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Mr. Brewner
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This story has no conspicuous plot. Every character in this twisted narrative will meet his demise at some point or another. Being prepared for the inevitable is fruitless for you will not cope with it anyways. Therefore, try not to get attached to any characters for you will soon be most forcefully and brutally parted from them. Unfortunately for you, the reluctant participant, of this melancholy tale will not see the fruition of any desire for quality literature. Perhaps one might attempt to visualize the amicable marathon runner running 26.1 miles just to trip a mere yard from the finish line devastating an entire nation rooting for him, and maybe then one could grasp the connotation behind this epic endeavor of a novel.

This attempt at an engrossing story begins with our loveable, almost infatuating protagonist Johnny* resting on the ground outside of the local Defense Bureau just having acquired a fresh scrumptious meal, of course you could only call it that if you were blind and had no taste buds. Everything since the upheaval of democratic values is nothing but low quality products of last week's surplus. That is, if you were to overlook the military technology supplied to our ever-enchanting man-at-arms. Immediately, when the world as we know it was entirely rearranged an ultimatum was place upon dear-old Johnny Sr. and Mrs. Johnny: Give up your 4 year old boy to the state for elite government training, or meet a most painful awakening to the ease of death. Never knowing what happens to their first born son, we arrive at the conclusion of our first character relationship. To prevent their newest recruit from ever having a place with which to go besides the Government, Johnny's parents were discreetly eliminated anyways. If you thought you could elude the sorrow that is this chronicle then you were sorely mistaken.

Johnny sat there un an insignificant piece of dirt knowing full well that he may one day

have to pay the ultimate sacrifice one day just to uphold it for a cause he didn't fully understand. One thing he did fully understand was that he was stuck here at this public haunt eating this terrible food for low-class citizens while his commanders were back at headquarters monitoring his status munching on only the best that oppressive taxes could provide, all to keep up his disguise as a commoner. But Johnny was no commoner, not by a long-shot, that is unless you think commoners usually have diplomatic immunity and boast hidden weapons too lethal to have a wide acknowledgement amongst the populace. His job was to ensure that the already closed lives of the exploited citizenry became no wider. On countless occasions he has been forced to make lightning quick decisions, always a matter of life and death for a field agent; mistakes mean death. Although it was his relentless duty to ensure that the agenda of his mysterious and despotic employer was adhered to, he recently started to imagine something outside his world of black and white, kill or be killed. So then, suddenly the idea came to fruition in his mind: there must be answer to the blankness of my memory only filled with training and rules. There must be a resolution to this paradox of loyalty; the State that has given him everything he ever had received, or the people all around him starving just standing in line to receive their meager rations?

Finally realizing his lax in protocol by staying in one spot for too long, he staggered to his feet and set off at a brisk pace every debating in his mind as to the true nature of mission!