

My name is Mark Caliber, and I'm a hitman. I do what I do because I'm good at it, I do what I do because I believe I'm bringing more good than bad into this world with my job, at least that's what I tell myself. My life is very boring outside of my work, most everything gets cleaned up either by me or my employers after so i never had to really deal with the backlash... at least in terms of having others come after me whether it be the police or other hitmen. I get up every day around 7 to start my daily routine, if i'm not on a late night hit, which usually has me take a run around my neighborhood for 30 minutes or so then doing weights training afterwards. After that I do my daily shopping and job searching. I don't live too fancy of a life but I do own a nice apartment in Los Bosques, South California. I've almost nearly cut off everyone from my life before i was a hitman and now the only people I actively talk to are my neighbors whose house parties i visit often, the teller down at the bank who helped me find a nice place to live here in South Cali, and the local priest who I visit regularly for obvious reasons. Since my mid 20's or in other words since the time I found my yearly work schedule I've lived a relatively quiet life and I like it that way. I've never invited anyone new into my life, I've never felt the need to. I'm happy as I am and I'll stay this way for as long as I live... is what i thought. Although recently I've found myself wandering the neighborhood more often, I can't seem to sit still with myself anymore. I thought having a nice quiet life was what I wanted but the only excitement that ever appears nowadays is my neighbor's dog crapping on my lawn again, my ordering my favorite soup of the day at the local Italian place, and getting another hit. Two of these grow more mundane by the day and the other is something I've been telling myself I shouldn't look forward to. My meetings with the pastor just turn into me being unable to muster any bad out of myself as well... I just don't have anything in me to say. I guess I was a fool to think the early hit was enough excitement for me for one year. Normally I'd do what anyone else would when they're

life takes a very banal turn, take another crack at the dating scene except I have 1 problem. I've never fallen in love with anyone. Not. Even. Once. Never was in the cards for me, my face was always too scary for girls. Not to mention I never had anything for the girls I knew. And any of the girls that might've had a thing for me, well they'd always avoid me because I looked and acted like a thug. I'm more of a professional thug than anything now. So to sum up my situation I'm a man in my late 20's, looking for a more fulfilling life despite not knowing anyone personally, not having any interest in the people I meet, and having a job that would ruin my chances at love anyway. Things are looking very hopeless for me but I can't think about that right now. It's around May so that means my blood money is running low, which means i gotta take another job. I've already found one that's paying a good amount but the details on it are very... strange. But I'm not one to question cash so I'll just take whatever comes to me. That's how I've always run my life and It's how I plan on always running it.

My name is... not in any earth “lingua franca” so i had a name assigned to me upon coming here. That name is Sharlett Moon, and I’m an alien from a planet that is also not in any earthly “lingua franca” . I came here on a whim one day and honestly this place is a bit of a dump, at least from what I’ve seen. I suppose I’ve seen a smallish part of this place but seriously these folks need to clean up their act, there is trash everywhere, they are incredibly boorish, and you earthlings just seem so moppy all the time. Just today while exploring around i stumbled upon a nice little city called New Leeds and everywhere i went it seemed like everyone i tried to talk to just got angry at me or just ignored me. There was this one guy who seemed extra irate. When I went up to him not only did he push me aside he also yelled at me saying lots of words that i’ve never heard before. After that whole scuffle he immediately called someone up on his little radio thing everyone seems to have. He started describing how I looked, starting with my hair, then my clothes, then my eyes. He made a very keen point about my eyes and their yellowish green hue. Normally I’d be ecstatic that someone noticed my eyes but from what I could tell he wasn’t admiring them at all. After he was done patting me down with his eyes and his words he yelled “You’re gonna regret messing with me you broad”

After he was done hollering at me he stomped off and started yelling at some of the other males next to him. You people have some real issues. Well I’ve gotta stay here a while longer and I still got plenty to check out. Meet new people and create old friends is what my parents always told me back on my planet so I’m gonna do just that. Who knows what this planet will offer me! Hopefully It’ll be more fun than the people in that New Leeds dump.