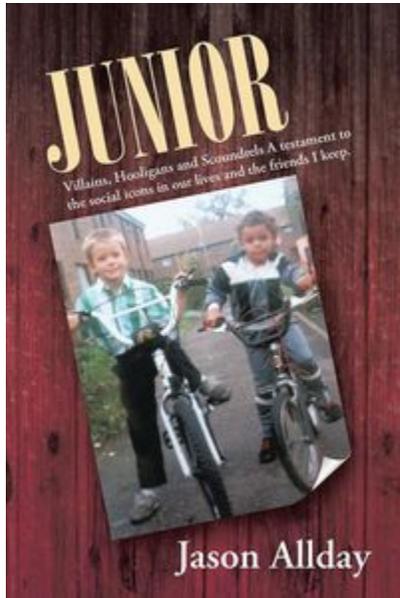


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Society played a part in the death of my baby brother. The demand for perfection and what was deemed acceptable by our everyday standards helped mold a fragile frame in a young man's mind.

The security and resolution I needed was never to be found within the realms of the everyday working world. I learned to reconcile with what you may unfairly call the "ills of society".

I found not only resolve, but also harmony within the world, a world that all members of our populace are exposed to in their lives and is part of a culture, even if you chose to ignore it, is one we all live in. I'm not only lucky enough, but also privileged to have been

welcomed and accepted in this world, and here their stories will show that this syndicate are of the same making of us all.

For me and my brothers none of our heroes wore capes.

