He gazed into the mirror, vividly looking deep inside himself, questioning himself, his morals, his soul. Who was he to choose what was given to him. Should he make it known or keep it to himself. There were so many questions left unanswered. How did this happen to him, and if this was done with a purpose, why was it him? No person should be dealt with a burden so significant. He thought over and over about his beliefs and what was right and wrong. All he could picture were those who wronged him, those who bullied him, mocked him, and made his life a living hell. On one side, he could see power and on the other he could see fulfillment and admiration. Both experiences would be the envy of millions but, it was up to him to choose the path. He turned on the television and flipped to the news, stories of death and corruption filled the screen, bringing up strong emotions, pushing him to his limit, his head was throbbing, pent up rage was at its limit. There were always two sides to choose, two options that determined everything, on one side, his actions could potentially fix millions of conflicts but society would still attempt to corrupt him. This conflict inside him was tearing him apart because of the blurred line of every action he took, they seem clear and precise but end up being mixed and stained with the duality of man. How could he choose when one side eventually rusted and rotted away, every kind action would eventually be stained by the corruption of power. No one else could be trusted with his new secret. The only person he could trust was himself, everyone has differing thoughts and opinions which frustrated him more because of how he could not make his decision. What was he to do, what person would he be, was he a hero or villain?