

The punk charges and something inside of you snaps. You see that poor girl dying in front of you. You see the mangled corpses.

You stand firm as the monster of a man charges you. He has both his arms raised ready to strike.

When he is almost on top of you, you dash forward and raise the staple gun to your attacker's face. There is a brief moment when surprise flashes across his face but then you pull the trigger two times, firmly planting an industrial grade staple into each of his eyes.

He drops both his weapons and falls to his knees. He raises his hands to his face but they do not get near his wounds. His eyelids did not have time to close before you pulled the trigger and the staples are jutting crudely out from a mess of white, creamy goo now running down his cheeks.

The man starts to scream like a dying rabbit and your whole world goes red. You pick up the bone saw from the floor and start screaming as well. Your yells are not of pain or fear but of rage.

You grab him by the hair and pull his head back, exposing his neck. With your other hand you grid the saw across his throat. Blood splatters across your face and the teeth of the saw get caught in his flesh. His screams hit a higher pitch and volume.

You work harder, sawing back and forth as blood sprays across face and body and your screaming overtakes his. At some point you realize he has gone silent and limp. You drop the body to the ground and stop screaming.

You pick the staple gun back up in one hand, still holding on to the bone saw with the other, and stand hunched over in the hallway trying to catch your breath and listen for others coming.

After what must have been five minutes or five hours you finally have control of yourself again. You hear no signs of anything else so you head for the exit door and go through it.

The sun and heat on the other side immediately surprises