

The hand that feeds you

Kevin was brought up well.
He was always taught two things:
Never bite the hand that feeds you,
And don't shit on your own doorstep.

Although he sometimes did the latter,
Kevin always respected the hand.
After all, he depended on it.
And over the years, he had formed an excellent relationship with it.

But Kevin was to learn an important lesson:
Sometimes, those with great power do not appreciate the responsibility that comes with it.

Perhaps the hand was bored.
Or perhaps it just needed to remind Kevin who was the boss.

Kevin stood speechless,
A broken hamster,
A perfect image of betrayal.

The hand that fed him became the hand that failed him.
All that was sacred was now lost.

How could Kevin forgive?
How could he continue?
How could life ever be the same again?

Hello darkness my old friend.

