It had been a disastrous week, and once again, he found himself running for his life. He thought to himself of how he could have avoided all this trouble if he had simply decided to mind his own business and not listen in on the conversation the group of strangers have had. Now here he was, running through the cold lonesome night being chased by these strangers who unknowingly had turned out to be mobsters. He thought back to the time where he was a kid, the very limited memories of his parents and how tragic his life had become since the day of their murder. He knew he couldn’t let what he had heard from the mobsters happen, he had to do it in honor of his parents and prevent the mass shooting they planned to do in city hall. As he ran down the dark alley he came to a dead end with the mobsters’ right behind him. With almost little time he reacted and entered the abandoned factory to his left through a broken window. As he jumped down he landed in a boiling pit of toxic waste. He screamed in agony as his skin burned in pain and his cells became flushed with radiation from the waste. Suddenly he awoke from his sleep, it was morning. He felt sore and weak he needed to find something to eat. As he settled out through the window he jumped down into the alley but as he landed he dislocated his foot. He did not feel pain. He simply jammed his ankle back in place and carried on. He began to think of the beating his foster parents would unleash on him for not having come home the night before but he had no explanation, they never believed him either way. He got home, where they awaited for him with a heated iron rod in hand awaiting his punishment. Once again he felt no pain but decided to lay a shriek in order to ward off his foster mom from continuing with more severe punishments. Later that day he realized that the toxic waste had changed his anatomy, he seemed indestructible. He decided to test what else he was capable of doing he bashed against his basement wall and broke it and underlying old secrets. He found old newspaper clippings of his parent’s death and there he found that the murderers had been the mobsters from the night before who had escaped prison based on a technicality. He decided it was time for him to do something and seek justice for what they had done to their parents and avoid deaths of others, avoiding their children to go through what he had gone. Off he went in search of the mobsters and finally he found them preparing to follow through with their plans for the massacre. Equipped with only a red mask over his face and the metal rod which he had been punished with he unleashed his fury upon them. One by one he fought off taking few gunshots to the body but they failed to stop him. He felt no pain. He wiped them out entirely and thought to himself of what a hero he had become. His idea for justice had been overtaken by revenge and he felt good about it. He took one step and fell to his knees. Memories of his parents flushed his mind and this time he did not cry. Pain was eradicated from him both mentally and physically. He was no longer a nobody.