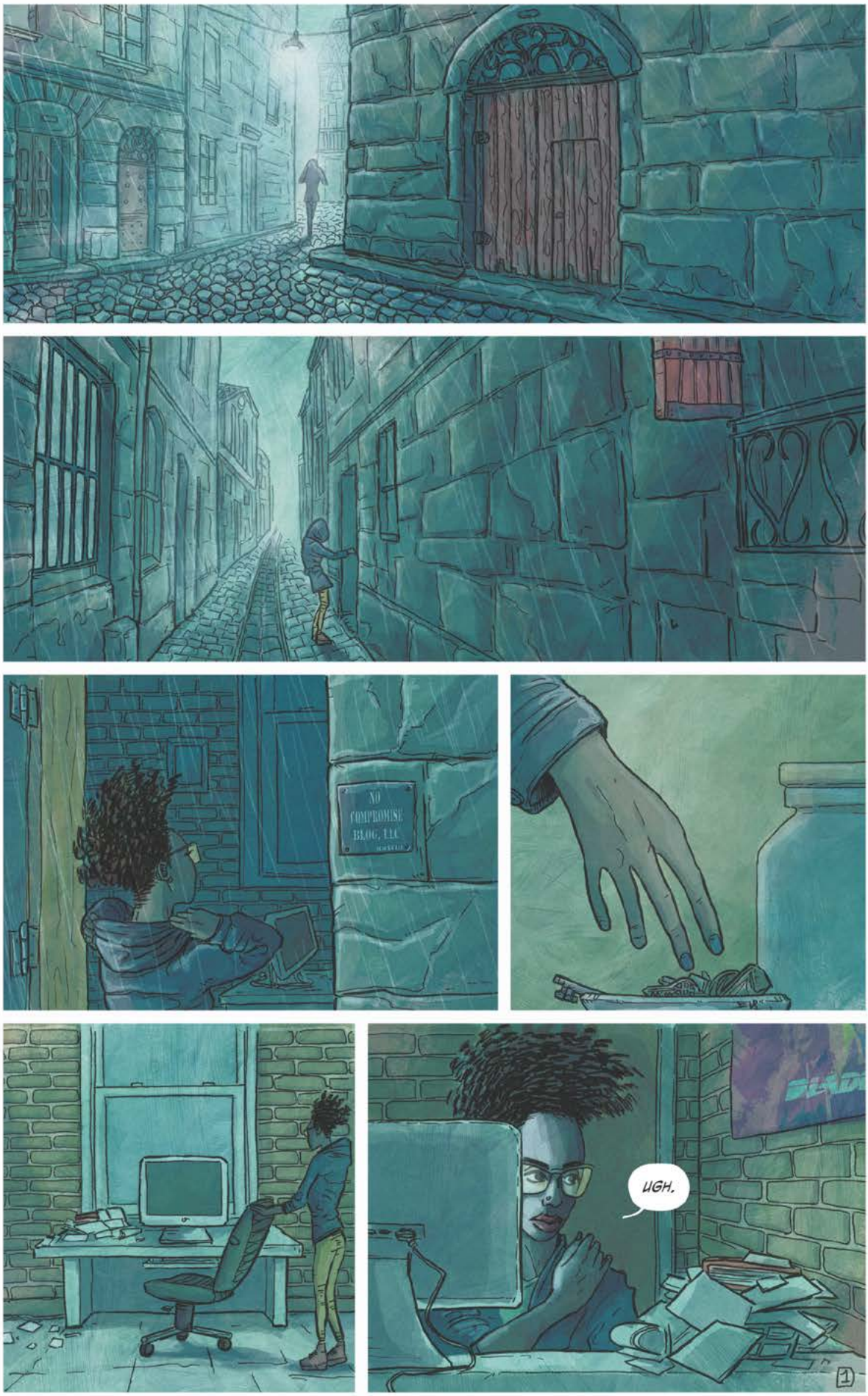
NO COMPROMISE BLOG, LLC
UGH.
1


"CELEBRITY" NEWS. HOW IS THIS CONSIDERED NEWS?
UGH.
HAAAAHH...
JOEL? COFFEE.
THANKS, SHELLY.
OKAY, OKAY, OKAY...WHAT TO WRITE...
WHAT TO...
SHIT!
FRIGGIN' CLUMSY, GIRL, DAMMIT...
HA, BE A SHAME IF IT SPILLED ON THIS PILE OF--



THE MAN WHO SHOOK THE EARTH








THIS IS AMAZING.
:HMME KPPP:
"THE PAPERS STARTED CALLING ME THE OPERATOR. I'M NOT SURE WHY, BUT IT CAUGHT ON."
"I CREATED THE GRAPPLING GUN FROM AN OLD WINCH AND A STARTER'S PISTOL."
CAN THIS REALLY BE THE OPERATOR'S DIARY?
I THINK IT'S THE REAL DEAL, JOEL. THERE'S SO MUCH STUFF IN THERE, IT'S NUTS.
EVEN IF THIS IS THE OPERATOR'S JOURNAL, AND THAT IS A HUGE IF, I MEAN, SHELLY, COME ON.
YOU KNOW WE CAN'T RUN THIS. IT'S THE CRAZIEST SHIT I'VE EVER READ.
BUT... THE WORLD HAS TO KNOW...
4


June 6, 1974
The Hope Avenue Riots were still going on. The teamsters refused to leave, the residents refused to leave. The police seemed powerless, or maybe they just didn't care.
Hope AVE
It was FAR past time someone did something. Why me? Hell, I don't know. Something moved me that day.
Something... SPOKE to me.
Maybe they wanted one side gone. With the teamsters gone, they'd have little opposition in the streets.
The police. Crooked, corrupt, violent. All of us, we'd had enough.
It felt a little ridiculous at first, the mask. Like a kid on Halloween.
But somehow, it gave me a sense of PURPOSE. Of...AUTHORITY. The people listened to me. Both sides.
The police were irritated, but I hadn't done anything other than talk to the people. And LISTEN. Helped them see each other's side.
They could hardly arrest me for that, right? I believe, though, that they WOULD have if they COULD have.


It felt good.
It felt RIGHT.
Soon I was ADDICTED. I was out on the streets all the time.
Little things. Little triumphs.
God, I LOVED it.
Mysterious Man of Hope Avenue strikes again
Fluffy Saved
Masked Man Thwarts Robbery
Hope Avenue
Old Lady Crosses Street
Daily Herald
Hope gets some Help
The papers started calling me THE OPERATOR. I'm not sure why, but it caught on. Soon, reports of my exploits were everywhere.
The "Dashing Masked Man", and the "Square-jawed Hero built like a tank". Yeah, some of it was exaggerated, but I guess that's the reporter's job.
I put myself through the wringer, let me tell you.
And I NEVER hurt anyone who didn't deserve it.
Like the papers said, I was a HERO.
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