

the air out of you. You lay crumpled and gasping for breath when another punk grabs you by your Mohawk and drags you over to a nearby building.

He slams your head into the bricks. The first hit breaks your nose and blood splatters across your face. The second bash makes the whole world go fuzzy.

You feel a sharp pain in your back again and again – you think someone is stabbing you but you are too weak to turn and look.

Thankfully, the world quickly fades to red and then black.

THE END