

Retribution

Sweet revenge, that fleeting taste, that healing balm on yesterday's wound, inflicted by you, you evil bastard, deserving of equal (or greater) pain to rebalance the unfairness you wrought. Only then, I'm sure, can justice be served, honor be restored. We're even now, right, my mirrored foe?



Image by AI (ImageFX)

8 February 2025



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