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THE DARK WIND BLOW ACROSS HIS LIGHT BROWN FACESUL FEATHERS. HIS EYES HAD BECOME THEIR FULL DEADLY BACK BALLS IN THEIR HOME WHICH WERE THE SOCKETS. THE FINGER SIZE THICKNESS LOCKS OF HIS HAIR DANCED IN THE WAVES OF BLOWING WINDS. HIS MIDDLE BUTT CHEST HEAVED UP AND DOWN AS HE WAS BREATHING HARD. HIS HEART SEEM TO BE BEATING LIKE A LOUD DRUM FROM A SMALL INDIAN CAMP, BUT THIS DRUM ONLY HE COULD HEAR.

SICK OF THE GAME, "IS THIS THE WAY YOU WANT THIS TO END?" THE GREAT SWORDSMAN LET HIS VOICE FREE INTO THE BLACKNESS OF NIGHT, WHICH HAD EVERYTHING IN THE AREA IN BLACKNESS.

PULLING FREE THE ONLY LIGHT AROUND CAME FROM HIS MAGICAL GOLDEN BLADED MEDIUM SIZE SWORD'S. THE RICH GOLD LIGHT WAS LIKE A RING AROUND HIS TWIN BLAZE. THERE WERE SO MANY COLORED MAGICAL JEMS, RUBIES, AND DIAMONDS WHICH COULD BE SEEN IN ANCIENT SYMBOLS. THAT RAN ALONG THE MIDDLE OF EACH SIDE OF BOTH BLAZES. HIS HANDS WERE GRIPPED TIGHTLY AROUND THE SNOW WHITE IVRY MADE HANDLES WAS READY TO PUT IN WORK.

WHILE HE STOOD THERE THE SENT OF THE MURDERS BEAST WAS HEAVY IN THE AIR WHICH TRIGGERED HIS SENSORS. HE NEVER LOOKED BACK, BECAUSE HE LET HIS KEEN HEARING COVER ANY MOVEMENT AT HIS BACK. FORE HE HAD BEEN LOST TRACK OF GAMBLE IN THE PATH'S ALONG THE CHACE. BUT GAMBLE WAS A BIG BOY.

THE SOUND OF THE NIGHTLY WOLVES PACK OF HUNTERS COULD BE HEARD SOME WHERE IN THE FAR DISTENTS. HEARING THIS, HE WORE THE BEAST NEEDED THAT BUNCH IN THE PICTURE RIGHT NOW. THEN THE LIVING TREES MOVED AROUND DESTROYING THE FORE-MILIEU PATHES, THAT ONE MAY HAVE USED A FEW MOEMENTS AGO. THIS SEEM TO ALWAYS PLAY APART IN OTHERS BECOMING LOST IN THE ALWAYS DEFRONT SCENES. WHICH WAS THE TRAP FOR THOSE WHO DID NOT KNOW THE WAYS OF THE FOREVER FOREST.

RIGHT AT THAT MOEMENT A SMALL CYCLOPEANES JUMPED IN THE DARKNESS ONLY TO LAND A FEW YARD'S AWAY FROM THE SWORDSMAN. JUST AS ITS FEET LANDED ON MANY DEFRONT OBJECTES, HE SWIFTLY SPUN AROUND LETTING THE TWO HEADED AXE WHICH HAD CLAIM SO MANY LIVES ALREADY, CUT THROUGH THE THICKNESS OF BLACKNESS.

(NOTHING!) THE ONE EYED FREAK SCREAMED OUT IN DISAPPOINTMENT AT ITS BAD LUCK. FORE IT KNEW THE GREATNESS OF ITS FOE.

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"You Fool." He yelled out nopping to stall his enemy. Also he made another spinning move only to once again come up snort. It was not all in vain, for this time the swordsman had to jump back. His quickness help in his avoiding a left threatening blow.

"Close, but not enough." He growled out in a mock at the beast. Because he knew it was sightless in the black pit of night. The magical glow of the blades help guide the beast toward his positions.

It smiled locking in on the man. "I want miss you..." was fastly cut short. The swordsman was moving in at a fast rush. That was quicker like lighting. In which one of his blades fangled off the weak thrush of the cyclopes axes.

His jaws tighten at the coming back swing with his other blade. It cut into the shoulder of the bigger foe. (It cried out!) Nice snort a voice in the back of his mind told him. He payed he's life long mate no attention at all. He was angury with him self for not landing a death blow.

He did a cat leap and landing on his feet bending an spinning around happen quickly out of habit more then instinct. Crouching with his blades turned out. What was a block tactic. To stop any in coming blows. Even though it would have not stood a chance under the forces of the beast.

To his surprise, the blow he throw had cut clean throw the beast weapon arm. So his axe was lost some where in the unseeable darkness. The fizzing of the mans sword's could be heard as it sucked in all the blood feeding the blood hungeress of them.

"Such a shame, you foolish creater you." The blade slinger let out crazying in for the kill. Never would he not make the mistake an rushed in. For he know the strength of the creater. An at a life threating time like this, only fog knew its power.

At the smell of blood caused the swordsman fog's ~~two~~ grow another inch. For the other side of him had awaken. His focus in the darkness was clear as a bat. He quickly put away his sword. In doing this he turn out all the light.

The smaller then others one eyed beasted notice this and began looking around as if on the verge of loosing his mind. Slowly he backed away. Its third step was the one that tripped him over one of the huge

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ROOTS. THIS CAUSED HIM TO CRASH BACKWARDS, WHICH WAS EATER FOR THE AXE WHICH WAS WAITING ON THE GROUND. IT CUT THROUGH THE THICKNESS OF HIS BACK, ONLY TO FIND A CRAZY ENTERS IN THE HEART OF THE BEAST, THEN FIND FREEDOM OUT THE FRONT OF HIS CHEST. IT KILLED HIM INSTANTLY.

"Damn you." THE Faggel animal LIKE PREDATOR STOOD OVER ITS PRAY. "Oh well, I MUST FEED STILL WHILE HIS BLOOD WAS WARM." IT SAID TO NO ONE BUT WAS HEARD BY MANY OF THE FOREST CREATORS. AT ONCE HE FELL ON TOP OF THE BEAST AND LET ITS FAGGES TEAR INTO THE SWEATY WARM FLESH. THE LOVELY TASTE OF THE WARM BLOOD WAS ON THE ONE, HE FELT AS THE VESSEL HOLES IN HIS FAGG'S SUCKED IN THE MEAL. HIS EYES BEGAN TO QUICKLY TURN BLOOD RED IN THE DARKNESS WHERE THEY WERE UNSEEN. HIS LITTLE STRENGTH THAT WAS LOST IN THIS CHANCES BEGAN TO GROW FROM EVERY OUNCE OF BLOOD HE SUCKED IN.

THE SWEAT SMALL OF FRESH BLOOD ROAR THE WAVES OF THE WIND. THIS CAUSED MORE HUNGRY CRITERS IN THE FOREST TO MOVE TOWARD ITS AREA. ONCE THERE THEY CAME TO A STOP. ONLY TO HEAR THE CRAZY SOUNDS OF MADNESS THAT WAS COMING THROUGH THE ONE KNOWN ONLY AS THE VANGELICIT THROAT AS HE FEASTED ON HIS HUNTED MEAL.

KNOWING THIS NEITHER OF THE OTHERS CAME AROUND FORE THEY KNEW THEY TO COULD BECOME VICTIM TO THE UNMATCHNESS OF THE STARKERS SWORDSHIP. ALL ONLY PAUSED WAITING FOR HIM TO LEAVE SO THEY COULD HAVE HIS BLOODLESS REMAINS.

ABOVE BENT ON ONE OF THE HIGH UP HUGE TREE BRANCHES, OF ONE RESTING TREE. WAS ANOTHER DEADLY FIGURE. HE COULD HEAR THE BEAST BELOW WHICH SINCE YOUTH, HE HAD BEEN ASSIGNED TO AS ITS GUARDEN. THE INHUMAN NOSE SEEM TO ALWAYS HAVE SOME TYPE OF EFFECTED ON HIS STOMACH.

Oh, NOW HE HATED VAMPIRES. YET THE HALF-AN-HALF WAS A BLISSING. FOR HE FEASTED ON ALL THE EVIL IN THE STONE CITY REALM'S.

THE WIND SEEM TO SNIFF AND THE HIGHLANDER SPENT QUICKLY WITHOUT EVER RISING BUT PULLING FREE HIS TIMELESS BLADE. ONLY TO FREEZE AT SITE OF THE OLD SAMERIE WHO HAD HIS BLADE CAUGHT IN ONE OF HIS THICK BEAR CLAW GLOVED HAND.

"Yo'as git'im BITTOR." THE SLANTED EYED CHINA-MAN SAID IN HIS BEST TUNGE OF THE SWAMP LANGUAGE.

THE HIGHLANDER SHOWED A WEAK SMILE, THAT REALLY WENT UNSEEN IN

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THE DARKNESS. "SO YOU SAY, BUT HOW CAN ONE EVER MATCH UP WITH SOME ONE WHO IS MUCH OF AN ELDER AND OLDER THAN THE LAND'S ITSELF?" THE YOUNG MAN SPOKE UP JOKING AS HE QUICKLY REPLACED HIS WEAPON.

"Ah." THE CHINA-MAN SAID, BEFORE TAKING UP A SEAT NEXT TO HIS YOUNG FRIEND ON THE BRANCH.

"BUT YA'SI DAT HEY IS SA'CLOSE." HE BEGAN EXPLAINING ONES SEATED. WITH HE'S WORDS OUT, WHICH ONLY THOSE WHO LIVED WITH COULD TRULY UNDERSTAND. HE POINTED BELOW IN THE PITCH BLACK PIT.

THE HIGHLANDER SHOOK OFF THE SHEARER THAT SNOT THROUGH HIM, "AND THATS NOT GOOD."

CHINA-MAN LOOKED IN THE YOUNGER MAN DIRECTION. PUZZLED! "WHI YE' SA DAT?" HE ASKED.

THIS QUESTION FROM HE'S FRIEND REALLY CAUGHT HIM OFF GUARD. FORE HE NEVER SHARED HE'S THOUGHTS OR NIGHTMARES WITH ANYONE. SO NOW HERE HE WAS IN THOUGHT, BUT KNEW HE MUST COME UP WITH A ANSWER NOT WANTING THE ELDER TO LOOK AT HIM SIDE WAYS. BUT HOW MUCH COULD HE TRUST THE CRYSTAL CARRIER. AFTER ALL BOTH OWED THEIR LIVES TO THE YOUNG VANGELICIT.

BECAUSE IT WAS HE, THAT WHEN HE LEFT THE KINGDOM OF BLOOD SUCKING VAMPIRES. WHERE THE FOGGED ONE BENEATH THEM FATHER RAIN AS KING VAN-PELT. WHO IS A GREAT WARRIOR AND KING. HAD ASSIGNED EACH OF THEM TO STAY AT HIS SIDE AND ACCOMPANY HIM IN HIS MISSION UNTILL DEATH. THAT WAS THEIR ONLY WAY OF FREEDOM.

"WHAT IF HE KILL ALL THE EVIL BEFORE HIS DEATH? THEN HOW CAN THE WORLD ITSELF, BE PROTECTED FROM HIM?" THE HIGHLANDER ASKED, TAKING A CHANCE EXPRESSING HIS DEEPEST FEELING.

CHINA-MAN ONLY SHOOK HIS HEAD. "HEE'NA KIL'MAN. AN'SI IF HEE'TOON DEN HEE WIL'BE ONLY ONE." CHINA-MAN SHOOK HIS HEAD SLOWLY TURNING INTO THE PIT OF DARKNESS OF NIGHT. HE NEVER THOUGHT LIKE THIS BEFORE, BUT NOW...

"ONE THAT CAN TAKE ON A SMALL ARMY ALONE." THE PELL WHITE MILK SHIN YOUNG MAN ADDED NOT LETTING HIS COMRADE GET AWAY SO EASY.

"AN AN AN! YEE' FA'EAR DA HAIF ONE'WA?"

THE YOUNGER OF THE TWO LOOKED OVER. HE KNEW THE CHINA-MAN WAS NOT LOOKING HIS WAY. "I DON'T FEAR HIS FATHER."

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"Hee'na'hee, Fa'der."

"No, but I don't ~~know~~ ~~understand~~."

CHINA-MAN SHOOK HIS HEAD SLOWLY. "Hee'na mee ea'tner." He SAID ALSO. FORE HE BEING THE MASTER TRAINER. HE KNEW IN TIME THAT NEITHER HE, THE HIGH-LANDER ALONG WITH VAN-PELT TOGETHER, WILL STILL NOT BE A MATCH FORE THE WAR MACHINE ONCE IT RECOGNIZES HIS FULL KNACK AND MASTERY IN THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

"Sea'at dis'a'wae." CHINA-MAN SPOKE UP AGAIN, THIS TIME RISING TO HIS FULL HEIGHT. "Ua'jus'sea, ba't at, ba'hea Fa'au'ss, Yea'TANK Laidis, Due'yea T'ANK WEA'RUN OUT'a Fude?"

"Nah WHY?" THE YOUNGER ONE ASKED.

CHINA-MAN ONLY POINTED IN THE AREA THE HAIFLING ONCE WAS. "Hee'nav-a RUN OUT." He hopped.

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THE UNKNOWN-NESS WAS THE FEELING ONE FELT WHEN MOVING THROUGH THE FOREST WHICH HAD CLAIMED JUST AS MANY LIVES AS THOSE WHO LIVED IN IT. IT WAS DAY BREAK, YET PARTS OF THE HUGE FOREST WERE NIGHT LIFE STILL HIND IN DARKNESS. OTHER AREAS OF THE DEATH WOOD, THE SUN LIGHT HAD FOUND ITS OWN SPACE IN BETWEEN THE TREES, WHICH WAS THE ONLY HOPE FOR THE HELPLESS, WHO WAS TO WAIT FOR THE LIFE AFTER DARK.

MOVEMENT WAS ALWAYS HEARD, DUE TO THE FACT THAT EVERYTHING HAD ITS OWN MIND. EVEN THE WIND SPOKE ITS OWN LANGUAGE.

THIS WAS A PLACE WHERE NOTHING WAS CONSEALED. YET TO LIVE FORE ANOTHER DAY WAS HARDER TO LIVE THROUGH, THEN A WOMAN GIVING LIFT INTO THE WORLD.

THE RAZER MADE LINKED CHAIN CUT THROUGH THE AIR WHISTLING THE ITS SHARP TIPS CUT INTO ONE OF THE TREE'S, WHICH BEGAN MOVING AWAY AS THE RAZER WERE RIPPED FROM ITS BARK.

ALL THIS GAVE THE WINGED MAN MORE THEN ENOUGH TIME TO MAKE A SWIFT MOVE. HE FLIPPED OVER THE HEAD OF ITS TEACHER ONCE AGAIN OUT MANOEUVRING THE WEAPON KNOWN AS THE RAZERS EDGE.

HE LANDED LIGHTLY CAUSING HIS WINGS TO FOLD ON HIS BACK UNDER HIS LIVING AND SELF THINKING CLOAK. HE DID NOT PLAN HIS QUICK ACTIONS AS HE SPENT AROUND. ALL HAD BECOME ONE WITH HE'S INSTANT.

ONE OF HIS SHORT SWORDS WENT LOW, WHILE THE OTHER ONE CUT HIGH. THE

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jewel's THAT FELT THE MIDDLE OF THE GOLD BLADES GLEAMED FROM THE SMALL RAYS OF SUN THAT CAME IN THE OPENINGS THEY FOUND BETWEEN THE TREE'S.

HE FELT A JERK AT ONE OF HIS BLADES, FORE THE RAZER'S EDGE RAPPED AROUND THE END OF THE HIGH SWING BLADE. THE CHAIN'S MASTER SIMPLY JUMPED OVER THE LOW SWING BLADE. ONCE HE WAS BACK ON HIS TWO FEET, HE BRACED HIMSELF, THEN WITH OLD INNER STRENGTH THE CHINA-MAN GRIPED THE RAZER LINK'S OF HIS CHAIN IN THE THICK BEAR COAT MADE GLOVES, WHICH WERE MAGICAL THEMSELVES. A LONG AGO LAMIA HAD SOWN THEM TOGETHER WITH AN ENCHANTED THREAD, THAT MADE IT WERE NO BLADE, FIREBALL'S OR ANY MINNER ATTACK WEAPONS COULD PENETRATE ITS HIDE.

HE YANKED ONE OF THE MAGICAL SWORD'S FREE. "AH," HE SMARKED KNOWING THAT HE NOW STUD A MUCH BETTER CHANCE AGAINST THE WINGED BLADE SLINGER.

THE BLADE SLINGER EYES NARROWED. WHEN HE SAW THIS, IT TOOK ONE QUICK GESTURE FROM THE CHINA-MAN. TO SEND THE ONE END THAT ONCE WAS IN ONE OF THE TREES TO SWINGING AROUND TO GAIN CONNECTION WITH HIS Foe.

THE DREADLOCK WEARING BLADE SLINGER, WHO WAS MUCH YOUNG AND SO MANY TIMES FASTER IN SPEED OR QUICKNESS, EAZLY DUCKED UNDER THE STRIKE. IN THAT BRIEF MOMENT HE CAUGHT THE SUPPRISE LOOK ON THE CHINA-MAN FEATERS. DID HE REALLY THINK IT WOULD BE THAT EAZY. THE VOICE SAID IN HIS MIND.

HE THREW A QUICK JOB LIKE KICK, THAT TOOK THE CHINA-MAN IN THE PIT OF HIS BELLY UNEXPECTED. WHICH CAUSED THE OLDER MAN TO GRG FOR AIR. HE TOOK A FEW STEPS BACK.

THE WINGED ONE REACTED, HITTING THE CHAIN WITH HIS OTHER SWORD. IT WAS ENOUGH FORCES IN THE BLOW TO CAUSE THE CHAIN LOOSE JUST A LITTLE BUT ENOUGH FOR HIM TO SUMEN HIS FIRST SWORD, WITH A WAVING MOTION OF HIS HAND. THE SHORT SWORD RETURNED TO ITS MASTERS HAND.

"YOU LOOSE," WAS ALL HE SAID BEFORE YANKING HIS HOODLY FROM HIS CLOAK OVER HIS HEAD. THIS CAUSED HIM TO BECOME ONE WITH THE UNSEEN WINDS.

HE LEAPED OUT OF HARM'S WAY. HE KNEW HIS TRAINER AND TEACHER KNEW WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN DONE, WITHOUT HIM ACTUALLY PERFORMING THE PHYSICAL ACT. KNOWING THIS THE CHAIN BLADE RUN DROPPED HIS GUARD, PRACTICES WAS OVER. THE CHAIN IT SELF QUICKLY TOOK ITS PLACE, WHICH IT RAPPED AROUND THE CHINA-MAN'S UPPER BODY. IT CAUSED ITS SELF TO LOOK LIKE A SILVER SKELETON OF

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RAZERS.

"XERXES." CHIVA-MAN CALLED OUT TO THE ONLY VANGELICTT TO BREATHE, "YEE AR'E 'da-bess' I SEA AN' aLIME-YEERS." HE SAID WITH A SINCERITY OF PRIDE. AN WHY NOT IT WAS HE, NO ONE ELSE. HE WHO PUT IN ALL THE RIGHT WORK INTO THE HALF-ANGEL HALF-VAMPIRE INTO THE LEGENDARY WARRIOR THE PROPHETICE HAD ONCE PREDICTED HIM TO BE. IT HAD TOOK HIM ALL HIS LIFE TO GET IN HIS FORM. NOT THE BLADE SLINGER. HE HAD CONCURRED IT ALL IN HIS STILL VERY YOUNG AGE.

XERXES PULLED OFF HIS HOODY. QUICKLY COMING TO VIEW, BUT HE WAS STANDING A FEW YARDS TO THE LEFT OF THE OLD WARRIOR SIDE.

"ALL THANK'S GO TO YOU MY DEAR FRIEND NICODEMUS." XERXES PUT HIS SHORT SWORD AWAY IN THEIR SHEATHS THAT HUNG DOWN AT HIS SIDE. HE WALKED OVER TO PARTNER UP WITH NICODEMUS. HEAVY SOUNDS OF HUGE BIRD WINGS BEATING AGAINST THE AIR HIGH SOMEWHERE UP OVER THEIR HEADS.

A LOOK OF NOT MUCH CONFIDENCE WAS THE MASK ON XERXES FEATERS. "STILL!" HE SPOKE UP ONCE THE TWO HAD WALKED AWHILE IN SILENCE. "DO YOU REALLY THINK I AM READY FOR OUR FOES OUTSIDE THIS PLACE? I MEAN AREN'T IT MORE SWORD AND COMBAT STYLES OUT THERE?" HE ASKED IN A CALM YET ALARMING TONE. THIS CAUSED NICODEMUS TO DOUBLE TAKE. JUST LIKE MANY OTHERS THAT HEARD THE CALMNESS COME FROM A HARD JAW MAN LIKE HIM, ONE THAT FEATERS SEEM TO HAVE RUFFNESS TO THEM IN YET A VERY HANDSOME WAY.

NICODEMUS TURN IN THE SAME DIRECTION AN ONCE THEY WERE SIDE BY SIDE, THE LONG TIME FRIENDS BEGAN THEIR WALK FOR HOME. THEY FELL INTO A CONVERSATION ON XERXES MEANING IN THIS LIFE

Above an only a FEW YARDS OFF IN THE HOLE OF A TREE. HOVERED A BALL OF LIGHT. IT HAD BEEN ON XERXES TRAIL NOW SEVEN DAYS AND SIX NIGHTS. IT HAD BEEN RELAYING UP DATES ON HIS PROGRESS OF THE BLADE SLINGER TO THE QUEEN, BECAUSE THE TIME HAD COME AND SKY HAD SENT DOWN HIS BEST ANGEL, WHO GAVE ALL NOBLES IN THE REALM THE MESSAGE, THAT THE TIME HAS COME. THE TESTAMENT OF THE ONE AND HIS COMPANIONS JOURNEY HAD BEGUN. . . .

"BE OPEN TO THE VOICE OF THE SPIRIT." (THE UNKNOWN) VOICE SAID IN THE DARK.

"AND THIS ABOVE ALL ELSE, BE TRUE UNTO SELF." (THE RUBRYAT)

"LET MY LIFE SPEAK." (QUZKER)

"ORDER IS MY FIRST LAW." (SEIF)

"PATIENCE IS THE COMPANION OF WISDOM." (ME)

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"TO BE SIMPLE IS TO BE GREAT." (TRUE LAW)

"THE PHILOSOPHY OF ONE CENTURY IS THE COMMON SENSE OF THE NEXT." (BLESSING)

XERXES SIT'S IN THE DARK ALONE WITH ONLY SELF AN THE VOICE;

THIS IS Vol. 1 number-1 IN THE SHORT STORY FANTASY THAT I HAVE STARTED AND IT HAS BECOME A WEEKLY MUST READ FOR MY INMATE FAN BASE. SO NOW I WISH TO SHARE THIS SERIES INTO THE REALM OF POWERFUL STONES AS THE HALF-ANGEL AN HALF-VAMPIRE KNOWN AS THE ANGELICIT SEEK OUT THE POWER OF THE KINGDOMS STONES WITH A VAMPIRE STONE GIVEN TO HIM FROM A ANGEL SENT DOWN FROM SKY. WILL HE AND HIS COMRADE'S MAKE IT, IN THERE JOURNEY TO SAVE THEIR REALM FROM THE SPLIT STONES THATS SUCKING UP THE LIFE OF THE LAND -----

YEAH THIS DA PRINCE, STAY TUNE IF YOU FEELING XERXES. BECAUSE MORE IS ON THE WAY AND SOON DRAWING'S OF XERXES AND OTHERS WILL ALSO BE PLACED ON MY BLOG AND ALSO ENJOY HIS AFTER THOUGHTS WHICH ARE WRITTEN BY A CLOSE FOOT FRIEND JACK M. BRANCH, AND IF YOU HAVE COMMENTS ON ANYTHING OR IF YOU HAVE A FANTASY CHARACTER WITH ME AND SEE IF WE CAN GIVE HIM OR IT A ROLE IN THIS NEW UP AND GROWING FANTASY SERIES IF YOU DARE -----

YEAH ALONE IN THIS WALK IN CLOSE-IT OF STONE, STEAL AND CONCREAT, THAT HAS BECOME MY ONE DED ROOM HOME, ITS A STRIGHT HEAT BOX IN THE SUMMER. THEN A ICE BOX IN THE WINTER. WHAT GETS ME IS THAT IN THE WINTER EVERYTHING COLD, LIKE THE SLOP WE MUST EAT, THE SHOWER WATER... THEN IN THE SUMMER ITS NOT IN THE ROOM, YET THEY WANT YOU CLASS'A. YOUR FOOD WARM AND SO IS YOUR SO-CALL COLD DRINK, AND TO THINK I GAVE UP SO MUCH TO END UP IN HERE.

By;

Da PRINCE