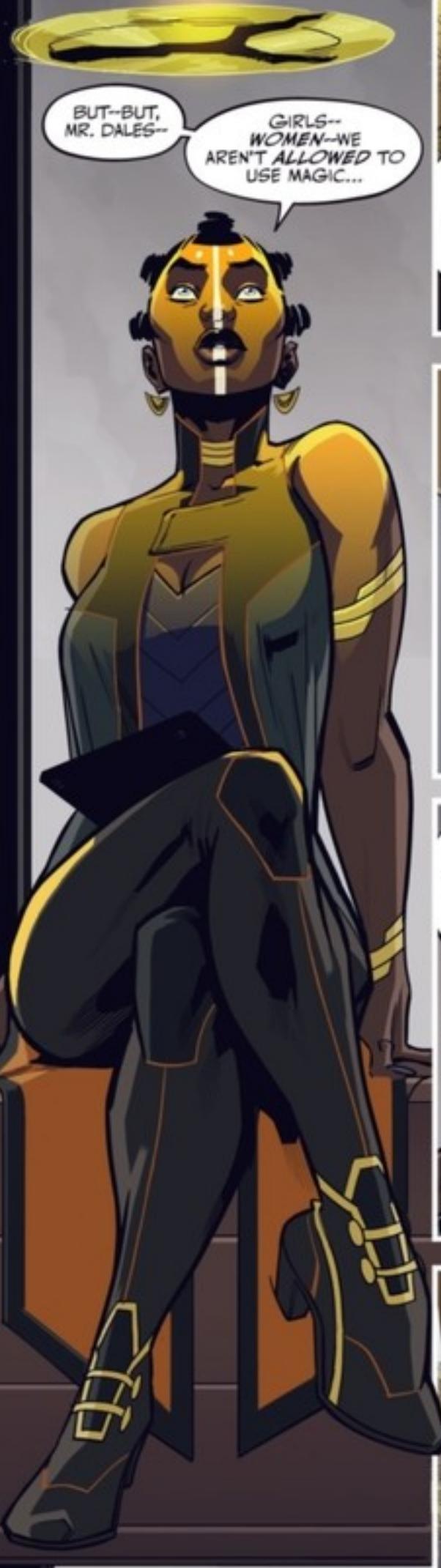
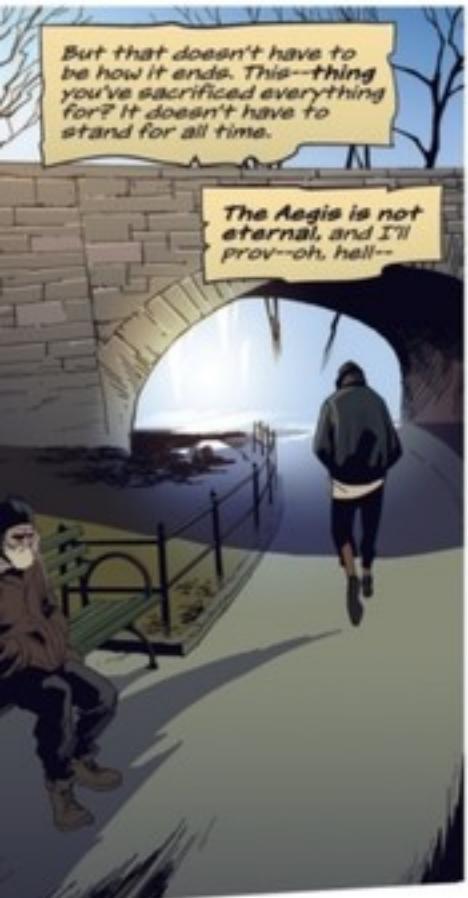


TWO MONTHS AGO.





Couldn't chance that what I was seeing, feeling, that it wasn't anything other but real. And there was a part of me that just--

Just wanted to take advantage of being able to hit somebody real fuckin' hard.



But then I felt it--kicks to the head, arms, and back--driving me away and down.



Then a few of my ribs and the bones in my forearm began to ache, remembering what it was like to have them broken, and the fear that I'd never be able to use them right again.

That I'd lose my ability to cast on that high level--the one I needed to maintain your support and your respect.

WE WARNED YOU TO STAY THE FUCK OUT THIS PARK, MILLS, BUT NIGGAS DON'T WANNA LISTEN...

STOP!

HEY, MAN, GET THE FUCK OFF HIM BEFORE--





I had to end this. I already knew that, but this was—I had enough of my own pain and memories to carry around. I couldn't carry Aaron's, too—not like this—not powerless to change any of it.

They were lucky—lucky they caught him alone. Man, if I was there...

