

In an unassuming small house, Francis opened a door slowly.

The door grated against the floor and produced a pronounced an ear-piercing creak.

Slowly opened a room. There was a bedroom, a shelf containing some books, a stove with a single pot, a closet containing a suit of clothes, and a spot where he put his weapon.

It was cold, it was dark. A spacious room, a room that was supposed to house more than one. In Francis's left arm was a bouquet.

The bouquet he placed on the table was gentle, a beautiful arrangement of lilies and roses that formed a soft yet enduring beauty.

He sat down on a small chair and set his hand on the table, and he began to put his hands gently together forming a prayer.

In the middle of the table was an urn.

It was made from losses.

For remembrance.

It was from the children of the orphanage who were with him.

Francis was able to still remember that time as he drifted his mind back to the nostalgic past.

Billie, the kid who introduced him to the orphanage. Reliable, quick, and organized.

“ Don't worry. When I grow up. I will become an adult and take care of everyone.”

Anna, that little mischievous girl, wants to steal small items and get into trouble to make toys for us when we have nothing

“ Keep smiling! You are not weird, the other just don't know how to play with you. You are my little brother, so cheer up! Tomorrow, I will take you on an adventure. I promise!”

Tery. A young man with black hair, mature and collected. A leader in the toughest of times.

“ Don't worry about me. I promise we will get through these tough times.”

But we never did.

This house was bought for us.

I saved up enough to buy us a house in the nicer district.

In that flood, I dreaded for my life.

Mr Fool, grant me the strength to survive.....But it was my powerlessness to damn you all....
My power was and is not enough....

I will become stronger

Franci opened his eyes again and said to the urn in front of him.

“In the name of Alex Jonathan, my real name. I promise everyone, I will become stronger for everyone and to help the powerless. I once knew that being a hero was a fantasy. Billie, Anna, Tery,... Everyone. I promise you I will become a hero for those who lack fate’s mercy.”

Thus, he left there in the dark and cold room. Alone.

His face covered in darkness, his expression concealed by the darkness, yet water droplets fell one by one seemingly without end.

Echoes of regrets, memories of regrets, and the unimaginable despair wrap in a cold and dark loneliness. There is a dusty lamp lighter in the room, yet it was not lit without a trace of usage. Not even a single ink of soot is on it, even if it shines in the brightest of scorching days to reveal its state. It is as if it is brand new.