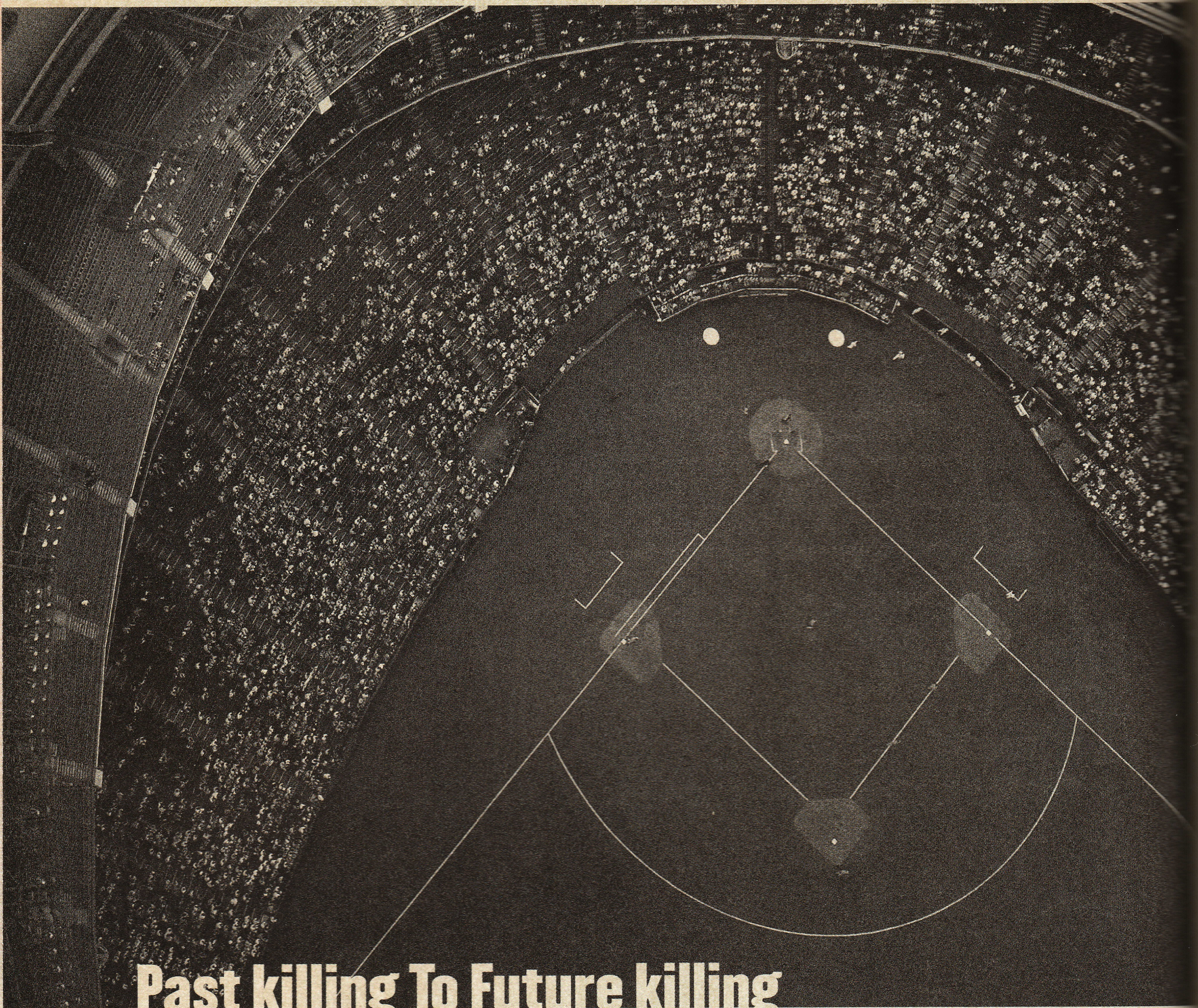




Past killing To Future killing

~One Day Of Travis Touchdown~

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One day, back when I was a kid, my dad took me to Destroy Stadium to go see some baseball. Our guys were the Destroy Warriors, and they were doin' as shitty as usual. In the 9th inning with a score of 18 to 0, they were on the brink of a thrashing with no hope in sight.

But there was the cleanup hitter, the guy who could really give it his all, Henney Rollins. Rollins was huge, burly, and he just had this powerful aura. The Warriors were guaranteed to be the bottom of the barrel every year, but out of the entire team, he alone could always get points on the board. To us kids, he was a hero. Always, even when it was all over, he was still electrifying to us, like we went numb from a shock.