

Your hair is reduced to a tight buzz cut. Your work clothes mutate to camo-shorts and an Earth Crisis T-shirt.

You are no longer concerned with your own safety but are overcome with sadness at the cruel torture animals undergo beneath their human oppressors.

Your muscles bulge beneath your clothes. Because you've never drank or gotten high you have become addicted to working out.

You walk down the street while you sing Minor Threat songs to yourself under your breath. You soon come upon a restaurant that fills you with rage. The people that frequent this place are soldiers against you in the war of animal liberation.

You pick up a trashcan and hurl it through the windows, shattering the glass.

You climb through the hole and pull out your lighter. You may not smoke but you always have a light on you for this purpose. You set fire to the table inside. Let's see how these peddlers of death like a taste of their own medicine.

While you are wrapped up in this act of destruction the poor immigrant owner sneaks up behind you with a meat cleaver. He tearfully drives the blade into the back of your skull. He does not want to hurt you but you have given him no other choice. You have threatened his livelihood.

You were so concerned with the little animals that you never stopped to think about the other implications your actions may have. So now you are laying on the ground bleeding to death from a massive head wound.

Serves you right, you selfish bastard.

THE END