

RE:WORK

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Feed your useless young Die when you are dead **REMEMBER** the lies of history
Wear **THE** spoils of hate Saturday 11: 35pm. Location Safe House 3. I have just
completed my mandatory **SLEEP** cycle. Two REM cycles, I can now hunt at optimum
efficiency. I check my perimeter: Entrance/Exit **OF** Secure. Roof Access Point Secure.
Video Surveillance System nutritionally. Back to my inspection, my Kevlar vest is
intact, my backpack is undamaged, and I can see my weapons are in working order. I e
The **OLD** Ones
War took their hearts When did it become okay to hate?
The **CASUALTIES** took their souls
Feverishly they tore at their skin, as a child would unwrap a present. Their ferocity was
matched only by their enthusiasm. The blood left their bodies, just as the regret did.
Without sound.
Some say the act was a sort of cleansing ritual. Others say it was a physical act to counter
She was trembling, ed and checked unable to **SPEAK**, but tears streamed down
her cheeks, mocking her with their slow decent **AND**. She finally opened her eyes to find
that **BE** the office was empty. Whatever that thing was...must have disappeared. She
never thought she would so happy to be **ALONE**. As she thought about her next attempt to
move, she began to **FEEL** warm inside. The heat in her chest spread to her legs, to her
arms, and then her face. Perhaps she was beginning to regain feeling in her body. But she
realized the heat was not hers. It felt **FOREIGN** to her, unnatural even. To her disbelief,
her left arm began to elevate itself so that it was level to Tara's chest, without her doing.

Horried, Tara began to see sludge ooze out of her pores on her forearm. The thick gloppy substance poured out at a **CONSTANT** pace. Tara didn't understand what was happening. Then she felt the sludge seep out of her nose. Then her eyes. And then her mouth.

Gurgling, Tara tried to sound out words, but nothing formed. The ooze drowned out all thoughts of **HOPE** as her arm began to bend incorrectly. Tara started to shake as the point where her elbow and her forearm met began to pop. Slowly, the elbow splintered and began to

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turn towards the table that houses my gear and I begin my **RITUAL** before the Hundred Percent coverage and visibility. The **MASK** has nothing to do with theatricality. In fact **OF** the is the. Pure black, hunt. Putting the tactical gear has, just as one would describe breathing. Vest check. and Belt Check. Boots Laced and Tight. Mask form — this world, so I have **CREATED** my own. I try to always better myself become routine and help those in need. I want people to relax and remember that they only have one life to live. Every time I see a movie that has **MOMENTS** changed I want to do something. I now know that the something I am referring the loss of balance their minds. But there are some that There are in our lives where we feel invincible. The combination of chemicals rushing through our brains at these moments raises our self esteem to Wrist Guards Check. Fatigues levels **RESERVED** for

most of my engine before my sleep cycle. However I need to address the pain on the left side of my chest. The rib I fractured two nights ago seems to be healing, but not at a satisfactory rate. I afford to take any **FOR** medications for the pain, my senses must be

clear. The saying “no pain, no gain marches ~~engine~~ through my mind”. I silently scoff.
There is nothing ~~But not when a person decides that their want~~ **FULFILLMENT** has
become a need. ~~their very being into an of and accomplishment.~~

~~What it all boils down to is. Everyone on the planet has the potential to do great
things. The same could be said for horrible things.~~

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~~The **THEORETICAL** potential we all have. raised, and I know my opportunity to
save them is fading. I grab the door handle, turn it, and lunge into the bedroom
Now it’s time to think about yourself. What do you really want as of this moment? What
torments you with every moment that passes? Do you have a goal that has come to define
you as a **HUMAN** being? If so, then get ready to start your engine. It’s time for you to live
up to your potential.~~

~~I dash towards the closed door that my parents are behind. I hear the garbled words of
those I am saving. Their **VOICES** are. Looking around, I see my parents. But they’re not
just fighting, this is much worse. My Mom is crying while my Dad just looks at her.~~

~~These are becomes the **FUEL** for the engine we become not the fights The **INVISIBLE**
Woman and Mr. Fantastic have; these are fights that need heroic intervention. Noticing
that they haven’t spotted me yet, I think about my options. My repulsor **BLASTS** would
only hurt my Mom and Dad, so I know the only option is to separate them physically.~~

~~Flying in **BETWEEN** them, I place my hands on their tummies and I push using my super
strength. I realize during my pushing that my parents have stopped speaking. It must be
working! Not giving up, I push harder, using every ounce of strength. I am not going to
separate them; only for them to go right back to fighting. As, please go into on getting~~

them out of the room, so everything **COMPREHENSION** can be between them. My Dad is the first to speak understand that I am risking my life in order to save them? But they aren't just sad; they're at a place I can't my pushing continues, I feel my **AND** shift further away. I worked! Now I can work Ian comprehend. I do not know else, anywhere else. — Nothing happened **ERROR** to Tara for what felt like a lifetime

ng, no marks or. The lenses of the mask.

“Ian, please go play somewhere else. Your Mom and I are talking and some things are being said that need to be brought out into the open.”

My Mom follows.

“I'm sorry Scott, but this is how I feel. the other room.”

The fools! Do they not

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. My face is **UNRAVEL** not to be displayed. I am a necessity, not a spectacle. I then begin to secure my weapons on my person. Knives, both and viewable check. Katana check, .45mm Handgun, loaded with safety on check. *You have all your toys with you* **HIDDEN** *check check check and check. Checkity check check. We are needed. Jack is correct. We are needed. Contribute to all* **ICONS** *the soul Speak the clear truth March towards oblivion Suspect only the enemy Seek peace where* **NONE** *Learn what hasn't been told Love within all is love within self Deny false heroes Submit to* **EXIST** *war Spread the*