

## SAMPLE TEXT

### Prologue

All mammals must shit.

That's the first thing that greets me when I wake. It's what they call a mantra, or maybe a motto. It's supposed to make you realize that mankind is not above any other creature in mankind. When I look around it's easy to realize what woke me. It's the rocking. While a train usually rocks you gently like a loving mother with a cooing child, this train is shaking us like an aggravated father with an incessantly crying baby. I think I can feel us rise off the tracks slightly but who really knows. It could just be me. I look over the crowd and almost instantly feel bad. From the old man, who's confused face looks like he expected death soon but not like this, to the young mother holding her baby so tightly the baby can't help but cry. Even the guy who bumped into me earlier just to cop a feel makes me feel a little sorry. Then I look down to my hands. They look normal enough, worn by age but not to the point that they are withered and disgusting. They definitely don't look dangerous. My left hand feels under my shirt to the scar. The scar, I hate it so much. If it wasn't for that little damaged piece of flesh and what it conceals I wouldn't be here preparing for my death with a bunch of strangers.

Strangers always make me think of my father. You know

the deal with children of dead beat dads,

"I look at strangers and wonder if any one of them could be my father."

Yeah. Well, dad, if you're here I'd like to say goodbye and go to hell.

As the train's rocking gets worse I try to relax and wait for inevitability. Just like I always do. I lean back and look out the window. With the screams of strangers in the background I look over the industrial park outside, the one that won't be here in a moment. The English language always amazes me. Here are miles of factories with smoke rising from somewhere deep inside as they construct something that is probably useless at its core, not to mention a waste of natural resources, and they decide to classify it as a park. Then again if the world of industry has done anything, it has mastered the merry-go-round; spinning us around in circles until we feel dizzy, confused, and nauseous. But that's really not me talking, it's them; the ones who told me over and over again that all mammals must shit as they put me on this train.

My hand still caresses the scar as if trying to get to know a stranger. I can't help but sigh. When I die, in about two minutes I would guess, it will mark the death of two people; me and the donor. Again, I am forced to look at strangers and wonder if maybe it was their family member who gave me a liver. My family is every stranger in the world.

So here I am about to die, which will also kill the only living tissue of some random dead person. My death has been reduced to marketing. Get one death, get the second one free. How pathetic. On the other hand, we all love a good deal.