

**Homicide: The Game**  
**Presents**  
**Painseeker**

**"Fort (Hard) Knox"**  
by Raychel Vanderhoff

I see you staring  
aching to act on my behalf.  
Yet you yearn too late,  
my defenses have died  
with a family on a farm,  
and lessons of life are already learned.

Dearest Father,  
The lessons I learned from you  
were taught in tears,  
caused calluses,  
brought blood,  
all in the name of love.  
I thank you for my pains,  
For now I know  
evil earns its affliction.

Dearest Mother,  
The lessons I learned from you  
were sealed by severance,  
forged with frost,  
deepened by distance,  
all in the name of love.  
I thank you for my pains,  
For now I know  
independence isn't instinct.

Dearest Brother,  
The lessons I learned from you  
were done through running,  
found in frailty,  
withered by weakness,  
all in the name of love.  
I thank you for my pains,  
For now I know  
cowardice kills cunning.

So save your chivalry  
for someone worth winning.  
I need nearly nothing  
your hide can provide.  
I've won my freedom  
from the folks on the farm.  
And I believe my bitterness  
will salve these scars.

*Raychel Vanderhoff*  
*Approx. August 1997*