

I reach into the future, and look. I see all the countless chances, all the people I might be. I look, and I pick one. He's about three years older than I am now, and those three years have made a difference. Physically, he is perfect. All the right choices have been made; food, exercise, everything. I pick him and become him. Suddenly, I am not tired. The pain in my side is gone. I am ready to fight.

There are three of them. Thugs. I had only seen two at first, the third hidden around a corner. He had gotten lucky, and I was bleeding. One of them is on the ground now. The one with the knife, the one that hit me was coming at me. I deflect the knife away from me, and send him to the ground with a knee to the groin.

That leaves one of them. He is unarmed, and is looking at me, slightly agape. I walk over to him, and he tries for a punch. I redirect it, and use his momentum to send him to the ground. No that they're all down, I go over and check them for injuries. It seems that they have nothing worse than broken bones, so I grab my rope and tie them. I check their wallets for money, and then call the local Wardens after taking it. People like that don't deserve money.

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The local veterinarian was a scumbag of the worst kind, but he had his uses. Most importantly, he was willing to stitch up an unexplained knife wound under the table. I'll have to get rid of him eventually - he had served the wrong people, but for now, he was a necessary evil. He tried making small talk, so I grunted and went along with it.

"So guy, what uhhh... what happened to you this time?"

I would've glared at him, but he happens to have a needle in me, and I didn't want to move too much.

"Look I'm not gonna tell you. I've told you already, don't ask me about this shit. It's not for you. Please, will you just do what I pay you for?"

The man looked annoyed at this, but I didn't particularly care.

"Fine."

After that, he finally shut up, so I closed my eyes and waited for him to finish. Once he was done, I gave him my money and left.

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My apartment was inside of a massive brick building, it used to be a mill, and definitely looked the part. It was run down, old, and honestly, it looked terrible. The inside was a different story, though. The person that made it had a serious devotion to his craft. He had been a navy engineer, in his day, and spent his retirement building and refining apartments, and made them *nice*. He also was willing to get payed in cash, and not ask questions.

I went in through the back and took off my costume. Shit, it was ripped. I forgot about that. I walked over to my closet and grabbed a needle and thread. After that was done, I checked how many throwaway phones I had left. Four. I would need to grab some more soon. I stalked over to the couch, and slumped down into the seat. Flipping on the news, there was nothing about the gangsters I turned in. That was expected, it only happened this afternoon. Besides, that stuff doesn't generally get coverage anyways.