, it's the origin of the signal.
 - ...
 - And, the encryption protocol it uses is exactly the same as that of Arsenal's AI -- the so-called GW.
 - ...What the hell does this mean?
 - I think it means -- you've been talking to an AI.
 - That's impossible!
 - The Colonel probably isn't GW per se. GW was most likely stimulating cortical activity in the dormant part of your brain through signal manipulation of your own nanomachines. The Colonel is in part your own creation, cobbled together from expectations and experience...
 - That's crazy...
 - But it's probably the truth. The virus may be starting to affect GW, which would explain the Colonel's behavior.
 - It was all -- an illusion? Everything I've done so far...?
 - Raiden!
 - Snake -- what's happening around here?
 - I don't know. What I do know is that you're standing right here in front of me. Not an illusion -- flesh and blood.
 - ...
 - It's your call. You can drop this if you want.
 - No, I can't do that.
 - Let's go...

-
- Raiden! They've got Rose!
 - What!
 - Rose is being held in the holds!
 - It's a trap!
 - Help!
 - Rose!

- Raiden, get a grip!
- But Snake!
- It's a trap. Since the Colonel doesn't exist, there's no way he can take Rose hostage. Yeah -- you're right...
- I am right.
- ...OK.
- ...
- Does Rose -- exist -- ?
- Don't be weird. She's your --
- What if I've never really met her...
- What?
- If the Colonel is something that I partly dreamt up, then... everything I remember about her could be...
- Don't jump to conclusions!
- You and Otacon are the ones that say the Colonel never existed.
- Raiden!
- Is this what Olga was talking about?

There's a ladder on the north side. According to Olga, the enemy is beyond that point. Let's move out.

-
- Fortune...
 - It's been a long wait, Solid Snake -- the root of all my sorrows.
 - What?
 - Two years ago, you killed my father. That was the beginning of hell for us. Everyone I love has been taken from me, one by one... and no matter how hard I try, I can't follow them. An endless nightmare... The only thing we live for is to see it end. Our wait is almost over.
 - You can't be serious about firing the nuke!
- Since no one can kill me, I may as well kill every one I can. Starting with you, Solid Snake!
- Damn!
 - Looks like I'm today's pick. You go on ahead. You want eternal rest? I've got it right here.
 - What are you going to do? Bullets can't get near her. I'll think of something. There's no such thing as a witch.
 - You think you can kill me?
 - I don't know what your group's been through, but let's get one thing clear: I didn't kill your father
 - Do you think anyone believes your lies!?

- Raiden, get out of here! UNHh!!

- Jack, I've been watching how you fight. It looks like you've remembered the way you used to kill in the old days! Or is it one of the S3 Plan's proud achievements?

- What are you talking about!?

- It came as a complete surprise when Ocelot discovered the S3 data from GW. Not a bad idea, though -- using fire to fight fire, creating the perfect assassin to retire Solid Snake's brother. S3 stands for Solid Snake Simulation... It's a development program to artificially reproduce Solid Snake, the perfect warrior. The result is a FOXHOUND commando when FOXHOUND no longer exists, a simulated Solid Snake shaped by VR regimen. Sound like someone you know - Jack? I'm sorry to see you reduce to one of the Patriots' puppets. But I've made use of you and their plan, too. Solid Snake's sudden appearance, your arrival -- it was obvious the Patriots were among my ranks. I had to smoke out the agent before the mission entered the final phase. You came in handy as bait. Jack, those days during the civil war were as real as they come... Every day was absolute, split between life and death. You ran from it, and now, you've been led back to war by something less than real. No more games, Jack. At least you know. There's no reason to keep you alive now... I've given you a worthy opponent at least. But now, you should die as the little Jackie boy I once knew.

Actually, I am in really bad shape financially. I pay money to my ex-wife as part of our divorce settlement, among other bills... I just had no choice but to make you pay for lunch the other day. I'm really sorry.

Raiden, aim for RAY's head section with the Stinger missiles. The mass-production Metal Gear is unmanned. It's probably under the control of GW, the Arsenal Gear AI. A chaff attack should cause electronic interference and confuse RAY for a moment. Use the opportunity to fire a Stinger into it. Use the sword to deflect RAY's machine gun fire.

- It's no use...

- I expected a little more fight than that, Jack. So you've decided to show yourself.

- Olga, don't do this. They'll know --

- I'll hold them off, give you time to get away.

- What about you? This is suicide!!

- Your nanomachines -- they're transmitting your vital signs to the Patriots. If you die, my child dies. Do you understand?

- The child... I see -- so that's why you sold your troops out to me. So many dead, and they all died trusting you... Weren't they your comrades?

- No, not just comrades! Family! I know I'm going to hell. But at least my child --

- I applaud your attitude. If you have a death wish, I'll be happy to accommodate you. See you in hell!

- HRRRRRGH!! Live -- you have to --

- OLGA!!

- Enjoy the show, Jack? Let's pick up where we left off. Hm? What's going on? What's wrong with it!

- The AI -- GW -- it's out of control.

- What!?

- I'm reading an abnormal impulse cascade throughout the neural network. I can't shut it down!

- What happened!

- Maybe -- some kind of virus --

- The Patriots!?

- I don't know!

- Ocelot! What have you been up to!

- It's too late! Arsenal's system control is going haywire! ...It's on an emergency ascent course!

- Stupid machines! RRAAAAHH! Damn the Patriots...! You still have some use...

- I've captured Snake.c

- ...Snake?

- Bring him in.

- Ugh...

- Are you awake yet, Jack?

- U-uh...

- the Arsenal AI, is corrupted beyond repair. I admit that I underestimated you...

- U-uhn...

- I'll squeeze the answers out of you instead, my son...

- What do you mean?

- That's not your business.

- Oh really? It so happens I have some business of my own to attend to.

- Planning to hijack Arsenal? You were going to screw me over, weren't you?

- ...Who talked? Ocelot?

- Not exactly. I was the one who used Ocelot to suggest the idea to you in the first place

- What?

- I was planning to give you Arsenal to begin with.
- ...Why the uncharacteristic generosity?
- Hm. I'm no philanthropist. Arsenal is far from impregnable. It needs other Metal Gears as guards, a huge payload of warheads, and full air, sea and land support to function efficiently. Against a large attack force without support, Arsenal is nothing more than a gigantic coffin. Seizing Arsenal Gear was never the real objective.
- ...What was your objective, then?
- A list of names -- of the Patriots! They were planning to extend their control to digital information flow with GW and Arsenal. That means the information they want to filter out is contained in GW. Including that list of the highest twelve members of the Patriots' Wisemen's Committee. And once you knew who they were, you would cross out their name one by one...
- ...while we, with our useless Arsenal, drew their fire. Very good. You were using us all along.
- Were you any different?
- But your plan's hit a snag with GW destroyed, hasn't it?
- No -- there is another way.
- Really...
- But we have our own plans to carry out.
- We'll take the Arsenal since you don't care for it anyway the purified hydrogen bomb is ready to go.
- A nuclear strike won't stop them.
- It will damage their power source -- the mindless masses that they control. First things first.
- Of course -- that was what you wanted. I won't stop you. Good luck. Thanks, but I have quite enough of that.
- Ha ha ha
- What exactly do you find so funny?
- Charades usually are humorous. I wouldn't have minded watching some more of it, but we're running a little short on time...
- What are you talking about?
- Everything you've done here has been scripted -- a little exercise set up by us.
- Exercise!?
- The S3 Plan was conceived as a means to produce soldiers on par with Solid Snake. That's what I told you. But the VR training the boy was put through is not the meat of the project. You think this little terrorist incident is your own doing, Solidus? THIS is the S3 training kernel -- an orchestrated recreation of Shadow Moses.
- What!?
- Ames and the President's deaths -- the Ninja -- the computer virus that mimics FOXDIE. Did you really think they were all a coincidence? Ames' own

nanomachines were used to shut down his pacemaker. I arranged for the appearance of the Ninja as well. As for the President -- although Johnson realized what was going on, he played out his allotted part. As for the computer virus, it's a digital counterpart of FOXDIE. It was also designed to eliminate every scrap of information regarding the Patriots from GW. Your plan was invalidated even before execution, Solidus. Fatman was a different story. He's one of our own people, a sort of examiner we hired to test the boy's progress before letting him tackle the exercise proper. We had to arrange for Stillman's presence to coax the maniac into agreeing. If the boy had allowed the Big Shell to be destroyed, this exercise would have ended there. The project has no room for failures.

- What do you mean!?

- Given the right situation, the right story, anyone can be shaped into Snake. Even rookies can fight like men of experience. An instant creation of genius -- and this training kernel will provide more than enough data to formulate such a program. You, Dead Cell, Olga -- you're all nothing but pawns placed to create the perfect simulation. Solidus, you and the boy were selected because your relationship resembles the one between Snake and Big Boss. Fortune, you and the rest of Dead Cell stand in for the FOXHOUND squad that Snake took on in Shadow Moses. You're the most impressive collection of freaks outside of FOXHOUND. We've gone to a lot of trouble to set you up against the boy. That story about purified hydrogen bombs is just the tip of the iceberg. The project was already underway when I sunk that tanker along with your old man two years ago. Throwing your husband in the brig was a part of it too. You were told that the eradication of Dead Cell six months ago was an act of the Patriots. We provoked and encouraged your hatred -- and you opted for vengeance, just as we planned.

- All orchestrated...?

- Except for the appearance of the real Solid Snake. I wonder now, who sent for you...

- All our misfortune was -- just a part of their project! H-how could -- !

- You're no Lady Luck. You have nothing that we didn't give you.

- What?

- Do you know why no bullet could hit you? It wasn't magic or some New Age mumbo-jumbo. Certainly wasn't your psychic talents. It was all staged by the Patriots.

- Staged?

- You were being shielded by the electromagnetic weapons technology that the Patriots developed. Your Dead Cell comrades loved your father and husband -- we needed a pathetic wretch like you to keep them focused. You've been our puppet all along -- just like Olga.

- No!

- You were hamming it up as the tragic heroine thanks to the script that the Patriots wrote for you. Pure self-indulgence -- absorbed in your own "misfortune," you couldn't get enough of the drama.

- ...I could have died whenever I wanted to...

- Hm? Thought I got her in the heart? It missed... Now I remember. Your heart's on the right. Waste of metal, my dear. Your luck's run out. This is the little gizmo. There's no such thing as miracles or the supernatural only cutting-edge technology.

- You bastard...

- Now that I have enough data, all I have to do is retrieve Arsenal... ...and clean up the refuse from the exercise.

- Just try!

- How's this then!?

- Damn!

- Fortune!

- You idiot! Get the hell away from there!

- I told you -- your luck's run out. Take your reward: it's all the payload RAY has. Die!

- Everybody down!!!

- What the -- ! Impossible!

- She is Lady Luck.

- My name is Helena Dolph Jackson. The daughter of a proud, noble soldier... I can... see my family... again...

- Damn! Try this instead! No!

- Hm?

- No! No, not now! Brothers!

- Liquid!

- I've been waiting for this.

- It can't be --

- I've been inside this arm all along, waiting for the right time to awaken.

- You were inside Ocelot?

- Yes -- a sleeper in the arm of a Patriots' spy.

- It was you two years ago!?

- Exactly. I was controlling him. Snake, it was I that leaked information about Arsenal to your partner and got you out here.

- What!

- You're the only one that can free me, after all... I'm off to bury the Patriots for good.

- You know where they are? How?

- Why do you think I chose Ocelot as my host? But before I go, I have a family matter to settle with both of you. There's room for only one Snake, and one Big Boss!

- Grrraah!

- Time to say goodbye.
- Damn!
- Like surfing? It's a good way to go.
- Liquid! Stop this thing!
- Hey, Snake! You coming?
- UWHrrrr-eya!!!
- Snaaaake!!

- Federal Hall... What are you laughing at?

- Do you know what day it is today?

- ...April 30th?

- That's right. George Washington took office as the first president of the United States of America 200 years ago today. And it happened right here. We were going to declare another independence -- the dawn of a new nation -- here. The end of the Patriots' secret rule, liberation of this country -- this was where it was supposed to begin, this is where freedom could have been born.

- All you want is power -- at any cost.

- Jack, it's not power I want. What I wanted to take back from the Patriots were things like -- freedom, civil rights, opportunities. The founding principles of this country. Everything that's about to be wiped out by their digital censorship. Jack, listen to me. We're all born with an expiration date. No one lasts forever. Life is nothing but a grace period for turning the best of our genetic material into the next generation. The data of life is transferred from parent to child. That's how it works. But we have no heirs, no legacy. We brothers are called "Les enfants terribles" -- cloned from our father with the ability to reproduce conveniently engineered out. What is our legacy if we cannot pass the torch? Proof of our existence -- a mark of some sort -- When the torch is passed on from parent to child... It extends beyond DNA, information is imparted as well. All I want is to be remembered. By other people, by history. The Patriots are trying to protect their power, their own interests, by controlling the digital flow of information. I want my memory, my existence to remain. Unlike an intron of history. I will be remembered as an exon. That will be my legacy, my mark in history. But the Patriots would deny us even that. I will triumph over the Patriots and liberate us all. And we will become the "Sons of Liberty"!

- Raiden, are you receiving? We're still here.
How's that possible!? The AI was destroyed!

- Only GW...

- Who are you?

- To begin with -- we're not what you'd call -- human. Over the past two hundred years -- A kind of consciousness formed layer by layer in the crucible of the White House. It's not unlike the way life started in the oceans four billion years ago. The White House was our primordial soup, a base of evolution -- We are formless. We are the very discipline and morality that Americans invoke so often. How can anyone hope to eliminate us? As long as this nation exists, so will we.
- Cut the crap! If you're immortal, why would you take away individual freedoms and censor the Net?
- Jack, don't be silly. Don't you know that our plans have your interests -- not ours -- in mind?
- What?
- Jack, listen carefully like a good boy!
- The mapping of the human genome was completed early this century. As a result, the evolutionary log of the human race lay open to us. We started with genetic engineering, and in the end, we succeeded in digitizing life itself. But there are things not covered by genetic information.
- What do you mean?
- Human memories, ideas. Culture. History. Genes don't contain any record of human history. Is it something that should not be passed on? Should that information be left at the mercy of nature? We've always kept records of our lives. Through words, pictures, symbols... from tablets to books... But not all the information was inherited by later generations. A small percentage of the whole was selected and processed, then passed on. Not unlike genes, really. That's what history is, Jack. But in the current, digitized world, trivial information is accumulating every second, preserved in all its triteness. Never fading, always accessible. Rumors about petty issues, misinterpretations, slander... All this junk data preserved in an unfiltered state, growing at an alarming rate. It will only slow down social progress, reduce the rate of evolution. Raiden, you seem to think that our plan is one of censorship.
- Are you telling me it's not!?
- You're being silly! What we propose to do is not to control content, but to create context.
- Create context?
- The digital society furthers human flaws and selectively rewards development of convenient half-truths. Just look at the strange juxtapositions of morality around you. Billions spent on new weapons in order to humanely murder other humans. Rights of criminals are given more respect than the privacy of their victims. Although there are people suffering in poverty, huge donations are made to protect endangered species. Everyone grows up being told the same thing. Be nice to other people.

But beat out the competition! "You're special." "Believe in yourself and you will succeed." But it's obvious from the start that only a few can succeed.. You exercise your right to "freedom" and this is the result. All rhetoric to avoid conflict and protect each other from hurt. The untested truths spun by different interests continue to churn and accumulate in the sandbox of political correctness and value systems. Everyone withdraws into their own small gated community, afraid of a larger forum. They stay inside their little ponds, leaking whatever "truth" suits them into the growing cesspool of society at large. The different cardinal truths neither clash nor mesh. No one is invalidated, but nobody is right. Not even natural selection can take place here. The world is being engulfed in "truth." And this is the way the world ends. Not with a bang, but a whimper. We're trying to stop that from happening. It's our responsibility as rulers. Just as in genetics, unnecessary information and memory must be filtered out to stimulate the evolution of the species.

- And you think you're qualified to decide what's necessary and not!?

- Absolutely. Who else could wade through the sea of garbage you people produce, retrieve valuable truths and even interpret their meaning for later generations? That's what it means to create context.

- I'll decide for myself what to believe and what to pass on!

- But is that even your own idea? Or something Snake told you?

- ...

- That's the proof of your incompetence, right there. You lack the qualifications to exercise free will.

- That's not true! I have the right --

- Does something like a "self" exist inside of you? That which you call "self" serves as nothing more than a mask to cover your own being. In this era of ready-made 'truths', "self" is just something used to preserve those positive emotions that you occasionally feel... ..Another possibility is that "self" is a concept you conveniently borrowed under the logic that it would endow you with some sense of strength...

- That's crap!

- Is it? Would you prefer that someone else tell you?

Alright then. Explain it to him.

- Jack, you're simply the best! And you got there all by yourself!

- Rrrrr...

- Oh, what happened? Do you feel lost? Why not try a bit of soul-searching? Don't think you'll find anything, though... Ironic that although "self" is something that you yourself fashioned, every time something goes wrong, you turn around and place the blame on something else. It's not my fault. It's not your fault. In denial, you simply resort to looking for another, more convenient "truth" in order to make yourself feel better. ...leaving

'behind in an instant the so-called "truth" you once embraced. Should someone like that be able to decide what is "truth"? Should someone like you even have the right to decide? You've done nothing but abuse your freedom. You don't deserve to be free! We're not the ones smothering the world. You are. The individual is supposed to be weak. But far from powerless -- -- a single person has the potential to ruin the world. And the age of digitized communication has given even more power to the individual. Too much power for an immature species. Building a legacy involves figuring out what is wanted, and what needs to be done for that goal. All this, you used to struggle with. Now, we think for you. We are your guardians after all.

- You want to control human thought? Human behavior?

- Of course. Anything can be quantified nowadays. That's what this exercise was designed to prove. You fell in love with me just as you were meant to, after all. Isn't that right, Jack?

- Ocelot was not told the whole truth, to say the least. We rule an entire nation -- of what interest would a single soldier, no matter how able, be to us? The S3 Plan does not stand for Solid Snake Simulation. What it does stand for is Selection for Societal Sanity... The S3 is a system for controlling human will and consciousness. PS3 is not you, a soldier trained in the image of Solid Snake. It is -- a method, a protocol, that created a circumstance that made you what you are. So you see, we're the S3. Not you. What you experienced was the final test of its effectiveness.

- That's crazy...

- You heard what President Johnson said. The Arsenal's "GW" system is the key to their supremacy. The objective of this exercise was to establish such a method. We used Shadow Moses as a paradigm for the exercise. I wonder if you would have preferred a fantasy setting? We chose that backdrop because of its extreme circumstances. It was an optimal test for S3's crisis management capacity. If the model could trigger, control and solve this, it would be ready for any contingency. And now, we have our proof. Raiden, there are also reasons behind your selection. Solidus raised plenty of other child soldiers. Do you know why we chose you over them?

- ?

- It was because you were the only one who refused to acknowledge the past. All the others remember what they were, and pay for it daily. But you turn your back on everything you don't like. You do whatever you like, see only the things you like, and for yourself alone. Yes -- Rose can attest to that.

- You refused to see me for what I was. I lied to you, but I wanted to be caught. You pretended to be understanding, to be a gentleman... You never made a conscious attempt to reach out to me... The only time you did was when I gave you no choice but to do so...

- I was just trying not to...

- What? "Trying not to hurt me?" Dear, the one you were trying not to hurt was yourself! Avoiding the truth under the guise of "kindness" is all that you did! It occurred to you to do nothing but look out for yourself. Even if you claim that it was for my sake, that feeling was nowhere to be seen. In the end, everything was for your sake... I was never part of the picture.

- Ha, ha, ha... exactly right. So you see, you're a perfect representative of the masses we need to protect. This is why we chose you. You accepted the fiction we've provided, obeyed our orders and did everything you were told to. The exercise is a resounding success. Didn't I tell you that GW was still incomplete? But not anymore, thanks to you. Your personal experiences, triumphs and defeats are nothing but byproducts. The real objective was ensuring that we could generate and manipulate them. It's taken a lot of time and money, but it was well worth it considering the results.

- ...

- I think that's enough talk. It's time for the final exercise. Raiden, take Solidus down.

- Think again! I'm through doing what I'm told!

- Oh really? Aren't you forgetting something?

If you die, my child dies. The termination of vital signals from your nanomachines means the death of Olga's child. Not to mention the death of Rose. She's wired the same way.

- Rose -- does she actually exist?

- Of course I do, Jack! You have to believe me!

- Damn...

- It will be a fight to the death. Solidus, at least, wants you dead. We will collect the necessary data from this last fight, then we'll consider the exercise closed. So, Jack the Ripper! Will it be Solidus, the Patriots' creation? Or you -- Solidus' creation? Our beloved monsters -- enjoy yourselves.

- Jack... my son. My clone brothers and I are called monsters -- replicates of evil genes... You are one-of-a-kind -- But still a monster, shaped by a dark and secret history. We need to decide which monstrosity will have the privilege of survival. By the way, Jack, I was the one who killed your parents.

- !!!!

- I claimed you for my own, and raised you as a soldier in the army of the Devil. I am your foster father, and your worst enemy.

- Why?

- Because I needed to know whether we were really someone else's creation. We're repeating history, Jack. Liquid and Solid hunted down Big Boss, trying

to sever the tie that bound them to him. Unless you kill me and face your past, Jack, you will never escape. You'll stay in the endless loop -- your own double helix. It's time we were both free. I have other reasons for wanting you dead. The clues to the Patriots inside GW have been erased, but there are other traces. Inside YOU.

- What?

- The information is being carried by the nanomachines in your cerebral cortex, and throughout the neural network they formed. Brace yourself!

- Raiden, you have to beat Solidus! This is your last duty!

- We're not just pawns in some simulation game, you know!

- Yes, you are. You're nothing but mere weapons. No different from fighter jets or tanks.

- What the --

- The old model destroyed four years ago was "REX"... The new amphibious model is "RAY"... Both of these are the same as the code names used by the U.S. Armed Forces to refer to Japanese war planes during World War 2. Your code name "Raiden" too, comes from the Japanese navy's name for one of its interceptors...

- Stop it! I'm not a weapon!!

- Oh really? Do you know the code name the U.S. Armed Forces used for the Japanese fighter "Raiden"? It was "Jack." Both of you are just weapons to be used and thrown away. Just weapons to be used on the battlefield. Just pawns in a game -- exactly as you said. And a weapon has no right to think for itself! Now, it's time to fulfill your purpose! Defeat Solidus! Mind the gap.

- Who am I really...

- No one quite knows who or what they are. The memories you have and the role you were assigned are burdens you had to carry. It doesn't matter if they were real or not. That's never the point. There's no such thing in the world as absolute reality. Most of what they call real is actually fiction. What you think you see is only as real as your brain tells you it is.

- Then, what am I supposed to believe in? What am I going to leave behind when I'm through?

- We can tell other people about -- having faith. What we had faith in. What we found important enough to fight for. It's not whether you were right or wrong, but how much faith you were willing to have, that decides the future. The Patriots are a kind of ongoing fiction too, come to think of it... Listen, don't obsess over words so much. Find the meaning behind the words, then decide. You can find your own name. And your own future...

- Decide for myself...

- And whatever you choose will be you.
- I don't know if I can...
- I know you didn't have much in terms of choices this time. But everything you felt, thought about during this mission is yours. And what you decide to do with them is your choice...
- You mean start over?
- Yeah, a clean slate. A new name, new memories.... Choose your own legacy. It's for you to decide. It's up to you.
- By the way, what is that? Dog tags? Anyone you know?
- No, never heard the name before. I'll pick my own name... ..and my own life. I'll find something worth passing on. They taught me some good things too. I know. We've inherited freedom from all those who've fought for it. We all have the freedom to spread the word. Even me. Snake, what about Olga's child?
- Don't worry. I'll find him. Count on it. As long as you keep yourself alive, he's safe.
- Do you know where Liquid went?
- I put a transmitter on his RAY.
- Did he head for the Patriots?
- Yeah. But I have a feeling they gave Ocelot a bogus location to begin with.
- ...
- Cheer up. We have a better lead. This contains the list of all the Patriots.
- But Ocelot took it!
- The one we gave you wasn't the real thing.
- What?
- This virus is coded to destroy only a specific part of GW -- namely the information about the Patriots' identity. Which means that there's a parameter coded in here that defines what that information is.
- I get it -- analyze the code and you can probably find out where they operate. Count me in --
- No, you have things to do first. And people you need to talk to...
- Snake?
- What's wrong?
- Nothing... Can I ask you something? Who am I really?
- I wouldn't know. But we're going to find out together, aren't we? Do you remember this place?
- Of course. This is where we first met... I remember now --
- Hm?
- Today is the day I met you.
- That's it.
- I think I found something to pass along to the future.
- What?
- He said all living things want their genes to live on.
- Are you talking about the baby?

- Yeah. But genes aren't the only thing you pass on. There are too many things that aren't written into our DNA. It's up to us to teach that to our children.

- What kind of things?

- About the environment, our ideas, our culture... poetry... compassion... sorrow... joy... We'll tell them everything... together.

- Is that a - proposal?

- This is for your ears - only...

Life isn't just about passing on your genes. We can leave behind much more than just DNA. Through speech, music, literature and movies... what we've seen, heard, felt ...anger, joy and sorrow... these are the things I will pass on. That's what I live for. We need to pass the torch, and let our children read our messy and sad history by its light. We have all the magic of the digital age to do that with. The human race will probably come to an end some time, and new species may rule over this planet. Earth may not be forever, but we still have the responsibility to leave what traces of life we can. Building the future and keeping the past alive are one and the same thing.

- Snake, you there? It's me. I've finished going over that disc.

- Did you find the Patriots' list?

- Of course. It contains the personal data of twelve people. There was a name on it -- Snake, it was one of our biggest contributors.

- What's going on around here?

- I don't know...

- ...Anyway, where are they?

- Well, we were right about them being on Manhattan, but...

- But what?

- They're already dead. All twelve of them.

- When did it happen?!

- Well, ah... ..about a hundred years ago.

- What the hell...