# **Opening black screen:**

Words are amazing.

So powerful.

They can move you strong as a hurricane or gently brush your face like a summer breeze.

They truly are amazing.

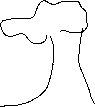
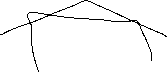
But some people don’t know how to uses them.

Some people abuse them to make others suffer.

Some use them to soothe their cries.

But one thing is sure.

You never know when you’re going to get hurt by them.



*//prolog in vision*

## **1**

*// unable to move – writing above character*

I was young when my dad left.

I remember her crying every night since.

Then she found a new man.

“A fat **pig**” he called her.

One day I found her hanging from the ceiling.

Skinned, ripped and hanged just like a pig.

*//can move again*

## **2**

*// unable to move – writing above character*

Like a kind I used to **climb** these rocks a lot.

Got many **bruises** and **scratches** from then.

But I didn’t mind.

As a kid life was better.

Less stressing and more **fun**.

I was **happy**.

*//can move again*

## **3**

*// unable to move – writing above character*

I like **looking** into the waters.

Always calms me down.

Sometimes it makes you think -

What if you **jumped** into it.

*//can move again*

## **4**

*// unable to move – writing above character*

*//can move again*