

A new T-shirt has been added to the Bathroom Menu.

A new article has been added to the Archives.

A new article has been added to the Ramen Blog.

Fax received from K.

A new scenario has been added to Travis Strikes Back. Head for your motorcycle.

Save?

\*\*\*\*\* #6 \*\*\*\*\*

Mini-DIN-23

\*\* Trailer \*\*

[Travis]

Shit... nothing happened.

[Badman]

You've gotta be fuckin' with me...

We've been played?

Did we do something wrong?

Or...

[Travis]

Well, we beat every Death Ball.

But I don't see any motherfucking 'Tiger God' around here, do you?

[Badman]

Nope.

[Jeane]

No shit!

You retards seriously fell for that story?

You think a video game console can grant wishes?

Don't make me laugh.

You're really stupid, you know that?

[Travis]

Jeane...

[Badman]

Hang on a sec! This device pulled us right into the game world!  
That's magic, ain't it?

[Jeane]

Magic? It's more like 'technology'.  
Think of it this way. The Death Drive has the power to connect  
your consciousness to another body.  
When you play one of those games, you're just connected to a virtual body.  
But it's only a game, that's all.

[Travis]

How do you know all this?  
You in on something?

[Jeane]

No, I've just been observing.  
That is, observing you and the fatass, playing.  
You just conk out for a while in the middle of the room after you insert the cart.  
But you've never actually been 'going' anywhere.

[Travis]

Shit...

[Badman]

Wait! But what about you?

[Jeane]

Me?  
I'm just a foul-mouthed heroine who happens to be Travis' pet cat.

[Badman]

No, what about when we've had to bail your ass out of the game?

[Jeane]

Oh, that.  
I was curled up in the pot on top of the console.  
It's cozy as fuck in there!

[Travis]

Well, that's one bullshit mystery solved, I guess.

[Badman]

Still, we did all that for nothing!

[Travis]

Not 'nothing'... we found out that there's gonna be a sequel to 2011 cult hit Shadows of the Damned.

[Badman]

What about my daughter!?

I couldn't care less about this video game crap!

[Travis]

...

[Badman]

Don't just stand there with a face like that, you bastard!

The only reason I put up with your shit at all was to see Charlotte again!

You think I'm gonna forget about your crimes because we played fucking video games?

Like that was a real bonding experience for us?

I oughtta kill your ass right now.

[Travis]

You wanna do it?

You still think you can take me?

[Badman]

Fucking punk kid.

[Travis]

Kid?

[Badman]

Kid.

[Travis]  
Birkin...  
I'm 37, you know?

[Badman]  
Excuse me...?  
The fuck!?

[Travis]  
What's wrong?

[Badman]  
How the shit are you 37 years old?  
You look like you're fuckin' 20...

[Travis]  
Do I?

[Jeane]  
...

[Badman]  
Yeah.  
You do.

[Travis]  
Really?

[Badman]  
Really...

[Travis]  
Huh...

[Jeane]  
...

[Travis]  
...oh, hey.

[Badman]

Huh?

[Travis]

The phone's ringing...

[Jeane]

Better answer it, Travis...

[Travis]

Yeah... hang on...

Hello?

You want me to meet you where?

Sounds like the middle of nowhere...

Okay, I'm going.

See you there...

[Jeane]

Who was it?

[Travis]

Kamui. Come on, Jeane!

[Badman]

Hey, we're not finished yet!

[Travis]

Yeah, I know.

If you really want to fight me, I won't turn down your challenge.

But right now, there's a friend I gotta see.

So wait for me here.

[Badman]

...

Alright...

See you.

[Travis]  
Yeah. See you.

\*\* On the Road \*\*

[Jeane]  
What could Kamui want with you now?

[Travis]  
No idea...

[Jeane]  
That guy's fucked in the head. I can tell just by looking.

[Travis]  
We're fucked, too.

[Jeane]  
Yeah...  
Where are you driving?

[Travis]  
Where Kamui told me to meet him.  
A resonant point in the middle of nowhere...  
Let's punch it!

\*\* Empty City \*\*

[Travis]  
Never knew there was a city here.  
But it looks like there's nobody else around but you...

[Uehara]  
This is an empty place.  
Actually, it's a facade...  
This place doesn't matter, though.  
It's just where I happened to be passing by.

[Travis]

What did you want from me, man?

If it's just to hang out, you could've come by my place...

Do you play video games?

[Uehara]

Video games... not exactly.

You and I are both playing a game already.

[Travis]

Huh... what's that supposed to mean?

[Uehara]

I'll tell you later.

[Travis]

Because I'd love to show you my gaming collection...

Ever heard of the 3DO?

[Uehara]

Hey Trav... let's cut to the chase...

[Jeane]

Yeah, don't forget about the localization costs.

Tangents might fly in a game for the Japanese market,  
but we need to release this all over the world.

We're translating this to, like, ten languages.

That's a lot, and we don't want it to end up half-assed.

So just ask this creep what he wants, okay?

[Travis]

OK.

What is it, Kamui?

We already found all the Death Balls.

[Uehara]

Actually, it turns out there was a seventh Death Ball all along.

[Travis]

Woah!

Motherfuck!

That's a crazy-ass twist.

[Uehara]

Not really.

[Travis]

So where is it?

Somewhere in this city?

[Uehara]

Not exactly...

Like I said, this place doesn't matter.

Um... Trav...

About the Death Ball...

[Jeane]

Travis...

[Travis]

Huh?

What are you both looking at me like that for?

[Jeane]

I'm worried...

[Uehara]

Look at this.

[Travis]

What's that?

[Uehara]

It's called the Catherine Touch.  
The prototype, called "Catherine",  
was about the size of a laptop computer,  
but slowly, over time, the world became  
smaller and smaller until it could fit  
into the palm of our hands.

[Travis]

The world?

[Uehara]

Trav, I'm going to have to ask you to trust me on this.  
I need you to remove your sunglasses.

[Jeane]

Don't do it!  
This is the part where this sicko betrays you!

[Travis]

...

[Uehara]

Please, Trav... I need your trust.

[Jeane]

No way!

[Travis]

But Jeane... Kamui helped us find all the Death Balls so far.

[Jeane]

Yeah... and now he's gonna kill you and go take them for himself.  
It was all a ploy to get you to do the hard work for him!  
Traveling to Romania, and Croatia, and Japan...  
Kamui couldn't do those things himself.  
So he tricked you into doing it!  
And then he called you out here so the Death Balls would be unprotected!  
I'm sure of it!

[Travis]  
Kamui... no way...

[Uehara]  
It wasn't a trick.  
We're friends, right, Trav?

[Travis]  
Hmm...  
Kamui...  
I've got someone waiting back at my house.  
He's an assassin with a baseball bat with a diamond core.  
If you kill me and go steal the Death Balls, or have someone stealing them right now,  
you or your people are gonna get killed.  
You get that?

[Uehara]  
Yeah.

[Travis]  
Okay...  
In that case, I trust you.

[Jeane]  
Noooooooo!!!!!!!

[Uehara]  
Ah... your left eye...

[Travis]  
Woah, what's that?

[Uehara]  
This is what's called the "jack-in"  
type of interface that's been getting  
really popular lately.

[Travis]  
Never heard of it...

[Uehara]  
I'm going to enter your eye.

[Travis]  
You're entering my eye...

[Jeane]  
What the fuck?  
You're really just letting him do this!?

[Travis]  
Say, Kamui...

[Uehara]  
What is it?

[Travis]  
Didn't you go away?

[Uehara]  
What do you mean?

[Travis]  
You went back... to the future...  
I'm remembering something...  
My memories are flowing forwards...

[Uehara]  
But I haven't seen you since I sent you to Japan...

[Travis]  
Huh...

[Uehara]  
Oh, this requires a number.

[Travis]

A number?

[Uehara]

Your eye is locked with a number.

Hang on... let me refer to the walkthrough...

[Jeane]

He's looking something up on the Catherine...

[Uehara]

Those two guys posted a guidebook online in case I got stuck.

Um... #6...

[Jeane]

Travis, doesn't that hurt?

Getting something stuck in your eye like that?

[Travis]

I don't know why,

but it doesn't really hurt.

It just... tickles my brain...

or, like, my entire being.

[Uehara]

OK, I got it.

The answer to the puzzle is '00'.

But it doesn't say why that's the answer.

[Travis]

So there's no way to solve this puzzle legit?

[Uehara]

There might be. This guidebook is pretty bad...

[Travis]

I'll complain to Blue and Red for you...

[Uehara]

Don't bother, I'll see them again soon enough.  
Even if it's after you see them.

[Travis]

Huh...?

[Uehara]

It's a 'HIT'!

[Travis]

Aaaaah!

[Jeane]

...!

[Travis]

What the fuck...

[Uehara]

And here you are, Trav.  
The final Death Ball.

[Travis]

So the final Death Ball was my left eye all along...  
How the hell was anyone supposed to predict something that crazy?

[Uehara]

Actually, I think lots of people would be able to predict it.  
They're just my people, not yours.

[Travis]

Your people, huh...

[Uehara]

Travis, I really have to go now.

[Travis]

Hang on a second!

How is it even possible for my eye to be a Death Ball?

Shouldn't I remember something like that happening to me?

[Jeane]

(Travis...)

[Uehara]

Everyone in this world has a 'past'.

Actually, it would be more accurate to say  
that everyone in this world IS a 'past'.

We might try to escape it,

but even escaping our pasts is an action determined  
by having a past we want to escape from.

And whether we can or not is also determined by our pasts.

As long as the world remains as it is,

whether we like it or not, our pasts cannot be killed.

The continuity between our pasts and our presents  
demands that our past exists to create the present  
that allows us to observe our past.

It's called "cause and effect".

It's just one of those laws that governs our world,  
like simple math. 2 and 3 make 5.

But there's a world where 2 and 3  
don't make 5.

[Travis]

Kamui... that's...

[Uehara]

The ball is spinning now, Travis.

When it stops spinning, we'll wake up from our dream.

[Travis]

My eye... no, the Death Ball...

It's glowing bright...

[Uehara]  
Goodbye, Travis.

[Travis]  
Kamui...  
This happened before...

\*\* On the Road \*\*

[Travis]  
I'm sorry I didn't listen to you, Jeane.

[Jeane]  
Hmph...

[Travis]  
But Kamui didn't trick us. The seventh Death Ball was my left eye.

[Jeane]  
Travis... you don't remember losing your eye, do you...

[Travis]  
Nope...  
I don't have any memories of anything like that.  
All I remember is... coming to get Sylvia, and...

[Jeane]  
Huh?  
Why that time?

[Travis]  
It just came into my memory.  
...  
Let's punch it.

Death Ball acquired.  
A new game is playable  
on the Death Drive Mk II.  
Save?

Travis:  
The name of the game is...  
'No More Heroes'?

Badman:  
Touchdown...  
Wait, what the fuck happened to your eye?  
That looks nasty...

Travis:  
Sorry... you bet it is.  
We can't fight eachother yet.  
There might be a chance to save your daughter after all.

Badman:  
What!?

Travis:  
Not that I give a shit...  
But it turns out there was a seventh Death Ball.  
It's not over yet!

Badman:  
Heh... should've figured...  
Travis Strikes Again will keep going a little bit longer, huh...

Travis:  
You should know how these things go.  
There's always another chapter at the end.

This game was really weird.  
When we started it, I thought I was back home, in Santa Destroy.  
I wasn't, though. It was only a game.  
A video game called No More Heroes...

Death:  
Travis Touchdown... at the end of the journey.  
Drive:  
This area is under construction.

Death:

Heavily under construction, I'd say.

For one, the city's totally empty.

Drive:

There's nothing to do at all.

Travis:

That's not true.

There's all kinds of things to do in this city.

Walk down the street... enjoy the sights, you know?

Death:

Take a walk?

Travis:

It's a beautiful city. I lived here for years.

We don't need any touristy shit.

The atmosphere is good enough for us.

Drive:

Maybe for you, but that's not really content.

The gamers need something to do.

Death:

Maybe the whole city ought to be scrapped.

Drive:

Content is value.

Value gets put on the box.

Travis:

You think you can just say that shit about my home?

Death:

That's not our job.

Drive:

But it is our job to kill you.

Die!

Travis:

Bring it on...

Death:

Uh... shit.

Can't use weapons in the hub world...

Drive:

You know, if you could kill the civilians,  
that might pass as content.

Travis:  
No way. I'm an assassin, not a serial killer.  
I don't kill indiscriminately.

Death:  
Sure thing.  
By the way, this was our last chance to kill you.  
Drive:  
So you've kind of made it through.  
But watch out for the protagonist of this game.

Travis:  
The protagonist...

In this game, we started at the bottom of a ranking board.  
Above us were ten amateurish assassins.  
They weren't anything special,  
but having that man on my side made it even easier.  
It was weird as hell playing through a city I knew by heart.  
When we took on the 9th ranked assassin at Destroy Stadium,  
memories of playing baseball as a child flooded into my head,  
as well as memories of seeing games there.  
Also, I wasn't missing my eye in the game world,  
so there were no problems caused by my apparent disability.  
I didn't understand, though.  
Why would Dr. Juvenile make a game about my home?

White Sheepman:  
The hero of this world climbed these very same ranks.  
Just like that, he surpassed every barrier and became the Prince.  
From the vantage point of being ranked first, he could see the whole world.

Travis:  
The Prince? Is that the top ranked assassin?

White Sheepman:  
It's his codename.  
From a height like that, he naturally wanted to divide the world into a grid.  
He reached the top, and stayed there. That's when Santa Destroy became a game.

Travis:  
A game...  
And the Prince is number one to this day?

White Sheepman:

He's undefeated. Nobody can defeat him.

Many have tried to save the city from his grasp, but he beats them every time.

Nobody can save the city, and there are no more heroes anymore.

Travis:

Shit... so I'll save the city if I become number one.

Or I'll become number one if I save the city...

Which is it for me...

White Sheepman:

You can try. But nobody in this city has any hope for you.

Go forth, hero who will amount to nothing.

The game's version of Santa Destroy was accurate,  
right down to the individual stores.

We couldn't enter most of them, but the ones we could were accurate, too.

I stepped into Beef Head and saw that even Georgy Bishop was in here.

I knew it was only a game, but I just about cried when I saw him.

He waved at me and called my name, just like he used to.

I ran to him and gave him a hug. Yeah, it wasn't a manly thing to do.

But it's only a game, and besides, my emotions just overtook me.

He thought I was being weird, too, but I didn't care at this point.

For some reason, the game called him Bishop Shidux. Don't ask me why.

I wanted to hang out with him all day, but something just kept gnawing at me,  
reminding me that none of this was real.

Bugxtra:

Grandpa's words of wisdom:

Bugxtra:

If you make something that gets popular, you'll become observed.

In exchange, you'll become controlled.

Bugxtra:

Grandpa's words of wisdom:

Bugxtra:

You may think your work is all that, but most people won't be able  
to tell the difference between you and an imitator.

In other words, you're replaceable.

Bugxtra:

Grandpa's words of wisdom:

Bugxtra:

Nowadays, there's all these pointless-ass meetings,  
where you've got to report every single thing to a bunch of people.  
There's not really the opportunity to just talk about a game and make it anymore.

Bugxtra:

Grandpa's words of wisdom:

Bugxtra:

Sometimes you're gonna have to make games that you  
have to make simply because you've gotta pay everyone's salary.

Birkin freaked the fuck out when we were doing favors for  
this old Russian drunkard, another friend of mine I've lost.  
The guy was gonna give us some special powers or some shit,  
and Birkin just got this terrified look all over his face.  
I made fun of him for it, but he seriously looked like he was  
on the verge of a panic attack, man.  
Lovikov called them "souls", but wouldn't elaborate any further.  
They seemed like basic shit to me, but the bastard seemed  
pretty eager to get rid of them. The catch was, he needed  
the powers of seven balls to release each soul.  
Seven balls, huh...  
Lovikov Strikes Again.

Generic Sheepman:

Who are you?

Generic Sheepman:

Has the Prince come back?

Travis:  
Just a passing assassin.

Generic Sheepman:

"Passing", huh?

I'm not letting you through.

Travis:  
Where's the 5th ranked assassin?

Generic Sheepman:

Nowhere to be found.

Generic Sheepman:

This is your final trial, punk. You know what makes a midboss really terrifying?

Generic Sheepman:

The element of surprise! DIE!

Travis:

Fine by me.

As long as I get the rank up, I'll kill you instead!

Yeah, there were bugs in this game too, of course.

They populated the corridors and passages on the way to the ranking battles.

Like in the other games, it would've been empty space without them, so I was happy to take them out. Gave us something to do.

This game was way longer than any of the others.

It only took about ten hours, but it felt like we spent days inside that game, and sometimes, in the heat of a ranking fight, I would forget

we were even in a game in the first place,

until one of the benign bugs would appear to congratulate me after the fight, and I'd jolt back to reality, as if awakening from a dream.

Bugjirou:

We got a customer!

Welcome, come on in!

Travis:

Give me your best ramen.

Bugjirou:

Sure thing!

Bugjirou:

...

Bugjirou:

Here you go!

Fighting bugs in what looked to me like the real world, I got an odd sense of déjà vu. My hand instinctively moved up to my left eye, the one that no longer existed in the real world, may not have actually existed for years, having been replaced with the video game we were now inside. Whatever thought I was having, it was soon interrupted by

Birkin yelling excitedly. We had just traveled down to the  
lair of the 2nd ranked assassin.

Badman:  
Charlotte! It's you!

Bad Girl:  
Phew... what a day.  
I need a drink.  
So fuckin' thirsty.

Badman:  
Charlotte... it's me. Your old man!  
Travis:  
No way... this is the girl?  
I don't remember her at all...

Bad Girl:  
Hold on a sec.

Badman:  
What's wrong with you, Travis?  
My daughter got into the assassin business,  
got ranked 2nd, and you killed her.  
Travis:  
And now she's ranked 2nd again.  
Badman:  
Yeah... in the video game.  
But maybe... we can bring her back...

Bad Girl:  
Damn, that's smooth...  
I feel alive again.  
Want a drink?

Travis:  
Do you really think that's possible?  
She's just a boss in a game in this world.  
Badman:  
I have to try.  
Charlotte...

Bad Girl:  
What the fuck are you two assholes whispering about?  
You trying to take me two on one?

Badman:

No... I... we don't want to fight you...

Charlotte, don't you remember me?

Bad Girl:  
I'm a bad girl.

Badman:

And I'm a bad man.

But I'm here for you now.

Bad Girl:  
It's just a job. The daily grind.

Badman:

And it's over now.

Maybe, if you help us beat the game, you can  
come back with us.

Bad Girl:  
The game? Who are you dickheads?  
If you're assassins, just fight me already!  
It's kill or be killed!

Travis:

She isn't listening... Birkin...

Badman:

I know she's not my real daughter.

But my real daughter can't come back to life.

Please, Charlotte! Just acknowledge me!

Bad Girl:  
Why? Who the fuck are you!? You think you're hot shit!?

Travis:

There are people in this world I want to bring back, too.

But it's not possible... and if it is possible, we can always try in the future.

A world like this can be reset with the flick of a switch.

Badman:

...

So... you're going to kill her again.

Travis:

I'm afraid it's the only way to proceed in the game.

It's the path we've been set upon.

Badman:

Fine.

But I won't help you, nor watch you reenact my daughter's murder.

Travis:  
Suit yourself...

Bad Girl:  
Come on!

Number One. The Prince. He lived in a tower just outside of the city.  
I'm sure as hell that tower never existed in the real world, though.  
Climbing that tower was our toughest challenge yet.  
Forty floors of bugs with shockingly advanced AI, with no rest stops  
outside of the toilets and ramen stalls that had become customary  
in these game worlds. Juve's courtesy making the game possible.  
By the time we reached the top floor, we could see all of Santa Destroy  
and its surrounding areas clearly.  
The sheep was right. It was like a grid, easy to control.  
But I took one look at that and turned away, up the stairs to the assassin's lair.  
Control is bullshit.

Strangest thing, though, the top looked shockingly familiar.  
I had almost forgotten, but it soon came back to me -  
it looked exactly like my old motel room.  
What's more, the Prince was nowhere to be found - at least,  
that's what I thought at first. He wasn't in the living room or  
the bedroom, but I soon noticed a light on, under the bathroom door.  
Eager to see what Juvenile had in store for her final challenge,  
I broke down his door with my katana and stepped into the room.  
Sure enough, he was on the toilet, but for some reason,  
he was wearing some kind of white bag over his head, with the  
design of Santa Destroy's Big Flag printed across the front.

The Prince:  
Can't a guy get some privacy?  
At least when he's takin' a dump!?

Travis:  
I'm afraid not.  
These fights don't work like that.  
It's time to die, Mr. First Rank.

The Prince:  
You gotta be shittin' me!  
I'm the prince of this world, you know?

Travis:

Yeah, but you're a damn coward.  
No wonder you're undefeated - people have  
to make it past your tower to get to you.

The Prince:

Oh? Is that unfair?  
Every assassin in the Association  
has an 'Extreme Murder Battle Stage'.

Travis:

Yeah, and it's an expression of their personality  
as a boss. But yours isn't like that. It's nothing but  
mundane, grueling challenge.

The Prince:

I object to this characterization.  
I merely used my wealth and power to  
build the best stage possible.

Travis:

The 'best'? You think being the 'best' is all about  
statistics? Effectiveness, productivity?

The Prince:

Of course. I remain the number one assassin  
because I'm the best at stopping people from killing me.

Travis:

Let me tell you something.  
This business isn't about some objective perfection.  
It's about passion.

The Prince:

Passion...  
What's passion without talent?

Travis:

What's talent without passion?  
It's nothing, that's what.  
You make me sick.

The Prince:

Hahahahaha...  
You reached the top, and walked away, crownless king.  
You chose to go indie, and lost it all.

The Prince:  
I, on the other hand, kept my privilege,  
and used it to be the best.  
What will your passion get you if you're dead?

Travis:  
I've changed even more since then.  
I'd rather die with dignity than carry on  
as an empty man.

The Prince:  
Can you kill me?

Travis:  
You're a coward in another way, too.  
You hide your face. So let's find out.  
Who is number one?

I sliced his head off.  
It landed on the ground, and the bag was jostled free.

Travis:  
So you're the Prince...  
This guy... I've seen him before...  
Who is he...?

Travis:  
It's me.  
I'm Travis Touchdown.  
It's you.

White Sheepman:  
And so we return and begin again.

Travis:  
I knew from the beginning.  
That the Prince was me.

White Sheepman:  
Well, yeah, it was kind of obvious.

Travis:  
And you're Dr. Juvenile.

White Sheepman:  
Yes, that's me.

Travis:  
This all happened before, didn't it?

White Sheepman:  
It was something like that.

Travis:  
Only it wasn't Santa Destroy.  
It was the headquarters of the CIA...

White Sheepman:  
Your memories are flowing back into you.

Travis:  
And I killed you...

White Sheepman:  
So you did.

Travis:  
But why...  
Why is it ending like this?  
Why am I here, now?

White Sheepman:  
You're awake from your dream.

Travis:  
A dream...  
Dream Drive...

White Sheepman:  
You're awake from your nightmare.

Travis:  
It was a nightmare, wasn't it?  
This whole thing.

White Sheepman:  
Everything in life could be thought of as a dream.  
It's up to you how you choose to view it.

Travis:  
But this really was a dream.

White Sheepman:  
The games of the Dream Drive account for an entire person's  
experience in a particular mode of viewing.

White Sheepman:  
They allow the running of manufactured stories without  
the need for any particular physical resources.

Travis:  
That can't be it...  
There's more to it than that, right?

White Sheepman:  
You'll have to ask someone who knows more than me about that.  
But with the use of the Dream Drive, subliminal training can be ran at a faster  
rate than is possible in the waking world.

Travis:  
Subliminal training?

White Sheepman:  
Conditioning.  
Say you want to teach children something very particular and important,  
but doing so would take several months, possibly even years.  
White Sheepman:  
With the use of the Dream Drive, you could teach them in a fraction of the time,  
because time within a dream can be warped.

White Sheepman:  
Have you ever heard stories of people who live entire lives  
in their dreams? Yet when they wake up, only a single night  
has passed...

Travis:  
Sounds like some crazy shit.

White Sheepman:  
Who knows?  
This is just what I know.  
And I'm only a part of your dream.

Travis:  
I don't think that's true...  
Dr. Juvenile...  
Will I ever see you again?

White Sheepman:  
In the human world,  
the time for dreams has ended,  
nothing binds us now.

Travis:  
...  
Oh...  
I understand now.

The Dream Drive was touted as a revolutionary new gaming console that would allow consumers to play video games in their sleep while still getting their mental and physical rest, effectively affording players several more hours of potential gaming. However, the Dream Drive was never released to the public, and its designer, Daisuke Fujiwara, vanished from the public eye shortly after choosing to leave the gaming scene. It is said that he was convinced by government agencies to use his technology for more serious applications involving global security, and eventually retired to live a peaceful, quiet life on a small tropical island.