

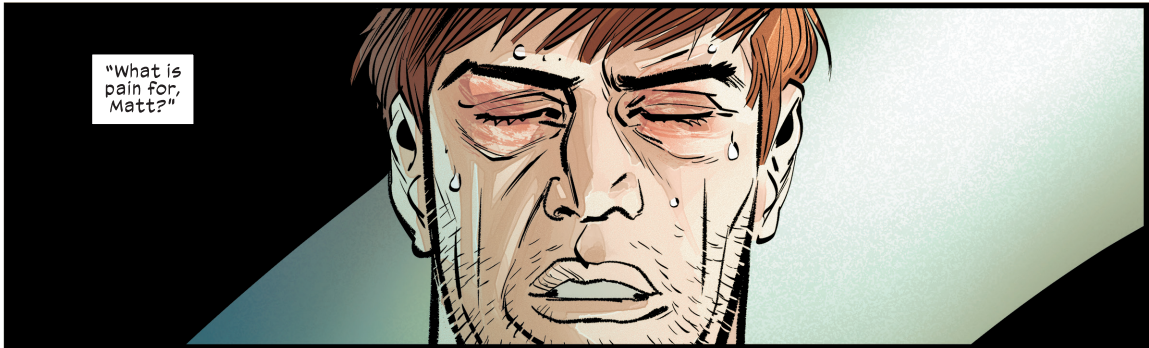


MAN

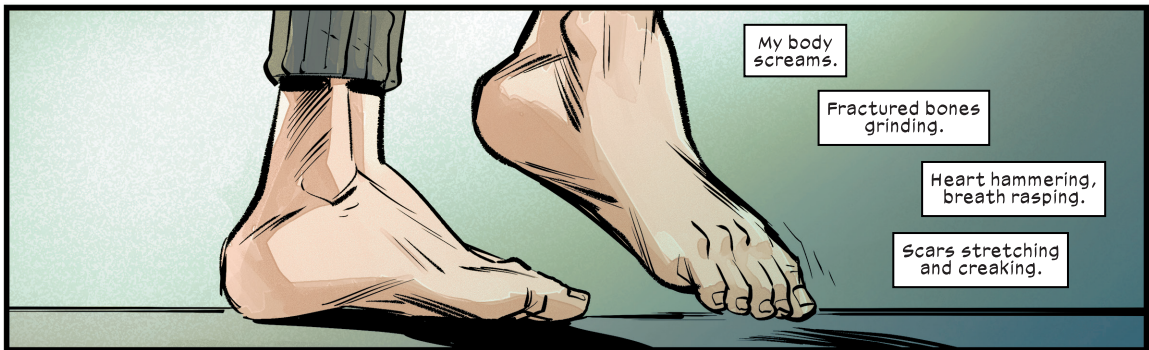
WITH

OUT

FEAR



"What is pain for, Matt?"



My body screams.

Fractured bones grinding.

Heart hammering, breath rasping.

Scars stretching and creaking.



I'm trapped in this prison, this haunted house of blood and bone and scar.



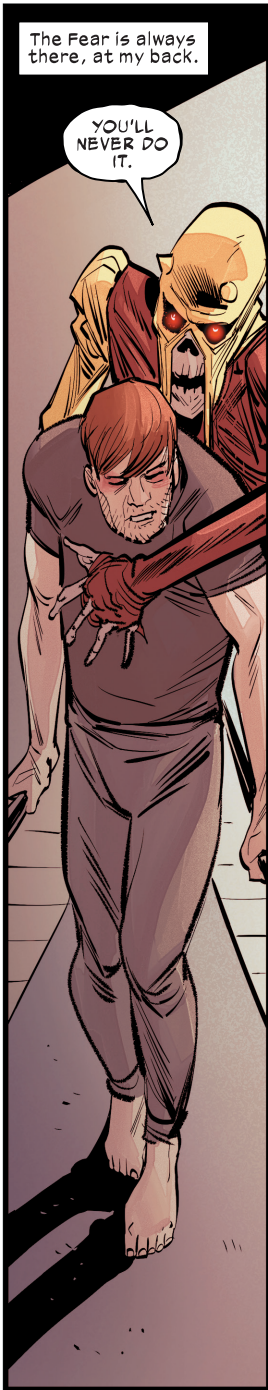
But pain is not the warden of this prison.

No.



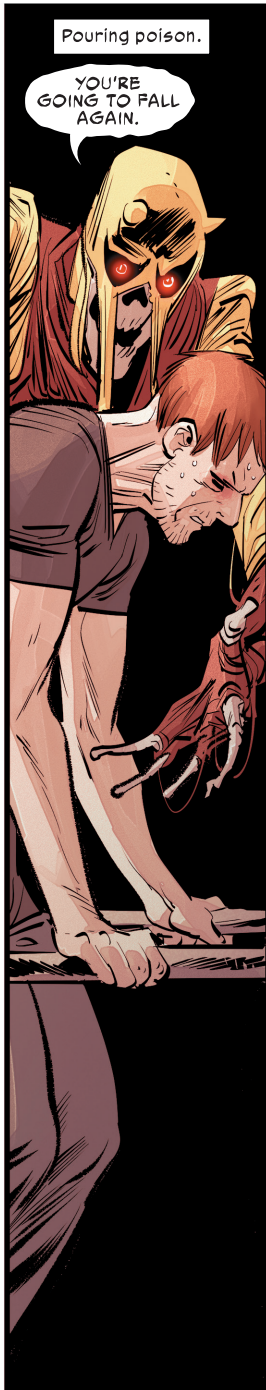
No.

It's Fear.



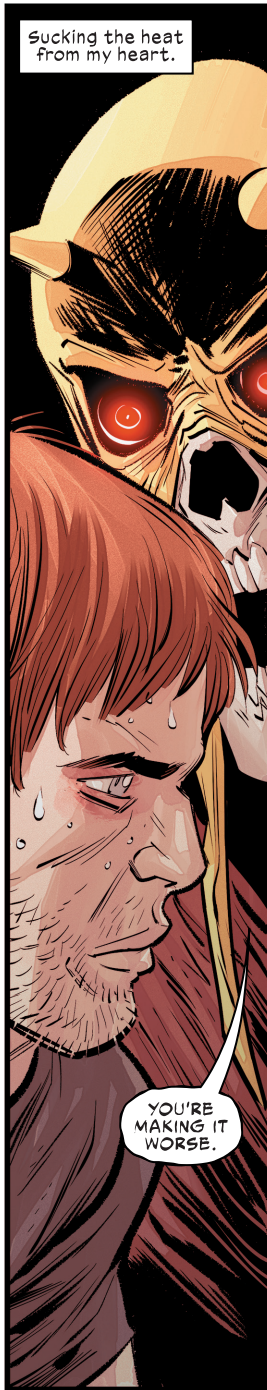
The Fear is always there, at my back.

YOU'LL NEVER DO IT.



Pouring poison.

YOU'RE GOING TO FALL AGAIN.

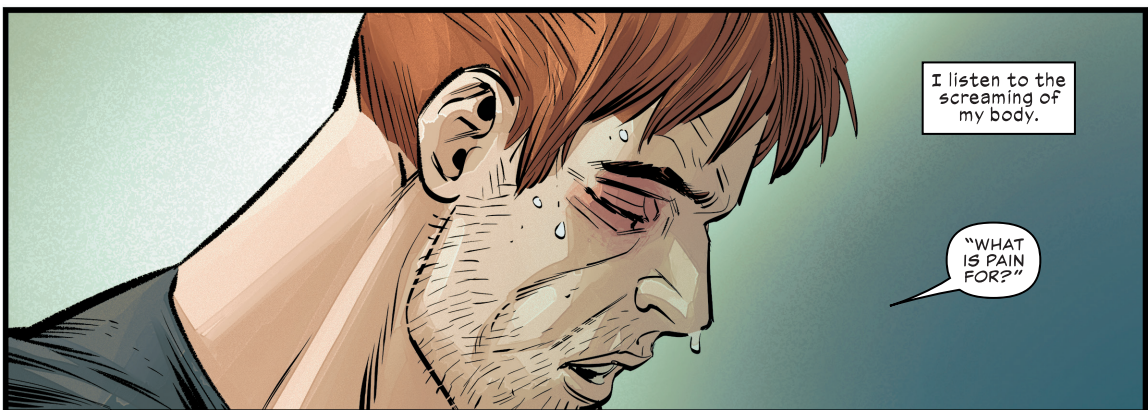


Sucking the heat from my heart.

YOU'RE MAKING IT WORSE.



So I drown out Fear's voice the only way I know how.



I listen to the screaming of my body.

"WHAT IS PAIN FOR?"

