

PORTAL 2:

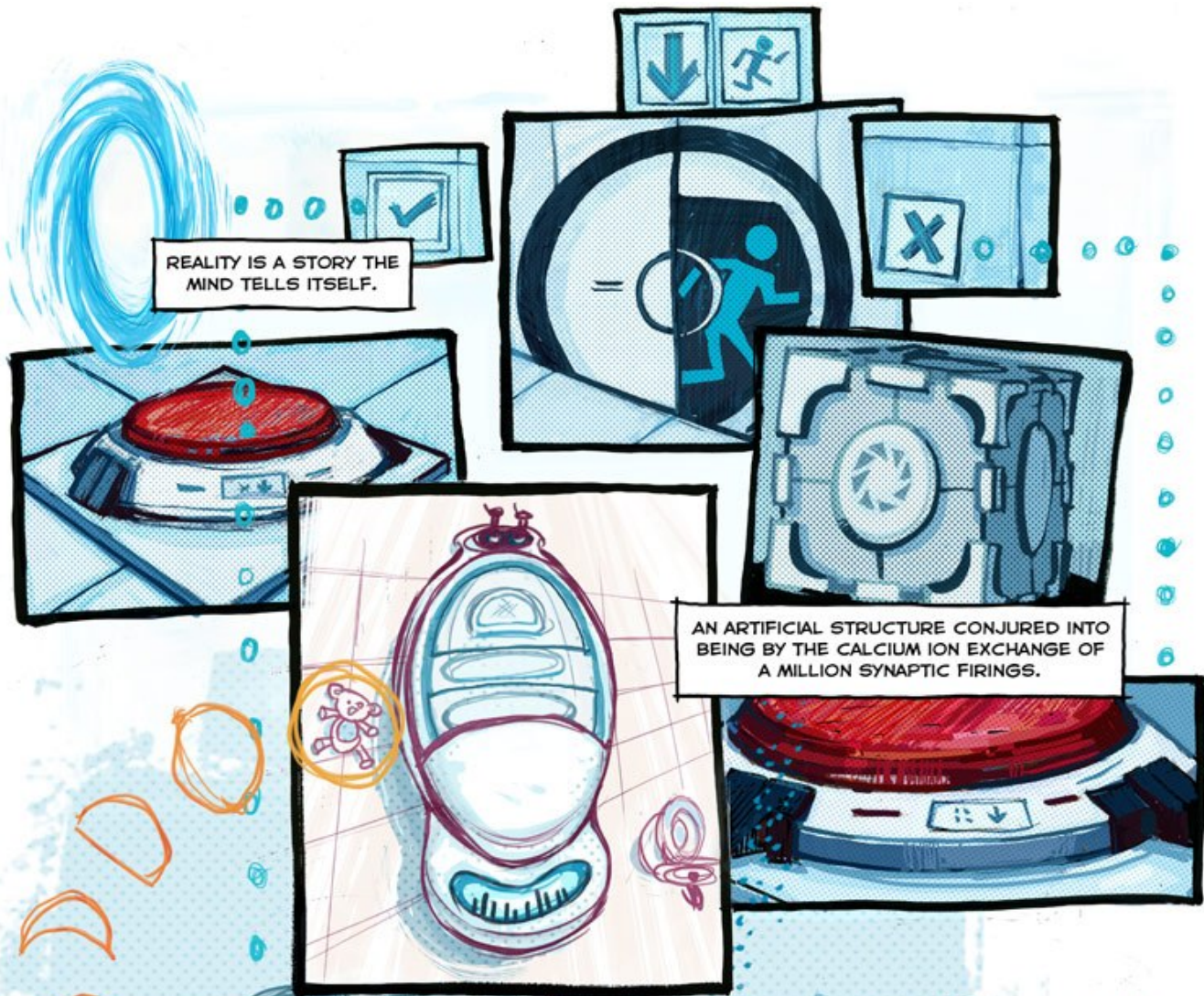
LAB

RAT



IGN





REALITY IS A STORY THE MIND TELLS ITSELF.

AN ARTIFICIAL STRUCTURE CONJURED INTO BEING BY THE CALCIUM ION EXCHANGE OF A MILLION SYNAPTIC FIRINGS.

A TRUTH SO STRANGE IT CAN ONLY BE LIED INTO EXISTENCE.

AND OUR MINDS CAN LIE. NEVER DOUBT IT...





WHAT'S THIS? REAL, OR  
JUST MY LYING MIND AGAIN?

CAN SHE TRULY BE AWAKE  
AFTER ALL THIS TIME?

NO, JUST A FIGMENT.  
IF SHE WERE REAL,  
THE TURRETS WOULD  
SEE HER, TOO.

TARGET ACQUIRED.

THUDDA  
THUDDA

THUDDA  
THUDDA

THE END IS  
FINALLY UPON  
US.

DON'T  
even  
FEELS LIKE A TRIAL  
TRY

WINTER





I HAVE TO. PLEASE TRY TO UNDERSTAND.





WE PUT CAMERAS IN  
THE CAMERAS.

HE'LL NEVER  
SUSPECT.

GENIUS!

THE CUBE ROOT OF  
TWO X IS IRRATIONAL  
IF X IS IRRATIONAL.

Ziaprazidone  
Antipsychotic medication  
prescription: Doug

IT'S BEEN SO LONG.  
I'VE BEEN SAVING THESE  
LAST TWO FOR THIS DAY.

C'MON, YOU DON'T NEED  
THOSE ANYMORE.  
YOU'RE FINE.

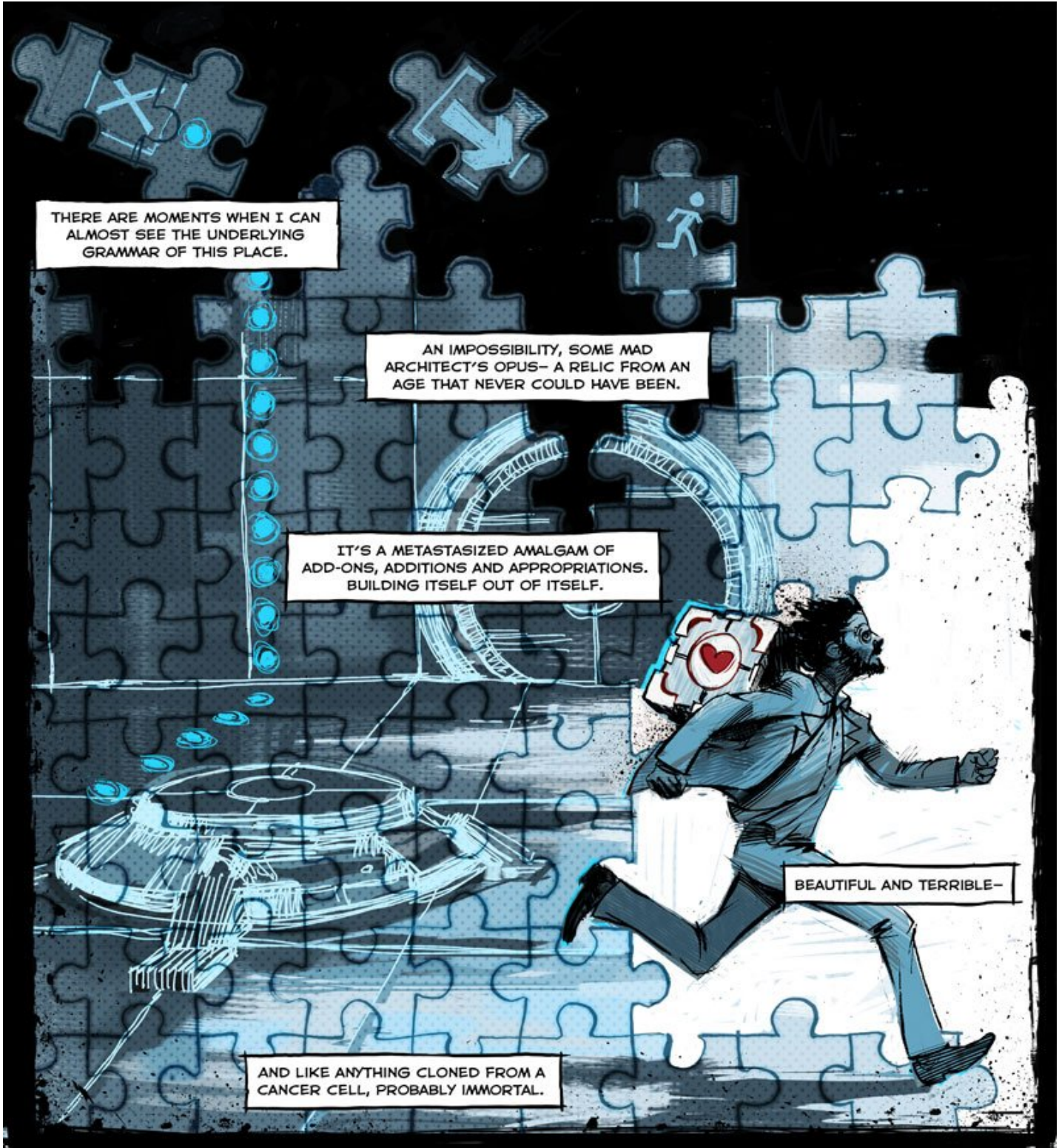
THIS WILL BE  
THE END OF US.

I'M GOING TO NEED A  
CLEAR HEAD FOR  
WHAT IS TO COME.

gulp  
gulp

IGN



A man with a beard and long hair, wearing a blue suit, is running to the right. He is carrying a white briefcase in his right hand and a box with a red heart on it in his left. The background is a dark, textured surface made of large puzzle pieces. Some puzzle pieces have blue markings, including a cross, an arrow, and a running figure. There are also blue circular lights or portals scattered around. The overall style is a dark, hand-drawn comic book illustration.

THERE ARE MOMENTS WHEN I CAN  
ALMOST SEE THE UNDERLYING  
GRAMMAR OF THIS PLACE.

AN IMPOSSIBILITY, SOME MAD  
ARCHITECT'S OPUS- A RELIC FROM AN  
AGE THAT NEVER COULD HAVE BEEN.

IT'S A METASTASIZED AMALGAM OF  
ADD-ONS, ADDITIONS AND APPROPRIATIONS.  
BUILDING ITSELF OUT OF ITSELF.


BEAUTIFUL AND TERRIBLE-

AND LIKE ANYTHING CLONED FROM A  
CANCER CELL, PROBABLY IMMORTAL.

A man in a black suit is running to the right. He is carrying a black briefcase. In the background, there is a sign that reads "REQUIRED SAFETY GOGGLES & STEEL-TOE BOOTS" and "APERTURE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR EYE OR TOE DAMAGE". The sign also has a drawing of a pair of safety goggles. The man is running past the sign.

**REQUIRED**  
SAFETY GOGGLES & STEEL-TOE BOOTS  
APERTURE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR  
EYE OR TOE DAMAGE

STAY TO THE RIGHT!  
TURRETS AHEAD ON  
YOUR LEFT.

A man in a black suit is running to the right. He is carrying a black briefcase. In the background, there is a hallway with a turret. The turret is a small, round, mechanical device with a red light on top. The man is running past the turret. The hallway has a blue and white color scheme. The man is running towards a bright light at the end of the hallway.

WHATEVER YOU SAY.





ANOTHER MURAL  
TO MARK THE OCCASION.



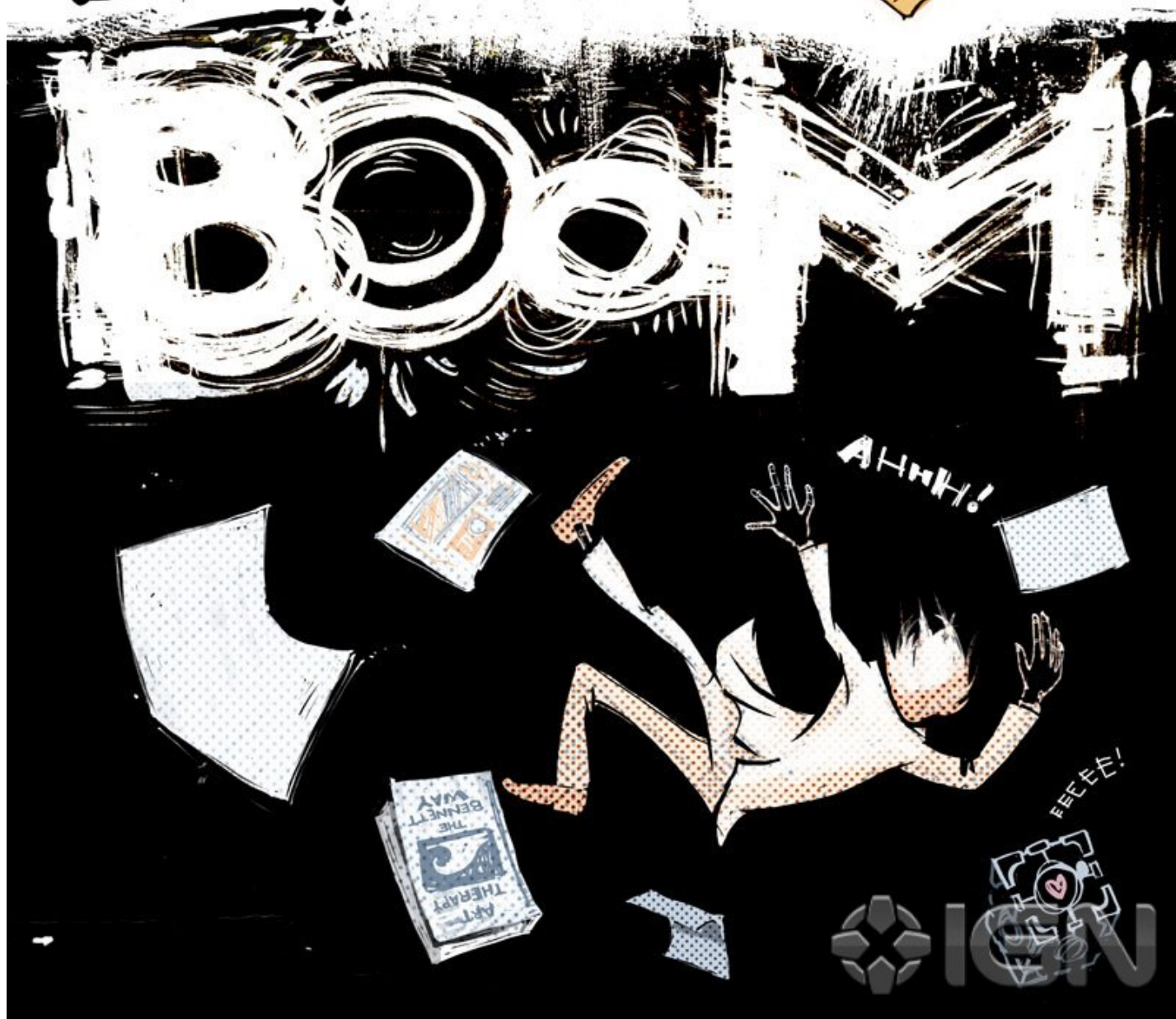
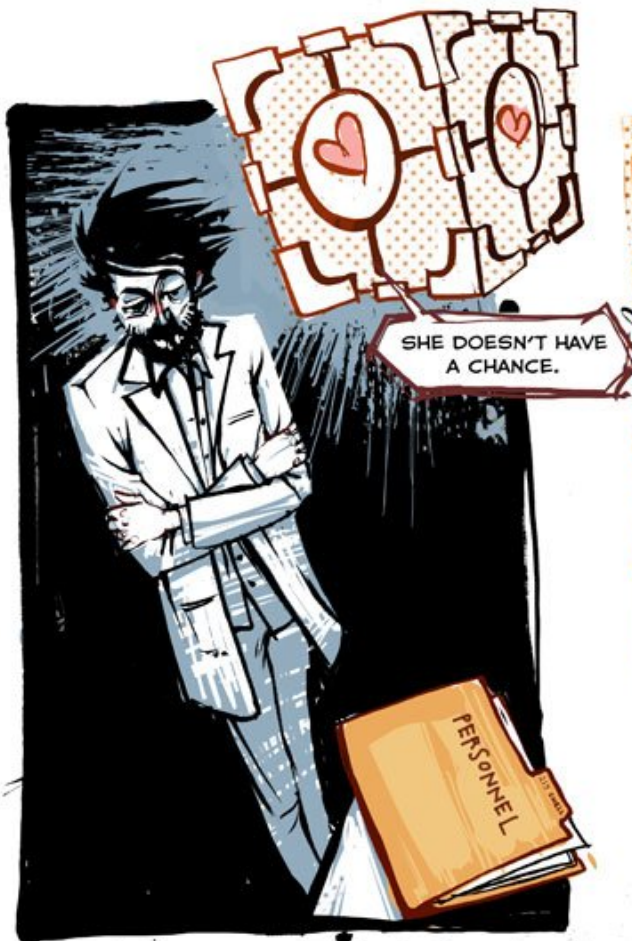
ON HER WAY INTO THE  
FINAL CHAMBER.

WHERE IS THE GIRL NOW?

YOU MEAN WITH... HER?

PERSONNEL









WHAT WAS THAT?



THE ROOM SHOOK ITSELF TO PIECES.

LIKE AN UNBALANCED CENTRIFUGE.

I HEARD AN EXPLOSION. WHAT COULD IT MEAN?

ARE YOU OKAY?





ONLY ONE THING IT  
CAN MEAN.



SHE DID IT.  
IT'S OVER.

THE ULTIMATE  
SYSTEMS CRASH.







IT'S BEEN A HELL OF A MORNING. YOU MISSED ALL THE FUN.

WE HAD TO HIT THE KILL SWITCH AGAIN.



HENRY, YOU HAVE A STRANGE IDEA OF FUN.

In case of  
rogue AI, dial  
ext. 219.



HEY, WE'RE LUCKY TO BE WORKING ON THIS.



YOU'VE GOT A STRANGE IDEA OF LUCK, TOO.

THINK ABOUT IT. EVERY GENERATION GETS SOME NEW FRONTIER TO TACKLE. EINSTEIN GOT RELATIVITY. THE NASA COWBOYS GOT THE MOON. ALL THE EASY STUFF IS TAKEN.



I MEAN TAKE A LOOK AROUND YOU, WE'RE ON THE BLEEDING EDGE HERE. ARTIFICIAL CONSCIOUSNESS IS THE NEXT FRONTIER.

BUT EVERY TIME WE TURN IT ON, IT TAKES A SIXTEENTH OF A PICOSECOND BEFORE IT TRIES TO KILL US.



LAST TIME WAS A TENTH OF A PICOSECOND. SEE, WE'RE MAKING PROGRESS.

I'M TELLING YOU, THIS IS OUR GENERATION'S MOON SHOT.




**CAVE JOHNSON HERE: YOU LAB BOYS QUIT YOUR YAPPIN' AND GET BACK TO WORK.**

THIS HAS BEEN A PRE-RECORDED MESSAGE.

I'D RATHER HAVE GONE TO THE MOON.







WHERE'S THE GIRL?  
SHE DIDN'T STAY TO  
CHECK OUT HER  
HANDIWORK?

SHE MUST HAVE GOTTEN  
OUT. PROBABLY ON THE  
SURFACE, SOAKING UP  
SOME SUN.

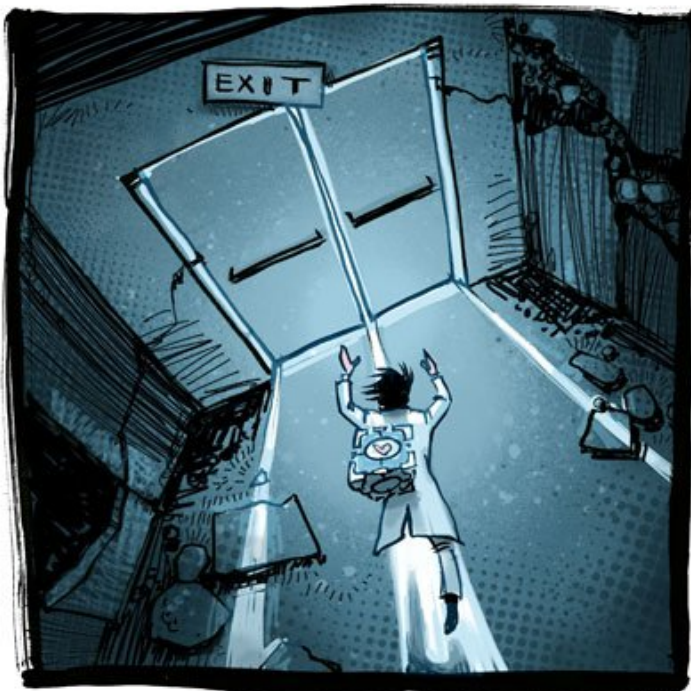
I'M SURE  
YOU'RE RIGHT.

WHAT IS THIS  
"SUN" OF WHICH  
YOU SPEAK?

AND SHE HAS THE RIGHT  
IDEA. COME ON, WE'RE  
WASTING DAYLIGHT.

WATCH OUT FOR THE  
TURRETS. THE QUEEN  
MAY BE DEAD, BUT THIS  
HORNET'S NEST HAS  
BEEN KICKED.









IT'S DRAGGING HER  
BACK INSIDE.



HEY, DOUG, CAN I  
GET A HAND HERE?

UH, SURE.



JUST REACH INSIDE  
PAST ALL THOSE  
GEARS AND TURN ON  
THE POWER SUPPLY.



WAIT A SEC. SAFETY  
FIRST. ARE YOU RIGHT  
HANDED OR LEFT?

RIGHT.



BETTER USE YOUR  
LEFT THEN.

WHY?

JUST IN CASE.



WHAT IS THAT  
THING, ANYWAY?



JUST THE LATEST IN AI  
INHIBITION TECHNOLOGY.



