

You run, panting and wheezing through the street. In your mind you always like to think of yourself like the super-villain The Kingpin, but the truth of the matter is you are closer to John Goodman. Your considerable bulk may give you force but it does not give you speed.

A gang of five weapon-wielding skinheads chases you.

Every part of your body is in pain. You hear the steel-toed boots quickly gaining. The sky above is now a deep violet. Your brain must already be shutting down. You may be lucky enough to black out before the skinheads get really nasty.

A lead pipe slams into your back and drives you to the ground. The gang circles you and beats you with bats and pipes. You curl up and try to protect your head. You are being pummeled but you feel no pain.

They continue striking and you still don't feel anything. You uncover your head and immediately an aluminum baseball bat slams into your face.

You feel nothing. You look down at your body. There are no wounds and no blood.

You smile and stand up. The punks keep at you, but they cannot even scratch you.

You grab the closest punk by the head, one massive hand on each side, and squeeze. His body starts to convulse and his skin flushes deep purple. His eyes pop out and dangle from their optic nerves. Blood flows freely from the sockets, his nose, and mouth. You can hear a sound like snapping wood as his skull gives way. Your hands suddenly meet each other, spraying a shower of blood, brain matter, and skull fragments.

The other punks back away from you. Their weapons are still raised. This fight is not over yet.

You turn around, shaking the viscera off your hands. You smile at your combatants.

This is going to be fun.

THE END