

This story is made possible because my former care assistant, Andrew Hall, convinced me that if I have written Feature Film scripts, then I had all the tools to write a comic book novel. Superheroes are what I have turned to in hard times.

Transylvanian Blood

The year is 2375, humans are still alive despite what is left of the ozone layer, attracting harmful radiation, solar flares continue to threaten us, and number our days. Everybody has heard the rumor that politicians are corrupt, when really everything around us is corrupt, the murdering of our brothers and sisters, nobody will fall to that bounty, but a select few. We are being watched, everywhere we drive, every e-mail we send, every chat or profile search through social media, and everything we buy. the only way to prevent this data from getting used wrongly, is to play a friendly game of hide and seek, with an unfriendly twist, and on the day of the game, it was time for me to enter, it was going to decide my fate, no matter what religious or political viewpoint I believed in.

I had no idea what I was getting myself into, when I crossed the boundaries, from what s known as South Hauntington Beach, into the chaos I call hell. What is a border? An imaginary line between beliefs? The same line that tears our souls apart, spilling every ounce of blood from a cold, dark carcass.

The world is not safe, will anyone wake up from this nightmare? The nightmare continues to feed on every wrong choice you make, feasting on the murders, substance abuse, every sexual craving, and that a few pleasures this beast has. This is all the more reason for this game.

The ones who tame the beast is the phantom mafia, the creators of the game. Nobody is safe anymore, we are all preyed upon. This is what they want, they thrive on fear; but this is only my opinion, maybe you will believe me once we enter the game. it is a simple game of hide and seek, but once s the rules change. This all went from a game of laughter, to one where we fight for our lives. The only choice now is between life and death.

Are you ready? You don't have to do this you know.

I must, there's no turning back.

Well, here's your gun. Remember, you only have so much ammunition.

Don't worry about me, you should be more worried about yourself. I can handle it.

I grabbed the gun, and as the clock ticked closer the middle aged dreary competitor climbs down the tower and reaches the starting line. His backpack dangles from the shoulder.

Nobody makes it back alive you know. They get caught, and there they tie you on a board, raise it, and drive a stake through the heart, right there.

The decision is made, I'm going on with it.

Then I snap back the gun and load it.

Ready to begin this game?

As ready as I'll ever be.

Okay, you hear that, he's ready!

Begin the countdown.

And 5, 4, 3...

The game has become known for its gruesome crucifixion which is the punishment if one loses to The Phantom Mafia. Every street corner is unsafe, infested with a swarm of lies, there is no way of telling who is a friend or foe. The worst sin, in a family of sins, is not something in the past, but is something here and now, and something one has to deal with all the time.

When looking into the distance, I am reminded of those defeated by the game. I see the pinned bodies dangling lifeless, their heads hanging forward, blood pouring down their sternum from the stake buried within their ribcage. There they hang, raised and left to sway lifeless in the cool air, where all that can be smelled is rotting flesh; there the bodies hang, decorating the horizon where the sun sets, putting a final end to this misery.

What has gotten into me? Is it a thirst for vengeance, or is it something more I crave? Whatever it is I must go on. Call me crazy, but I'm about to risk my life, that is if I make it back alive. By volunteering to be included in the collection of souls the disbelief in myself has been challenged.

Then it happened, the starting shot was fired, it was as if my heart stopped. Is the world coming to an end, or is it all a lie? The race is on, and who do I have to thank for this, but myself. My first checkpoint is not that far, according to the map it is about twenty blocks away, but somewhere within those block is a phantom.

If I am going to complete this course and hopefully survive, I have to think smart, I have to cover as much ground as possible with the sun up. Otherwise, I'm not safe. With the sun swiftly setting, I can waste no time and must jog a steady pace towards my checkpoint.

I keep the gun Li was given tucked within my pants and make my way, carefully disguising myself in the shadows. There's no way of telling how much sunlight I have left, so I go on.

The memories, the mixed emotions, I have loved ones to return to, but what if I don't make it back alive? Quit telling yourself that. Of course you'll make it back alive. The truth is, I'm afraid. I'm afraid for my life. Is this where it ends? It is far from over, and the game is a test, a decision as to whether you are good enough, if you have what it takes to defeat The Phantom Mafia.

Hey Daddy, watch me blow out the candles.

How old are you?

This many.

Would you please get me a piece of cake?

When do we open the presents?

If she only knew what her dad has begun, the game of life or death and no real answer that I can give her. Her face- her innocent face- will I ever get to see her smile and hold her again? A kiss on the cheek fades away forever, and who do I have to blame for this, but myself.

Smile...wave to the camera.

Say cheese, look at your auntie while I take a picture.

This is our dining room. Look at all those presents.

Say Hi...

Hi....

She grew up too quickly, it seems like just yesterday she turned four, but grew up and she was taken from me, all the pity. is this something I deserve? This wasn't given to me, I asked for it. All the lies, all the tears that I shed, this silent agony, the lost souls inquire, with persecution as the only solution.

I will find the end, there must be somebody who defeats the game, let that somebody be me.

I have a family, I have a wife and child. Nobody will harm my family, no one will touch my wife or beautiful child.. or I will rip their heart out.

This game is far from over, it has only begun, and this game is only a test, a test to see if i believe in myself.

Do I believe in karma enough to save my family?

After walking for a while, the impact of this journey began to take shape.

This may be it, but I have so much to live for.

Then it happened, a warning shot filled the darkening sky. Things became so unsure, I had no idea as to what was going to happen Was I going to stare death face to face, and was I going to walk away from it?

Get a grip on it, The phantoms have no idea where I am.

Without wasting a shot of ammunition, I hold my gun high in my bent right arm, grabbing my backpack, and slipping it on my back. I must continue, but I must also be cautious.

There's no choice anymore, all of a sudden I find myself in a dictatorship of life. The only thing to do is go forward, but try as I may, there may be no escaping their bullets.

Nobody's safe there in the game, only I have lived to tell about some question if I really am alive, or when they took her from me did I die as well. Curse The phantom mafia, they destroyed my life, and I have vowed to defeat their existence, for they are the henchmen who reek of filth.

When remembering to use the shadows to my advantage, the bullets begin to stop, and the crowd begins to refrain from cheering. It's not much longer until there will be no sunlight, so I better not waste my time. The clock is ticking, and so is my soul.

You see, that's why I decided to play the game, I don't care, I just don't care anymore. My life has been described to me as a walking time bomb. There's no way of telling when I will explode.

The intercom blared.

This is it. There's no turning back now, a phantom's on the loose, and all that's between you two, is uncertainty, it's not long before you give in to us.

I give it my best effort to ignore this message of hate.

Time continues to count down, you don't want to end up like the others.
That's virtually impossible.

Keeping a steady pace, I do my best to use time wisely. A shot again sounded, it zoomed right by me, and I got a peculiar pleasure as the bullet wounded a spectator.

He came to witness defeat, not to be defeated, and though he paid the ultimate price, I was not satisfied.

Are you shooting at me? You better not be shooting at me, my friend,
because I can get really pissed off really easily.

I couldn't believe what was happening. I strongly believe, if you can dish it out you have to be willing to take it.

I turned the corner to find myself staring death in the eye, so I made a break for it.

The phantom mobster, wife beater, tattoos, gun and all, he didn't scare me. In fact, I believe I have become immune to fear.

I'm not finished with you! Came back here! Fight like a man!

So i did, it felt like something was controlling me, the chemicals released from my brain, swiftly rushing down my spine. It was as if these chemicals put a halt on the genetic makeup that makes me who I am.

My sprint went to a jog and then to a walk, as I turned around, his face met mine again.

Fool, you should be scared, afraid for your life.

I should, but am I?

Fear is the sense of losing immortality, the constant grip of a distorted reality.

Listen up fool...I'm not scared of you.

Then, acting almost from second nature, I drew the gun tucked in my belt loop, and fired at his chest, opening a wound that made him freeze. He looked at his wound and then me, before he collapsed to his knees.

There was no time for rest, I had to move on.

I was nearing the first checkpoint in the game, still alive, at least for the time being.

I was not proud of myself though, being proud of your actions involves having guts, something I don't have. My determination was riding on mere luck.

Then the intercom blared again,

Congratulations, you have defeated your first test of merit, miles lie ahead and challenges will be faced. Do what is best for yourself because there is nobody you can trust in society.

Give it your best effort, because you never know when it will be your last.

It made perfect sense, they just didn't care. Every pep talk or words of encouragement was meaningless. As far as I'm concerned, I was just another lab rat in a rat maze.

If I dwelled on the dementia of the misleading messages much longer I would lose every reason for my sanity. Beyond my reason for doubt, I must push on.

So I picked up my things and continued. After all, giving up would look weak. I had one victory out of the way, and if I play my cards right, many will surely follow.

After reaching the first checkpoint, minus one bullet shell from the only defense given to me, the crowd of onlookers gone from my site, reality set in. It was me and the road, nobody was my friend. I could not trust anyone, not God, not Satan, or that fucking president; everyone and their goddamn hidden agenda, horror and mutilation for entertainment, let us get this game over with.

Onward I push, trying not to dwell on my frustration. There was no human in sight, just the streets, the buildings, and the cold night air creeping down my spine. Dusk was swiftly approaching, and then everything was uncertain.

I stand as my own man, the only rules are my rules. Do not get in my way.

As I walked down those lonely streets, nobody sees what I see, all the others who have gone before me and failed, the world has become immune to reality. I practice what I preach, not like all the other worthless souls that fall like corpses from their bodies. You see, I have no soul, maybe entering this game had become my sole purpose.

I felt lost and alone with no one around me, no spectators cared enough to comfort me on the way, providing encouragement was just not their forte.

I heard that hideous voice on the intercom again.

Getting this far has been a result of good luck. It will not be as easy the further you go.

This meant nothing to me, I had to push on.

This luck of yours will run out shortly. Enjoy the short time you have left in this world.

What was I suppose to do if the voice could only tell a lie? My senses have improved, I know when danger is around me, I'm aware how to react, does this fool truly know what he's talking about?

I have become easily amazed by your willingness and ability to fight.

This remark wasn't particularly appealing. Treat me like a lab rat running a maze to get a piece of cheese. What's wrong with these people?

As I pressed further I felt a distancing in my life. No onlookers cared about me, so I didn't care about them. Reality didn't matter anymore.

Getting further and further from the voice was the only thing I can do. If it meant continuing on through the city, then I was the man for the job. The further I'd go, it seemed, the more and more I lost hope. Memories began to flicker in my head, my wife, my love, my one and only, is it her I desired, or am I fooled by nothing but devilish trickery of my inner conscious.

Images of her began to dance in the imprints of my mind, like the fires coming from destroyed and abandoned vehicles on most street corners of the lonely ghost town.

How dare she abandon me, we were sworn together by our vows, yet I found myself standing alone. This made me understand what it was like being alone, it was no great luxury like it was rumored to be, it was a desolate feeling leaving me soulless.

Do you take this woman, to love and to cherish...

My mind draws a blank.

...in sickness and in health, for good or for bad...

Every time it played back in my head it felt like I was sworn under oath..

When rich or when poor, so help you God?

Was I even going to see the love of my life again?

I do.

I wanted to wake up from the nightmare.

You may kiss the bride.

Who was the woman I married? It all seems to be a lie, a woman I thought I knew, but the truth is she's a woman leading two lives, one for better, and one for worse.

I really didn't know the person I loved, was she the one who woke me up with a smile, gently pressing her lips to mine, or was she the one who almost pierced my heart with a dagger?

I had to remember to put my feelings aside, I was in a race, a race between life and death. My marriage was the last thing I needed to get me side tracked, as far as I was concerned, I wasn't married.

I had to settle down, I had a job to do, I had to reach six more checkpoints, and they only gave me five more bullets in the gun the organizers provided.

I couldn't believe what I'd gotten myself into. it was a constant battle with the state of mind. Nobody decides my fate but me, or at least that's what I have been led to believe. I had to keep reminding myself that I was in control of the game, but I wasn't, they were, the phantom players. I was merely a piece on the board in to their wacked-out game, twisted and distorted rules that made no sense.

A warning shot sped through the night air, the second phantom was rapidly approaching. I knew the only way I would have the advantage would be to somehow kill him at close range.

He was not like the first one, no, he was constantly on the move, so bullet after bullet pierced the air. There was nowhere to turn to, and then it happened, he found me. That's when my wits kicked in, the voice of reason, by using my instincts correctly this would bring him to close range, or at least that's how it played out in my head.

I give up, you got me.

You're a wise man to give yourself up like this.

I started thinking, I never would be able to finish such a hard, challenging course.

My plan was working, he was walking slowly towards me. I knew I mustn't give myself up.

You have two options, one, you die quickly- I shoot you in the heart. It'll be almost painless, except for the split second the bullet pierces your skin. It

will be followed by an incapable effort to breath, leaving you hopeless to cling to your pathetic life for not even five seconds; or two, I tie together your arms and legs, and after we get to the crucifixion site, I nail your arms above your head, your feet pierced by nails spilling blood on the ground. Finally, I drive a stake in your heart, putting your life to a bitter end. The pain will be much, much longer.

That's where you're wrong, I do not carry a soul anymore. I feel no pain, like the pain I am about to inflict in you.

What he didn't realize was that I was pointing my gun at his chest then, so I pulled the trigger.

His body shot back, as if time stood still. His stare was something like no other, it was like he was seeing right through me. Blood was coming out of the corner of his mouth, then he fell to the ground, motionless.

I was not proud, there was much more of the course in front of me.

I had reached the second checkpoint, and then it was dark. There was nothing but me and the road then. I couldn't hide anymore, there was trouble all around me. It was as if suffering from vertigo, when standing in vast open fields, there was nothing to turn to for comfort.

After clearing my head for some time, I thought to myself and realized: killing was something I had to get use to; if I was going to win this game it meant sacrificing what I believed in, family values a more important than any game. I had to get use to it, and fast. With five checkpoints left, I had far to go.

Congratulations on the victory, you have proved yourself a capable challenge to the Phantoms.

The voice went on.

However, you are far from proving yourself worthy.

They were right, I was armed with only four bullets, who was I to kid? As I jogged forward in the night on the barrio, my shadow appeared in the moonlight mimicking and mocking my every move.

You have done well, but the test is far from over. Should you survive, you will have proven to us, and yourself, that you're willing to live.

Survive, where? My life was meaningless, I was in an abusive relationship, my marital problems were my own issue, but it was no longer about me, everything was for my daughter. I had to bring her up in a safe world, so no, I'm not sorry for my actions.

This game, a game of unique consequences, can never be foretold. You have entered an unsafe world of unpredictability.

If one thing is certain, I will go on. There was no holding me back. I may have lost a wife and I may not have been the best parent, but by doing this, I can finally repent my sins, and raise this hell on earth.

You have five checkpoints to go, and only four bullets left. Anyone with the right mindset would give into us, anyone. It is impossible to defeat us.

There was no way of telling who was the bigger liar: him, or me.

You have done yourself no good by continuing the game, How very brave you are. Have pity on me, have pity on my soul, you've had your chance...
now it's mine!

That sarcastic bastard; if only I knew who it was, I guarantee you, I'd make him bathe in his own blood and filth.

I'm feeling generous, say I cut you a deal, I'll let you go, and we can forget about this little fiasco, but I must have something in return...
... your daughter.

The man must have been crazy, there was no choice in his logical thinking; it was either kill or be killed, there was no in-between. The way I thought was spurred by my critical thinking. I have my father to thank for that.

Long ago, when I was ten, he knew what I was capable of. I wish he was around now. He would probably tell me to man up, to not let these cowards get what they want. I need to stand up for myself, I need a face to look straight in the eye at and tell him who's boss.

I am, and no one will take that from me. No one better try.

What's this, son?

They're my grades.

What, an F.

For fantastic.

No son, why? That's not funny. You failed. You deserve better than this, It is not fantastic that you were caught kidding around in class. School is not a I expect better. Do not make me get the belt out. Go to your room and do some hard thinking. Do not come back until you have a different mindset about your grades.

It was too late to thank him. He died back when I was twenty. My wife never got to meet him, but if she had, he would have been able to tell if she was good for me or not.

Now, I am caught up in this game and in the time I need him most, he's not there. How could he have done this to me?

It was just yesterday when we were playing ball together.

Come on dad, throw the ball.

Okay, now keep your eye on it.

He knew what was best for me, and this was definitely not it. As I lay there, confessing my sins to some complete stranger, it was as if he would repent me for what I did, as I beg for forgiveness.

Home run, it's out of the park!

Nice one, Sport!

I miss my dad, but I have gotten myself in this mess, and even though he wouldn't approve of it, I had to get myself out of this. Since he died years ago, he is no longer around to scold me.

While making my way to the third checkpoint, it took awhile to set in., I had four bullets left in the gun they gave me, but I still had five checkpoints to go.

By then, the moon was up, and there was no hiding. It was me among a town filled with silhouettes of little shops and motels. They seemed almost ghostly of character, almost as if they were haunted. Some said that a few people still live there, others said nobody did anymore. Me, I thought it was a complete ghost town; that was, until he showed up.

I had to focus, I had to eliminate the third target; after this, there would still be four more to kill. The phantom spotted me, and a warning shot was fired. Now, I was the bait, and I was being circled. Like sharks before they kill their prey.

We finally meet.

I guess I'm not as excited as you are.

You do not have to worry, you will not feel a thing.

In my mind, I premeditated what to do.

Come closer, just come closer.

Finally, he broke the silence. The next human target actually worked up the nerve to say something.

What, cat got your tongue? Are you scared.. so scared you are going to piss your pants? You better be.

He slowly inched forward, like a small business being eaten up by a corporation.

I did not want to do this to you, but you made me.

This guy was a lying sack of shit.

It isn't fair, you say. Things in life are never fair. Deal with it you son of a bitch.

I guess he thought I wasn't prepared, maybe he thought I was that unsuspecting elk, eating its last meal before the kill.

Your ass is mine now.

He pounced forward, so I pulled the gun out, and pulled the trigger. Blood exploded in every direction.

I'm not even ashamed of my actions, he deserved everything came to him, I thought as I moved forward. This isn't fair, that wasn't fair, nothing in life is fair these days, get use to it. It felt like I wasn't responsible for my actions, it was as if a demon inside of me had taken me over, at least that's what we're led to believe when we are taught about the wrath of Lucifer.

Let me hold myself accountable for my actions, there is no demon inside of me, and no source of Satanism in me, just a bloodthirsty man hell-bent on vengeance toward his fellow man. No demon can rise from me during an exorcism; my soul already has been burdened by the flames, we too are threatened by the essence of evil.

Walking down those lonely streets, looking for the way to go, relying on the blaring voice as my only sense of direction as I made my way to the next checkpoint. My gun was halfway empty, or halfway full, depending on how you look at it, but the odds were in the enemy's favor.

You have outlasted our strongest player. This is no news to be proud of, but it is something to be wary of.

I did not know what he meant at first, but whatever it was, it wasn't good.

Four more checkpoints, four of the best phantoms, and only three bullets left, this is nothing but a prolonged game of suicide. Give up now.

What he did not realize was that I was prepared, even if it meant my life. I did not care anymore, my life meant nothing to me; if my loved ones were taken from me, what good was it for me?

This is nothing to take lightly at all.

I caught myself thinking, Who's taking this lightly? It's what I prepared to do.

You must fear the pain inflicted upon you.

By now, I was not listening, I had my own problems, and these problems were never meant to be helped. At least not from them, they were already destroying my life. It was my turn to destroy theirs, they could not take away my memories.

I remembered when I did not have a thing in the world to worry about. My childhood, and what good was a childhood without fond childhood memories, my vivid imagination filled in the detail, I saw her smile, I could smell every baked cookie as it came out of the oven. Where did they come from? The food she made always seemed to magically appear.

My mother meant a great deal to me, she raised me well; who would have thought that I would be where I was, or that I would be who I turned into. I was a monster, feeding on the flesh of others was what I did best. If not for her, I would have lost all my sanity. If anyone had the opportunity, I bet I would have been locked up in some kind of fucking mental institution.

At least for now, my daughter has my mother to turn to for comfort. Ever since she was born, the bond between the two was great. She would visit her after school, cook and play board games with my daughter to pass time. I really hope that she's around for a long time.

My daughter needs a mother in her life, with me being separated from my wife she almost never saw me, and that crazy psychopathic bitch, she was not capable of doing the job of raising her alone.

Pass the cookie dough grandma.

What are the magic words, sweetie?

Please. Please pass the cookie dough grandma.

Only because you asked so nicely.

The smiles brightly lit upon their faces, turning a dark, rainy day to a bright, sunny day.

I moved three spaces, it's your turn.

Are you sure?

Yes.

Sorry, then Grandma sends you back to the beginning.

It was almost like I want to seek out revenge, not just because of my wife, but because of everything that was robbed from me. My life of normalcy was taken from, and somebody was to blame.

Everything my mother and I had to overcome, being raised in poverty, made me who I am today. I won't take shit from anyone. Unlike my goddamn wife, who doesn't give a shit whether you make it, or whether you brake it.

My daughter may not have the ideal life, but do not expect to get far if all you're doing is bitching and moaning.

Pushing on and pushing through is what I do best, and if it's this game that defines me, then so be it.

Every rooftop, every porch as I went by seemed to resemble a face, staring back at me in the eerie moonlight. It was as though they had their own unique, twisted personalities, warning me of the danger that lay ahead. My instinct kept letting me know everything would be okay, but in the heart, I knew it was not.

The endless walking was getting me hungry, so I decided to take a quick break. My backpack slid off my shoulder into my grip. I unzipped a small portion on the top, then reached in and pulled out a knife. Although I was restricted from bringing food, I was prepared; in my past I was a cutter. In my early days, I had family problems, so instead of dealing with my problems, I would resort to the only way I knew how. I would cut my arms and enjoy the pain.

I resorted to my past habits, which had been a way to deal with my stress, but now fed me in the time of need.

When I was ready, I put my backpack back on my shoulders, and listened intently in the midnight air for a warning shot, but no sound was made.

Go back. Turn back while you still can.

I was hallucinating, must have been the drugs I was on.

You're not supposed to be here.

Who the hell is he to tell me what to do, I was a grown ass man.

What startled me the most was when I saw him, the fourth phantom, he was practically right under my nose. He was literally sprawled out, sleeping, on a park bench.

Guess you're not doing your job, huh.

I reached for my gun, then I got to thinking, why would I waste a bullet on this low life piece of trash? So I put my hand down, instead I remembered my pocket knife in my grip. I pulled out the blade, leaned down, and slit his throat.

It felt good, it felt like I accomplished something, it felt like I never felt , he didn't even put up a fight, it was almost too easy. He felt the pain when my knife entered his saggy neck, severing the jugular, his eyes opened, wide, expressionless, and speechless. I remember him spitting out blood before he died, but I knew there was no time to rest, I had to push on.

Something told me that the game was far from over; in fact, it felt like it had only just begun. Things were finally level, or at least I thought. I had three bullets left, and three more checkpoints to get through, with danger on the way at each checkpoint, there was no sure way of telling whether I would survive.

Were there three more phantoms? Did I have what it took to kill them before they killed me? The only sure way to deal was to push forward, and so that's what I did. I held my head high on my shoulders, with confidence, knowing, and for the first time believing, that I was better than who the phantoms would ever be.

As I walked alone in the darkness, I sensed eyes at every angle watching me, staring at me, it was as if the watchers were fathoming, studying my every move, it was as if I was being easily dissected under an imaginary microscope. The pushing, the pulling, the severed disks within my mind, nothing can help us anymore, we're not alone. I was in the center of a recorded television show, the only difference was the filming gave these sick minded men the advantage.

You think you have won the fight, but it is far from over, this game has only begun. You see, we are watching your every move.

There was no escaping.

We know how to make you suffer. We know how to make you bleed. The last phantom mobster was a test, to see if you were so idiotic to blow a bullet.

I was starting to lose my cool, my response was to raise my arm at the loudspeaker, and pull the trigger.

That's it, I've had it, find his daughter! I'm done playing mister nice guy!

So now, they were after my daughter, a once innocent girl was about to be tormented by these crazy men, and all of it was my fault. I got her into this mess, and I was going to get her out.

They were already tracking her, like a shark can smell its prey up to a mile away, carefully premeditating before it attacks. It is inhumane to prey on the defenseless.

All I could do was continue Transylvanian Blood, not knowing if it will end my life, my daughter's life, or if it is just a metaphor to a depleting civilization.

In time of doubt, I turned to my brothers and sister for guidance, for now, they were the only true family I had, or would ever have.

Nobody was safe anymore. There was nowhere to run. There was nowhere to hide. At any given moment you think you are free, but then you find out everybody has turned their backs on you, even your own flesh and blood. Sometimes it's what you have that does not matter until it's too late. I wish I had realized that long before this game, when my oldest brother tried to prevent me from marrying my wife.

I always looked up to him, the days where he had come home from baseball practice with a report card of straight A's, excelling at sports and academics equally nothing could stump or stop that guy. He was everything I wanted to be, but unfortunately, with the choices I had made, I would never exceed his intellect . Not you, nor me, or any quiz show, trivia was in that guy's DNA, he could get the answer. I overlooked all of it, and once the past happens you can't get it back

Hey little brother, keep your chin up.

You should have seen me knock it out of the park.

I don't think she's the right one for you, you deserve better than that.

Sometimes, listening to the voice of reason is the only way I get through life. He has wise judgment, a trait I didn't quite pick up on.

Now, at the time I needed him most, he wasn't there. He can't be. It's my fault too. Was it because of whom I chose to surround myself with, or was it deeper than that, was it my way of getting even with the world for being

ashamed with who I am? All I have is a voice of reason given by him in my inner most conscious.

I constantly have tried to be there for you, now I cannot. You are the man now, you can handle it.

I wished that I could handle the pressure as much as he did.

Get back on those scrawny old bones and do it for her. Do it for your daughter.

I had to, it was up to me to save her life. It was my fault that she was wrapped up in this.

You don't give yourself enough credit. I believe you can do this.

It was his voice that kept me alive.

You're the best brother a man could have.

I'll cherish when he said those words to me, the day before he sailed off to sea to be deployed for a six month period.

It was true, I had a long way to go; but if it was not for my brother, I would have given up a long time ago. If it was not for him. I would not be telling this.

There I was, alone, nowhere to go but forward, nothing to do but continue moving ahead. I wanted to make those last two bullets worth it, even if there were three more phantoms in my path. The stench sickened me, the smell of urine and badly decomposing animal carcasses were scattered in front of me, a wild dog howled in the cold moonlight. This told me nobody cared about this part of town, who would tend to their pets health if you have been gone for years?

A warning shot filled the air. I was being hunted, he was watching and there was nothing I could do. When I shut my eyes, I would give my hunter an imaginary face, one I imagined dripping blood down his sorry face. In my mind the bullet hits him, it enters his eyeglass lens, shattering, and then it penetrate through the retina, at full force, tear a pathway through his brain, and break through the back of the skull shattering like stain glass into a million pieces.

Then he appeared, snapping me out of my thoughts in plain sight, it was time to fulfill my personal mission. I reached for my gun, but he was ready; he charged me holding a knife in the air. I could see the teeth in the blade, the weapon caught the glare of moonlight.

You will never reach the next checkpoint in this game, a game truly testing your personal strength.

Was I fooling myself, or was I beginning to believe that he was right? It didn't matter, nothing mattered anymore.

Come on, I'm just trying to have a little fun before you die.

He would not stop, not the taunting, not the chasing. The roads had seen better days, the gravel kicked loose beneath my feet, I truly did not care if I was alive or dead.

To be honest, I did not know what to feel anymore. Playing this game was a gamble between life and death.

You fool of a man, it's either defeat or be defeated. There was no middle ground.

I thought for a moment, what was I running from? This man didn't deserve to live.

I will defeat you now.

My hand firmly gripped the revolver, pointed it out towards the phantom and pulled the trigger. The events happened just like how they played in my mind. The bullet smashed through his glasses, through the retina, tearing through the brain, and out the back of his skull. His body collapsed motionless. This gave me a sense of accomplishment, but there was no time to rest, there were more out there.

Finally, I was on the home stretch, the end was in sight, and who was I to blame for it? It was almost as if it was a sign of the end, not just of this awful game but also my end, the end of times, severing me with one blow. My daughter's life was at stake though, and it was up to me to make her proud. I was down to one bullet, and I had to make that bullet count, even if it wasn't the last thing up my sleeve.

Murder was not in my blood, it was this game that made me turn to it as a last resort, but I oddly had started to enjoy it. Two checkpoints to go, two ruthless killers lives to end. This new lifestyle became almost too easy. It's true, they were watching me, but I had control of this game. I scared them, nobody had made it this far. The last one to enter the game wasn't as determined as I was. I would win this game if it was the last thing I did.

I raced alone, comforted by the memories of many family members that got me through the game, they were the ones who believed in me. Not once did I wish to fail them, not once did I wish to fall to defeat; they believed in me, and I believed in myself as a result. The most important thing I had learned was to remain in control of the game, to not let the game control me.

Your daughter is at the mercy of our men, we accept no alternative compromise.

I didn't care anymore, what did I have to lose? i had no time to show fear, to show pain, if my daughter wasn't involved, trust me, I would not have been there.

If you want to live to see your daughter again, do as I say; otherwise she will be hanged immediately once you fail in the game.

They were trying to fill me with the biggest line of crap in the book.

These final two phantoms will give you a true test of your skill, something that has not happened thus far.

You have no idea what skills I have. I had ways to make a hanging slow and painful.

Let the essence of blood pour down upon your soul. The path is so dark, will you be ready?

The soul I have broken, severed by the flame, these tongues of fire speak not to me, but despise you.

Ravaged by the forsaken beast, the devil's pet, I can see through the weak, given danger by the strong.

Listen no more, he speaks in your ears, sense what I feel, and message will speak louder than words. I have been prepared for the final stretch.

Until the darkest days is a test of time, but be guided by the beliefs we share.

If my older brother is who I aspired to be, then my younger brother is what fate had set out for me to become. Memories fill my head of my younger brother, it was him who truly I was molded after, a life of delinquency which explains why my wife hated me so much. There was a time when we were in love, but this is not about her, this is about my brother. If I had to, I was ready to take his memories to the grave.

He was not all that bad, just to those he didn't get along with, and when he did not get his way he always got even with you. This wasn't a thing that happened often, but when it did he would make sure to have the last laugh, and he would get his way, even if it was by force. My mother and father never knew what to make of it, he was a good son at home. He never put up a fuss when it was time to do his chores.

I can't even begin to imagine what he would do if he knew that I was joining this game of life or death. If I lived, things would probably be the same, and I'd get by another day. If I died, I'd probably still get by, and things will be the same, the effect will just last a little longer.

Yeah man, that was funny, you should have seen his face when he found out they were maggots.

Oh my god, you really did that?

My brother was the biggest prankster, he and his close friends only meant trouble. He played a joke on his classmate, he found an old sandwich in the trash and put it in their lunch bag.

Yep, and it was funny too, he probably jumped a foot out of his chair.

That is so mean, I like it.

What do you know, you probably don't have the guts.

If he was there, in competition with me, I would tell him something like this.

Oh yeah, suppose I told you I joined the game, and murdered some people.

Then brother, you finally grew balls.

Of course this just played in my head, there was no way of telling if I ever was going to be able to tell him; this circumstance bugged me, in fact, it pissed me off. I fed off anger then; if you fuck with me, I'll fuck with you. If you take my brother away, I will rip your face off. or don't want to cross my path on a bad day. The blood I shed would spill, drip by drip, downward, splashing on the floor, like red rose petals.

To have your own blood spilled through the dangerous streets of is as awful as disrespecting human nature; what I mean by that is, sure, that town was like hell on earth, but if your family treats you like shit/ stench outside in the streets doesn't seem to matter. Sometimes you have to put up with it, after all they are your flesh and blood and like it or not, they're not leaving anytime soon.

The race is on, and I will get what fate gives me. I did not choose this path, it was given to me. Nobody can alter its course, I make my own decisions. I would die at the stake if I had to, with God as my witness I will not be seen to the grave, my strength is given to me by the death of my enemies. You can't take from me what's mine, I will take everything of what is yours, you've taken my daughter from me, it was time to pay.

I continued the pathway through darkness, nothing I see was guided by light, only dense, dark clouds of sorrow, guide me by your ways to everlasting light. The route I chose to follow in life was not the holiest of paths, but I was sentenced to that route by the devil. The demon inside me has been let out by the wrath of war.

My body stands erect in the night air, in the cries of pain let the bodiless souls wander in peace, for I was at my last bullet, my final source of protection, questioning my faith has become all too clear. Couldn't He have prevented the route I took in life?

There was nobody in sight, at least that's what I thought until the warning shot blared out from , then all hell broke loose. My life was in danger, I was under attack, and all I had was a single bullet to save me. I was being chased and fired at; I had to remind myself that I was in control, all I had to do was get close. The phantom had spotted me, and the watchers were there, they were all around me.

I know what you are trying to do, and it's not really working. You see, I control this game. Not you, not the ones watching, me. I was under surveillance in this unfair game by those in the control room. If you've got a problem with that, you can do it the easy way and kill me, send me to hell. I'll gladly go, because you're going there with me! If you prefer, you can do it the hard way, you can understand why you do not dictate my life.

He came closer, not muttering a word.

I stepped closer as a sign of communication with him. He lowered his gun halfway as a sign of momentary trust.

Many people underestimate the power of persuasion.

I sure as hell know no fucking idiot is going to convince me of some damn power that can't do a damn thing.

Oh no? Suppose I told you I had one more bullet in this gun, and you're a fool for getting so close.

So I pulled the trigger, the last bullet was fired, it was almost too easy.

Don't mess with me you fucking bastard.

I was headed for my final checkpoint, as I turned my head every direction I peered looked the same, flat and desolate. A graveyard. It must have been past midnight now, the only way to tell though was by the tilt of the shadows. This game seemed like a death trap, no one could leave, no one could stay.

My gun had no more bullets, all I wanted to ask for was for redemption from these bloody mutilations. All I had was a knife and my backpack, the last joint I smoked was in the car. Boy, I would kill for one right now. I never knew this game would be so nerve racking. Regardless of whether I won or lost, it's how you play the game, right?

I had had a hard time sleeping since the start of the game, some think the lack of sleep will last for days, but I think it was much worse, every time I shut my eyes, I see things man was not made to see, I feel the pain they inflict on me. Then, I swore to myself, those sorry souls would pay, even if it meant my life. there was nothing else of purpose or importance that they could take from me.

Congratulations, you have reached the final miles of the game. Let us remind you we have your daughter. he is in a concealed location, safe, for now.

This was nothing I wasn't expecting.

if you lose, then she dies. If you win, then we will reevaluate exactly what to do with her.

There was only one thing to do, I had to get my daughter back safely.

I know you were expecting us to feel sorry for you. We do not,. In fact, we despise the fact of your existence.

This was not what I wanted to hear, and I had always gotten angry when I heard what I did not want to hear.

Give up now, and we will spare your daughter.

But I cannot, I must not, even if our lives were at stake, I had to finish the job. Maybe you live, maybe you die, it didn't matter anymore. I owed it to my daughter, for all the days I wasn't there, it was no longer a night for what I wanted, it was a night to provide for my daughter's safety.

Putting the things from my life in the past was something of a new talent, but it should have been something I'd done from the very first day I became a father. I had to pay for my mistakes, and if the result was a beautiful child, then it wasn't going to be a mistake at all.

I should have realized long ago: in my childhood, I had a sister. My daughter, she reminds me very much of her; like my sister, her friendly demeanor won the hearts of many. Their smile lit up their faces even on a dark day. Even on a day as dark as the one I faced, I no longer was the weak boy, incapable of standing up for myself, but I am a man, a man of unthinkable power.

We never hung out much. Maybe that was why I turned into such a hard ass. I do know that my sister cared about those she loved. Growing up, after a hard day of being continuously prejudged by my peers, she brought me comfort. After all this time I finally realized I am not alone after all, she will be there for me. She's always been there for me.

She was there for me in the second grade when there were a group of bullies, older kids that would always pick on me, demand stuff from me. One day, she was fed up with seeing her brother suffer, and that's when I saw a side of her I never had seen. She actually stood up for me, I think I even remember seeing one of the bullies cry.

Looks like mommy packed you a sandwich. There better be something in the bag for me. No, then looks like it's for me then. Let's see what else your mommy made me.

No, stop it you guys, leave me alone.

You wouldn't want us to get mad, would you?

Get your own lunch, it's mine.

Oh yeah? What you going to do about it?

I will tell you what he is going to do, he is going to get his sister to knock some sense into you. Your parents do not even care enough to pack you a lunch.

I owe it to my sister for making me a tougher man, without her generosity to verbally fight bullies, perhaps I never would have mastered my ability to persuade to win this game. I wish I could say that I've always admired her, but that would be a lie, even if I had anymore soul to blacken with sin.

I remember her face, and every time I see it, I see my daughter. Her pale complexion invades my memory, almost as white as if she had seen a ghost, but those rose red lips cannot be missed, as they stand out beyond complexion. Though she can win a dead man's heart by her beauty, the charm so often mistaken as a fierce beast, looks will deceive the human eye once altered.

Returning to the channel between the two towers. the final checkpoint is near, the gun is useless, I tossed it aside, so I grabbed my backpack and continued on. By then, my hands were numb, the cold night air was to blame. If I never gave the love my daughter deserved, I swore to myself on that day,

Today it all changes.

The seventh warning shot was fired, but what they didn't seem to have factored into the equation was the fact that I was ready; whether the answer to this sick puzzle was life or death, one thing was sure, this time I was ready for these mother fuckers.

I immediately fell to one knee, slipping my backpack off of my shoulders; I was moments away from unzipping it to reveal its contents. What the freaks were about to see would surely change their goddamn minds about who was in control here.

The contents of the backpack that revealed themselves for the first time consisted of tons of lethal fire arms. many handguns and plenty of rounds of ammunition. Who said I always had to play by the rules? I could make out the silhouette of the phantom player, night wasn't dark enough to cover his tracks. He fired at me and I surprised him by firing back. I was not about to stop, they had what I wanted, I guess they wanted what I had too.

I made sure to use the shells of ammunition correctly and accurately, not wasting any bit of time. If the purpose was to destroy, I was going to mutilate that goddamn bastard. The empty streets sent chills down my spine, at least I still had that, one pleasure. As I looked out in the distance, I could see a crowd of people amazed that I was still standing. They were not there though to see if I would prevail, they were there to watch me be crucified with a stake through the heart, and punished for my defeat.

I will show them.

I kept telling myself that, as I reloaded, reaching for my next clip. As the empty cartridges fell, and I swallowed the specks of dust between my lips, the blood spouts through his skin. I turned my head away from him. I wasn't satisfied, he had killed those who competed before me, and I was going to kill him. So I did what any natural born killer would do, I took my knife in my hands, and I ran to him, piercing a hole in his heart.

It was time to reload my new gun and discard the old one, and that time I had to grab a new one. My focus shifted to the watchers, every shot I fired was aimed to destroy video cameras and speakers, I could not hide my anger anymore. After I thought I destroyed all of them, severed any means of communication, I couldn't help from yelling,

Show yourselves cowards!

It wasn't until then that they started dropping like flies from the sky, followed by others, and all of them armed. The spectators were going to get their show, but I was ready to take them on, they had my daughter, my flesh and blood.

I had to get her back, even though the game was over and I had won, with neither of us playing fairly.

They still have her to this day, even though they decided to let me go, and that is why I decided to see you Doctor P, am I going crazy?

Fascinating. Being that I'm the head doctor of psychopathology, your tale is a unique one, it cannot be deciphered immediately, but I will analyze this case in grave detail, and I will have an answer within a week.

That is when it dawned on me, the moment he picked up the crying phone. It was as if he immediately lost his patience, he blew his cover, the intimidated parent could no longer keep his cool when yelling into the plastic child's ears.

What is it?! Can't you see I'm busy!

She got away sir.

What are you telling me for, find her!

He sounded different, almost like a different personality, it was as if this guy was living two lives. One second, I was telling him my deepest and darkest secrets, and the next, he sounded like a whole new person, giving orders, almost like a boss. His voice no longer seemed friendly and inviting, but this man was angry, causing my blood to boil. He sounded like a mob boss giving orders. The doctor telephone call kept playing in my head.

She got away, sir.

Is this Doctor P the mad doctor who is terrorizing South Hauntington Beach that they call Doctor Psycho? Does this bastard have my daughter?

When you find her, I want you train her in the ninja assassin way. Make sure that no light of day cast a shadow on her parents' existence.

There is no way I would return to this man, he would be held responsible for brainwashing my child. I am not crazy, these assholes deserved every last bullet from my barrel, and all the things stolen from me, fuck it, it's just not my day.

I thought The Jeckle had it under control, after all, The Phantom Mafia are his to deal with! If his daughter can outsmart them, it's him who makes the mistakes, not me!

The game of life, I reconciled, was now a game of war. It's only a matter of time when the masked hero named Fearsome Flyer enters the scene. As black as night, the dark ninja warrior is the only thing that comes close to match the deranged doctor's talent.

He possesses one tool, the only tool that even seems to challenge this flyer, a rotating blade of death attached to a metal vertebrae like whip. It's the only device that seems to penetrate through Fearsome Flyer's electromagnetic force field. It pays for him to be such an excellent swordsman, with an aggressor like Doctor Psycho, he must use his skill, and maximize his efforts.

This force field is what pulls our fighter through the night, the law of attraction is a powerful thing, with this law anything is possible. This is what makes the weak seam stronger. A disability is meaningless, we can begin to focus on the ability. This disabled hero has been through hell and back, it is time to enjoy the ride. Just think, he has no special powers, only abilities, it is with these abilities that comes power.

Doctor Psycho learned of Fearsome Flyer's electromagnetic force field during the hasty trade for his technology, sort of, his deal with the devil, nobody else understands, bullets have no effect on him. It would take a man with multiple personalities, to get to a man of human deception, and the only way to find out the truth of things, is to face each other's counterpart.

Look at things like this, for everything of reason, there is a hero and there is villain , by not having the complete formula, the result would be an

incomplete equation. Without Fearsome Flyer, there would be no Doctor Psycho, one complements the other.

Because of the force field, Doctor Psycho knew he had to level the playing field, so he got fast to work on creating electromagnetic suction disks, they allow the deranged doctor to attract to the beams in buildings, and climb them with little effort. Long before the trade, Doctor Psycho could not quite get his figures wrapped around how to harness electromagnetic activity, but with The Flyer's hasty help, the dotted lines became solid.

These bosses make me sick, they are the reasons I have had to go through this shit, these two fools are a joke, yet they lead a highly sophisticated hidden trail of organized crime across the region. From one factory to another, we are not safe anymore, the streets that were once safe for our children to roam safely, is now wounded by a poisoned earth covered in dark shadows of blood.

Underneath this hidden fortress of solitude is a fascinating presence of feminism, the number one most trusted ninja assassin, Praying Mantis, stands by the side of Doctor Psycho through thick and thin. I would never upset her, or she may use her sharp claws to cut your balls off. She is responsible for breaking Marshal's best friend's back. Robert Nolen is a changed person because of this, he too has learned to channel his anger and aggression to improve his abilities.

I hope I can save my daughter before they turn her into a blood thirsty murderer like Hoodlum, who was taken as a child and trained. Something happened, I'm not quite sure, but now her allegiance to Doctor Psycho has severed. She chooses to stay in South Hauntington Beach to use Doctor Psycho like he used her, like a simple piece of trash.

My eyes could have never landed on a more beautiful person, Electric Blaze, so dangerous, beauty is only skin deep. A skin deep completion can be devious, which is what makes her a useful assassin. Some things are meant to be left unexplained, her hospitalization left her chart labeled as spontaneous combustion. The odd thing is she is still seen causing terror.

This leaves us with Beauty Stalker , an assassin prostitute, she was invest at an early age by her father, into organized crime to pay her tuition for her education. who she met in her childhood was the reason she decided to take the path that she did. She is now hell bent on taking from people like they take from her.

It is sad that we live in such a corrupt world, maybe this is why Fearsome Flyer is around, to put an order in this chaos. Some say it is too late, I think this has just begun, this war of the future, your future, your children's future, cannot be won without you in it. The wonderful thing is there are no fatalities to cure this disease. the one's we trust the most are the one's against us. Only you are the one to decide who to believe.

Fearsome Flyer has an agreement, on his terms, for assistance, if needed. A science laboratory, formerly run by Dick Johnson, but most said he was killed by smack magic in the raid to steal top secret plans for a military project simply labeled M.G.N.Z.N. I will get back to Dick a little later.

There you have it, the plans for destruction are all laid out, with envy there is rage, without rage there is no inferno. This blood bath I bathe in is too deep, it is The Flyer's job to drain these fears, and make the path more shallow, for his only goal is to earn our trust.

This world is a fucked up mess, never knowing the difference between false hope and reality, I find myself, time and time again asking myself how i got caught up in this, but that really does not matter. The only thing that matters at this point, is that Doctor Psycho's army is immense, and if we do not throw our support behind somebody, there is no way of telling just how much damage Doctor Psycho's evil clan is capable of.

His bravery is something we can appraise, he will keep our city safe, he will make sure no ounce of terrorism will dealt with, no matter how difficult, justice will be served. Now, is time to set aside our differences, our hearts need to embrace the common goal, accepting Fearsome Flyer's mission is the first step, it takes a man with no super powers to end a terrorists goal, a true super human.

I lay awake night after night, hoping to ease the pain, but nothing can sooth the pain of a torn up soul. As hard as I try, the tear becomes larger as time goes by, with Psycho's deception, terror becomes his useful tool.

Have no fear though, this the ending that begins again, pain is only a feeling we choose to feel, but without our nerves it becomes an unnecessary distraction. This is the perspective of a ninja, to channel out the pain, this is what Doctor Psycho's followers are taught.

He captured an innocent girl, Doctor Psycho is mad, her name was Jennifer, but by the time he was done with her, she had no name, so this bitch was given the name Hoodlum, to consider her training as a ninja assassin. His vision of her is the hope that one day, she will rule by his side what is left of South Hauntington Beach, and he gives her a metal crown with wires to sew into her hood, now all hell breaks loose when she learns of her new ability.

The wires release just enough electrical activity into the metal crown that the electromagnetic charge gives kinetic patterns to her brain signals. with this simple alteration, she now has the capability of mind control. She can move metal objects by mere thought.

This all happened because of a trade, a sort of deal with the devil, when Fearsome Flyer first began fighting for others, he made a hasty decision with Doctor Psycho, he traded his knowledge of electromagnetic activity, the tool he uses through his charged sword which mimics flying, a device to doctor had not yet understood, for the ninja warrior armor he wears. He had no idea Doctor Psycho would use his own knowledge against him. Now, he gives his most reliable ninja assassins altered copies of the electromagnetic method.

Hoodlum's vision on her life revolved around one thing, the murder of her parents.

You have your mother's eyes.

You don't know my mother.

Nobody told you, Doctor Psycho ordered us to kill your parents.

Now, this fucking girl thrives on vengeance, even if it means destroying my city. Part of the deal was for Fearsome Flyer to help train, but the great reveal severed their friendship. It seems that Doctor Psycho really screwed her up good, and now, the only way to stop this war focused goddess is to fight fire with fire. Fearsome Flyer must reopen her wounds.

She only works with the mad man because she wants something only he can provide, an opportunity, the kind of opportunity your family cannot give you, the kind of opportunity that school cannot teach, it is with this opportunity that makes her want to destroy things, and to make the world suffer for her loss.

Her parents suffered a cruel and unusual punishment, a punishment premeditated by Doctor Psycho, he had a group of ninja assassins ransack her house, her mom and dad fell hopeless to their dominance. The raid all happened so quickly and methodically, the assassins forced their entry, forced unconsciousness, and nailed them into wooden coffins. The ninjas dumped the bodies over a cliff, and into the ocean. after driving up the hill, and away from the house, with the bodies in the trunk of a black Sports Utility Vehicle.

This, somehow, transformed her, she no longer is the young innocent girl she once was, she is ready to inflict the pain to anyone who inflicts pain on her. She spared Doctor Psycho, who would have been better off in hell, to watch him suffer, the same way he ordered her parents to suffer. She works with Doctor Psycho, not for the asshole , for she is independent, and as much as I hate her, I have to respect her for that.

A night in front of the symphony can go sour, if we could find out what was going on outside, not to far away, there she was, ready to use the electrical boots that sent a strike slip motion when she would stomp forcefully with her foot.

She too stands for what she believes in, any medical doctor trying to save a few dollars by pulling the plug on someone who is on life support should be punished, and she pays he intensions with the ultimate price, their death.

She is out of control, and must be stopped, if nobody stands up to her, all hell will break loose.

Making a sunny day at the park go sunny to pitch black, she makes the winds pick up, and the tree branches sway back and forth, defying gravity, her kinetic hood gives off electricity. This is what I remember of her, just moments before he ability to control metal objects brought down the park bridge.

This brings us to Praying Mantis, this god damn saint is a sinner, the way his flames glimmer in her eyes, she is a true test of time to our hero. She earned her code name of Mantis, a devoted leader, a servant to Doctor Psycho's assassin squad, the girl had a twisted understanding of her own faith, so twisted that she ended up the killer that she is.

Now, a woman, she looks back on her past and would not change a thing. When she was young, she got involved with the wrong crowd, this made her teachings of religion meaningless, which gave her the independence she needed to figure out her life.

She is not sorry for what she did all those years ago, she paralyzed a kid, who would not at least show one bit of remorse for eternally limiting one's mobility, it is who the paralyzed boy became, now that is a different story to get into later.

She has committed so many crimes today, and her past follows her to this day, giving her the title, Praying Mantis, acts of terrorism like blowing up a train to hijacking a ship, that is just a couple, examples, she is definitely a tool of Psycho's vengeance that needs to be stopped.

Begin Phase 3...

Now on board the airlines bound for North Hauntington Beach, two assassins in storage with the bomb, two sitting by the aisle next to the wings, and then me and the others by the cockpit.

We thought it was all over, but it has only begun, the world is no longer safe, there are people who see life as meaningless, maybe that's a sign we have to do something with our lives, besides blowing it up.

Begin Phase 4...

Take control of the flight.

It is a repeated memory of the past, one etched in stone, one that cannot be erased. I live this nightmare over and over, trying to get on with my life, but this memory has etched itself into my soul, this is a memory that i will take to the grave.

This is all her fault, she must pay, I know Fearsome Flyer can put an end to this terrorism, if not, leave it up to The Inferno. A compact of trust was made between the two friends, Robert and Marshal. The compact extended to Cynthia Clark, Robert's hospital roommate. This is something Melissa Conwell, also known as Praying Mantis, can never sever.

Her childhood decisions are what fucked everything up for her, she chose to hang with the wrong crowd, which corrupt the mind of a private school gild, and encouraged her to begin the transformation that she had to undergo. These childhood friends are still her worst nightmare, and Marshal felt he could trust Robert's hospital roommate, just enough, that he knew he had to let her in.

Though she is the most dedicated assassin to Doctor Psycho, she knew she was not bulletproof, but she would proud give her life for him, but if he needed something done, she would do it. Remember that symphony mayhem? Doctor Psycho needed Hoodlum to act as a diversion when Praying Mantis used a stolen three dimensional plotting camera to prepare for a brake in at The Sonar Testing Facility.

Doctor Psycho's right hand man, The Jeckle, has sworn to protect her, he has been there for her by providing the getaway car, this girl may be tough, but she is not built for everything. Upon one of the getaways, she is dropped off minutes before Hoodlum's destruction of the park bridge, the human sized insect fastens her metal claws, and these and her electromagnetic boots allow her to climb its pillar with ease.

She blew her chance to turn her back on crime, start anew, she got a free pass to get out of this hell hole, but she turned it down after receiving written instructions that there was no way out. She was instructed to change out of the crap she was told to dress, and to get clothed as a

assassin, and when the train reached its destination, blow it up. She obeyed the directions, and returned to a life of crime.

I thought I could never lay eyes on a woman more beautiful, that was until I found out her beauty is poison, with Electric Blaze in the picture, I have found her venom to be quite deadly. She was injured in assassin training, a training that seemed to go horribly wrong, nobody could just take her to the hospital, not for what they do. These people were killers, and they were wanted at every level.

From a hospitalization gone wrong, to being misdiagnosed, and mistreated, or was that that the affects of those damn drugs they inject into that IV? One can only trust the people we know and love. Nobody dare think outside of the box, because one day you will get what's waiting for you.

What do is the address for this place?

3555 D street.

There's nothing there, just a bunch of abandoned warehouses.

One day in the hospital, her body gave in, her forehead gave off a boiling sweat, pieces of her flesh tore apart as they were contracting to adapt to the change, her vitals fluctuated so rapidly that it is hard to decipher if you were in a hospital, or playing the slot machines in Vegas. The next thing you know, she is being written off as spontaneous combustion, sort of the I don't want to deal with this scheme.

She's still out there, maybe not exactly the same, still beautiful, but her breath reeks of death. She lights up, and leaves a trail of fire now, and her devotion to carry out Doctor Psycho's evil plan for domination, gives her access to the misused electromagnetic technology.

Who is this beautiful and powerful ninja assassin I lay my eyes upon?

It is your only surviving ninja assassin from the D Street training camp.

Of course, this make sense, but I thought we lost you.

Many think so, but I began a new life.

Come, I have something to show you, it will give a name for your new identity. From now on, you'll be known as Electric Blaze.

So there you have it, she is a killer, like all the rest, so do not get distracted by her beauty, after all, beauty is only skin deep. This girl is a fucking psychopath, and not worth the time and money to invest in.

She has killed hundreds of innocent people, she used her electronic capability to make an interior mall go back, it was her doing that cut the power lines, and they were left to dangle to electrocute any meandering soul in the mall parking lot. It was what happened to the mall that keeps people talking, she was accompanied by some of Doctor Psycho's ninja assassin squad, these specially trained men and women were fastening explosives within the walls, anxiously waiting the mall goes death sentence.

She hovers from above, and has the ability to formulate fireballs, these fireballs can vary in mass, perplexing her enemy, and keeping them off guard, and giving her the advantage, keeping her one step ahead of the game. The electrical voltage she gives off is an addition to her defense system, making her seem highly untouchable, but there is no reason to be fooled, you can put an end to anything, as long as you set your mind to it.

Luring the enemy to the trap is what she is best known for, Electric Blaze must be stopped, or everything will fall in place, and Doctor Psycho will get what he wants, world domination. She got one of our heroes to follow her to the shipyard, nobody would have known, but it was a trap, some assassins were waiting for them and so was our warlord.

Nobody can seem to stop her, Fearsome Flyer has fought her, but the battle seems to lack an end, the competition seems too immense between the two, but one thing is certain, in every epic battle there is a protagonist and an antagonist, it is one's own decision of who wins the epic battle. I am thankful there are others, more who stand for what they believe in, more

who put themselves in harm's way, and those willing to sacrifice their lives for the future of existence.

Doctor Psycho's reign is even expanding, to North Hauntington Beach, it can be seen through the shadows of organized crime; he has brought from overseas Suzimo Yokosaki, a night born beauty, which is why, in the land of the less free, she is known as Beauty Stalker, coordinator of illegal street prostitution.

Just like any type of prostitution, it is not free, and it has one severely heinous twist, somebody is not coming out alive. she went through so much as a kid, more than we can even fathom, losing her real father, having a pimp as a father, losing the only person she could relate to, being touched time a time again, inappropriately, and against her will, she was trained to put an end to all that.

Pick up a weapon child, this is a tool of self defense.

Where is my friend, Akawa, sensei?

I have been made aware she lost her battle with Cystic Fibrosis.

Everything she feeds on is pain, and her pain seeks vengeance, yet all she is given is the empty grasp of a psycho. Nobody to truly love is simply an empty world, and it must be even worse when no one love you back. The world Suzimo lives in, was not the world she chose, but she was forced to take this path.

Her childhood was taken away, destroyed in the mutilated women forced to turn to prostitution. Her life is meaningless, now she strives to make a name for herself.

My name is Suzimo, what's yours?

My name's Akawa.

Why are we here?

I don't know, but it not that fun here.

Some lady's here are real nice.

I guess we take what we can get in certain circumstances. What the hell's wrong with this world?

That was her childhood, a lot has happened from then and now, she uses her beauty to her advantage, this is why so deadly, she will weave around her clients neck, and then tighten the grip, like a snake, she will suffocate them to death. These methods were taught in an optional prostitution self defense class, the loss of her childhood friend only increased the amount of pain she desired to inflict on others.

This was only the beginning though, all off illegal money laundering goes to fund Doctor P sycho's ultimate plan, she gets her weapons through him, and everything else she needs, which is where The Flyer fits in. He will not rest until anything having to do with the mad man, is eliminated from the equation.

It has become more difficult to fight against an expanding fortitude, Psycho's mad plan seems to be covered at all fronts, he must not let her beauty deceive him, for the bravery of Fearsome Flyer is so tremendously depended on. The bullets from her gun seemed not to have an effect, The Beauty, as impatient as she is, was more worried about her escape, then the illumination of her favored foe.

Some enemies need no introduction, some heroes need no protocol, since the dawn of existence the two sides have interlocked, they have been forced to deal with each other since the beginning of time. Beauty Stalker is but one product Fearsome Flyer is forced to face of the ever assembling army of Doctor Psycho, he continuously works to dismantle the system.

This brings us to Dick Johnson, the head scientist at SCICORP, a top secret government leader in cutting edge technology, but there are rumors that this company is corrupt. Being hijacked simultaneously from the inside, and a technological system feeding on profit, SCICORP has no interest on where the technical expertise is going, the paycheck is all that matters.

Dick was murdered, or so they think, it was the effects of The Jeckle's smack magic, a deadly mixture of cocaine and heroin, some say he became severely malformed after being injected with a stabilizing product, that's why tranquilizers do not seem to have a lasting effect on the beast.

Something definitely tweaked his thought process, maybe it was the drugs, but one thing is for sure, this guy seems to have forgotten he was once human. Having such an unrecognizable appearance from such a high dosage of smack magic must be difficult, perhaps this is why he attacks from the shadows.

We have him boss.

Good, i need you to make him trust us.

How do you suppose we do that?

You think I have an idea? I was not a fool enough to shoot him in the ass with that stuff in the first place! Make sure you watch him! We don't want him to get away!

He must be cannibal now, he loves the smell of the blood coming from gun shots.

Gain his trust by awarding him with meat.

His son took over, as CEO of SCICORP, and on his first day he got a bit of a surprise when he got a call that would change the focus of the company. Fearsome Flyer called, and made a demand, he would call them if he needed any technological assistance, they would never call him.

Because of the attacks from the shadows, this beast became known as The Chameleon, and Dick's son was in for the ride of his life, he had no idea he would be assembling The Inferno.

The Flyer, he is the leader of this needed team, some say he is the intelligence behind the operation, I like to think of him as the one who calls all the shots. He and The Chameleon have fought before, the deranged beast overpowers him in strength, but with the strength he lacks, he must use to outwit his enemy.

Magnezien, with respect, we must cover him first, as best friend to Marshal, and worthy team mate to Fearsome Flyer, nobody would ever guess that they are both disabled. Both he and the Chameleon have their differences, but they also have their similarities, one fights for freedom, and the other fights to be free.

The third and final member of The Inferno is Cyclone, from an average hospital roommate, to becoming a trustworthy friend, Cynthia completes the lasting sensation. She can easily outlast The Chameleon, becoming limited at a later age was difficult, because she knew what she once had, but she quickly adjusted her confidence level once she learned Marshal was Fearsome Flyer.

This teaches that we humans make too many hasty decisions, the human being is so pre-judgmental, if they look different you probably should find out the whole story, or we will never know what we are missing out on. We never know if reality is just a dream, my arms are extended as I reach out for yours, it is your decision on whether to trust me or not, it is your decision as to if you accept my offer.

Now that the company, SCICORP, has been covered, maybe i can explain who The Inferno are, SCICORP was chosen to design one of the most sophisticated military battle armors. The suit is an exo-skeleton of sorts, the completed prototype increases human strength by 300 percent, the mechanical arms can crush a man's skull so easily, as if it were an ant. It's missile launching system has pin point accuracy, one can be miles away, but whoever wears the armor will find you.

With that said, the prototype, along with the blue-prints, were stolen. It happened in a raid at the SCICORP facilities, the same raid where Dick Johnson fell into the hands of our war lord, Doctor Psycho.

This technology was re-stolen by the one who flies by night, this was the first step to earning respect from SCICORP, which would be necessary to complete the team known as the Inferno.

Thanks Marshal, for helping us get through our therapy day.

I don't know how you did it.

It was nothing guys, just being there for my friends.

Really, how do you do it?

I have had to manage my time, I have a whole life you are not aware of.

He knew he had to let them in, he had to let them know, he knew Robert would be an excellent candidate for the top secret body armor known as nothing other than MG-NZN. This explains the addition Fearsome Flyer needed, Magnezien, faintly echoing we are not alone in this fight for justice.

It is time to intensify the flame, have one addition to the team can make things stronger, with this move the flame can ignite. It is what feeds the flame that can truly make the inferno. Fire brings fear, it can also bring power, but in the end, it can be seen as a tool of justice.

If I could offer one piece of advice, it would be directly meant for Doctor Psycho, don't bite the hand that feeds you, that goes for the deal for the stolen technology, trust me, I know from experience.

Robert was fortunate enough to have a good roommate in his hospital stay, one he could relate to, Cynthia Clark, a girl who lost her arms and legs, one can only fathom how it happened. There's something that changed her inside the day she saw her parents killed, right in front of her, she was forced to watch, being tied, each extremity, to the bed posts of the hotel bed, be the phantom mafia.

Before their lifeless bodies were dumped off the balcony, and into the pool, the phantom mafia lit the gasoline they poured throughout the room. Firemen managed to get to her in time, sparing her life, but her arms and legs were so badly bunt and disfigured that the doctors' only choice was to amputate.

How did you end up like this?

Let's just say, I was in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Remember the stolen blue-print we discussed, it was re-stolen as well, and it too was put together, with a few minor alterations, by SCICORP labs, on Fearsome Flyer's terms.

Instead of a built in missile launcher, this would be replaced by a cyanide blaster, this blaster would be used in self defense. The spark of the gun shot was just enough to raise the temperature slightly above room temperature, which makes the cyanide bullets' penetration lethal, the fatally wounded are baked from the inside out.

The arms and legs are modified to unique prosthetics, and consider what I said about feeding the flame, which will make the inferno last. Wind is the flames best friend, without it the fire cannot spread, her prosthetics are meant to spread that fire.

With these alterations she can fly, these adjustments allow her to carry out underwater surprise attacks, these jet engine arms can be positioned underwater to create a hurricane. This is why she is now known as Cyclone, her lower prosthetics are designed for speed, Cynthia's life had changed, but her new life is for the better.

The three together are unstoppable, they can do the unthinkable, having a disability would be a thing of the past. One would recognize them like they would recognize anyone else, and I stress the importance to look beyond the limitations, often by ignoring what stands before us we are left limitless.

The Inferno are the protectors of evil, Fearsome Flyer can no longer face this alone, he needs Magnezien's strength and accuracy to fight off Doctor Psycho's assassins, he needs Cyclone's speed to have an advantage on The Jeckle's phantom mafia. The Flyer's electromagnetic sword lights up the night, being attacked by that mad man, it will come in a challenge, because he no longer has the offensive, those sharp blades mean nothing to him.

Stay close, we're in this together.

Magnezien steps forward only to hear the words of a dedicated leader.

Wait, not until my move.

Cyclone seemed very patient and obedient, which makes a good team. Nothing seemed to get in their way, if danger was near Fearsome Flyer seemed to sense it, if he was needed it was the same thing, some kind of sixth sense or something.

When should we proceed?

When I am sure the assassins are gone.

Magnezien scanned the area with his infra-red vision.

The course is clear, no detection of intruders.

Proceed with caution.

Fearsome Flyer could sense something was wrong, maybe they were not truly alone, or perhaps the infra-red did not pick everything up. Whatever it was, they were safe, they seemed to cover all angles.

From high above the tallest night shadows, cast downward from the tallest high rises Fearsome Flyer sensed he was needed.

Stay behind, guard these streets, you don't know what danger the city faces.

The truth is neither do I, nobody does, fate lies in the hands of terrorism, and in every god damn bastard who practices this god damn ritual.

Then it happened, after a few steps away from his team, Fearsome Flyer leaped off the edge of the building, fearless, his body had become numb to danger. The electrical sparks of his illuminating swords are pointed outward, from each arm. The attraction from the charge extends to the steel framework of each building, whether being adjacent or opposite of The Flyer.

He was flying lower and lower, Downtown, South Hauntington Beach got closer and closer, and filled with lights. The city never seemed to mind the chaos, perhaps it was the fact it was almost completely ran by organized crime, but one thing's for sure, they will punish it, all of it.

He seemed to be flying in my direction, his kinetic energy diminishes, as I find myself staring at the man who would decide my daughter's fate. i was speechless, he had chosen me, there was now a chance that I would get my daughter back.

You know why I came?

My daughter, she needs your help more than me, that jackass, Doctor Psycho has her.

Do you have a recent photo of her?

I reached into my back pocket for my wallet to show him a photograph of her, for not much longer than five seconds he looked at it, and in moments he was off. he pointed his weapon at a nearby building, and was gone. i do not believe he got my name, so how is he going to track me down when he finds her? Nothing is certain in my world, I take everything like a grain of salt, you never know when it's all a lie.

He was off, the one who flies by night, into the darkness of doubt, despair, and what did he have to prove? To me, he was a hero, disabled or not, it did not matter, having somebody willing to save my daughter was a true blessing.

Fearsome Flyer grabbed the swords from the sheath on his back, turned the electromagnetic force field on, and the wires wrapped around the grip of each sword sent flashes flickering, lighting up his pathway. He was on a mission, a mission he would not back down from, a mission to rescue my daughter, this man truly earned my respect.

Pointing from building to building, the magnetic activity was dynamic, the dancing voltage wrapped to the tips of the swords, strong enough to pull our hero to the steel beams of each skyscraper. His muscular arms hold tight to the sword, the exoskeleton hold him, giving him additional support can be easily overlooked, with a strengthened core he holds himself upright, and his crouched position in the night air seemed too graceful.

I will get this girl, a thing I swore to myself, her future depends on me.

Memories of her picture are etched in his mind, she seemed so innocent to him, but that is exactly what Doctor Psycho thrives upon.

i must not let her down, I must not let myself down, her innocence is mine
to protect.

This was a fight he was not ready to back out, in fact he never will, if he has to go out, he will go out a legend.

Never will I fall to the wrath of the mad doctor, or any of his counterparts,
the flame inside me will burn within.

Who was it going to be, Who would he have to face to get her, Doctor Psycho, The Jeckle, the ninja assassins, the phantom mafia, whoever that unlucky bastard would be, he was ready. Hopefully, now it is clear why I believe abilities are often overlooked, there are many unclear talents The Inferno has channeled into.

It is what he desires, to make these overseen abilities more clear, he has no powers, but his fascination with robotics gave him a new life.

As Magnezien detects a rapid growth in ninja assassin activity, he scans the area for criminal identification, only the location showed up, so he knew he must spring into action, and pummel within the walls of chaos. This was his only way of getting closer, sure this suit was designed to defy gravity, but having this mere skill would not level the playing field.

Sure enough, as he smashes through the structure, like playing cards carefully constructing a fort, he finds himself focusing on the eyes of terror he despised most, Praying Mantis, the goddess of the dark. Being her that injured his spine, he thought he would never have the ability to walk again, but what did he know, that every disability is blessed with new abilities.

You have no idea who I am Mantis. You and I, we go way back.

What do I care, I could care less who you are.

You have taken much from me, but you can never take my will. My strength is something that can easily put an end to you.

With that, the two foes prepared for battle, Magnezien grabs and rips a n exposed steel beam out from the wall, Praying Mantis fastens her metal gloves with claws chained to her waste, arming herself with her electro-blaster. The metallic monster swings his weapon, but the assassin of death dodges it by leaping from her perch: her electro-boots, a gift from Doctor Psycho, flicker with electric activity, and her feet fasten to the side of the building. Her claws dig into the side of the gigantic structure, as she tears a path along side its neck, only for it to be ripped apart in mayhem in hopes to punish this cruel killer.

Give up while you still can, I am coming for you.

Never will I rest, until the darkness of time sets in.

Surely something did set in, reality, and with reality comes consequences, this was a lasting fight, and surely it would be one of many. His missile launcher built in the suit's shoulder was raised, as it was actively aiming for the target, and when the infra-red device was engaged, and locked in. Her electro-blaster would intercept the missile's course.

Across the night sky, in the opposite direction, Cyclone leaps through the air, swiftly tumbling, then her jet engine prosthetics turned on. She was a woman on a mission, to make those who so badly damaged her childhood pay for what they did those years ago.

Now, she has become accustomed to having no arms and no legs, but the phantom mafia, under the control of The Jeckle, who serves under the mob boss, Doctor Psycho. The mafia is located just beyond Lake Kraken, which is supported by the sea of severed heads, a perfect location to launch a surprise attack from below the surface.

Her specially designed scuba gear also acts as aviation assistance for high levels of altitude, and the motors in the lower prosthetics propel her forward, by water or by air. It is when she bends her arms underwater that gives her that name, the rotating jet engine prosthetics spin the water like air, and a twister will appear in plain sight.

Holy shit boss, what the fuck is happening outside?

Get out there and see for yourselves.

It makes no sense, there's not a cloud in miles.

Just then, her body appeared from the eye of the storm, her shining metallic armor matched that of Magnezien's. her rotating cyanide blaster raised from her shoulder, this was the moment she had been waiting for, payback.

You remember me? You took a lot from me.

What do you want? I do not even recognize you.

Shut up, I will do the talking, you took my mom and dad from me on their anniversary, and you almost took my life, but you didn't. i was rescued, but you managed to take my limbs from me, now you're going to pay, I will make you pay.

Surely there is something we can do.

Oh no, are you going to bring my parents back? Can you magically put back my arms and legs? It's time to give you what you deserve.

He was serious, Fearsome Flyer was soaring through the sky, in search for my daughter. there was no way of telling who, or what would get in his way, it was a true test of time, there was no way of telling who stood behind the corner.

He held his sword, ready to swing at a moment's notice, wary of the hooded shadow that met his eyes. The dark storm of chaos would be pierced by the sword, that was what The Flyer had sworn to do, but Hoodlum was prepared for the fight, armed with the deadly stars of a true ninja.

We meet again, this time you will not leave without a scratch.

This is where you are wrong, I have other plans for us tonight.

Cut the crap Flyer, I have no time for your bullshit.

With that she started throwing her pointed weapons, Fearsome Flyer dodging the close shave, but none of them knew of the force field electromagnetic energy gave him.

I have to find her, this fight must be put to an end.

He batted some of the stars back in her direction, swinging the sword, as if it were an extension of his arm.

I have no time to deal with you, you are the last thing I need today.

So hesitant to play Flyer, why must this be?

I am looking for a girl I believe your boss nabbed.

We have nothing to do with each other, be off, I will deal with you some other time.

With that Fearsome Flyer soared past this bitch, the one that could cost my daughter her life, but he did not seem to be worried, almost like if he had something under his sleeve. His swords were drawn, electricity flashed around the swords as they met the night air, one was sure, he was not going to come back empty handed.

The feud goes on between the two foes, once classmate oppositions, now they seek vengeance at a different angle, neither being bulletproof or having ninja assassination skill could claim victory. It could be seen in his eyes that Magnezien had a thirst for punishment, he would never truly forgive Praying Mantis for what she did so many years ago.

She would shoot as she may, but nothing did any good, nether this nor her claws had any effect to slow him down. She was the devil's daughter, her private schooling went right out the window, maybe his garlic he sprinkles can kill the bat inside her.

The bullets they trade is purely an act of perseverance, may the better one win, is the lame truly weak, or will the coward walk away with their tail between their legs? The battle between good and evil is never truly won, but it can be compromised, may the better of the two always prevail.

You can take my legs from me. but you cannot take my courage.

We will see what I can take.

Your clever attitude disgusts me.

I can see why such a worthy fighter like me can harm your demeanor.

This statement truly upset the big guy, the metal body glared at this assassin, deep inside the armor his blood levels were high. He threw whatever he could find at her, be it a desk, a bookshelf, or even a safe.

Take it back.

Did I hurt you feelings?

Take it back!

Somebody has a temper, dare i say who.

So the battle between hero and zero was over for now, they would meet again, and in that meeting things would be decided; it truly is never over, it can only end upon agreement, if you never let anybody get to you, you can never get crushed.

Back where the seas meet the lakes, my belief in justice breaks, Cyclone was out for the kill. Vengeance for her parents was all that crossed her mind, the metal cased bullets filled with cyanide powder ejected from her rapid fire cyanide blaster.

The bullets not only injured the phantom's left and right, but the wounded were baked from the inside out, the elevated cyanide temperatures made the bullet deadly. The Jeckle escaped the deadly firing, that was something positive that came from it, luckily he had a bunch of stupid mafia members willing to give their lives for his protection.

Give me The Jeckle, and I will stop firing.

Why the fuck should I listen to you?

With that remark, she shot the bastard.

You want to live. Any other unlucky asshole decides not to cooperate, they end up like this.

The phantom mafia raced to get The Jeckle to the getaway vehicle. One of the phantoms turns to look at the fleeing man.

stop looking at me, get that crazy bitch.

The bullets continued to come flying, nobody was safe in any direction, that is why this city looks to her for protection, these drug dealers and murderers are no good for business. Anyone who has never met her would think she is out of control, but Cyclone fights for what is right, perhaps I am the bearer of bad news, but this shit is pretty messed up.

The phantom mafia is much larger than those she just killed, the extension of organized crime is immense, there is no truth in saying that it will ever be fully tame. She will begin to tame the beast, the blood from her deadly bullets seeps out, turning black as night, poisoned by all the sins her fatalities commit.

Her crimes are not meant to be punished, these are things that have to be done, her murders put an end to unnecessary violence. Without hope, it brings us vengeance, with hope, it brings us solitude.

Our daring electromagnetic ninja warrior summersaults through the night air, each sword held tightly, pointed outward, from his tightly wrapped body. The charge filled the skies bright with admiration, the memory of the complexion of my daughter filled his mind, if he would save her he would do it alone.

Just then, he saw a girl tied to a metal pipe high atop a skyscraper, was it her, was she alone, it was almost too easy. Nothing is too easy, in fact, this was a trap, Doctor Psycho had him right where he wanted.

Bravo! Bravo! Nice work Flyer! You found my hostage!

He moved forward to get her.

You actually thought I would just give her to you, no, you are going to have to work.

He pulled out his mechanical whip.

My friend here, he is a bit hungry, for the flesh of a freak!

With that comment all hell broke loose, the poor girl had to witness it all, she could hardly bare listening to the shrill sound of the swift rotating blade at the end of his strange whip. Fearsome Flyer backed out of the way from my daughter, and amazingly, even though his clothing was cut by a blade that penetrated through his force field, it did not cut the skin, nor did he shed any blood.

As soon as he could, he cut through the rope that was binding her wrists, when he continued the fight with Doctor Psycho she broke free.

When Fearsome Flyer returned, he knew she was ready to go, and he had once again defeated Doctor Psycho. He grabbed her tightly around the waist, and after harnessing her body in one arm, he used the other to direct his flight through South Hauntington Beach.

Thank you, you truly are a hero.

Others do not think that way, you just have to take it a day at a time.

As he moved on, the metallic mega-man known as Magnezien switched focus when he laid his eyes on the ferocious disfigured man in a trench coat, no longer the Dick Johnson we once knew, he had changed, had forgot his true family, Doctor Psycho and The Jeckle were his family now. He hid his hands with gloves, ever since he was injected by the smack magic, it fried his brain, his hands grew opaque, and the veins crawling with blood, could be seen, which was just enough to make your stomach turn.

The member of The Inferno scanned The Chameleon, and this cold blooded beast was ready to pounce on his prey. Our hero was quick to respond, he grabbed and yanked some rusted metal pipes from the wall, and threw them in his direction. Lucky for him, the pipes held some kind of electrical current.

The current embodied the mad monster, as the voltage struck The Chameleon, with an almost evil snarl you can tell he enjoyed this.

Never will I give into you, you son of a bitch.

Magnezien held his ground, swearing not to give in. His adversary was perplexed about what to do.

You no longer are the man I once knew.

Just then, the former head of SCICORP fought back, releasing a loud roar.

Then block this if you're man enough, or do you have the balls?

The two were engaged in battle, neither of them knowing when to quit, when the going gets tough, the tough gets going. His laser pointer searches for the target, but The Chameleon never stays too long in one place, for he is a worthy opponent to Magnezien.

The fight was far from over, the deranged beast had a thirst for blood, but nobody would even get near this exo skeletal mad science project. If they did, it would be complete chaos, and the only one to blame is themselves. This match up was something that would last, whether things manageable or hardly worth managing, the exoskeleton would prove it's purpose.

As I long for the battles of the night, one thing is certain, for every friend there is a foe, for every good there is a bad, and when fear lies in the eyes of the two evils, nothing matters anymore. There is a path we must choose, there is a destiny to conquer, and in the end good conquers evil.

She would not settle for less, she wanted The Jeckle, so things were going to have to get messy. Cyclone was furious, she had to have things go according to plan, her next thing to do was decide which member of the phantom mafia was dumb enough to get in harm's way.

She located her victim, he was as dumb as fuck to come into view, but the move's in motion, there was nothing I could do for this unfortunate bastard. AAs her cyanide powdered rounds sped in his direction, he knew he may as well kiss his little heart away, or at least whatever was left of that blackened, charred, useless organ.

As the others looked, she was already busy contemplating her next move, The Jeckle's protection could only last so long. Things would be done on her terms, if anyone had a problem, it would be gone by the end of the dispute.

Watch your back!

Take cover!

Oh shit, she is shooting at me!

There is blood, I have been hit!

There is no exaggeration, but this shit is really messed up, one day, you have a poor and innocent girl with no limbs, the next day, you have a ruthless killing machine. She flies over the fleeing phantoms, like a wolf attacking a herd of sheep, and The Jeckle's protection was slowly slipping away.

At last, you are mine.

She was right.

It is time to pay for what you had done to me.

She was ready, Cyclone was about to give him hell, the hell that he unleashed those many years ago, seed like yesterday to her. Maybe now he will think twice before having her parents killed, and maybe he will regret

taking her arms and legs. She had been given an ability, nothing like any other, and she would never trade it if she could.

On the other side of the city, the leader of The Inferno came eye to eye with his electrical enemy, her beauty deceived her true intentions, thank God Fearsome Flyer was immune to her poison. This time, he had more responsibility though, he had my daughter to protect, he must keep her safe.

Before the voltage from Electric Blaze was intercepted by his two sharp swords. The Flyer swore to her protection, he pushed her behind a concrete slab, which was poured to support part of a newly constructed building.

Stay back, do not move unless I tell you.

The fight was on, they engaged in combat, sparks of electricity were flying everywhere. The electromagnetic swords kept her maneuverability in check, with his strength and his focus the assassin would give into the warrior, the question was when.

Give up, Flyer, you do not stand a chance.

How would you know, Blaze, years ago you lost your own soul.

Take that back.

Does the truth hurt?

They exchanged more blows, and sparks went flying, it did not take long to have Fearsome Flyer realize this battle would be far from over, unless somebody retreated. Knowing he must not waste time, he took the first opportunity to retrieve my daughter.

Take my hand.

Before a flying bullet speeds by, before a split second passes, they escaped, just as quick as they arrived. His focus was off of her for a split second, only the worse can happen, gun shots came from nowhere, only now, it was clear who was waiting for them.

As I cross the desert, the sea of sands give me no hope, but the sun rises, it was the dawn of a new day.

Nobody could stand to look at his face, the drugs did so much damage, a fried brain beyond recognition, The Chameleon had no idea who he was. Imagine, a man who turned to cannibalism, this freak must be truly messed up. The one who attacks from the shadows, if I am afraid, let it be by night, and if he murders me, let it be quick and easy.

There was hope though, the Multi-Gravitational Nuclear Zero Gravity Norfolk 3000, also known as MG-NZN, what once was stolen was retrieved, and back in the right hands, with one minor adjustment, The Inferno has complete control of the project. Is it too early to believe I survived, or am I speaking from amongst the grave? His sharp teeth will decipher that when they sink within my neck.

You disgust me Chameleon.

The only thing Magnezien got back in response was a snarl.

Sorry guy, I am not going easy on you.

With that, he continued to fight the beast, his shrill cries and harsh growls were a chill felt in the spine. Never will I rest, not until I know the beast man is captured, and especially, because nobody is safe with this man loose.

This city depends on me, it is my responsibility to serve and protect, it is my duty to keep this thing off the street.

As he looks into the night air, the moon shines brightly in an eerie way, this team took up what nobody thought they were capable to accomplish. Every day, I am fooled by seeing what they cannot do, every night, it is a different story, one must see beyond the flaws that prove one more capable.

He must prove to himself that he was determined, the roars from The Chameleon gave him confidence, to him the howls meant agony, to me, it seemed like he was calling for assistance. He knew he must not give in, our brave hero must not give in, giving in shows weakness, not falling to pain determines one's strength.

Finally, Cyclone passed beyond the last phantom, of course she had to cover her back from an occasional stray bullet, but it was over, she almost completely returned the favor that they did for her so many years ago. This broad was insane, sometimes sanity is not always the best medicine, with a personality like hers things are often misinterpreted.

The Jeckle was behind the wheel, hoping to make a clean getaway, little did he know, she had some plans of her own. In mid-air, she makes a quick upward thrust, her right arm prosthetic reached outward to make her levitate over the moving car. Her rapid fire cyanide bullet shells were ready to make some damage.

I should have done this long ago, when you had my parents killed.

Then, all hell broke loose, the bullets poured out, leaving woodpecker marks on the sides of the vehicle. There was nowhere to turn, so with one hand, he was forced to steer the screeching car, zooming out of control, and firing a gun at her with the other.

I thought this bitch learned her lesson.

All I need is a clean shot.

This should teach you not to mess with me.

Leaning out of his car was a big mistake, when she fired he lost control, the braking car spun, whirling out of control, then it flipped a few time until the car had given up. There was no sign of The Jeckle, but things do not play by the rules in my town, with my luck, he will show up when he is least expected, the dead phantoms are nothing, they are easily replaced by the thousands The Jeckle recruited.

I never know what to expect, the strong never falls to those who deceive themselves, but be deceived, and they will see through your lies. Counting all of the mistake from the past, a false hope tumbles through my land of dreams, let her glimmer be the guiding light. For who they are, and what they have come to be, let us resuscitate the shadows of a second hand.

We come into this world with a clean soul, at the end, it is blackened with every temptation, we must not give in.

The comfort was given to me, knowing my daughter was with Fearsome Flyer, but that was what I would tell myself for reassurance, she really was not safe, and I have myself to blame for that. This rat that I have become, searching for the cheese of existence, never considering if it is truly safe, for there is always a trap around the corner that will kill you.

The trap was Beauty Stalker, a foreign poisonous gem, she was forced into the life she never wanted, now, she runs all illegal prostitution under the instruction of Doctor Psycho. The streets she runs are in North Hauntington Beach, Beauty Stalker is her name, murdering her clients is her game.

You going to try to escape me, you and that innocent girl you brought.

He is strong, he does not give into persuasion.

Are you sure you do not want to stick around, and fulfill your sexual desires?

Back off, I have no time for you.

come on, you know how much a girl needs it.

I told you, back off.

Wrong answer.

He pushed her out of the way after glancing at the beauty's hand, she was reaching for something, a metal pointed object, was it a knife or a ninja star? Whatever it was, it was sharp enough to do some damage, when she pulled it out, she revealed a dagger, she threw it and it edged his face.

The two engaged in a dual, the two ninjas fought, warrior or assassin, it did not matter. They fought for what they believe in, whether it was right or wrong, it was worth the fight.

He had a job to do, he had a promise to keep, within a second, he grabbed my daughter and was off. He could not look back at the world he once had, he had to move forward, he did not regret any decision he made, for he was Fearsome Flyer, and he would not change that if he could.

He protected her, my own flesh and blood, the only thing I still had, but one day, I knew it could happen, Doctor Psycho could have the best of me. There is more of a threat out there than I am willing to admit, one day that piece of trash will get the best of us all, if we give into the fight.

Even though they are making their way to safety, dangers are cast in the shadows of tough times, every electromagnetic pull diffuses the purpose, standing for what we believe. The rest of this tale has a twist to the soul, holding onto one's heart is the same as letting it go.

We have almost made it out of the face of danger.

Will I see my father again?

Nothing is certain in this cruel world.

If I get killed, tell him I love him.

Look at me, you are getting out of here.

The worried look on her face, he could almost tell this was too much for her, he knew the only way to get through the rest of this, was to pick up the burden for both of them. He navigated the twists and turns of the city streets, carrying my beloved beauty with ease, an arm around her waist.

His strength and endurance earn his respect, what he did was amazing, there were much more important things to do then fight for her safety. He went out of the way for me, and that deserves my respect, having a twisted man with a twisted mind after you brings some significance to the table.

Any man willing to fight for what he believes in is commendable, having a talent that goes to waist is a shame, a shame for you, a shame for me, and a shame foe everybody else in this mess. Not believing is not achieving, when there is no achieving, there is no purpose.

There it is, I see the tower.

That was where he was supposed to meet me, in the nearby building though, on the second floor. They had a garden up there, it was sort of a fortification of silence, a great place to meditate.

As The Flyer flew gracefully through the air, I knew she was safe, Doctor Psycho would never get the last laugh. He could relate to me, sure enough, he had lost something too, long ago, his will to live, so now he fights on, to the death.

He was close enough for me to see my daughter's long brown hair blow through the wind, near his chest. She was alive, my meaning to live would be in my arms again, as the lightning filled the sky, my rage would soon come to an end.

That is him, there is my father.

I swore to him I would bring you back.

Evil will always lurk in strange places, maybe things are lost, maybe they are meant that way, but always keep pushing. Never give in, giving up to a certain task we only think is not accomplishable, is inexcusable.

Never give up, this is something he lives by, it is something that cannot be explained. This is only understood when processed accurately, it is the decision on what to do with the data, we must make the choice if we are with him or not.

Fearsome Flyer does not fly alone anymore, there are others, there are many others. Magnezien and Cyclone stand by his side, but the only way to destroy all of the negative energy in this god damn world is to join The Inferno, stand for what you believe is right.

They made their decent, she looked like an angel coming down on me, carried by a futuristic god, the two made their way in unison. I could see my reflection in her eyes, the fell like tear drops down my cheek, she was back and a victory was declared.

Oh, father.

Come here my love.

Thank you Flyer.

Before we realized it, he was off again.

My daughter was back, finally, she was back in my arms, one could only fathom the loss felt when she was gone. No more injustice crawling down my spine, it was like a shooting pain that went right to my heart, but it is over, and finally I can rest.

Our masked hero desires no attention, he does what he does because he understands the meaning of life, a meaning that does not have a face, and is dark as night. His illumination is everything, and his state means nothing, having a disability is meaningless, and will not spare the reproduction.

Are you okay?

Yes, dad.

He flew off into the night sky.

Dad?

Yes, dear.

I love you.

I love you too.

The flawless acrobatics of this ninja warrior dazzle us all. He is truly a man who proudly fight for what he believes in, no matter the sacrifice he was willing to go through with it. Fighting for what is right, and fighting for what he believes in, makes the masked warrior stand out.

Fighting this way, gives such a tremendous boost of confidence, but giving in, will reveal the blind spot to the opponent. He makes sure not to lift his guard, not knowing when the fight will come, but it is certain, this shit will keep you off guard, and it will hit in every direction.

Having no say in what hits can be a bitch, but not being prepared for the storm can be patronizing, seize the moment in the opportunity; make sure the gun is loaded, be cautious when walking the path, because when danger hits, it hits hard.

I will return when i am needed.

The important thing is we are together again, no matter how far apart we are there will be nothing that can end my love for my daughter, the avenue that pain is inflicted upon, can certainly be set straight if The Inferno pour their heart and soul in the mission. They all meet , back on the tower, discussing where they are needed next, when we need to decide if we need them.

Tonight, the job is done.

There is no time to rest team, Doctor Psycho is still at large.

I would like to see him try to do something.

The three were off, of course Fearsome Flyer's electromagnetic light show lit the way, not too far off, Magnezien and Cyclone followed. Magnezien punched through walls in his way, grabbing and catapulting from building to building. Cyclone did have the capability to fly, so with ease, she jumped through the air, and turned her prosthetics built for flight on.

Where were they going? Nobody knew, but to be honest with you, nobody even cared, just the fact that they were out there, risking their lives for us, that is something remarkable. The three of them carried themselves like gods and goddesses of wisdom, they gracefully gallop through the night skies, continuing to accomplish what so many others have failed to do.

The Inferno, something more than a group, they depend on each other, their very existence is something greater than natural selection, to assemble this team, one that depended on a decision. For there is nobody like Fearsome Flyer, he has brought us confidence, something many of us lack. be like him, stand for what you believe in, be confident in your decisions.

Now that I have my daughter back, things can go to normalcy, or at least, to an extent. As long as those terrorist assassins are alive, there will be no normalcy, we are in this shit together, you better get used to our differences, because there is more where that came from.

The time is now, make the decision you want, what do you want to be remembered for? Do you want to give in to terrorists, and let them walk all over you, or do you want to do something about this?

Having her back was more difficult than I imagined, she was not the same person, maybe the realization that she was so close to being one of Doctor Psycho's brainwashed test subjects was setting in, my daughter was lucky enough to escape. Perhaps I have not grown to appreciate what Fearsome Flyer did for me, it did not seem like much at the time, but it was immense, I owe this brave hero my life.

Because of him, my daughter got a second chance, I have heard of no stranger who would perform this gesture, maybe that is why he holds a place highly in my life. Magnezien and Cyclone are also lucky to have this determined leader, in fact, this city should appraise it, he does not have to be doing what he does, but the fact that he does, that is damn right amazing.

He lives in the soul of the inner world, cast in the shadows of society, when opening one's ears all we hear are the thoughts of his inner voice, he risks his life for the lives of others, and does this all for the good of man. He deserves respect, this is the key to his vengeance, if there was no hatred, there would be no Fearsome Flyer.

As long as there is disrespect in this world: targeted at a certain race, culture, limitation, orientation, appearance, or any form of injustice, The Inferno stands to its protection. It is time to end this corrupt chaos, having this form of protection is truly a gift, these three brave heroes fight for what is right, it is time for their purpose to seek domination.

I can swim in a giant sea of golden opportunity, but I must be wary of the way over smooth waters, we never know what is watching underneath, getting ready to come in for the attack. The violence here feeds on anger, like a lion ready to pounce on its prey, the essence of blood pours out of the dead carcass, we must fight to defeat the aggression to attain confidence.

Heroism takes bravery and confidence, the two characteristics I lack, the only way I can pose such a admirable attribution, is by inviting The Inferno inside. Living by what their actions teach, is something that can make us all lions, we can be the leader of our pack, by taking pride in what we do we can confidently carry our head above our shoulders.

The opportunity we face is immense, but do not let the size of the opportunity frighten you, and take your breath, stand tall and live for the moment. The job is hard and long, but in the end it pays off, especially when you find yourself in a misleading situation, you must not hold your breath for too long, for the war is far from over.

there is nothing to fear except fear itself, actions speak louder and lead to certain consequences, but say the words until they repent their actions, those against your own free will die lonely in the flame of reason. Speak not what is on your mind, but let the words pour like an avalanche from your heart, say thing like you mean it, make every moment count.

Do not make the same mistake I did, cherish the ones that you love, it is a commitment and you must be willing to die for those loved, time can only predict the last day. The distance between the two who share this great gift will have it last to the last day, or it is not love, but pure infatuation, let these words have meaning to you, and learn from my mistakes.

As my eyes wander through the darkness, I see the true beauty inside of her, my daughter is my pride and joy, take her from me and you have take my life. My will to live becomes less envious, as time slips by every breath will seam harder, I have longed for her future, yet I am caught up in the past.

Often, I forget to appreciate the essence of life, because the phantom mafia have taken them from me, my family, every single family member, except for her, they will not get the best of me. The chance is here, the chance comes now, with the assistance of The Inferno, I can finally breath.

if I could offer one piece of advice, it would be to love your family, appreciate them for who they are, and as strange as it sounds, we are all

somehow related. We never know when their last day is, so live each day like it was the last, it is even harder to live with regrets, we cannot bring back the past and can only look towards the future.

Every last second of every hour is important, so live it wisely, or you never know what may piss off a soldier who is fighting for freedom, but his advisory continues to cage the free. The demon inside democracy, nobody can decipher the friction of evil, worshiped he is not, but every crash of every wave echoes his cry.

Always remember he has a team, and together they can bend, but not brake, The Inferno will burn until every last bit of evil falls. The flame will guide us in the darkest days, Psycho's reign will fall, and it will be cast as a triumph.

A flyer's limitations will guard the severed soul upon its path to redemption, ultimate strength and accuracy is a notable addition, treacherous wind ignites the reason, The crisis of communism falls to his beckon, be not afraid to light your own path, do not be misled by the misleading, let the existence of The Inferno guide your path.

I tell this to you in the hopes that you will not fully rely on our leaders to make wise decisions.