

“Ha. I got you this time you brat”

The sun beamed down on the market place in a unremarkable town centre, the voices of street vendors promoting their wares ,the haggling of wives and the casual conversation of passersby all added to the cacophony of sound and smells that filled the air.

“Ah crap!”

A youth let out a subtle curse as he was caught stealing a basket of what seemed to be fruit. Judging by appearances alone he was just in his adolescents, with a tattered tunic and trousers to match his unseemly actions. Making a headlong dash to the closest alley in hopes of losing his pot bellied pursuer in the maze of twists and turns of the back roads. Hopes were short lived as his trouser leg got entangled on the side of the same stall he had pilfered not moments ago.

Losing balance he crashed upon the sunbaked cobblestone road whilst shielding the fruits from the impact of the unforgiving ground like a mother protecting her child.

“No tricks this time.”

As the owner of the stall approached step by step. The boy curled up he knew what would come next. Better to be done with it

You dare to steal from me again?!”

The man yelled as he kicked the boy over and over. This had already happened many times before when he had stolen food from others, so he was use to it.

People passed by, already use to the scene of violence, as there were many beggars that have been beaten for stealing food from others. No one intervened

One stranger stopped for a moment and looked at this boy no this young man in pity.

The young man looked malnourished, as his bones were slightly protruding from under his skin, and if one were to look at the young man’s face, then they would see that he was holding back his tears. His eyes met with the boys they stared at each other for a while. the stranger moved forward, But was stopped by there companion a taller muscular man shrouded in robes grabbed the stranger’s shoulder.

“No time for heroics, We are on **A Mission** here remember c`mon”

As the pair faded into the crowd, the stall owner felt pity for this street urchin and decided to stop. As people passed by, they could also see this scene as they looked on in pity and mild disgust at this youth

Heaving with exhaustion the owner turned away Saying

"You're lucky I am feeling generous and The Summer Festival starts tomorrow beating you more will sour my reputation. Keep the food as a gift. There bruised anyway i can't sell them now and if i see you pulling this shit again I swear to the divine I will call the guards to deal with you ya hear boya".

The young man slowly stood up and unsteadily walked into a dark alley, where there was trash, set on the wall. Looking around he saw the back door of a restaurant. It had a wooden sign reading ' The Pearl' on it. Quickly siphoning for any edible scraps in the garbage but he could not find anything he could safely eat. The bags were filled with old bread and cheese weeks overdue. The smell alone was unbearable.

Glancing into the back door of the restaurant he saw people enjoying themselves. One group stood out more then the rest.they had the same robe as the man he saw before. He also had a companion. A woman this time she had a hood hiding her face seeming to blend in with the setting. On the other hand the man next to her was bellowing what sounded like tales of the world outside this damnable place. He told tales of grandeur and danger with a waitress in one hand and a cup in the other laughing merrily.

The young man had enough of looking at other people's fortune he made his way through the alleys known as the back roads a maze of twist and turns the fault of bad city planning He decided to end his day and go to his usual spot, where he rested most days . Eyes focused and ears Sharp he navigate the urban Labyrinth seeking out threats it slowed him down but he was not going to get jumped and beaten for his prize of the day he already got the snuff kicked out of him once today and that was enough.

His home was an abandoned house that was mostly held together by constant repair, it was more off a shed then anything. Inwardly grimacing he stepped forward to go inside.

As he entered his home, he looked around and saw that his roof was falling apart, and made up his mind to fix it the next time he had the chance.

{ **re-writer note**~ stuff about interior and what not here im lazy and its like 5am cmon }

“Well time to feast on the fruits of my labor ”

Giggling to himself he sat down to eat his prize.

He woke up early in the morning and started heading out for a new day. He went to his usual spot where he had been begging for the past couple years.

He sat down at his usual spot with an empty can.

“Hey, I heard what happened yesterday.”

Another beggar around the same age as the young man came out from a small alley and walked slowly to the young man in a friendly manner.

“Yeah, yesterday was a rough day, but nothing I can’t handle!”

“You shouldn’t be going around stealing food from others if you know you’re going to get beat up like this”

He said worriedly to his friend.

The beggar’s name was Chris; he had been abandoned by his family because they could no longer pay enough to feed their family. He never blamed his family for abandoning him nor was he angry or sad. He would always say “If it wasn’t me who was abandoned, then it would be my sister.”

They had met each other when the young man had first started begging and didn’t know how to earn money. Chris had shown him the ropes of begging and how to stay alive.

Ever since then, they would treat each other like brothers.

“Haha, the guy was looking like he wanted that food to be stolen.”

He said with a grin going from ear to ear.

“Look at you, grinning that happily with a bruised body like that, hahahahahaha.”

Chris softly punched him. The young man cowered in pain as if he was about to die.

“I’m sorry! Are you ok?!”

Chris walked up to the him and helped him up, but as he was helping him up, he heard the sound of laughter.

“That's not funny!”

Chris furiously said as he pushed down the young man.

“Hahaha, I can’t stop...You actually fell for that!”

Chris also started laughing while closing in on him with his fist clenched.

The young man started backing up as if his life was on the line.

“Hey! If you keep this up, I might actually die!!”

“It's good if you die.”

Chris smiled like the devil as he pretended to throw punches, but instead tickled him.

“Stop, stop!! I’m sorry!! Hahahahah.”

They laughed until they were both tired. If someone were to look at this scene, then they would also feel the happiness that these two boys exhibited.

“Hey, I’ve never asked since you looked uncomfortable whenever I brought up the subject....
But, what is your name?”

The young man looked into his friend's eye.

“Watashi no namae wa watsulimashita desu.”

“Soka!”

Hehe this novel turning into romaji