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Spooky Stories
The Spooky Issue
Spooky Ebola
Bullying
By: Abram Bismarck

Bullying has gained mainstream hate, and is in the cross hairs of parents everywhere. There has been television advertisements, posters, seminars, and even government involvement. A collective voice has risen to destroy bullying once and for all. And it only serves to showcase the misguided nature we have about this touchy subject.

Let us be frank; bullying is something that touched the lives of almost every student in US schools, and no doubt beyond. Bullying is so ingrained in society that nobody acts surprised to hear about it. Movies and television portray bullying on a regular basis, and we expect them to, to be fair, on-screen bullies tend to be so removed from reality that they are discountable by nature. Now, because something is wide spread does not mean it is correct, as showcased by old racist and sexist tendencies. Yet, the opposite is also true. Just because something holds a wide amount of public contempt, does not mean that it is wrong.

So, what is it about bullying that we don't like? Let's take a look at the definition of bullying: to treat abusively OR to affect by means of force or coercion. The first is what most think of when the topic comes up, and for good reason. Whenever we think of bullying, we tend to focus on the worst cases. People who kill themselves because they couldn't handle it, or who are beaten badly enough for a hospital visit. While these situations are inexcusable, they help us fall prey to "faulty generalization." We form our entire basis of bullying on the worst case examples, when the normal case is nowhere near as damning.

It could be said that I was one who was bullied. I had a small circle of friends, who would make direct insults to me. Sure, we all laughed, but I wasn't blind to the fact that I was the only one that got this treatment. General praise went around the circle, with all the good feelings skipping over me. Those who were not in my circle were more overt, making bodily threats, on special occasions following through and scathing observances. At the time, I was miserable. Yet, I would not trade a single day, given the chance. No one would blame me if I looked back with hatred and contempt. Yet, when I look back, the only anger I feel at is myself.

See, I learned something in those years. I have no control over others. I was a ship tossed at sea, and nothing I did could make the storm or waters calm. Yet, I found the one element of control that got me through. Myself. I learned the value of self-control, and the awe inspiring power that it holds. I found that if I forgot the sea and skies, only to guide the ship, I could make it through any storm. Since then, there has been little that bothers me. By directing all of my control inward, I found that any rage of the stormy seas was only a challenge to overcome.

So, as a victim of bullying, I have no quarrel with bullies. Children are simplistic, and will act on the very nature that has been born into us. The more powerful man has much more leeway to act, and you can bet that young students will take that wiggle room. In truth, I do not think that bullying can go away, as our nature strives for a survival instinct. Without an actual need for physically demanding survival, we create social survival.

That is not to say that I think we should ignore bullying as an issue. We still lose enough students to it that it warrants a fix. However, I find the current ideas to be misguided and will create worse situations. By suppressing outright bullying, we force them to get creative, it can be argued that they already have. Rather, we need to teach victims how to internalize themselves, and to seek encouragement from within. It would be a waste of resources to try and destroy bullying, but teaching the value of self-control and internalization is far easier and useful.
Attack the Block is up next and this 2011 British cult classic has a visual aesthetic with its monsters that bleeds with a 21st century new-school style. From the same stable that brought us Shaun of the Dead and Scott Pilgrim vs. The World, the film follows a gang of young hoodlums who must hold their own against otherworldly beasts fallen from the sky. The monsters are a major draw for this film since they manage to be unique all while fitting in beautifully with the film’s modern cinematography. Picture a mix between a wolf and a gorilla with fur so dark that no light is reflected off and rows of sharp teeth that luminesce an eerie dark blue.

The gleaming orange incandescent lighting and deep shadows beyond the shroud of the streetlights allows the creatures to blend in wonderfully, making the dark corners and alleyways of a once familiar urban sprawl the new territory of these vicious beasts.

The gleaming orange incandescent lighting and deep shadows beyond the shroud of the streetlights allows the creatures to blend in wonderfully, making the dark corners and alleyways of a once familiar urban sprawl the new territory of these vicious beasts. Fear of the unknown plays a great role in horror, keeping the monster hidden ratchets up the suspense and lets the imagination run wild with terrifying possibilities. Attack the Block plays with this concept by making its monsters so dark that even when they are revealed they still keep a large ration of mystery about them. 90% on Rotten Tomatoes says don’t miss out on this awesome movie.

Halloween’s atmosphere fills the lengthening October nights with an eerie significance. The cloak of night lets our imagination fill the indiscernible abyss and creatures of the damned come pouring out of the darkness. These foul creatures are captured on film and we encouragingly watch them every year to bask in the spirit of Halloween. This guide hopes to promote three underrated flicks that deserve a spot on your horror-holiday watch list.

If you see any single film from this list, Dog Soldiers must be it. It’s been 12 years since this intense ‘soldiers vs. werewolves’ movie came out in 2002 and it’s about time it becomes a holiday staple. The film is extremely well crafted, director Neil Marshall focused on making a ‘soldier movie with werewolves in it’ and not the other way around and this is what allows memorable characters and suspenseful action to thrive in the film’s dark woodland setting.

In the woody encampments of the Scottish Highlands, a Sergeant leads his men through a training exercise that unravels into a desperate attempt at survival against beasts that hold no quarter. New facts about the soldier’s predicament are continually revealed that serve to coil the tension to higher levels, and yet the film still leaves room for a dry sense of humor that will have memorable one-liners ringing in your head for days. A 77% on Rotten Tomatoes urges you to place Dog Soldiers next to The Thing and Aliens on your shelf of monster movie classics.
Rounding out this podium of winners is the 2007 Spanish horror film, [Rec]. Short for “record”, as in the film works on the premise of found footage, Rec is a zombie movie at heart with a mix of religious themes and biological contamination. Zombie movies are a personal favorite of mine, from the legendary Evil Dead to the unrepentant Nazi-zombie flick Dead Snow. I’ve seen it all and Rec deserves its spot amongst the greats. A good zombie flick is like a game of tag, bringing out that primal urge of fleeing from a predator, tag and you’re it; Rec excellently takes this tension and crams it in a five-story apartment building making every door and tight bend a shot at life or life-after-death for its characters.

Rec was remade as a lackluster 2008 American film, Quarantine, but let this guide stand as a testament that sometimes you just have to leave the original alone because it kicks ass. The story follows a reporter who tags along firemen on a routine call to help an old lady in an apartment building. What they find is that they are trapped in an epidemic that is being cordoned off and concealed from the public. The characters must contend with the zombies as well as the government in a plight for survival in this hellish building, and finding the origin of the outbreak is a journey all of its own. The 96% on Rotten Tomatoes alone deserves your attention but regardless of that, this movie should serve as a stepping-stone to its sequels; the excellent Rec 2 (71% on RT), the entertainingly bad Rec 3: Genesis (39% on RT), and the upcoming Rec 4: Apocalypse released on October 31st of this year.

Honorable Mention to Quarantine 2: Terminal (86% on RT), an exception to the rule that sequels are worse than the original.

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**F.O.M.O.**

Fear of missing out

Written By Anthony Baptiste

Designed By Zach Handzel

Do you have FOMO, or “fear of missing out” anxiety? This is a form of anxiety that comes from finding out that you are left out of a social gathering with your friends via social media sites such as Facebook and Twitter. This is a newer form anxiety that has come along with our current age of technology. It is the fear that your friends are having fun without it. It makes people feel that they are unimportant to their group of friends because they can have fun without you being there. This anxiety is mainly appearing in teens and young adults because they have grown up with social media being a big part of their lives. If you see one of your best friends post pictures from a party that you were not invited to and you see that everyone had a great time, it makes you envious of the people who went. It makes you think “While everyone is having fun, I’m here checking Twitter, watching Netflix, and eating snacks alone.” The thing that makes it worse is when you see pictures like this and have no way of joining the fun.

Another new form of anxiety brought about with the rise of social media is like anxiety. This anxiety formed by insecurity when one of your photos or selfies doesn’t get the amount of likes that you are used to on a social media site. We are in a point in our society where teenagers and young adults define their place in society by the number of likes they receive on a picture. A CNN interview of a teenage girl made it apparent that this is a real anxiety issue for our generation. Sadie was quoted saying “People feel that when they get a lot of likes. It means that they’re pretty and popular, and that makes them feel better.” I don’t agree that the likes that you receive on a picture should determine how pretty a person is. A lot of times when people are getting all these likes they are not even from people that they know. However, people now think that getting likes on a picture is a type of competition which is the reason why people are having anxiety when they feel that they are losing. I believe that Diana Graber, co-founder of CyberWise.org, said it best “I think that’s anxiety-ridden, because you get likes based on how many friends you have, and you have to keep posting things to get more friends and it’s like a vicious circle.” It has also been researched that checking social media sites such as Facebook can make people feel worse about themselves. This is due to envy of the things you may see your friends post. An example would be seeing vacation photos on your newsfeed. This constant stream of jealousy is leading to more and more people doing stupid things for likes and views. Nowadays, people care more about how other perceive them to be online rather than how they really are in person.
There is a great amount of excitement that surrounds the Zelda spin-off game Hyrule Warriors. Given the huge departure from the classic Zelda formula, the collaboration with a successful third-party team, and the sheer energy of gameplay, it can be said that the hype is warranted. Yet, there is a small amount of disappointment that comes with this move.

Let us be honest; the Zelda franchise needed a good reboot after the stale, formula-dependent games of recent years. The series has not had any truly interesting moves since 3D started. There are great games to be sure, Majora’s Mask wins on story alone, but nothing that got into dangerous territory. It was the same game with only a change in plots and minor gameplay details. The shift from standard to motion control wasn’t as revolutionary as we had hoped, new items are more annoying than interesting, and the old ones are boring. Zelda was in desperate need of something radical, we will not count Crossbow Training.

For very good reasons.

So, along comes Hyrule Warriors to show us a new way of thinking about the Zelda franchise. This is a big shift in how the series looks at its own universe. Instead of the single hero adventure vibe, we are given an experience that has direct focus on large scale combat. There is nothing foreign about combat in Zelda, as the other games feature plenty of sword swinging at common enemies. Yet, the level of fighting has upgraded from strategic time puzzles to overpowered slugfest that is the staple of Dynasty Warriors. With Tecmo Koei being a major contributor, this comes as no real surprise. However, there might have been a missed opportunity in how the developers approach the use of combat.

Some of the most memorable moments from Zelda gameplay come from enemies that are quite basic in concept, but are powerful in execution. The enemies like Darknuts and Iron Knuckles, which were large, slow, and powerful wielders of weapons. These enemies were intimidating, and produced a different feeling. Unlike the more mythical enemies that are quite basic in concept, but are powerful in execution. These were enemies that had to be tested with the application of skill and patience.

It is said that the best foes are those that earn your respect. These enemies were built as close to that experience as possible. It was a test of our hero against an enemy who could fight like him, but with much more of an impact. It made the hero have to evolve and grow in combat, by testing his skills against a foe that should have, by all real calculation, won. These fights were epic in nature. A smaller being defeating a more powerful foe against all odds. What made Greek mythology so powerful, and the heroes seem so unreal, was captured in these fights.

This seemed to be a style that resonated somewhere, because we saw more major villains take on this role for themselves. The final fight with Ganondorf in Wind Waker, who radiated the very feeling of intimidation and experience, was the start of the pattern. Many seemed to have nothing but praise for this boss, as it gave them a challenge, while giving the player an odd sort of respect for the character. He went from being an evil guy to beat, to being a character with evil intentions who could give you a run for your money. The pattern was cemented with Twilight Princess. Ganondorf’s final fight was stunning, difficult, and awe-inspiring. It felt like everything the hero did culminated at that moment, when his sword had to match with the enemy. Even Skyward Sword, which created much frustration among gamers, had a final fight with Demise that was regarded as climatic, fun, and memorable.

However, these are not as complete as they should be. Even with the epic feeling behind them, and the expansion into major bosses, they were clunky and underwhelming in nature. They were limited by a lack of emphasis on combat, and were more complex versions of puzzle combat that the rest of the game worked on. They tried to break out of the rut that was created, but was held back in the end.

Zelda combat is something that should be expanded. There is a severe lack of good sword-swinging action among the big titles of gaming, and it is a hole that needs some filling. The Zelda series has everything it needs to give that perfect feeling of pure, fun, and challenging sword combat. With Hyrule Warriors, they skip over that to create the over-the-top style that made Dynasty Warriors so popular among its fans. This is a safe move on their part, and it should not be held against them. Yet, to have a game focus on the feeling that has teased us since Wind Waker could be a game changer. The game market is already filled with its Dynasty Warriors and with its Zeldas. We need a game that can test us by giving us refined sword combat, and enemies that are a real challenge. We are so close to it, and the Zelda franchise has the perfect conditions to drive a wedge in this niche. We can only hope that they take the opportunity.
The clicking and chatting Kyle heard in the dead of night would be downright comical if he could just find out where it was coming from. Often he would hear distant prattling, as if Elmo and Grover from Sesame Street were doing R2-D2 impersonations. As the length of each cold night increased, so did the frequency with which the clicking and muttering he heard kept him awake. “The boiler room next door...or the guys upstairs?”

The view from his dorm room gave him no indication but of the changing seasons. The blinds in his room were usually shut; the weaving and yawning expanse of the oak and birch trees at the back of the dorms left him feeling cold, alone, and watched.

The noises echoed in his ears as he replayed the sounds to himself trying to pinpoint their origin. He couldn’t tell if he was imagining them at this point. Nights wore on as dim lighting traced shapes against his ground floor window. Kyle’s suitemates gave no vindication to his suffering; he was the only audience to this strange phenomenon.

“Was it a movie playing in the distance? The machines going off? A prank?” he wondered laying down. A light sleeper, and a late sleeper, these strange sounds were an intriguing nuisance until they suddenly became closer than before. His eyes opened, darting around the room. The clicking was coming from outside his window, first from one source, then from two, and now three. The dim light from a distant parking lot skewed the silhouette of a skinny figure across the back of his blinds.

The figure grew smaller as it approached the window. Kyle tensed, flashes of drunken college troublemakers lit in his mind. The ripping sound of tiny metal strands being sheared made him jump out of bed. Disconcerted, he strode across his small room and peeled two of the slats apart. He wanted to scream with terror but his voice shriveled and became hidden. He wanted to run but his legs were no more than dead logs waiting to tip under the weight of his frozen body.

The window screen was torn off and it took until the thin grey arms had started to slide Kyle’s window open that he would finally stumble back. A cold and grunt limb rustled the curtain as it set foot in the room, the thin silver body it was attached to, soon followed. Gripping the headpost, Kyle kicked his chair towards the intruder. He swung himself upright as he reached for the door. It was halfway open before a sharp pain in his calf brought him to the floor. Turning as he fell, the round black eyes and smooth profile of the invader were the last things he saw before fading into a deep sleep.

A jarring pain in his wrists woke him. He was hanging from them, suspended on a moving line in union with creatures that he had never seen before who were suspended just as he is. His eyes and jaw opened widely as his mind tried to comprehend the scale of the environment he was now in. Looking ahead he saw dozens of giants seated at luminous white tables in a vast cavern of a room. Each of their four eyes moved independently of the other as they leaned on their elbows to get a closer view of the specimen. Their faces protruded into great cones as their thin nostrils flared near each tiny creature. As Kyle’s eyes ran over the bodies of these beasts he saw a terror he wished not to believe, they were feasting on each suspended animal in droves.

Each giant would point to several creatures they desired. These small aliens, human or otherwise, were then entirely covered in large white grains and sheathed in a black wrapping. Dipped in a pool of black sauce, the giants would then use two thin sticks the size of trees to rush the creatures from the pool to their mouths, consuming them whole. Kyle’s spot in line wound closer as a giant who was much smaller than the rest, but magnitudes larger than him, pointed in his direction. Kyle was brought down from his shackles and prepared. The large rice stuck to him easily as the crinkly black paper sealed him in tightly. He shut his eyes as he was plunged headfirst into the pool of the black sauce.

For an instant in that darkness he recalled a sweet moment he had shared with his mother. Her voice calling from across the cozy expanse of their home, “Who was the actor that played the dad in According to Jim?” she asked. “Jim Belushi” he shouted, turning from his screen towards the sound of his mother’s warm laughter at his reply. “What’s so funny?” he asked. “Oh nothing dear, I thought you had yelled ‘I’m a sushi’.”
As you have probably heard, there have been a few reported findings of Ebola in the United States and it is causing a lot of panic. Ebola is an infectious and very fatal disease. Symptoms of this disease are: fever, headache, muscle pain, weakness, diarrhea, vomiting, stomach pain, and unexplainable bleeding or bruising. The first reported case was in America was in Dallas, Texas. While it is scary to think that this disease may be spreading quickly through the nation and we are all in danger, I am here to put your mind at ease. Since Ebola is not an airborne virus it can only be spread through contact with bodily fluids which means it will not cause as big of an outbreak that everyone expects. As of October 13, 2014, 1 person has contracted Ebola while in the United States. This case is alarming because it was a nurse treating the first man who brought Ebola to the US, Thomas Eric Duncan. However, the nurse who caught this virus apparently broke protocol at some point which is when she must have contracted the virus. As far as I know she is in stable condition. In further attempts to limit the spread of this deadly disease, the nurses’ car and home have been cleaned by health officials.

Ebola was first reported in 1976 in the Democratic Republic of the Congo and was named after the Ebola River where it was first found. The first places where outbreaks occurred were: Democratic Republic of Congo, Republic of the Congo, Uganda, Liberia, South Sudan, Sierra Leone, Guinea, Cabon and the Ivory Coast. The reason that this virus spreads so much in those areas is because those who are infected are being taken care of by family and friends who end up getting infected in the caring process. It is a vicious cycle that causes a lot of death in those areas. Due to the lack of access to hospitals around those areas it is hard for these victims to receive help which is the reason for such high death tolls. It is recorded that about 50 to 90 percent of the people who contract this disease unfortunately die depending on the strain that they get.

While only 1 person contracted this fatal disease while in the US, there have still been a few Americans who have traveled back to the US with the disease. There have been 6 Americans who have contracted the disease and became ill. Of the 6 patients, one has died from the disease, Patrick Sawyer. This was in July which may be part of the reason it has not gotten as much media attention, with it being one of the first cases. The other Americans have all been treated with various methods including experimental drugs, blood transfusions, and others that have not been told to the public. While it is frightening that so many people have gotten the disease, the silver lining is that most of them have been treated and are free of the disease. With the knowledge of how to stop the virus in an infected person along with the difficulty of getting Ebola, it is safe to say that Americans do not need to fear. As long as precautions are taken such as sanitizing your hands, avoiding contact with the sick, and avoiding flying unless completely necessary everyone should be fine.

This outbreak of Ebola in the US is frightening and definitely a case for alarm at first. However, there is not much need for mass panic because of the difficulty of catching the virus and the great job being done with containing and treating this virus. I am not saying that you should go around trading bodily fluids with everyone, just that you do not have to wear masks at Walmart. On second thought, may be you should.

Quiz: Do you have Ebola?

1. Have you touched the vomit, blood, sweat, saliva, urine, or feces of someone who might have Ebola?

   [ ] Yes
   [x] No

You do not have Ebola.
WINNERS: 
COMMUNITY CREATIONS
Congratulations to the winners of our Community Creations contest!
First Place - “The Aftermath” by Andrew Ruhland
Second Place - “Twin Dragons” by Michael Spencer
Third Place - “Wildcat's Way” by Kira Gregory
Thanks to everybody who submitted, and keep reading for a chance to enter in more contests in the future!
and listened, and waited. You've seen the statue outside the doors of the Student Center. We all have. The metal paw reaching out with extended claws, the snarling bared teeth, the ears flattened backward towards the skull. Not very friendly looking to me. Welcome to the Student Center. You've just met the wildcat. I know, she's probably supposed to look strong and fierce and wild. But you know what I see in that aggressive posture? Fear. There's a lot of things you probably don't know about the wildcat. That's okay. Most of us haven't a clue. But you've read the fairy tales, haven't you? It's not all that rare to get turned into stone. But that's what makes the cat interesting. She wasn't turned to stone by some ill-tempered fairy. She never saw a fairy in her short life. Neither have I. But that makes you wonder... how did the cat solidify there in such an unnatural pose, outside that well-traveled pathway? Ah. There's a story there.

Before the cat wandered purposefully onto SUNYIT's campus (for at that time, we were indeed SUNYIT), she lived in the nearby woodland. Sometimes you could hear her wild growls by night. College students can be pretty noisy themselves though, and she was not often heard. She spoke to the other wildcats, near and far, wishing for an answer. None came. She was lonely, of course. In a way. Most cats are solitary by nature, and so was she. But this cat wasn't satisfied with a life like the rest of her kind's. She wanted something more. And it wasn't companionship that she craved, like you do. She desired admiration. She was especially proud of her luxurious tufts on the end. But hers—this tail was something special, something that set her apart from the rest of her kind. Perhaps she had a right to be proud. Months passed, and still her calls were not answered. It was

When the first icy flakes of snow touched the ground, the wildcat's breath melted them from the grasses at forest's edge. It was evening. Darkness was coming on, and she could feel the blood pumping through her veins, the adrenaline readying for a race into the unknown. It had to come. Tonight would be that night. Her breath hung in the air as she watched the students moving past. She stepped forward—and suddenly stilled. It was too light. There were too many people. The fear was too great. The hours began to pass again, slowly. So slowly. The moving beings began to grow few. The darkness grew, and the flakes fell thicker, flashing as they fell past the lamplight. The cat shook the snow from her whiskers, stretched and eased the cold from her limbs. She blinked once, and made a new paw print in the snow. There are very few scents in fresh fallen snow. Sounds are dulled by the immutable silence of the falling ice. The flakes surrounded her as she drifted over campus, a shadow in the storm. You can guess where she ended up.

"But, what next?" you ask. "What happened then?" What did happen then. It's not all that clear. She wound up in front of one of the buildings. Against her better judgment, she stayed there, all through the night. The scent of humanity would have driven her away, but the snow covered all scents. She stayed there, waiting for someone to come by. Fearing that someone would. No one did. Not until the first rays of sun touched the eastern edge of the sky and blinked out a star. I don't know what he was doing up so early. But he noticed the pile of snow there, that oddly shaped bundle. The bundle that shivered. And what do you think he did? He poked it. Brushed off the snow and gave a little kick, and that's when a yellow eye flashed open. That scared him. If it didn't, those shining claws would have met their target and torn deep. But I don't think he was nearly so scared of the wildcat as she was of him. The proximity and scent of the human form overwhelmed her, and fear shocked her heart. It was just after she lashed out with those gleaming claws, that she froze. Literally. She hasn't moved since. She's still there, and when the first flakes fall, they'll light on her again, and coat her with the white blanket she wore during that first morning on campus.

That's the story of the wildcat. Most of it, at least. It's an odd tale, isn't it? You can come up with your own theories about what happened that morning, if you want. But I think she just wanted something that was beyond her reach. Maybe she got more than she bargained for. Maybe not. Now she's on display, and you see her every time you walk through those double doors. You can admire that long tail. You see her picture everywhere you look. She's dead, but she's famous. The wildcat got her way.
The Aftermath
By Andrew Ruhland

Am I a man, or a monster?

I used to know once. The world made sense then. Back then, there weren’t otherworldly creatures out to slaughter you. Back then, you didn’t have to fear every human encounter. Back then, kill or be killed wasn’t the law of the land. Back then, we had power. We had homes. We could live. We could afford to love. Back before we all left the comfort of our homes and became prey. In retrospect, three years is nothing, but to us, each day is an eternity. We are the survivors. We are the meat. We are human. Or we were. I don’t know how many of us can truly call ourselves human anymore. It’s every cliché zombie or apocalypse movie ever made. The world has gone to hell, and some have embraced the flame. It’s...actually, pretty depressing. It would have been kind of fun, except for everyone I knew dying. Well, almost everyone. No one knows how it truly happened. Some say it’s a mutated disease that horribly kills victims then alters the host. Some say it’s some crashed alien species, programmed only to breed and kill. Me? I don’t care. I have my life, my dog Kira, the world ahead of us, and the packs of bloodthirsty creatures that now inhabit It.

I awoke to the doves taking flight from the tree above me. Kira’s head rose up along with mine, and we left the hollow tree that was our shelter from the night. Neither of us found any sign of danger, so I turned around and gathered my things. Water bottles, scavenged food, a multi-tool I’d got off the third person who tried to kill me, my hunting knife, and a rifle I found four days ago in an abandoned cabin. I loaded up my pack, slung the rifle over my shoulder and started walking away from the sun, which my training told me was the west.

I crested the hill as quietly as I could, Kira in tow, and surveyed the scene. Man, woman, child. Twelve Mutilators surrounding a now upturned and engineless SUV. That was their first mistake. Mutilators attacked anything that moved or made noise or had a scent. They really weren’t picky. Gasoline engines and car bodies probably helped their digestion or something. I bet they’d have eaten the entire car first if its occupants had kept their cool. A few gunshots rang out before the man went down. His torso and left arm sheared right off after a single lunge. Terrible loss. The woman stood in front of the child unarmed, and only succeeded in dying more painfully. The child screamed out, trying desperately to call her parents back. I stood atop the hill, heart tugging at my chest as the twelve Mutilators turned towards her. I could help her, and probably die horribly, or leave before I was noticed. Her head turned towards me, eyes burrowing deep into my very soul from three-hundred feet away.

I had a choice...

Am I a man, or a monster?
THE FACTORY TIMES