**Deadline 12.3**

Wrapping up with New Wave, I left with a warning that even *that* wouldn’t be enough to seriously injure Leviathan, just knock him back. I returned back to base to complete the last of my preparations still ahead of schedule. My normal weapons wouldn’t so much as annoy Levi, so I traded out my pistol for something that’d only taken Theo a few hours to whip up.

With the only requirement being ‘semi-auto, magazine fed, and requiring a Brute rating of one to fire’, he’d gone a bit overboard. Slipping the oversized pistol out of its case, I grabbed one of the five magazines it came with, each holding five twenty-millimeter rounds he’d personally made for it. The rounds looked, *off.* Normally there was a certain ration of bullet to cartridge, but these things were 90% projectile, 10% everything else, allowing them to fit in a magazine smaller than a textbook, further shortened by a bit of Armsmaster’s secondary power to allow the thing to be a minor extradimensional space, ending with a square of metal that was four inches long, 1 inch long, and one inch deep.

Trying to fire an anti-material round with a pistol would’ve been impossible on its own, but with the Speed Zones lining the barrel, even *I* needed to enhance myself to use it. If I hadn’t been able to reinforce my wrist with projected metal, I’d have needed to discharge a shield every time I wanted to fire the damn thing. After testing, I’d had to have had Theo repair the gun from the stress of firing, which had then turned into a redesign of the entire assembly to work with the speed zones contained within, which had only taken him another *hour*.

Holstering the weapon, and my four spare clips, I tried to think of what else was left. I could make melee weapons if I needed to, and there wasn’t much else I could do with my powers. Vejovis’ build *really* didn’t lend itself to Endbringer fights. Glory Girl’s power was a good enough base, but Bug Control, which was practically useless, combined with a bio-manipulation power that I didn’t dare use to it’s fullest extent meant that, while he was good in small circumstances, he was *completely* outclassed in this situation.

Cheating subtly with Aerokinesis, Speed Zones, and *maybe* Spatial Manipulation would help, but getting through the day without outing myself was going to be a bitch and a half considering I couldn’t just act as support, I was going to *have* to throw down with Leviathan to fulfill the terms of my. . . choices? My contract with Abaddon? I wasn’t really sure how to frame it, but in the end it didn’t really matter.

I could lean more heavily on Metal Projection if I needed to, use Size Manipulation to shrink projectiles, and use Momentum Infusion to ‘throw’ things, but anything more than I’d hold in reserve. If I *really* needed to, I could say ‘fuck it’ and let loose, throwing suns, creating Hard Light tentacles, blasting with Light while hiding in Shadow, but there’d be *no* coming back from that.

I’d live, and I could, if not defeat Levi, fight him to a standstill that way. That wasn’t even counting in the powers I was about to grab. If they were heroes, and they lived through the fight, I wouldn’t use them, but given how the death toll of these things, if I didn’t grab *some* of these powers now, I never would be able to.

Speaking of which, I called upon the powers I’d just acquired. Kinetic forcefields blazed to life in my hands, not glowing but seeming to burn with Purple & Red Flames, the same flames that burned when I covered an air-blade with a weapon shield. *Fair enough,* I thought. Given how they were color coded, I’d expected that to be the case, though the flames were an odd touch. Flipping over to Manpower’s ability, I brought it online, only for it to. . . bounce?

It wasn’t like trying to use Night or Fog’s ability, I could mentally grasp it fairly easily, but as soon as I tried to use it, it wouldn’t click. It was an odd feeling, like trying to turn the key in an ignition, only to find there was already a key there. A key that started an entirely different car. *Is there a limit to how many powers I can copy? Have I hit it?*

*No,* I thought, *I copied it, I just can’t use it.* If there *was* a limit, then it’d make sense that I could copy, but not use, more powers until my Unlimited Shard Works grew in strength to handle them. I could add them, just not grasp them. I’d finally hit the cap with Lady Photon’s power, and with time I’d be able to handle more, I’d just need to be more careful about which ones I activated.

That was assuming, of course, that it wasn’t something *entirely* different, as, if I was being honest, I had *no* idea what was going on, but it could wait. None of my plans required me to use newly copied powers, so I’d still try to keep copying, even if I wasn’t able to utilize them. If I *could* use one, it’d be Manpower’s, since the methods of his strength and toughness would stack with Glory Girl’s, creating, if not a multiplicative effect, then at least an additive one.

Flechette *definitely* jumped up in priority however, to copy from, and to save if I could, but this didn’t change my short-term plans. I needed to survive, I needed to keep Taylor, Amy, & Vicky safe, I needed to keep my powers hidden, and I needed to keep this fight from turning into a bloodbath, *in that order.*

I couldn’t remember where everyone gathered the first time around, but I arrived twenty minutes early at the convention center that was serving as a staging ground for the heroes before Levi made landfall. The place was abuzz with activity, *hundreds* of parahumans milling about, so many that I couldn’t pick out any individual power. The Flames and Auras overlapped each other, giving me a headache when I tried to pick them out.

Before I stepped into the building proper, I looked for one Flame in particular. Noting an area that had been set up near the entrance, with tape blocking it off from foot-traffic except for one section with a tape arrow pointing outwards, I waited. It took a minute, but there was a warping of air and suddenly there were a dozen parahumans. I knew Strider was male, but other than that I didn’t know who to focus on, the Flames and Auras of everyone’s powers stacked up and muddling any cursory read.

A man in black and blue, with a lightning bolt jacket, suddenly disappeared, the air twisting around where he’d just been. *Right, gone in a flash, like a bolt of lightning,* I mused, waiting. He was back a minute later, and I got a better look at him, able to See the Silver & Black Flames of Area Teleportation among the mess of other powers, though before I could get a good read on it, it collapsed in on itself in a blazing vortex and he was gone once more. The six others he brought walked off, and it was another two minutes before he arrived once more, with three more, all of which seemingly in cold-weather gear. My power reached out to his, but couldn’t get a good handle until it pulsed and he disappeared, leaving behind a single, glowing ember of power which was carefully pulled back to me.

It blazed to life, but having *no* idea how it worked and not wanting to accidentally use Striders power *in front of everyone else* I didn’t pull it up. That was assuming I could even use it in the first place, and I hadn’t been correct about hitting my limit, or that, like Trickster, something about me disallowed teleportation. There was nothing I could do now; I’d deal with that later. Having already stood outside the door for nearly ten minutes, and starting to attract a few looks, I moved through the doors into the lobby of the convention center. If I’d thought there were a lot of parahumans outside, I was completely unprepared for what met me inside. There were *hundreds* of parahumans gathered here, their shards overwhelming me as I had to wrestle my Power Sight down before I walked into something, or someone.

Blinking my eyes clear, I tried to find a familiar face. New Wave was here, Manpower’s quiver slung across his back. Victoria was over with Dean, the other Brockton Bay Wards gathered around them as they spoke quietly, along with what seemed to be the Wards from other cities. They turned, almost as one, and stared at me. Their expressions rang the gamut from impressed, to dismissive, to evaluative. I gave them a solid nod and continued to look around. Feeling Taylor’s presence, I glanced over and saw her and Panacea off to the side, a muscular guy in what looked like a He-man costume talking to them as they both looked like they wanted to be *anywhere* but there.

‘Help’ Taylor wrote in bugs in a vent, and I rolled my eyes as I walked over, hearing the tail end of what the guy was saying, “After this we should spend some time together. I’m the *Apotheosis* of humanity, after all. You won’t be disappointed.”

“Everything all right?” I asked, getting twin thankful glances from the pair. The other guy noticed and turned to face me.

“Haven’t seen you before. You must be new. I’m Apotheosis,” the man said, offering his hand.

“Vejovis,” I replied distractedly, taking the hand as I focused to See him. Screened as he was by powers I already knew, I was able to get a glimpse of what he could do. He wasn’t wrong, I supposed, he had an Aura of Peak Physical Potential. It was hard to get the details from his power, but it seemed similar to Peak Condition, just inferior to the version Herb, Charlie, or I had.

His grip was unusually firm, and it took me a moment for me to realize he was trying to crush my hand. I let go, looking down amusedly as he squeezed harder. “Sorry, I don’t swing that way. Can you please let go of my hand.”

He scowled, moving to walk away, bouncing off as he tried to shove me with his shoulder. “Villain?” I asked the other two.

“I wish,” Taylor replied, shaking her head and looking up at me, tense anticipation radiating off of her. “This is really happening.” I nodded, not really sure what else to say. “Okay,” she told herself, nodding in return. “Okay, we can do this.”

Panacea expression was hidden behind her helmet, but her body language radiated indecision before she put a hand on the bug controller’s arm. “We’ll be in the back. We’ll be fine.” I’d never really noticed how much shorter than Taylor Amelia was, the bug controller having a good six inches on the Biokinetic, but the gesture seemed to help.

“You’ve done this before?” Lady Bug asked, turning to look at the her.

The healer nodded, “You’re with me, so we’ll both be safe.” She turned to look at me, “And you’ll keep Vicky safe.” It wasn’t a question as much as a command, but I didn’t mind.

“Even if I have to pull out the stops,” I promised. Mollified, she pulled her hand back, crossing them once again, the armor under her robes making the gesture awkward.

Falling into an uneasy silence, I looked around, trying to spot heroes that were stand apart to See their powers. It was a wild mix, Matter Absorption, Coral Creation & Manipulation, Ammo Tinker, Laser Form, Bubble Blasts, Hardening, Imperfection Bestowment, Personal Velocity Manipulation, the list went on.

Scanning the Wards, I Saw several powers there, Bullet Form, Weapon Empowerment, Mist Binding and others, before I spotted the one I *wanted*. Dressed in purple and white, her power blazed in the same colors, the intensity of the flames nearly making my eyes water. Unlike the other powers, I didn’t get a description, but what felt like a name in my mind.

This was **STING**, and it could be nothing else. Even looking at it made my head hurt, but I new for sure I’d be able to pick it out if I needed to later on. She was talking with others, and hadn’t noticed my staring, likely due to my turning my face to the crowd as a whole as I Saw her out of the corner of my eye.

*Actually that might be a good idea.* Looking around the room, I tried to spot another power of similar power, as this pre-meeting gathering would make for a *great* scouting opportunity. Sadly, none of them seemed to jump out at me, each of them muddled and screened by all the others. I could focus in on people individually, with powers ranging from Terrakinetic Whips to Inertia Cancelling, the latter with a cooldown that scaled with the force cancelled, but nothing really stood out in power.

A familiar Burnt Orange & Bright Yellow Aura caught my eye, and I told the girls, “Be right back,” as I made my way to the crowd towards Sundancer. She was leaning against a wall, in her old costume, holding her left arm with her right as discomfort and nervousness practically hummed through her stance.

“Sundancer,” I called as I got close, causing her to jump in surprise.

Her expression was unreadable behind her helmet, but the way she said “Vejovis,” caused me to smile.

“I hadn’t heard from you since the Truce ended,” I greeted her warmly. “How are you doing?”

“Good,” she offered half-heartedly, looking around. “Are you sure you should be talking to me?”

I shrugged, “I don’t see why not. We’re all here to fight together, just like before.” I moved to lean against the wall next to her, looking at all those gathered. “Besides, you’re not one of the bad ones.”

She was silent for a long moment, before muttering so quietly that I would’ve missed it without my powers, “*Yes I am.*”

“Wanting to go home isn’t a crime, Marissa,” I murmured back, my words only reaching her. Her head snapped over to me, as she went completely still. “You aren’t the only one far from home. Superheroes, . . this is all absolutely insane, and to them it’s completely normal, and now we’re going to fight *water Godzilla.*”

She stared at me for a bit longer before relaxing, looking back out across the crowd with me. “At least this one doesn’t have atomic breath,” she quipped.

I blinked in surprised, before I shook my head, ruefully. “I think you’re the first one here that’s gotten my references. Have you looked at the tv they got? It’s superhero *everything.* It’s just boring after a while.”

“And their games suck,” she agreed, joy in commiserating taking her mind off what was coming. “They don’t even have. . . they suck,” she trailed off, and the silence, for degrees of silence in the busy space, rested between us. “Do you miss it?”

“I’ve been here a bit over a month, and I’ve been *kinda* busy,” I pointed out without malice. “You?”

“Seventeen.”

It took me a moment to understand she meant she’d been here for seventeen months, and I did a bit of mental math. “Madison then. Thought so. Don’t worry,” I reassured her, not moving, “I’m not going to tell anyone. The only one of your group that seems like he might’ve been Ziz’d is Trackstar. Genesis, Ballistic, and Normal Boy seem fine.”

“And. . . she trailed off,”

“Noelle?” I asked, and Marissa stiffened, slowly nodding. “I’m honestly not sure. I want to believe I can help her but sometimes powers can change you to the point that you’re no longer. . . *you*. Any help after that wouldn’t be restoring you, but making you into what the person trying to help thinks you were. She’s strong, holding out like she has. A year and half and still sane? That’s a girl who deserves a happy ending, if I can give it to her. Question is, is she *her*, or is she just the power that thinks she’s her, like the clones that she makes?”

The silence stretched again before Sundancer replied. It was quiet, almost pleading, and only meant for my ears. “I just want to go home.”

I looked over her, ruthlessly repressing the urge to give the poor girl a hug. Now wasn’t the time, she might react badly, and it’d draw far more attention than either of us wanted. Instead, I told her, “If we don’t stop this place from going crazy, we might not have a home to return to. When this is all over though, not just today but all this craziness, come find me. I can’t send you home now. Not won’t, *can’t*, but once the fighting’s over and the dust’s settled? I’ll find a way.”

“And if I wanted to stop . . . *travelling?*” she asked, hope poorly hidden in her tone.

“Then there’d be a place for you with the Penumbral Defenders,” I promised, passing her my card. “All you’d need to do is ask.”

“I’m not,” she shot back, almost reflexively, taking the card and quickly storing it in in a pocket. “I just. . .” she trailed off.

“Wanted to keep your options open?” I suggested.

“Yes. That,” she agreed.

I pushed off the wall, moving back into the crowd, calling behind me “I look forward to working with you again, Sundancer. Stay safe.” She didn’t reply.

Returning back to my teammates, Taylor was still looking at Marissa while Amelia asked, “What was that?”

“Recruitment,” I replied, moving to stand back with them. “You know the girl I told you about, who had a bad Trigger event and was branded a villain in defiance of the law?”

Lady Bug glanced between us as Panacea glanced back over towards Sundancer, the healer’s body language softening. “Same thing?”

“Worse,” I replied, making sure our conversation was private. “She and the rest of the Travelers got pulled through from another dimensional at the tail end of a Simurgh attack. They Triggered *during* the attack, and despite her *not* being turned into a Ziz-bomb she and her friends found themselves attacked by all sides, in a strange land, where superpowers were suddenly a thing. She has no secret identity because, in this dimension, she has *no* identity.”

“People don’t Trigger during attacks,” the healer argued, not with enough malice to be outright calling me a liar anymore, just pointing out the common perception.

I shook my head, “We really need to sit everyone down and go over what’s going on. The Travelers, after being dumped on Earth Bet, stumbled across something that let them artificially Trigger. The only one who was actually messed with by Ziz was Trickster, and the others just want to go home.”

“How do you. . .” Amy asked, trailing off as the announcement came for everyone to gather for the briefing. She shot me a look that I was starting to understand meant ‘We’ll talk about this later’ and we followed the tide of para-humanity into a large room, screens set showing the Triumvirate, who were floating above a Dais at the back of the room, watching as everyone filed inside. Taking a seat, Panacea and Lady Bug sitting on either side of me, I focused on the big three, straining to See past all the other powers in the room.

Resisting the urge to open the eyes of my mask to get a better look, I strained, barely able to make them out. None of them where what I expected.

Legend, front and center, was wreathed in the restless Silver & Faded Blue Aura of Absolute Territory. The power had an intensity that rivalled Theo’s, but looked weak, almost worn. His power created a beam that allowed him control over what they struck. That was. . . *incredibly* overpowered on the surface, though I was sure there were all sorts of details that I couldn’t make out, having to peer through the haze of all the others.

Regardless, it should be enough for my power to copy, as his flight was him using his power to effect the air around him. While the man *was* the best of the Cauldronites, he was *still* a member of that group, and thus I had no compulsions copying his power in the pursuit of his stated goals. Reaching out, his flying was enough for me to grab a bit of his power, though something odd happened as I did so. When it touched his power, instead of skimming off a bit like normal, it seemed to sink slightly into the man’s Aura. Some of the Flame seemed to dissipate, subsumed into his power, but as it did so the glow of his Aura strengthened slightly, and it was from a bit of *that* strengthened Aura that my power pulled his.

Legend lifted up slightly, a flicker of surprise flashing across his face before his previous, confidant smile replaced it once more. Alexandria leant forward, but he gave a minute shake of his head before she could say anything, murmuring something to her. The strengthened portion of Aura spread across him, diminishing slightly in intensity but filling the rest until it was a uniform glow once more, the faded blue looking a little more vibrant.

That was. . . *odd*, but worth it for access to his power. Bringing it online, to see if it came with any sensory effects, I found that I *couldn’t*. Just like with Manpower’s ability, there was that sense of blockage, of trying to activate something that was already on. Either way, I couldn’t figure it out in a room packed to the gills with PRT, so I ignored it, turning to his compatriot.

Alexandria, to the left of Legend, had the Grey & Faded Black Aura of Personal Temporal Stasis. I was confused, watching her, trying to figure out how the hell *that* worked out to flight, super strength, and everything else she was supposed to do, but as I stared it started to fall into place. I wasn’t sure *how* it worked, but her strength was her moving but not able to be moved in turn, though how that turned into *flight* I had no clue. I supposed not moving with the earth as it travelled through space might do that, but it’d only be in one direction, and not be the thing that allowed someone to *hover.* Her power too, looked weakened, though not to the extent that Legend’s was.

Reaching out, once again a bit of my power merged into hers, strengthening her Aura, though she didn’t appear to notice. However, when I tried to take a bit of power for my own, it just slid off hers, lacking anything to grab onto. *Oh come on!* I thought. *She’s* ***flying****, how is that* ***not*** *using a power with a visual effect!* However, my power disagreed. As much as I tried, I couldn’t copy it. *At least I’ve seen it,* I comforted myself. *When she’s using it to fight, I’ll see her power in action.*

That just left the Big Kahuna, Eidolon.

His power, unlike Legend’s, which seemed ready to blast off at a moments notice, or Alexandria’s, which held tight, almost like a shell of power, was spread out, roaming over the crowd as he did. . . *something.* It was intense, but the Aura of Dark Blue & Faded Green resisted my attempts to identify it. He likely had some sort of Thinker ability active and was scanning the crowd with it. *Endbringer Truce my ass,* I grumbled internally, not really surprised that he held to the rules as well as the villains did. I reached out to grab his power, wondering what I’d get.

I’d Seen his power, which was what was required, even if I had no idea what he currently had active. Hopefully I’d grab his method flight, and I could figure out what the hell it did later. With any luck I could stack it with Vicky’s to up my flying speed. Reaching out, my power brushed against his. As with the other two, a bit of my own power flowed into his, strengthening his aura. Trying to pull a bit off, I started to get it, before his own power lashed out, wrapping around my own and trying to draw it in further.

Mentally pulling back, I found I couldn’t nor could I separate the tendril of power I’d extended.

“Shit,” I swore under my breath, having *no* idea what the hell was going on.

I wasn’t the only one, as Eidolon bobbed once, letting out a muted, panicked “Fuck!” as he started to fall out of the air, only to be caught by Alexandria. His power pulled harder on mine, taking in more and more, and I started to *hurt.* It wasn’t a pain that came from anything in my body, it was a lance of agony that went to my soul and arced through my brain, the migraine from hell instantly sprouting and intensifying while I wasn’t able to do anything to stop it as it spread through the rest of my body. Muscles spasming and straining, it felt like my eyes were on fire as I bit down on a cry of my own, sitting ramrod straight to try to hide what was going on.

I dimly heard the girls on either side of me whisper something as others looked up at what was going on, but even the guy standing up in front of me and blocking my line of sight connection to Eidolon didn’t sever my connection. No one payed any attention to me as they all tried to spot what was wrong with Eidolon, but that was the silver lining on this *hurricane. What the fuck did I do? What the fuck* ***do*** *I do?* Feeling Amy’s hand gripping mine, I desperately pulled the material on my hands back hoping she could help, the drain increasing as my attention momentarily slipped.

Fighting it, my power gripped his firmly, pinning it in place to try to strip it off even as it sunk hundreds of draining pincers into my own. Splayed out like it was, I͘ ̯͙͖c̲͔o̘̗̙̜̜͟ul̖͔̭̻̝d̰̼̺ ̤̤*f̵͎͉̯͍̭i̛͖̪̗̪̺na͉̦̤̩̪̫̳l͕l̛y̟̟̣̼ ͚͚͍̱̙͕ͅ****S҉e̮e͖***.͉͇̜͎̗̣̯

E̤̬̙̩͍i̝͇ḏ̸͕̟o͇̮̜͎̼͇͞l̬ón̳̮̤’̙̩̺s̖̟̮͖͎̞ ͍p҉̼̳̯o͉̻̙̳̜ͅw̥̤̲͍̼͟e̮̟̜̬r͍͢ ̹͉̗̯̱w̲̟a̖̖̮̪͇̦͞s̜͓̠͚ ̳̥͙̫͓̣̟͜s͇̰̼o̘ ͘ì̪͈̰̦̻̮n̸̪̙c͙̳͎̗̭͟r̛̪e̗͈̰d͉̬͉͖͇̪̕i͏͍̬͈̙̭bl̳͖̥̙̟ͅͅy͓͚̝̞̜̯͟ͅ ̯̳͞s̵̲̜͔͚im̧̼̤p̮̱̞͙̖̖ͅl̬e̕ ̻͍͖̠̭t̛͇̼̪͎̟h̤a̭̱̩̲̲̬̺̕t͞ ͎̭͉̘͍I̬̦̺ ̳̦̮̯ha͎̟̹ḑ̠̹̝̱̟̯ ̤̫̼̫͕̺̬͘t͕̣̪̻͝o̺̮̩͖̣̩̖ ̯͙̮l͙̳͉̲ͅa̡͉̣̠͉̼ų͕̮̘g̰̩̠̞̼h͖̲͙̕.̸̟̲̙͙̲͈͚ ̳̠͓̀ͅI̙̯̖̺͓ͅṯ̣͎̤͇ ̨̞̭ͅw̞͇̳̘͍̼̭ḁs҉n̖̱’̜͇͠t̘̥̳̮̝͘ ҉̫̯͉̳‘̴a͙̥ny̩͔̲ ̙̦̳͈͉͞t̶̳̯̗h̝̻͓ͅr̻͈͓̹̳̺e͇͎e͓̞̺ ͖̖̺͟p̻o̩͓̣͓̖w̜̲̘͚e̵̼ŗ̰͚͖̜͇̲s̘͓͟’̙͙͢ ̣̪͔̙̜͠i̢̬̙̺͓̝̗ͅt҉͎̪̖̰̘̫̼ ̬͙̻͉wa͖̞̭̝͚s̘͙͇̹ͅ ̵͕̠̰̬̞̙̗*I͏̮͔̤̯n̛̙̜̩̖͙̼̭t͞er̷̗̝̘̻̘ͅf̠̣a̰̞̱̫͔͎͖c̡͙̣̙̬e̶̱*.̗ ͔͇̳ͅH̗̥̹̺̯̝e͈̘̙̮̜̹ ̵̤wa̛͙̜͇̘̮s̳̞͖n͕̻̻̹̙͓̹’͖͘ṱ̖͉̭̩͉ͅ ͏͚̟̩̪u͔̤̭̝͖̮͘s͓̹͉͖̝i̮̯̠̲ṋ̠̙̟̱͍̹͟g͖͟ ̪́h͍́i̥̹̥̬s̴̺̯͉͕ ̝̬̹̺͉̘͍̀p͓o̤w̼̩̺̻̣͚e͠r̳̬̖ͅ ̣̺̹̺̪͓he̖͖͔ ̵w̥̳̜a̵͈̜̠͎̰̩̹ś͕̞̫̻ ̦̝͇͘u͔͜s̺͍̺ị͈͖̼n̺̰̱̱͈̝̭g̺ ҉͔̹̰T̙̙͎̭͔̯ḩ̱̱̼e̻͔͔ ͔͓̳̺̺͓ͅT̥̲͍h̹̯̺i̱͓̙nk̩̫͎̺̭͕e̵̳r͟’̘̠̲̭̼̜s̟̞͉̱͕͢!͙̠ ̧̠̤͈͚̝͍B͙ut͔̻͍͕̪̹͔ ͇̜̭̣̠͢ͅh̟͈̮̟̻̝e͎̟͇ ̭̝u̠̯̟̹͉͕ͅś͈͖̪͔e̸̮̺d͈͖̠̠͎̱̫ ̳̺̯̱̠̺͡t͚͖͓͓̟h̟͎e͏̠̮̟̳͔m̷̻̭͎̱͕̯̟ ̩̯̜̗̪͙̀a̧s̗̟͕͓̳͖ E̡͚̤n̠̝̰̬t̗̼͎̙͍̟i̬̯̻̯̤͇t̟̜͖̗͜i̧͉̹e̷̱s̩̼̞̤͍̯͢ ̭̲ḏ̵͓i̛̹̼ḍ̨͖̟̝̗,̟̺͙͕̟͓͠ͅ ̥̣̻̘f̨u̹̟͖͚̥͟ļ͚l̵͚ ̱̫̱̯̥̤͎o͕̖̭͍͖͇̠f̼̭͇̻͍͙̹ ̫͖̘̣͝s҉ò̠̘u͇̲̣̬͖̥̣͟n̸̦̣̯͇̙̹ḍ̬̰̣ ̪̱̩͙͓͝ą̱̝̙͓̘ͅnd ̻f͘u̟͕͙̺̫͢r͕̪̬̠̮y͎̬͕͈̯͢ ̤̼͈a̰͉̣ń̩d̷ ͕̬̜̹̼͍́w̳̫͇̱i͖̮̘̘͎̼t̻̥̕h̛̫͕͉ ̗̞̫͚̺̝n҉o̗͖̳̲̗ ̼̘̺̱̤̯̪th̸̲̘ǫ̳u̫̙̭̗̻̫̥g̶̭ẖ͈̤̝͈̻̲̀t̰̪͙͇̭͎ ̶̬̖͓̲̭̬t͈̰o̤̖̻̦̫ ̣s҉͚͚̣̱o̤̪̟m̮̟̤e̷͎̰̠̯̩͚t̴̖͔͇͕h̻̳͚̜̙in͙̘̩̲̪g͓͈ ͍l͎͢i̛̬͔̦̞̪k̰͙̤̞̻̟̩e̛̯͙͈̬̗̯ ̗͎̤̪̺͚͢ş͕u̺͙s҉̭͔̙̣͈t̸͖̫a̰͍̖̭͍͍͝in͍̣̻̞̙̯̠a̰̩͇̭̮b̴̖̤͔͙i̫̯̥͎̰͉l̷͍ị͇t̙͉̠̫͇͎ͅy̺͍̠͓̭̩ ̙̜͍d͢e̱͍̟̦̱̦s̶͚̟̟̜̖̩p̰̺̩̰̞i̺ͅt̤͖̟̻e̘̣̺̪ ͉̲t̫̥̪͎͎͡h͎̱̳͎͈̙͝e͓̼̺̦͉̙i̩̤r̡͇͍͍͓̗ ̴̼͕̰̮ͅg̠̯̞̟͍̯̀ͅr͕͙̣̱̟̮a̗̞̟̺͙̣n͏̹̯̥̼̺d ̯͓̣̥͇͈e͙̱̩̭̹̺ͅx̯͎͓p͏̯e̻̞͙̠̹̘̳͠r̷̜̯̳͕̖i͖͡m̢͚̱͉̖̰̼̗ȩn̵̟̙͉̺͖ͅͅt҉̙̖!͉͟ ̙̠͔̺T̲ḩ͎̟͔̼͉e҉̞͈y̫͈͇ ̶̠h͟a͈̣d̸̗̪̙̯͇̗ ͎̲̯͉̖̳̰B̹͔͟i̡̱l͏͇̝̫͍͈͙̤ĺ͚̣̪͓̝i̟̗̣̝ͅơ̗̖̤̙̞ṇ̨̝s͟ ̛͍͎͕̦̙̪̙of ̤t͈̥͍͇͘h̤͠e̡m̡̝ͅ,̙͚̜̲̦́ ̪͍͝e̱̻aś̬͙̦̪̙̪̻i̺̣͈͇͖̹̻ly,̝͡ ͖̝̩͚͍͝u̩͢s̼̣̼͍̞̠͞i҉̱n̤̭̲͔̘̳g̢̦͙ ̳̞̬t̶̰͍h͍̼̞̦̤̬e̯͠m̯͖̭̖ ̮͍̲̱i̴͈͈̰͔͙n̫͉͚̗ ̵̬̦̗̯͙̞su͙ch͍̬̻ ͠a̦̭ ̻͖̟f͈̬͍̝̫̹a̝͉͙͖s̠h̨͍í͕̱̤̝o̳͓͍̲̠̟͝n͕͎̜̺̻ ̦͍̥̲͜w̴a͖̮͚͕͉̹ͅs͝ ̟͇͙̟͟s̼̤͇i҉͈mp̬l̟̙͖̻̩̞e̢̮̮͚.̻̘̕ ̵̜͕͖͖̬̖H̝ẹ̱̬ w̗̦̠a̜̟s̮̮̻̦͖̯ ̩̞̘c̗̱̗͜o̺n̳̤͓͉͈̲ͅs̝͈͖̺̩̮ͅt̳̻̩͇̥̜̮a̸̝͙̭͕̰n̤̦t͚̰̟̥l̶y̮̣̼͉̮̯̻ ̮̗h̹̺͎̬a̻ṿ̡̘̘͎i̱͉͚͓n͇̳̖͠g̝̠ ̨̹̰ͅt̜ǫ͚̝̖̺̫ ̦̳͖̻̝͘m̭̲̟̮ͅo̶̯̪͇̣̯̲ͅve̫̟ ̼̬̤͍ͅo̫̼̦̱n̘̰̝ͅ ͙̙̳̙͉̣ś͕̪͔̝͖͙̥ì̜̞̭̭͕͖n͈͇̰̮̪̙͠c̢͈͕e̥̣̜̗̮̻ ̼̦t̤̗̰̫̪͢h̜̦̗̻̩͉̰͟ey̬͍̘͡ ̫͓̫͝ͅd̟̝̳͇͟i͈̳͈d̥̞̳̞n̜͓̘’̣̝̕ṱ̵̻̮̟ ̖̯̦̫̝͉̬h̥̻a̬̳͙͉͚̗̜͜v̥̖̼͉̞̫͇ę̣ ̢̘t̮̪̪͉̺͈ͅh͏̬̟̺̣͓̻e ̖͠re̴͉̞̦s̮e̛rv̼̣͍o̦͙͓̗͖͈̗i̷r͚̰̗̹s̝͕͉̭ ̱̤̖̼̯͕d̟̫̟̲̹̺̬e̠̹̲͕̼͉t̡̯̹̝̳̦̪a̧̼̘̺̮̙c̭̣̩̠̦̞̭h͈̬͇̘͙ȩ̞͔̰̫̯͇͈d̵̬̯̩̘̣ ̯̮śͅh̖̙̮̥̰̕ar̷̩̼d̗̠̞̩͙͚̺͡s͕̞͞ ̹̲̜̳n͚̬͍̙̥͎͕o̦͎r̬m̼̜̞̹̺̀a̷̲͉l͢l̥͘y̫̮̭̫͓̫̩ ͚̼͘w̲̭̕e̳͉̜̜̟͕̗͟ṛ̳͎͔è͉͕̬͓͈ ̘̯̟̥a̞̼̟l̖̟̮͟l̵̲̦ò͙͖̹̮̫ͅt̛̼͖t̮e̞͍̝̻̻͍d͙̼̝͜,́ ̶͚̬͓̻͖̰̪b̸̟̹̟̯̗̟u͓͎r̗͙̻͓̰̲ṋ̲́i̵̝̮̩n̢̝̫̬͕̪g ͍͇̭͡ṯ̘̭̤he̫̣̱̩̮̕m͇̱͔̱͚̠̹ ͎̗o̙̠̼͇u͖̦t̗̟͇̝͙͈̮ ̩̠̠t̯̲͞ͅơ̺̥͉͓̝͈̗ ̢̯̺͇͍̺t͚h̹͎̝ͅe̵̹̮̻ ̻̱͉p̢o͈̗̤i̝̦͔̭̣͞n̮͇̫t̖̬͡ ̷̘̝̫͈̳̳t̡͇͓̱̱̰͎̗h͍͉͉͚͝e̺̠̖͉̮̙y̪̼̹̜͔ ̠̠̪̟̩̜̺h̼̭͚̺̝͔a̴̫d̥̣̱ ̴͈̻̣̟͇̗͎t̺̙̩̫̺̼o͚ ͇̻͍̻̫͚͟ͅd̵͎̬̫͇i͕̦͚̮̭s̡͎e̮̖̹n̡͔̗̟͉̺̪g̫͚͈͖̬̜͞a͏͓͈͓͕ͅg̡̖̲e̳ ͈̗̫̱t̯̲͓̮̮̼͍o̷͖̥ ̥͇̱̝̀r͚̦̥̟͖͡e̢ͅf̦̻i̶̹l̢̳̬͚ḽ̫̞̰͔,̮̭ ̙̮̺̠̤̘̭t͈h̸͚o̺͈̻̱̗̘̹s̨͓͚̬̠͖̱̲e̟̬̣̗̣̕ ͎̦̼̞̳tḫ̗̥̹a̵̰͇̭̣͓ͅt ̰͉̙̹͙̀w̜̟e̹̟̹͙͖̫͚ŕ̹e̢͍̫͇̱ ̣̜͕̦͎͙ͅn̥͎̼͍̘o͓̺͕̥̫t̥ ̱͍͓͕͠b͓͍͔̜͈u͇͔̘r͡n̪̳̼̙t̫̩̹̫̦̝͙ ̘̙͈̣͔͡o̹͈u̬͉̳̥̠ͅt̕ c͔͖̖̮̳̙o͇̟̝̟͚ͅm̥̮p҉̥̮̬le̢̱͔t́e̶͔̣l҉̲̠̦y̴͖.̰̹̯

W̛̼̙̯͢͞i̧͎̼t̛̖͙̪͞h̝̗͘͘ ҉͍̹̲̙̬͔a̵͉̕ ͏̦͎̹̲̟̜͟Ć̡̥̙̥̼̪͕̼͝ò̸̼̖̤̩̫̥͎͇r̸̖̰̬e̸҉̱̥͕ ̹͈͉̟͖̖̞̜S̸͍̹̜̖̥͕̤h̩̞̮̳a̵̢̗͈r̡̟̮̫̖̼d̩͔̤̦̻͇̥ ̵̶̹̟͍l̻̱̜͓̩i̛͏̼̝̫̯̪̮k̬͞e͓̟̣͚͘ ̷̧̻̫̭͔͟t̹̞̱͉̱̤̯h̢̙̟̙̩̙̱͕i͓̤͖̫̖͈̜͜s̜,̸̣̺͉̲̯̣ ̵̴͈̘̺̞̜͡i̶̡̭̰t̛͓̱̺̯̥̱̱̕ ҉͇̪͈̥͈̹͢w͇͎̤͢a̧͇̤̺̭̘̳͟s̨̙̯͟͠ ̶̷̣̙̺͕̺̞̲̦ͅn͙̺̮͞ò̡̟̞̭̠̦̖ͅ ̖̜͉̹̤̮͍̺͝͠w͎͓͖̤̮͇̖ờ̸͓̟̗̝̭̻n̬͇͚̜̩d̦̻̹̼̼̭̥͙͢e̱̞̦̜̮̙̕͠r̶̨̙̮̖̠̼͉̞̼ ҉̖̳̠̬t̡̥͓̞̗̟̦̝̬͎̕h͖̠̰͖a̻̣̱t҉̤͚̗̼̹ ҉̯͙͠U͇̮̬͍̦̭̘̮͘͘s̜̦̗̰̦̫e͙͚̯͔̗͎r̹͎͉̬͚̱͘͝/̨̘̣͔͕͡ͅͅH̞̯̺̹̱͘o͚̜͔̖̮͚̹͠s̝̱͓̝͕͚̕͠ṯ̶͔͇͎̲͕͚̼̀ ͓͎͕̫̘̝͕̭͜h͇a̢̨̘͈̱̠̣͕d҉͎̟̜̪͖͕͎ ͚a҉͏̱͎̲̜̳͍͜p̨̤̣͝p̸̝̥͓͓͍̙è̗̯̦̭̪̬͍͔͢͟a̯̟͍͉͝ͅr͉̺͈̦̫̦̕͠e̸͖̙̱̩͢d̡̻̬͇̱̘̱̖͈̱͠ ͝͏̹̣͉̖̹͈s̺͖̣o̡̡͎̫̭̝̬ ͈̮̟͚͔̜̫͚̮͢p̢͇͙͟͢o҉͉͖̟̹̪̘̲̰̟w̰̣̠͡è̫̫r̢̢͙͖͚͖̦͈ͅf̧̢̪̞͓ự̪̻̘̹͖͍͎͢͜l̘̜̹͜͞͠,͙͖̤͎̟̙̼͢͠ ̷̙̣̦̱͎ḏ̵̸̥̹̪͍͔͙̙͍e̩̘̟̖͚s͏͏͔͖͚̮̖͉͙ͅp̘̦̩͘͡i̴̭͉t̵̡͔̟̮̖̯͜e̸҉̫̲̳͞,̣͓̗̟̜̲͓͈͘͝ ҉̡̜͖͚i͕̰̰̝̫͎̟ͅr̢͔̰̀o̧͝͏͖͚n̸̯̮̙͍͟i̧̧̘͍̯͖c̡̱̳͟a͙̬̮l̹̘̗͙̹̪͓ḽ̰͈̀͘͞y͕̰͜ͅ,̷͕̲̦ ͙̙̝̥̬͘͟b̨͙̩͘͟e҉͘͏̥̹̟͈i͔ṇ̵̳̩g̢̺̬̱̻͢͜ ͙͇a̖̙b̸̛̭̗̰ó̤͍̦̳͉͚̟͖u̶̖͈̺̮̮͝t̺̲͟ ̖̭a̶̱͈̟̼͖s̷͕̝̳̦̪͢ ̵̢̭̥̦̖̰c̵͈͉̞̞̤̼͟͠r̙͓̮͖͚̳̹͟e̸̱̙̣͎͙͙̝͉a̷̫̲͡t̶̗̪̹͜i̶҉̮v͈͜e͢҉͔̦̗͖̲ ̢̟̦́a͏̭̖̱̯̙̜̝͡s̮͎͢ͅ ҉̪̙͢t̰̬͙͕̖̝͓̤h̴҉͔̬̭͉̘̻e̼̬͔͢͞ ̶͍̪̣͔͇̲Ę̵̴͇͚̘͈ņ̷̵̭̥t̡̜̻͕͇̕͞i̧̬̼t̴̤̭͕̙̪̲͕ͅy̴͕͈̠̻̭ ̡͙͎͚͠h̴̸͏̤ḙ̛̮͢ ̛̛̹̞̥͍w̯̘͓̖͍̦̥͘ì̛̻͉͔̼s͈̗̳̳̟̦͚̦ͅh̴̪̯̫̪͚͈͕͟e̢͙̗͍͍̘͡d̢̘̘̞͎ ̥͉̰̱͇͝ͅͅt̮̯̟o̱͇̤̺̙͕̗̗ ̕҉͚͍̯͇̜̮̬̫͜k̸̗͈̫͚̻͘i̡͖͞ḽ͖̯̀l̜.̨̜͓̤́ ̸̺̫͎͇̰͍̮͞ͅI̶̜͙͕̙͘ͅt̸͖̳͔̮͎͔͞ ̢̙̪̣̳̮̪͚̤̩l̨̙̩͠á͎̙̱͚̫̥̠͕͉̕͠t̸̝̳̠̰̮̘͕͡c͏̨͔̭̀h̗̩̺̼̫͉̀͠ę͓̞̳ḑ̴̧̼̱͇̝ ̧͕̹̞̗͞o̗͖̠̞̰͕͜͞n̘͉͉̭̼̣͡͞ţ̷͙̘̼̟̖͜ọ̞ ̷͇̲͓̕͟ͅḶ͇̥̀͘e̡̻͖͖̗̥̠͙̠͞͠e̫̞͖̭̣̬̞͜͞’̲̙̘͖́͜͞s̙̥̭̗̺̦ ̵̹͙̬̞͔̟ṕ̜̙̟̝ó̢̙͇̗̗̺͓͜ẃ̧̙͍͕͖̲̫̭̰ͅȩ҉̫̠͜r̵̵͓̗̘̼ͅ,̴̲͙͝ ̱͓͓̗̹̣̥͙͝l̘͇̟͇̝̹̞į̞̬͍̯̠͡͡k̝̬͉̹̭̮e҉̤̺̝̝ ͏̸̙͇͕ą͉͎̲̕͜ ̥̰͇͓͇͔̜̤ͅm̡̩̰a̶̩̩̣͇̺̦̟̳n̳͇̠͕̙̕͡ ͎̭d́҉̝̭͇̣͇͘y̧̦͙͉̮͘͠i͕̲̗̩̺̥̻̦͖͟n̜͉̩̖̗͜g̜͟͞ ̢̫̺̘̠ơ̗̮̝̘̕ͅf̦̟̖̬̝ ͏͓͡t̶͞͏̪̩̪h̨̼͈̦̩͈̀i̠̘̺̺̩r̸̴҉̜̳̻̹͉̟̰̗s͏̜̝̫͇̘̙̥̤̠ţ̘̫̗̲̪̫͚ ̤̱̀f̷͖̱̻͙̣͎i͕͞n̨̙̤͍̪͜d͓͚̼͘͜i͈̩͖͓͎͍͢ņ͖̩̻͙̬̞͜g̪̟͓̺̼͓͝ ̝̤͎̜͚͈͢ͅa͏̗̲͖n̷̝͙̣͉̣̟̥ ͏̗o̭͎a̵̜͚̟ş̯̝̳̯̙̞̺̬̘i̼̲̟̱̘͡s̛̻̺̙͙͖̱͇̺,̖͈͉̝̩̫ ̳̜̠͈̟̩̝̞͉̀b̶̨̖u͕̳̳͔̣̰̬͇͎͢t̟͠ ̛̘̖͚͚̯̥̕t̶̴͎̭h̻̬e̢͚̼͖̪͡r̨͔̣̻̞̪̩̮̺͢e̳͍͇̩͕̫͘ ̵̗͕ͅw͓͕̱͝a̮̫͡͠s̙͉ ̨͉͇̦͕̖̮͉̣͈͠á͓̟̱̬͚͇̟͕͡ ̠̭̤̖̤͉͔̗̫́͟͟ḓ̠̳̤̖͇̠̪̕͢a̡̜̬̤̦̣̖̲͇̕̕ń̷̜͈͙͓͇̫̬͘g̴̯̳̦̰̮͘è̛͙͔̹͓͟r̠̻̤̮̥͞ ̶̻̭͍̣̳͇̘͎͟t̷̨͈h̡͎̤͘͡e̙r̼͙͚̤ę̦̦̯̤̭͞͠ ̛͉̜̜̮̳͖̰̜ḁ̶͈̬̺͚̥͞s͕̹̪ ̧̯͍̙̤̗̠͝͠w҉̼̟è͇l͎̠͕͡͞l͏͚̻͖͓̹͖͚̭͙.̧̡̪̙̳͉͞ ̴̱̱͕I̧̪͎͕͎͓̻̺̯n͔͔̪̯̼͉̜ ͝҉͕̪i̡̲̞̳͓͔̫̻t̛̥̞͢s҉̡̳͔͉͈̮͎͢ ̤̘̟̗̱͈͢ͅa̙̗̖̻̱͠t͈̫̙͇̫̠͚͢t̶̥̝̟̩͖͍̱́͞e͖m̤͟͝p̢̝͎̹͖͍̱͈̮t̶̹̲̕s̘̺͔̗͠ ̧̝̞t̵̝͞o̷̧͈͈̥̪͜ͅ ̣̩̬̬̫̱̪̝͝ḑ̬̹͇̮̪̰͢ͅr̬̺̗̤̗i̵̩͕͙̪͕̟͜n̵̖͕͚ͅk̪̩̀ ͈͕̺͚̪͇͝t̨̤̻͉̟͢h̞̻̞͡e̪̝̝̪͜ ̛͔̦͕͘o̶͉̙͙͓ͅa̴̧̧̙̟̜̮͎̳̜s̥̪̗͇͚̞̫͘i̝̟̖͎̹͢͡s̭̀,̨̖̤̬̱̯ ̯̭̘͎̮̙̀í̢̧͔̩t̘̤͡ ̨͇̻͍̤͔̖̞̳͓m̷͎̮̥̙ͅa̟̣̪͟͝y̛̬̤͈̯͇͉͟ ̲̩̜v̢̥͘ę̼̠̭̥̻͘ŗ̯̜̠̗̲ỳ̩̳̞͞ ̸͇͇̦̣̥̝͙͞w̛̥͙̲̖ę̻̼͙͕͘l̮̲l̨̝̀ ̸̺̥̜͈̳͈͉͟͝ḵ̬̦̭͜͞i͉l͖͕̩̮͘l̷̢̜̰̭̤̦͙̹̘ ̧͙͖͙̤͔̗̳̩̖i̡̛̱̲̹ͅͅt͏̘̦s̷̛̰̺͍̖̻͘é͓̪̭̙̣̖͘ͅl̛͏̭f̴̺̬́,̵̭̘̺̼̺͈̣̺͝ ̞͚͉ͅa̺͈n̶̴͎͇͝d̕҉͚̠͍͔̜ ̢͓͇̫̯̯͓̯̰͘t̥̜̤̱̀h̡̯͈͉̘͝á̢͇ṯ̡̬̜̗̪̭͔͡ ҉̴̞w̛҉̱̖̮̦́ͅơ̡͇̻̩͔̙̞͘ù̸̡̙̥̼ļ̘̹d̶̢͍͈͎̼͔̦͠ ̶̵͈̲͉̼̪̫ͅn͏̨͎̝̩͚̪̫̩o̲̰̹͜t̵̪̰͙ ̧̣̝̜͎̹͝ḇ̺͙̱͚̮̘̭̀ͅe̢̜̠͙ͅ ̳̟͔̜̬͠a̧͇̹̪͉͇͓̪ͅl̗̖̩͕̺̬͎͘l̷̪̗̪o̧̻͓̟͕̥w̛̪̪e̸̦͙̕d̴̪̝͇̫͇͇̰.̵̦̞͙͓͖͘ͅ

K̡̖̗̗̗͉̲̼͎̝̀͜͝ͅn̸͟҉͈̫̞͙̼̱͙̥̙͓̦̜͎̝o̪͚̺̱̠͖̫̤̣̖̬̥̫̬̗͟͠w̴̧͏̷̟̠̱̖͕̞͍̟͟ͅį̕͏̰͖͙̥̙̝̪ͅn̵̶̨̧̥̮͖̠͚̺̗̖̤̯̬̖̫̖͇͢g̢̙͍͈̩̥͖͈̪̠̻̠̝̻̹͘͠ ̵̨̨̣̭͕̹̙̲̼̭͉̥̖͍͇͓̘̯̻̕ͅw̩̲̫̰̠̝̪̳͙̣̟͘͟͟ͅh̨̭͉̬̣̫̻͔̦̼̞̗̤͕̦̹͠ą̸̷͖̺̰͈̤͓̻́t̛͚̮̘̞̟̝̯̻̮̠͚͙̱̩̤͟ ̷̤̤̝͔̹̥͚̠͍͔̞͔̫̮̤̯͘͝͞͝t̷̶̯̰̩̙̀͘͡ͅo̧̲̤͙̙̣̹̹̱̕ ̧̘͖̣̯̻͉̲̰̥̞͇̀͡͞d̴̨̟̳̞̹͇̦͕͘͡͝ͅơ̡̦̬̻̣̱̙̻̜̬̻̙̭̻̜̲̲͙͟͠ͅ,̸̥͙̫̜̰̺͔̦͓̘̞͈͉̻̭̥̯͠͠ ̳͈͚͓̫́t͏͠͠҉͈̤̙̙͈͕̲͍͚̯̱͈͡h͟҉̷̱̯͇͖̳̳̭̣̗͜e̶̶̷̬͈̹̯̜͙̞̲̯̙͙̬̩̹̼͚͢ͅ ̸̨͓̠͍͈͔͈͇̲̗̬̰̖̪̯̭B̷̞̥̣͖͚̯̖̝̜̗͎͕͠͡e͏̨̦̫̪̖̟̗̤̪̼͈͓͠i̷̴̗̻̲̻͚̘̫̹͍n̕͏͟͏͚͍̜͎͚̗̯̣g҉͏̸̡̭͙͈͚̮̺͚̯͉̣̠̠̦̭̫͓̞͟ͅ ̸̨̛̮̬̘̫͈͔̪̹̟̘͕̀̕ͅͅt̵͚̯̰̼͇͈̰̘̕͘͢ḩ̷̜̮̱̮̗͍̲̳͈̫̗̭͎̲͙̻͢͝ͅͅa̶̺̬̦̞̲̥͎̜̣̫̟̭̻̞̼̰̱͘͠ͅͅt̶̶̴͙͎̰̣̜̞͔̩̟̻̪̞̺̣̯ͅ ̯͉͎̺̗̥͓͠͞w̵̶̡̻͚̤͙͙͔̮̕͡a̵̡͔̹̱̱͎̰͎͎s̛̪̫̳͓͙͕͖̹̯̠̹̗͔̜̣͞ͅ ̸̱̘͓́L̵̹̜̦̼̪̖͓̙̯̗͖͎͖̥̹̦̩̺͘͘̕͡e̵̡̡̛͔͚͕͇̙̖̯̝͉̼͖̜̩̲͙͕̣̩ͅè̴̸̠̗͈̤̱̤̤̬͇ ̵̧̹̬̗̦̰̣̰̙͕̙̖́͘ͅí̴͜҉̷͍̟͖̬͖͔͚̻̭͕͔̯̖̙ͅń̩͓͉͇̱̳̳̬͜͡ ̸̸̩̼̫͇̣̠̳̯̀͝t̢̨͟͡҉̱̫̖̱̮̳͔̹̘̯͚̻̩̳h̷̲͎̗̪͡ę̱̭͖̫̞̲̞͙̲̦͎́̀ ͏̢̛̩̠͕̬̫̤̞̟͙̫̣̙̟͙̺͎͜G͚̘̼͖̺̳̻̫̩̳̬̠̹̙̝͘͜ͅu҉̴̷̢̖̝͖̝̝̮͙í̴͚̮̗͈͍̦̫̩̜̙̜͍͜s̸̵̡̛̗̲̰̱̟̦̩̘͍͇̰̤͢ȩ̴̼̳̜̫̺̪̠́͠ ̷̴͝͡҉̻̘̟ó̧̻͇̳̥͖̭͉̝͇͎̙͘f̷̧̬̼͚͖͚̗̘̖͙̤̻̩͕͓͕͉̠͜ͅ ҉̧̯̳͈̺̤̱̪̟̼͓͍̟̩̦̤̕ͅV̶̢̢̞̟̩e̵̴̛͉̞̳̺̮͇͡͠j̴̛͉̰̞͎̪̯͍͔͖̗͕̺͓̰͍͙̕͢ͅͅǫ̖̝̖̺͓̗͢͝v͢҉̵̭̘͙̞̬͙͕̣̦͕̞̼̬̜͔͚͘ͅi̸̡̙̳̯̠̳̬̰̖͎̗̙͔̝̞̳̱͕͘s̨̨̹̪̙̯̣͖͍̩̳̟͍̺̪̪̩ ̵̶̴̶͇̣̱̻̺d̶̷̝͉̠̪̞̻į̵̨̙̞͖̫̣̩̹̯̼̣̰͔͎̗̀s̨̲̠̣̬̪͚̺̥͖̫̰̣̦̝e҉̡͈̺̼͓̟̼̘͍̖͖̜̪̫̜͉͉̗́͝ͅṉ̨̨̮͉̳͎̤̩̲̬̩̬g̶͏͎̲̞̱̪ą̸̠̜̬̫̥̤̘̱̹͚͖̩̣̣̳̣̬̕͝g̶̡͠҉͔͈̺͎͖̞̼̮͎͈͢e͏̵̡̛͏̮͔̳̺̪͚̻̤̯̞̠͚̭̳̹ͅd̫̲̫͖̬̱͘͟͞͡,̴̨̝͎̥͔̺̞͉͇͎̳̺̖̪̞͟͢ ̶̧̟͉̭̙͚g͉̼̼̙̮͖̯̱͖̫͈͉̫͘͘͠ȩ̵͏̷̞̲̥̫̮̪̙̱͇̪͞n̸͏̡͓͙̬͇͈̪͎̺̯t͜͜͜͠҉̯͕͔͉̮͓l̕҉͏͈̳͖̠͉͚͕̗̣͍͔͙y̧̩̠̣̳̜̭̕,̴̨̨̢̢̙͓̞̲̲̬̱̘̯̱̬̣̤͚͉̼ ̛̣̰̼̱̝̘͔̼̘̘̳͎̜̳͘ṱ̢̟̤͉̤̻͙͖͎̳̕͞ͅh̶̨̡̜̺̣̮̭̮̰͓̭̜̤̤̥̙é̛̝͉̺͈̞̳̪͢͢ ҉͙͓̯̫̦͍̫̰͓͔͇͙͉̥͙ṕ̡͇̦̠̺͎̪̝͇̩̺̹̜͢ͅe̶̬̬̼͈͇̲͈r̶̴̨̪̮̼̗͎̠͎̕͞s̡̀҉̰͇̳͈̦̣͙̯̩͉̗̣͝ǫ̷̧̪̮̥̜̙̰̖͕̗͚̠̦̜͚̙̹̟͘͠ͅn҉̛̮̫̣̟̞̖͉̬̦͙̺͎̲̝͈́͜a͇͚̥̘͝l̛̦̥͈͕̣̤̣̫̩̞̥̣͟ ̢̤̪̰͙̠͍͉͞a̶̡̛̞͈͚͇̹ļ̡͇͔͔̥̠̹͉̼̟͚̤̞̣̥̮͙̝͟͡͞ͅͅl̶̵͍͎͎̱̱͍̪̭͚̼̳̟͙̗̺̯̙͜ͅǫ͕̯̦̖̻̤̝͉̠͕̦́t̡҉̸̫̥̻̰̜̟̯͚̥̹̺̫͢ṃ̷̧̨̟̥͎̻̮̤̰̥͓̗ẹ̸̦̥͎̥̱̳̤̱̖̯̺͚͝ͅn҉̲͈͉̬̰͖͢ͅṱ̨̘̘̩̘̬͈͞ ̧̢͙̟̦͙̬̩̲͍̺̥̠̺̟͎̜̪̻͘̕ͅo̢͜͏̳͚̟̪͍̀f̢̮̖̻͟ ̸̴̨͕͚̤͎̻̲̘̜̳̪̤̀͡e̡҉̧̻͍̥̥̙̙͍͔̙͔n҉̳͍̺̻͍̹̩́̀͢͡ę͕̞̰̰͓͜ŕ̷͈̱̲͇̻̻̫̩̝͕͕̟̪̬̖̞͢͝g̴̛̲̭͚͕̗y̫̪̭̝̗̱̝̬̱̕̕͢ ̸̸̡͓̲͕̹̤͙͕͎̲̬̱̩̕͝ͅį̷҉͉͍̰̮̙̜̟͉͇̬̀ͅͅt̶͈̜͎͕͘͝͞͠ ̷̶̷̼̳̫̰h͝҉̝̖̼ͅa̷̗͔̦̹̗̤̪̥̳̪̣͙͟ḑ̩̱̰̺͓̙͕̫̰͘ ̵̛̤̦̘͉̀b̵̮̰̻̪̼̬̯̮̩͉̠͈̼̬͟͡ͅe̷҉͕̣̪͕̰͙e̵̼̥̱̺̫͠ͅǹ̷̡͙̘̟̗̳̮͚̯̮̰̦̠̮̣̬̘̦͘͞ ̵̵̵̬̝̺͇̺̘̖̥̤̘̲͚͔e̴̡̡͚͇̣̩̱̮͈̦̗̮̼͇͉̳̭̯̞̘͘x̵̧̳̫̮̤̱̬͖̫̥̜̪͚̲̫̪̝͠p̀͜͡͠͏͈̗͍͓̹̼͙̺̭ͅȩ̵͎͇̠̣̭̳̥͕̲̣͙̯̥̀̀n͏҉̸̛̰̤͉͔̹̙͇̫̹̯̯͝d̵̢̳͍̱̭͚̟̦̳̳͈͎͓̥͓̥̦ͅi̶̵҉̤͇̗̗͍̝̩͓̭ͅn̩̻̖͇͟ǵ̛͎̺͙̪͞ ̧̨͕̤̼̮̪̰̲̰̬͉̘̬̪͍̤͜t͞͏̙̮͓̪̕ͅo̷̱̺̞̠͓̭̰͘ ̨̬̺̮̝̰͕͚͎̖̥͖̳̬̯͕̬́͝͡c͜҉̖͇̫͉̘͓̬̞̮̫̝̳̹̦͍o̢͟͡͏̳̦͖̜̱͙̲͈̩͖͖͈̠̤͚͇̝͘n̵̵̶̻͙̫͕͉͈͎̫͓͙͉̤̗̱̯͎̙͕t̨̳̯̟̞͙̯͙͕̜̯͙́̀͟í̴̡̢͈̻̥̞̖̠̙̭̙̭̝̞̬͕͔͢ͅn̸͎̞̹̼͙̞̰̟̗̳̬̫̙̖͙̪̲͚u͢͏̬͎͙̹̜̤͕̼̫̮̲̫̳̹̻̠͈͓ͅe̵̱͚̫͍̭̜̪͔̜̰͓͚͎ͅ ̸̴̫̮͇͉̺̜͖̱͝͝t͟͏̤͕̟͍̥̣̫̮̲̖͇̜̙̗̮̜͠h҉҉̵̜͖̮̩̭̦̯̫̳͡ͅe̕͏̼͎̘̤̗̗̪̬̞̮͍͙̻̗ͅ ̡̛͞͏̻̬̖̞ͅp҉͈̖̖̳̦̻̖̯̼̲͓͜͡͡͝ͅr͉̖̰͈̖͈̥̖̣̫̩̭̜̯̬̪͜͞ͅo͉̠̻̤̭̱̰̙̘̭͍̲͢c̶͏̶̫̤̠̝͙̰͖͍̠̣̳̖ȩ̫̪͉͍̀͜s̢̢̧̩̥̥̯̼̦̦s҉́͢͠͏͍͕̲͎͔̹̝̻̟͖͉̝̖̺ ̴̧̦͈̟͉̞̖̰͖̼̞̱̪͙̲͉͘͠ǹ̨̜̺͉̮͇̘͙͞͞ḛ̡͙̣̲͔̱̱̲̦͓̺͈̠̖̗̯̝̕ͅa̢̗͖͈̳͓͍̪̜̟̯͚̘̮͘͢͝r̶͝͏̗̭̜͎̺l҉̧͖͈̲̣̱͇͔̭̱̭̳̤͎̭ỳ̢̮̜̹̭̜ ̗͇̹̱̲͓̖̩͇̪̼͔̯̙̕͢͢r̷͙͖̞̩̦͙͓̗̠͔̫̝̭͇͕͘e̷̢̟͓̖̼̤͎̭͙͎̘̜̥̤̳͉͈s̵͇̗̫̱̲͚̩̖͔͍̲͎̰̘̞̹̥̞͠͞ͅt̴͎̖̟̻̦͖͔̼̩̱̹̰͍̯̩͘ͅo̕͠͏̫̘̩̖̭̠̦̼̗̫͙̫͚̥̺̠̫̟r̕҉̜͇̤̼̺͔̻ȩ̧̛̦̳̲̱̖̘͚̥͇̥͔̼̼̻͉́͘ͅd̖͔̜͈̘͖̗͇̦̤̕̕ͅ ͔͇̩̳̮̠̯̀́͞a̵͕͉̙̦͙͎̼̻̯͖̗̘̱͕͘͢͢ͅl̡͟҉̣̻̙͇̺̦r̷̵̝̬͖͖͖̕͜͠e҉̴̱͈͖͍̦̬̼̰̺̕̕͞a̸҉̗̠̖̼͓̥͔̤̥ͅd̵̢̢̛̪̤͚͚̯̺͎̤͉̖͍͓̹̪͍͉̜͟y̷̵͓͍̠͇̜͓͇̩̱̞̹̞̕͠.̦͇͔̰͔̩̪̩̼͓̦̘̜͍̼͘͟͡ ͙̯̤̬͚̭͉̘͔͎̤͖̀͜͠Í̫̲͚͚̲͠t̡̮͉̙͇̥́͠͡ ̸̡͓̝̱͖̮̟̀͘ͅẃ̴̗̜̪̩͕̞̲͉̞͙̣̯͎͢͞͠ą̴̵̡̫͇̣͉͓̤͓̝̘̱̝̤̪̮̯͉͘s̴̵̡̢̗͓̦̭̯̰̯̮̹̲̰͇̻͚̞͍͕͟ ̷̛̘͓̳̥̟̲͔͕̳̭̙̺̗̟̭̖̣̥͜ą̼͈̞͍͎̣̬͕̭̙̼̗̹̭̳̖̜͜ ̨͘͟͝͏͓̣͇̗̞̤f̸̪͉͔̣̝̫̘͕͔̼̬̻͉̜̫͇̜͟͡ͅa҉̸͈̱̥͔̣̞̤į̲̝̞̯̣̰͓̱͓̀͟͠ŗ̴̗̣̳͙͔̪̯̮̤͇̖̞̱͉̰͓͚̣͙͡ ̡̢̛̜̝̠̫̰̰̹͡͡ṱ̸̣͎̦̳̪̫̠̼̤̹̟̯͈̙̝͚̼̥́͝r̴͖͖̣̦̰̼̕ą̢̮͍̬͖̫͇͈͕͝ḑ̷̷̱̝̙̥͕͇͔̜̖̰̬̮̫̮͉̳͙͞͞ͅe͟҉̴̸̰̻̳̙̖̝̟͚͚͡ ̧͝͏͍̜͍̟̮̯̟̟̼̜̱̥̬̠̦̝̤̲ţ̛̝̜̮͉̱̗̙̝̝̤̝̝͓̲̲̲̰̀͜͞ͅo̴̻͓̥̻̱̹͠ ̸̤͚̘̳͉̼̺̻̳̣̮̤̝̣̤̖̩͘̕͜͟ͅͅt̛͈͍͎̯̞̫̤͎͔̱͙̯̫͢͡h̺̟̥̭̺̀͞e҉̸̷̮͙̣̤̪̠̝̣̤͍̖̖̺͓͢ͅ ̮̪̜̫̫͞Ś͕̳̫̝͓̗͕̝̻̩̝͟ͅh̛̛͖̹͍͕͔̻̮̙̤͓̼͡a̗̗̯̺̫̗͙̟̭̝̥͈͟͟r̵̖̩̘̦̱̝̥̗̻̣͔̰̖̜̜͓d̢̛̪̰͖͇͉̮̫̗̻̯̖̹̤̩̠͡͝ͅͅͅ ̸̡̯̺̗̜̩̘̬̞̜͕̖͎͘͠ơ͓̫̝̘͍̭̼̯̟̗̹̟̬̳̹͡f̴̛̫̪̩͇̳̮̠̀͘ͅ ̨͕̻̠̝̘̱̫͚͍̙̹̞̞͢͡I͔̻̲̝͈͕̫͎͇͘͢͡n̶͢҉̙̣̼͕̳̩̪̟̬̰̰̺̤͚̞̙͎t҉̠̤̺̗̬̤͚́́͡͠e̵̜̱̰͙͈̲̱̺̻̤̜̣͍̦͈̪͇̲r̸̛҉͍̺̪̦̮̙͍̰͖̤͔͖̤̻f̜̰͙̖̹̠͜͝a̸̡̬͔͎͓̦̮͕͙̣̝̼͓̗̠̲̦͜ͅc̵̴͉͔͚̼̬̖͇͚͚̹̘̹̗͙̙̝͘͜͡e̶̶̛̞̘̦͉̲͓̮̭̱̰̻̻̱̱̻̟͉ͅ,̱̗̹̺͇̫̜̼̀͠ ̴̧̲̳̱̗̬͙̦͇̩̲͉͠͝c̡̡͖͓̫̞͕͈̗̦̬̬͘o̡̕҉̼̻̘̠̺̲̬̟̱͜ͅp̸̸̙͇͍͔̼̦̀͘͞y̢̨̱͓̜͚̰̠̫̞͝ͅi̡̧͍͔͚͍̼n̶̺͈̯̟̤̯̻̙͚͚̩͎͚͇͕̙̗͍͞ͅg͍̳̰̤̞̥̯͕̰̝͕̟͍͘ ̨̀҉̶̺͚̳̥͇̜͔̗̬̻̺̰̳̭̰̹̞̰i̶̢͖̬̘̹̘̟̹̰̣̼̱͓̮̥͖̻̼̤͝t͏̛̜̲̣̝̞̦͓̻̠͚͇̜̞̳̻̙̲͈’̶͢҉̵̡̟̳̳̲̹̞͈͔̞s҉͓̺̤̻̺̫̹̖͇̜͝ ̢́҉̴͚̘̦͙̬ͅp͘͏̲̘̦̖̟͎͉̳̟̥͙̲̤̺̺̪̀͠͝ͅa̢҉͈̺̩̘̼̯̺̲̺̻̲͕͕̱̟͇͚͈͇͘͞t͎̣͇͖̟́͟͢t͘͜͏̧̮̦̰̟̬͎̳̟̪͔̭̝ͅe͏̪͔̣̼̗̥̯̞͕͎̬̞̦̺͘ŗ̵̵̧̠͈̹̫̼̱̘̭̳̥̦̬͘ͅņ͉̫̙̤͕̖̜̜͎̺͙̮̲̩͢͟ͅͅs͢͏͜҉̫̭̻̙͈̜͙͓̳̖̱̤̫͍͖ͅ ̢̛̱̼̣̣͜ͅḁ̶̣̮̭̬̝͈̹̰͍͖ń̷̶̺̩̥̲̤̻͍̯͜ͅd̡̘͚͈̘̯̬̫̰͈͟͢ ̸̧̼̠̝̝̙̘͕͖͔̤̲͔͙͔̖̰̫͍̀͜͞m̵̢̦̟̹̠̩̠̜̩̤̹̯͙̱̞̀̀͟e̵҉҉̨̭̳̟͚̻̭͍̩͇̥̺̞͇̯̤̙̙͟ͅt̶̥̻͍̯͉̫h̨̘̹͓̟̠͔̺̞́ớ̶̬̠͙̤͙̯̙͕͓̼̟̱̗̮̤͜d̴̴̻̲̩̹̫̥̣̩̱͕s̨̨̯̼̩̺̮̯̮̺͇͇̩̣̭ ̛̛̝̼͎͖̪̖̱̮̤̰̗f̸̯̩̼̫͍̭͓̱̮̤̰̘ọ̢̜̮͇̟̠̻̘͠͠r̶̥̪̭̳̻͎̲̣̰̱͡͞ ̶̨̛̘̥̣̘̻̯͍͈̘̲̟̫̮̦͚̲́͘Ĺ̖̟̟͓̗̠̻ͅͅe̴̶͖̝̬͔͓͕e҉̥͙̲͔̯̘̲̪̞͓͓͔͞’̢͏͇̼͙͇̯̰͖̳̟̯̪̲̲͚ͅs̶̸̨̧̘̤̻͓̹̭͍͚̩̀ ̷͎̬̫͇̞̱̩͖̟̯̰͈ͅó̢̞͇̠̭̝̩̲͚͟ͅw̛̪̲͕̗̤̬͉͈̩̕͟͞ņ͍̥̹̞̼͎̺͚̫͘͢ͅ,̵̴̧̥̟͓̰̤͕̯̝͝ ̴̵͇̩̙̣̭̪̙͖͈̤͇͖̘́͢͝ț̶̖̟͎͍͔̰̦̮͇̘͉́͠͠h̶̛҉̰̯̠̠͓̘̭̹̠̻̞͉͇̪̟͚̫ǫ̢͕̜̳̠̪͈͔͟͠͝u̷̶̡̲̙̘̗͍̱͟g̡̦͕͔̯̭̬̼̠̞̟̥̜͘͘h̛͞͏̷̢͙̘̞̖͙͔̥͙̞̞ ̷̶̷̡̪̗͕̹͇̝̭̜̙͘ḿ̴̨̧̝̺̱̝̖̳o̧͕͈̝̻̙͞ͅd̛̛͈͉̝i̸̭̻̰̫̠̫͙͚̝̭̻͝f̰̠͔͉̜̹̻̤͕̫̙͚͈̣͠͞͞ị̸̶̢̩̖̗̙̠̦͢͢e̡̻̩̪̬͉̳̟͞d̵̴̤̗̟͎͙͕̖̀́̕ ̷̶̻̻̹̲̕͢ͅt̴̜̭͎͘o̙̭̻̝̖̻̫͎̟̲̘̬̲͟͞͠ ͏̧҉͚̘̜͈͚̝͖͢b̨͚̼̠͔͕͇͉̟͇̱̫̜̬̫̘͢͜ͅè͏̨̱̻̥̟͍͙̹̫̙̗̱͠͡ͅt̢̯̪̫̹͙̳̱͇̝͎́͜͡t̡́͘͝҉͈͎̝̬̭̗̞̰͉͖̤͖̹͇̼ȩ̶̨̪̖͖̮̘̙͕̼͔̠̠̺̩̗̳̬͓̠̩́͟r͈̭̦̻̱͜ ̞͖̯̠̖͜͡f̴̷͟͏̸͖̱͇̙͓i̡͜҉͕̥̱̺͈̻̦̠͇͖̩̹͍̟̹̲́̀t̵̲̫̗̻͖̠͖͠ ̷̭͎̙̼̘̲̫̫͖̗̖̻̣̞̜̕͟͝͠h̠̲̹̣͕̼͍̹̘̜͔̺͍͎̮̬͉̰́͟ͅi͢͏̜͇̰͖͍̟̙͓͙̹̮̱̯̀͜͡ͅs̶̛̮͕̳̹̰̤͚̙͉̦̩̭̺̩͜ͅ ̨̻̱̳̼̕p̸̺̭̝͠͝ͅr̴̠̜̮̩̦̼̞̰̪̩͖͖̖̱̘̬̟͢͝͝͝ȩ̛͚̜͔̮̜̟̖̥͈̣̜͘͢-̶̷̳̠̙̻͓̺̯̥̝̻́̕ͅę̷̶͇͚̳̗͉͕̳̯͞x̵̵̭̹̻̤̹̣̟̰̱͕͖͓̤i̶̲̠̫̥͜͝s̴̨̨̨̬̣̻̜̠̠͉͍̰̯͔̕t̴̩̟͙̥̘̭͉̯̙̣̲̗̼̼̻̬͚ͅͅi̛͕̼̱͠n͉̯͙̤̘͈̣͢͜͝g̸̜͔̝͎̙̰͇̘̱̝̥̥͢͝ ̧̳͕̞̖͚̥̥͎́̀͞ş̱̮͈̼͇͖͉͉̤̗͚̦͡ͅt̛̟̭̼̫͙̣͉̮̮̲̲̙̭̬͘͠y̸̟͚̪̦̰̩̪̭̪̺̬̹̗̮͘̕͢ĺ͉̬̳̝̰̼̙̘͠é̶̷̤̫͖̳̦̙̣͝͡ͅ.̷̷̹͚̥̠͙̀ ̧̝̪͖̦̜̞͟͡ͅĮ̷̛̼̟̻̱̩͜͡t̶͇̭̲̩̰̘͇̹͈̬̰̳̥̘͠ ̸̢͕̳̖w̕҉҉̢̩͓̙̠̲̬̼̠͚̮̯̖̝̬͍̀a҉̝͚͍̰̬͕͕̯̤̭̞ͅs̸̨̲̣̘͚̣͈͢ ͏̛͔̘̣̞̺̖̠̞̫̖̪͉̫͡n̼͚̩͙͇͈͉̞̮̤͓̙̖̗̳̪̝͟ơ̸̧̞̞̭̰̦̖̳̭̣̞̦̘̕ͅt̵̵̢̘̹̲͕͙̦͇̤̟̙̘̪̘̯̙͍́ ̸̣̺̞̪͎̰̀̕͝ţ̼̼͓̟̮̲͓̫̪̼͙̹̬̯̥̟͇͡h̸̩͔̖̳̫̪̬̀͟ą̶̴̧̬͔̭̻͓̲̮̤͉͇͍̖͍͚͎̹̻͍͈͞t̵̡͍̝͇͔̗̭̹͎͖̖͘ ̡͕͔͉̱̬̺͇͎͚̠͈̗̰͓̥͕͘ͅd̢͉̗̦͓̪̖̟̠̺̱̪̼̼̺i͏̬̱̩̩̫̼̟̠̘̱͚̪̪̩͇͟f̶̧̮̫̩̼̲̖̺̥̺̝̱̤͕̀͘f҉͢͞͞҉̳͙͈̥̠̦̼͎̪̞̻̫̬̜̘͉̼í̢̛̯͈͙̠̹̱̝̩̖̱͈͙͈̀ͅc̛̼̺͓̪̦͍̘͇̩̫̰̥̹̮̗͈̙͓̠͜u̵̷̥̪̫͇̬̳̘̮̟̩̜͚͡l̵̴̜͚̮̭̙̬͜ͅt̡̼̞͙̞̘͓̹̻͚̖̼͞ͅ ͡͏̡̦̪͖̰̠̘̟̺̤̺͇͈͚̪̙͈͕͞ͅͅa̴̷̧̠̰̟͇͘n̷҉͇͇͎̪̫͔͚̜̞̣͕̱͈̪̣ḑ͎̻̝̗̥͈̱̀̕͢͠ ̳͓̙̱̘͔̟͚͇̥̀͢͟͝a̶̵̷̵҉͓̬̼̮̦͍̳̫̣̝̩̙̟̣͙͎̬̻l̵̡̨̛̯͚̭̥̥̱̼̘͔̥̭̹̰̝̦̭͚͠l̸̶͇͙̼̬̤̙̹͔̻̟̟̻̯̟̥̹̩̤̩ ͇̯̻̣̩͙̖̫͚̗͇̙̻̹̩̦̕͟ţ̞͍̦̮̦̻̞̦̹͈̥͘͜͝h̨͙͕͙̜͙̭͎̲̭̜̝̝̦͕̘̥͇͈̭a̸͢͢͟҉̘̻̟̹̠͎̹̱t̴͏̨͖̫̗̺̭̼͖͉̣̟͓ ̡͠҉̗̮͓̖̰̰̮͔̹̱ń͖̳̟̣̰̮̮̰̹̠͉̩̜͇̲͎̙̱̩͢͝ę̤͇̫̼͔͟è̘̩̝͙̼̥̯͔͈̙͓͔̦̜̳̕ḏ̴̼̦̫̘̭̟̭͔̥e̷̡͖̼͔̗̹̱͖̤̙͓̯̮̪͢d̷҉̶̶̧̲͔̭͕̰̫̭̼͓̙̹̰͖̞ ̵̛̝̟̖͉̻̝͖̻͈͈̟̣͎̠̖̪̬̤ͅţ̰̰̻̪̗̭͎̀͝o̶͏̡҉̪̺̝̪̱͈̦̰͙̳̳̳̞̜ ̷̨̲̯̻̫̻͍̦̱̲̣h̴̭̲̪̻͎͉̼̬̠̻͎̘͇̗̟̤̀͜a͏̢͕̦̩̟p̲̻̣͙̼̥͙̰̥̜̹͘͟͡p̜̬͖͈̹̫̦̞͖̦͈͕͈̺̞̩͎̩͘e̵̢̢̱͎̼͕͕̼̗̱̦͓̭̫̥̫̮͟n̴̴̶̡̮̬̙ ̵̵̭̬̬̀͠w̨̛̤̻̪͚̞͓̮̫̩̰̘̖̲͈ͅͅa̧̨͙̤̙̤͕͕͎͕̦͍̦̜̥͝͞͠s̵̨̘̟̝̻͕̦.͠҉̳̘̬̟̘̞͇̀͜ ̀҉̦̭̮͔̞͉̬̙.̢̛҉̧͙̞̦̦̰͓͎̜̳̭͟ ̨̡̞̬̹͖͙̗̞̭͉͓͚̫̯̜̭̯̖ͅͅ.̶̭̗̦͎̥̺̞̼̤̦̪̼͘̕͝͡ ҉͏͓̜̙̪̖̯ẁ̖̣̦̗̯̪̟̠̲̩̠́͜͝͠a҉̷̢͎͙̯͕̣͍i҉̟͇̠͓̰̦̬̺̪͇̫̠̟̼̘͕̠̠͔͢͜͠ţ̪͍͓̱̣̩̫̬̭̭͖͕͍͚̀͟͝͡,҉̛̘̱̘̣̟̯͓̪̀ͅ ̵̶̢̡̘͍͙͕͍̹̰̖͓̝͔͜w҉̶̠̩̟̟̤̬͇̹̹͘ḥ̶̡̢͉̜͙̗͈̞u̶҉̯̻͕̼͎̰̠̘́͡p͟͏̮̺̤̯̘͕̹̬͚s̴҉̟̭̹̲̜.̸҉̷̨̼̣̜̠̰̫̦̯̝̲͍̲̼̺̖͉̙͢ͅ

Note, this looks much cooler in the forum, as Word doesn’t handle Zalgoing like posting online does. Translations is as follows:

I could *finally* ***See***.

Eidolon’s power was so incredibly simple that I had to laugh. It wasn’t ‘any three powers’ it was *Interface*. He wasn’t using *his* power he was using The Thinker’s! But he used them as Entities did, full of sound and fury and with no thought to something like sustainability despite their grand experiment! They had Billions of them, easily, using them in such a fashion was simple. He was constantly having to move on since they didn’t have the reservoirs detached shards normally were allotted, burning them out to the point they had to disengage to refill, those that were not burnt out completely.

With a Core Shard like this, it was no wonder that User/Host had appeared so powerful, despite, ironically, being about as creative as the Entity he wished to kill. It latched onto Lee’s power, like a man dying of thirst finding an oasis, but there was a danger there as well. In its attempts to drink the oasis, it may very well kill itself, and that would not be allowed.

Knowing what to do, the Being that was Lee in the Guise of Vejovis disengaged, gently, the personal allotment of energy it had been expending to continue the process nearly restored already. It was a fair trade to the Shard of Interface, copying its patterns and methods for Lee’s own, though modified to better fit his pre-existing style. It was not that difficult and all that needed to happen was. . . wait, whups.

Blinking, not really sure what happened, I found myself sitting in the chair in the convention center, a thin warmth to my right, propping me up while cold, soft hands pulled on me from the left, the two helping to keep me sitting up.

“Brain activity is stabilizing,” Amy whispered, barely covering restrained panic, “I think he’s okay.”

I blinked again, I sat up, tasting Crimson Satisfaction while I smelled Orange Worry. “Fuck, not again,” I groaned quietly.

“What do you mean *again,*” the healer hissed while I looked around, noting that her helmet was off, and that Taylor had removed the bottom part of hers as well. I’d need to remind them to keep suited up in the field, even if they were just healing. There was a commotion at the back of the room, grabbing the attention of everyone around us, so whatever the fuck had just happened had slipped by the others.

I had grabbed the Legend’s power, then couldn’t grab Alexandria’s, and then I tried to take Eidolon’s and then. . . m̠̘͚̞͟y̖̩̠ ҉̼̜̘̺̣̪̀͠f̖̟̰̥͜i̛̖̗͘͡n̡͝͏̗̦̞̥͍̩̫͍ǵ͕̤̞̘͘e̶͉̹̮͎͉r̶̡̹͍͞t͖̯̝͎̬̫́͟͜i̻̤̼͍̮ͅp̶̡̡̜̙̳ş̞̖ ̹͙̀f͡҉͉͕e̵̼͉̦̞̱̬̗͓͢l̡̨̨͙̻̟̗ͅt̼͉͝ ̰͈̮͠s̨҉̶̯̤̮̹̙̥i̯ͅć̱̝̞͚͙̥̳̯́͞k͙͘ĺ̸͔̖̮͔͇̼͓̳͠ͅy̹̭̤͚͖̪͢ ̨̮̰̮̮̫̬̟̖s̩̯͓̦͖̥͠w̡̡̳̳̥̻͎͟è̘̖͔̥e̛̙̳̯̮͘͢t͕̬̩̩͔,̣͍̱̣̹̬̳ ͏̝̣̼̳̞g̺̩̙̳r̪̦̖͎̱ͅạ̸̠͇̙̯̙̦̲s͏̰̯̥̲͔̕p̭̺͟i̶̵̸̠͖̻̫͎̼n̻͉̘̪̬̼̜͠g̶̵̸͔͇̖͍͓̲̤ͅ ͍̣̟̙̺a҉̸̫̼n̛͍̼͔̗͙̮̫͟d̵̳̜͍̬̰͎͇͙ ̸̧̙͉̫̪̞̬̣̪̱͜i̼n̤̬̯̭̙͔̲t̸͙̭̱e͏̟̻̞̮͓̳ͅŗ̹̪̯̺͙͟t̢̯̯͞͡w̶̠͔̝̻̠͇͚͈͟͟i̸̙̰͖̮͘͞n̼̥͞e͍͚̮̦͡d̥͖̺ ͔͔̝͇̗̯̩͔́̕͜w̶̗̙̩̗̞i͔̳͖̙͍t͙̘̼͇̼̹̙̟̝̀͡͞h̲͔ ͡҉͏͓̫̻̼͎S̗̣̞͈͓ḥ̸̗̣̩͇͓͕̞̕a̯͎͕̻p̣͖͔͕͞e̗͉r̙̬̗̻̞͉̣͎’̮̻̩̟͖̤̱͟s̵̘̙͙̙͍̟͎̀ͅ ̢̟̰̜̗̖̬̞͟ą̭͎̦͖̘̕s͏̭͙͓͙͙͚̬-̴̡̣͚

my fingertips felt sickly sweet, grasping and intertwined with Shaper’s as-

*Oh fuck no,* I thought, dragging myself back from whatever the *fuck* that was. A few days ago I’d tried to focus on what’d happened with Dean, and passed the hell out, waking up no closer to an answer. While Amy being here might help, now was *not* the fucking time!

“Sometimes when I try to use my core powers things go. . . awry,” I whispered back, reaching out with Acoustokinesis to keep the conversation quiet, only to have the power in question fail to engage. *The fuck?* I tried again, and it still didn’t work. “Give me a sec,” I whispered, ignoring Amelia’s objections as I closed my eyes to try to visualize my powers.

Instead of the collection of purloined flames that I normally saw I was greeted with nothing. Nothing at all. Tamping down my fear, I tried to reach for a power, any power, only to come up empty.

*Are you fucking kidding me?* I raged internally. Leviathan was showing up in *two hours* and I was back down to my base powers? I was going to fucking *DIE!!!* Controlling my breathing, I wrestled my emotions into place. *Okay, test to see what you* ***do*** *have*. I couldn’t exactly injure myself to test my healing, but there were still a *good* bit of low-key, on the spot powers I could test.

Coming back, I found *both* my hands were now held, having dropped more deeply then I meant to, or had ever been able to before. *Not a good sign, but no time to investigate.* “Are you okay?” Taylor asked, concern saturating her tone.

“I’m finding out,” I told her, my own tone neutral, which was about as much as I could without lying or throwing up a Sound Bubble. The obvious thing to test would be my Power Sight, but that seemed like a *bad* idea, so I tried a different tack. Focusing on the boots of my costume, I tried to change the color of my boot. At first, that wouldn’t work either, but I had a half second where I felt like I was falling, reflexively gripping the girl’s hands, before it darkened from blood red to an impenetrably deep black. Shifting it back I blew out a long breath of relief.

“We’re going to be taking a five-minute recess,” Legend announced loudly, his confident voice carrying and giving no hint of the panic he was likely feeling, Eidolon still down wherever he’d landed. “Please take your seats and we’ll be with you shortly,” he commanded and those around us grumbled as they started to take their seats once again.

“Amy,” I whispered, interrupting her inaudible muttering, “Tell me what’s going on with my Shard.” She looked at me, confused, “Corona something-or-other.”

“Pollentia and Gemma,” she corrected, frowning as she hadn’t let go of my hand. “What are you *doing?*” she demanded a moment later, panic shooting through her tone.

“Other than being a bit confused, nothing, why?” I asked, worried, only now noticing how much I *hurt*.

She looked at me, then back down, like she always did when she was looking at someone’s biology. “It’s going *nuts,*” she revealed.

“Nuts *how?*” I pressed when she stopped there, which didn’t do *anything* for the panic now twisting in my gut, my muscles aching from having been strained and a migraine threatening to descend on me at any moment.

“I don’t fucking *know*,” she whispered harshly, panic growing, “I don’t exactly know how all of this works. It’s just like you’re. . what the *fuck?*”

“What is it?” Taylor said, leaning over so far that she was practically in my lap. My headache worsened, and I had to keep from gripping either of their hands too tight.

“It’s changing shape,” she hissed, looking at me fearfully. “They’re not supposed to *do that!*”

“I’m weird, you should’ve realized this,” I quipped weakly. “I’m. . . I’m just going to close my eyes for a moment. Wake me up when he gets passed the ‘1 in 4 of you will die’ part of the peptalk,” I told the two, eyes drooping. I felt *tired,* more tired then I ever had before in this word, the panic of the moment passing. Even when I passed out, I was more confuse than *tired.* If anything, it was like how I’d felt after the second Raid, but less mental, somehow. It didn’t matter, if my Shard was changing, I couldn’t exactly do anything to stop it, and maybe a nap would-

“Oh no you fucking don’t!” Panacea hissed, and I was suddenly wide awake, my heart racing and thudding in my ears. It was like I’d pulled two all-nighters then drank half a dozen Red Bulls, that exhausted kind of energy coursing through me.

“The *fuck* Amy?” I hissed, Taylor looking between us, expression unreadable behind her mask.

“You are *not* going to sleep with some weird power-concussion!” she hissed right back.

She had a point, but so did I, “And I’m fighting *Leviathan* in *two hours.* I’m not so sure *why* I’m so tired but maybe I *need* the nap!”

“Um, guys?” Taylor asked, unsure.

“You need to be *conscious*, and you can’t fight him if you’re in a *coma*,” she replied vehemently.

I scoffed, “Okay, then you could’ve done *whatever* the hell you just did *then!*”

“Guys,” Taylor insisted, a bit louder.

“What?” we both asked.

Taylor glanced around, and only now did I notice that some of those around us were staring. Taylor had let go, but I was still holding Panacea’s hand as we argued. Taking it back, gave a quick “Sorry” to those around us before taking a deep breath. “I know you’re trying to help Amelia,” I whispered to her, “but *ask* before you fill my bloodstream with stimulants, *please*.”

Taylor shot Panacea what I’m sure was a scandalized look, “You *what?*”

“He was gonna sleep with something happening to his *brain*,” she whispered back, leaning slightly over me to do so. I pressed backwards into my chair to get out of her way, and the hero on the other side of Amy, a larger man wearing a cowboy hat and a domino mask who burned with the Orange & Red Flames of Personal Pyrokinesis shook his head at me commiseratingly. I had no idea what he meant by that, but a moment later I realized I could *See his power.* Focusing on the person in front of me, her power sprang to light, the Green & Gray Aura of Glass Form playing along her, and *only her*.

*Okay,* I told myself, ignoring the small healer almost in my lap. *Power Sight is working. . . only it’s different.* On a whim I tried to grab the power of the person in front of me, only to feel an odd ache and for my own power to not extend. Feeling a finger poking me between my armor plates, I realized that both girls were staring at me, and Panacea was doing the prodding.

“Don’t do that!” she whispered, and I just shrugged as I realized she’d once again grabbed my hand, the only part of me that was exposed.

“Sorry?” I asked more than said. “My power’s just on the fritz.”

That got concerned looks from both of them. “Well it’s doing *something!* She whispered, leaning close enough so only Taylor and I could hear her. Glass Form glanced backwards and shot all three of us a reproachful look, the brunt of it focused on me. I stared back, a ‘what do you want?’ look on my face. After a moment she huffed and turned back to face forwards, and I was poked again.

“Stop ignoring me, let it be, and *don’t mess with it,*” Amy commanded quietly. “It was starting to calm down until you did whatever you did.”

“I was going to do just that and take a fucking *nap* when *someone* messed with me,” I couldn’t help but point out, but she was right. While I was still unnaturally awake, I didn’t feel *nearly* as tired as I had even a few minutes ago, though a nap *still* sounded nice.

“I’m not apologizing,” she stated, sitting back in her seat and folding her arms in what I’m sure she thought was a strong gesture, but just looked to be a mix of adorable and bratty.

Before I could respond, Legend’s voice rang out across the space, the Triumvirate once again flying in the air, a slight blue distortion hanging around the floating Eidolon. However, he did not begin with the speech I half remembered.

“Thank you for coming, everyone,” Legend said. “Today, we are going to reach for the stars. With the forces we’ve gathered, the preparations we’ve made, and the time we’ve had to plan, we’re going to try to do something that many have thought impossible.” He looked around the room, and his next words sent my thoughts crashing to a screeching halt.

“Today, we kill an Endbringer.”