

I looked into the room of the forgotten drummer, my eyes carefully observing every inch of the room that once belonged to a hero.

At the center was an ancient computer covered in cobwebs. The monitor was... my God, it was a 17" CRT monitor. Funny as hell, that was the only thing I could think of.

To the right was a loose bed for a single person, this drummer had been forever alone until the end it seems. The mattress was missing: a lost trace of life that no longer lived in this realm.

Unable to handle the desolate atmosphere, I decided to walk away from this place of dead souls. I could only hope I would be led to a better place.

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I still remember the day that fire broke out in my high school. It came out of the chemistry lab due to an accident a student had during class and spread through the entire school.

I was at literature class in 7<sup>th</sup> grade when this incident happened. A teacher from another room bursted into the room and told us to get out of the building as fast as we could. Chaos broke out at that moment, with the bells ringing constantly and loudly and everyone running for their lives.

Everything, starting with that moment, was an unorganized orgy of violence; students would push each other trying to get out, some even falling down the school's stairs in the process. Teachers suffered from the same reaction as well: most had no issue trampling to death fallen students in an attempt to save their lives from this impending doom.

I clearly remember passing by the chemistry lab during my escape, when I close my eyes I can still see the burned corpses of those who tried to escape the room in agony.

The fire had spread so fast that those weren't the only casualties during the day; as I looked to my right I saw in the distance a teacher and a group of students coming out a barrage of fire, writhing in horror as the flames cleaned away their sins.

I did nothing but pity these creatures as I made my way to the exit.

By chance, or an act of God, I got out of the school unharmed. Even after all these years, I can still see the empty looks in everyone's faces as they observed this ode to human misery.

"Makin' bacon." I muttered under my breath as I smirked.