Walking… Slowly, down the alley, hearing the blaring of horns and the screams of tires. The potent smell of petrol made his face grin. His stick like body flowed ever softly. Moving with such grace and stealth; he was a silent ballerina. He was a king. And this grimy, dirty, little alley, was his kingdom.

The tainted black sky, invaded his coiling mind. His thoughts, amplified. He had no control! His darkest, deepest, most devilish thoughts, shined brighter than the sun, and his rage. It revelled as he felt stronger than missiles.