

# Outcast- The Rising

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Recognising difference is one thing, accepting it is another. But when a whole world sees your difference and a whole world chooses to not accept it where do you stand? Alone forced to fight back, one way or another.

Published on  
**Booksie**

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I wonder what it feels like to be accepted. Its one thing getting bullied at school by a few people for having a big nose, ginger hair or even being a little bit tubby but its a whole different ball game outside the school gates where even your parents can't accept you. I'm not just another troubled kid whose run away from home cause his daddy got a little bit angry and shouted at him. I'm not another kid running from the law because I mugged an old women down the back of an alley so I could go and get pissed with my friends at a party somewhere. I'm not a drug addict. Or on benefits. Or an alcoholic. At least someone accepts these people. At least someone tries to help them. No-one helps me. In fairness I don't know if they could. The doctors don't have any special drugs to give me to change me and there is nothing wrong with my mental state. So why me? Why doesn't anyone accept me? Fear, that's why.

You think the fat kid in P.E is different because he can't kick a ball without falling on his arse but then you look at me and see how different I am to him and suddenly fatty doesn't seem too bad anymore. You look on at the 'youth of today' in dismay and see them as drunken hooligans that want nothing more than sex and cheap thrills and you wonder how on earth society puts up with them, but then you see me and those drunken hooligans become 'just teenagers going through a phase'. You see the drug addict who's lost everything- stolen his mother's jewellery to feed their illegal habit and you repulse at the thought of them but then you see me and realise that ths drug addict is a person like everyone else and should get the help to bring them through a difficult time. But what do you think of me? A monster. A disease. A mutation.

Society helps those in it who need it, but when there is a part to society that it doesn't believe should really exist at all it strives to erradicate it. Force it out. Deny it. I am that part of society. The part you deny. You can't deny me though, for I am real. I was brought onto this planet just like every other living thing. But yet those who refuse to accept it most are those who created me and made me what I am. I am not a disease nor am I a monster. Am I a mutation? I must be. Despite all the years of being an outcast I have come to realise that I am a better mutation than those in society. My mutation has given me powers those who are accepted in society could never believe.

I am proud of what I am and now I aim to stand up for that. I know that I can't be the only mutation in this society that isn't accepted and I will stand up for them. For those that haven't realised their full potential or for those who hide it so they can blend in. Why blend in when you can stand out. I will no longer cower away out of the lime light. Society has had its chance to appologise and accept me but now it's my turn to show them what it's really like to be an outcast. I will show them what it is like when you have to hide in fear not knowing what the next day may bring, what it's like to have to retreat the depths of the sewers for protection, what it's like to be flushed from the place you felt you belonged.

There is nothing society has that can stop me because I am infinitely more powerful than them. Their guns are no match for me. Explosives only strengthen me. Their minds and their bodies are inferior to my genetically enhanced body and mind. Those who stand in my way will be a mere stepping stone on my path to prominence. I could wipe out society myself, but then again where is the fun in that? Why be the superior being in a world where there is nothing? Instead I will make those like me rise from the undergrowth and join in enslaving society. Those who surrender will be those who we enslave. Those who revolt will be those we erradicate. Anyone who doesn't co-opperate, be it a working family, a child, a president, or even one of my kind will face the full wrath of my strength and that of my followers.

And when I'm done erradicating the filth, society and this world will be a better place.

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