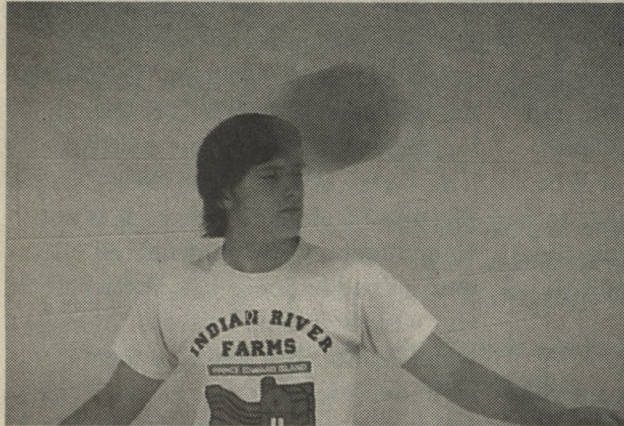
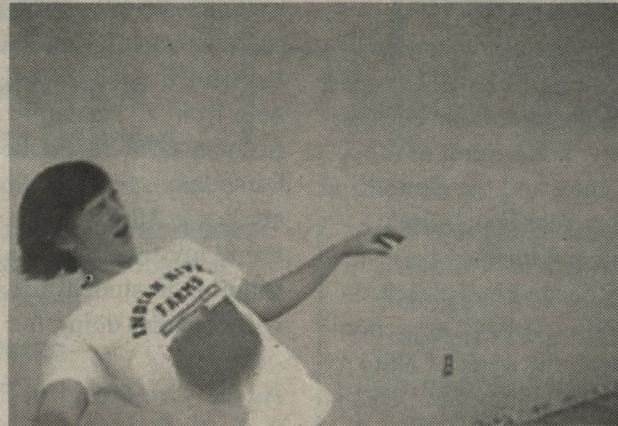


Dodgeball: The Future Depends on You.

By Brad DEIGHAN



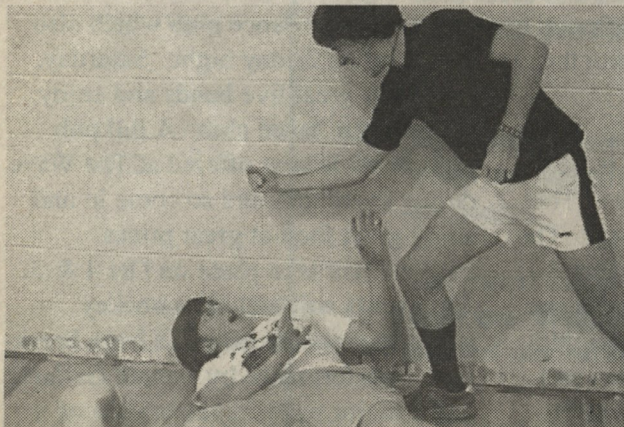
Thrown. Unknown, and on the mark; the ball moves in mysterious ways with dark visions of a bleeding, broken nose.



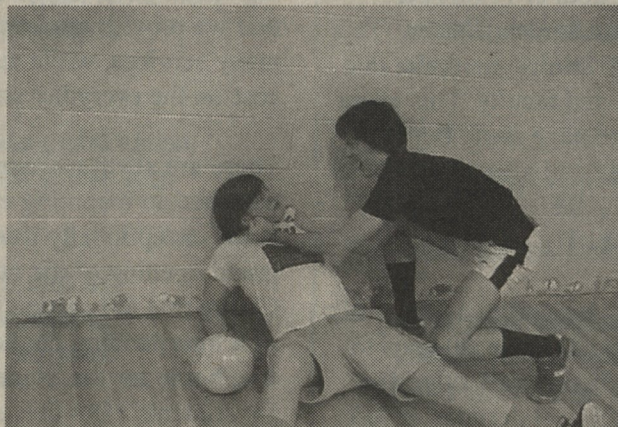
A connection is made and a piercing screech of glee is emitted from the dark Dionysian creature of death.



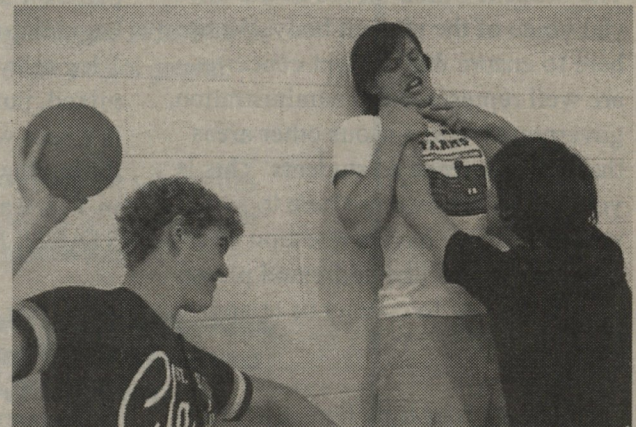
As the God of Light is struck by havoc; another dark minion, another dodgeball fueled with nihilistic intent.



"And I tell you this!: Let yourself not be fooled; the dark lord shall conquer the court, the God of Light shall perish."



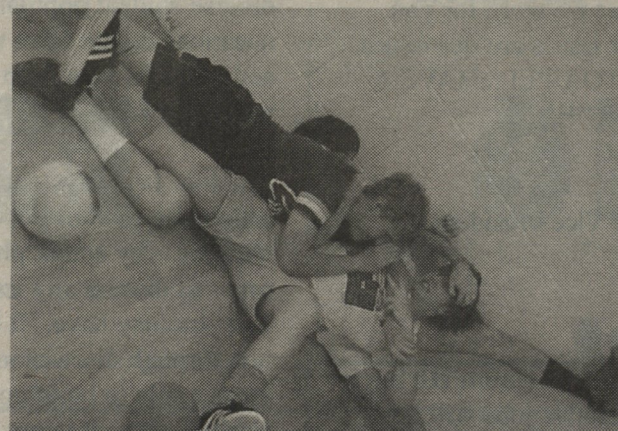
"Sunday at six pm in the gym! God shall not triumph over the dark one, for he is weak in spirit, and the dark one strong!"



"God shall be mine to torture for eternity in the pits of hell!" Sound and vision fade as the dark lord tightens his grasp.



But another force joins the fray; science-man. "You fools! You must both perish, and it is I, science-man, who will rule."



"I will tear faith and tradition from the utopias and replace them with knowledge on earth!"



With God dead, the future of the human race is at stake, but is again slowed by authority; We need you to join the fray.