ix - The end

John Dimitri, Thessalithas, 1555

THERE WAS BLOG AND THE EVERYWHERE. Jonathan Pollock's blog had become a phenomenon. The world's most strange blog. Thousands of people visited it every day. Hundreds wrote comments. Dozens of people were sending in messages from all over the world. Pollock was the only one who knew how to be a superhero. But he was lonely, he could have the business life, he could have the family life, he could have the blog life, he could have the world life, and he could have nothing but a lonely life. Pollock was sitting on his sofa, with his laptop on his knees, and he was reading a message from Kate, who lived in Sydney. Kate was a nice person. She was a nice person who was sending in a nice message. Kate was a nice person who was sending a nice message. Kate was a nice person who was sending a nice message. Kate was a nice person who was sending