

## [David Lance POV]

It's funny how life works out sometimes. You try to fight the circumstances with all your might, but in the end, you have to accept that things will never be exactly as you want them to be.

That's not necessarily a bad thing, though.

I've spent so long fighting who I am, or who I could be, fiercely trying to deny it, that I was losing sight of what was important. But now, finally, I was starting to accept myself for who I was. And honestly, it felt pretty good.

Sure, there was still a lot of darkness in my life. But there was also a lot of happiness too. And I was slowly learning to embrace both sides of myself. After all, it's what made me who I am.

I used to be scared of what would happen, of what could happen, and I still was. Those fears kept me in a cage of my own making, in a prison without escape. But in time, I've learned that sometimes we just have to accept what is rather than what we want it to be.

And while that can be difficult to accept, it's also freeing without measure. Because once we let go of those burdens, even if just a bit, we can move on to living our lives.

I was still lost; after all, I had no idea what awaited for me in the future. Or, if I was prepared for it in any case, but now, as much as the possibilities still scared me, I was okay; I genuinely felt better.

Dark clouds often bring with them a sense of foreboding and dread. But sometimes, they can also be a sign of a better tomorrow. A sign that things are about to change and that we must go through whatever comes next together.

Whatever the future held, I would be ready for it, for when it came.

I was still afraid of my powers and the what-ifs. I still had my demons to face. But now, I was taking a step in the right direction, coming to accept that being scared wouldn't solve a thing.

I was done being the victim. I was done letting my fears dictate my future and every step. I was done being afraid. Now, it was time to take control of my life and forge my own path, one step at a time.

I wasn't alone in this fight; I had people I could count on, I had always had, I had my sister, I had Oliver and his mustache, and I had Rachel, and I suppose, in his own way, I had Batman in my corner as well.

I would take one day at a time, aiming for heights, not even the original Black Bolt had reached. I would grasp my will and aim for the stars. I would be the best that I could be and reach for greatness. Though it may take time and effort, I would not give up.

This was not a challenge that I faced alone, but one we all must face in time. Life was a war, it had always been a war, and it is up to us how this war ends, be it victory or tragedy.

We were born into this world to face challenges and overcome them.

Living was all about hearing your heartbeat and knowing you're alive! It's about being determined to make the most of every moment, no matter what life dares throws at you.

It's about fighting for what you believe in, even... No, especially when the odds are against us.

At least according to Wonder Woman.

I wasn't there yet; on their outlook of life, I was trying, though, trying to fully take the lessons given to me in order to see the world through a different glass.

I had started this journey broken, lost, and scarred.

But in time, I had come to learn that sometimes scars were the most refined attire one could possibly wear. For they told a story, a story of strength and resilience, of battles won and lessons learned.

Scars of all types were the reminder that we were mortals, the reminder that we have been through something and come out the other side stronger for it.

I used to be ashamed of my mental scars, my depression, and my fears, but now, I was starting to accept them, wearing them with pride, all thanks to Dinah, Oliver, Diana, J'onn, and Batman, knowing now that each scar was not a shame, but a badge of honor earned through hard-fought experience.

A reminder to never give up, no matter how tough things get.

Those in my life had shown me how wrong I had been. Each one in their own individual way, Dinah through unconditional love, Oliver through unconditional friendship, and Rachel through unconditional empathy.

Before them, I used to think that loneliness would grant me peace. How naive.

Instead, it only brought me misery and despair. Because in my own isolation, peace was not to be found; instead, I was constantly plagued by my own thoughts, with no escape from them.

Not anymore.

Now that I have to come to accept my own faults.

I was now able to see what others saw in me, granting me the strength to be vulnerable, the strength to risk everything for the sake of a better tomorrow, for sake of those I love.

That was something always worth fighting for.

Life was tricky, no matter who you were, especially when you had the power to destroy a planet.

It was easy to be consumed by fears and doubts this brought. To let them take hold of yourself, allowing them to dictate our actions. But if we give in to them, if we let them win, then we are truly lost.

We must be strong, even when we are weak. We must be invincible, even when it hurts. But no matter what, we must never give in to weakness.

Pain, doubts, and fears would always be there for us.

It was up to us to stand tall in the face of them, even when trembling. It was up to us to fight, even when we felt weak, because, in reality, we were stronger than we truly know, braver than we believed, and more capable than we could possibly imagine.

After all, it ain't how many times life knocks us down. it's how many times we get back up.