

Protomen

"The Fall"

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[Joe kicked the motorcycle's engine back to life. He
Spun the bike and raced towards the city. Passing
under
The cold glow of screen after menacing screen.
Reports
Coming in of an incident in the outer rim. Reports of
An armed assailant. Reports of a growing threat to
Public safety.

Choir:
Climb.

Joe tore through the streets. A missile aimed at the
Metal spire towering above the city. The great steel
Arm holding a torch of fear. The main telescreen was
Designed to be visible from almost anywhere in the
City. The destruction of that screen would be felt by
Every man and every woman in the city. He thought of
The children. How, for the first time, they would know
A world without that screen. Without the constant,
Mind-numbing barrage of misinformation. Silence. Had
he
Ever encountered silence? Soon.

Climb.

The street was ending. Joe revved the engine. No
Hesitation. No fear. The motorcycle bounded over the
Curb, launched off the steps in front of the tower, and
Landed jarringly upon the hard, slick marble of the
Plaza. Losing traction, the tires skidded out ahead of
The heavy iron frame. The bike pitched. Joe kicked hard
Against the bike. Inertia kept him glued to it. He
Rolled over on to his stomach and clawed frantically at
The smooth marble, trying to slow himself.

Climb to the top of the world.

The bike would not be slowed. It slid rapidly toward
The main entrance. The steel doors secured tightly for
The evening. The wheels caught on the final few steps

Leading up to the doors. The bike spun upright and left
The marble floor. 600 pounds of iron and chrome
roared,
End over end, towards the entrance, crashed into the
Steel doors, and exploded. Joe's momentum halted just
Inches from the steps. Sirens erupted around him.

And as you stand tall, you will see...

He pushed himself to his feet and ran towards the
Flames. Hurdling the mangled carcass of the bike, he
Entered the tower lobby and headed for the stairs.
Flight after flight, Joe took two and three steps at a
Time. His chest nearly collapsed under the strain. His
Legs never hesitated. Finally, he reached the door
Leading to the roof. Joe kicked hard and stepped into
The cool night air. He had to act quickly. He threw his
Bag down next to the transmitter. Reaching inside, he
Wrapped his hands around the detonator. Holding it
Tightly, he turned and started back to the stairs.

That when you fall...

He'd taken three long strides when the explosion
ripped
His feet from the tarred roof. Joe didn't hear the
Explosion. The shock wave of the blast knocked him
Unconscious instantaneously.

You will fall from a height most men will never reach.

Light had nearly reached the plaza. He watched as the
Flames erupted from the top of the shimmering tower,
Setting aglow the clouds above. Among the debris cast
Off the building by the explosion, he spotted what could
Only be a human body, twisting lifelessly as it
Plummeted towards the earth. Light held onto the hope
That the falling body was not the one he feared it must
Be. As it approached the ground, Light's fears were
Confirmed as he made out the glare of the flames
above
Reflected in a scarred blast shield. He watched as
Joe's body landed with a dull thump upon the small
Patch of grass in a courtyard on the south side of the
Building.

By the time Light had reached the boy's body, a crowd
Had gathered. As he stood in the center of the circle
Of onlookers, another explosion rattled the ground.
Then another. And another. In the distance he could
See, one by one, the telescreens splintering and

Erupting into flames.]

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