

# Prologue: Birthplace

The hard cold cut of the west blue winds, forced through onto the Galventi Island. The Island was small with a population of roughly 200 people, life was peaceful for the island goers, well at least most of the time. The islands self-sustaining nature, and small population meant that there was little to no intervention or overlooking by government officials. The island was often plagued unfavourable characters, most notably pirates. Time after time, these pirates would come and go, the islanders were well accustomed to their shenanigans. They held that if they didn't act, neither would the pirates. This parasitic relationship was incredibly strong and would often leave the people poorer than before they had come. But this didn't worry them, as long as they had their family and their homes they were at peace. Lewis Infrea was born into this world, on a small hill overlooking the ocean. His life was filled with adventure, scouting and searching all over the island with the 8 other children his age. As the island was mainly filled with farmers, carpenters and fisherman Lewis received a well-balanced education for surviving the island, however he never attended what would be considered a 'proper' education. On the week prior to Lewis' 6<sup>th</sup> Birthday, a somewhat sizeable pirate crew arrived on the island, the moment the jolly roger was spotted, the whole island turned into a clockwork, each of the villagers knew what was about to occur, the finest of alcohols was brought into the tavern, the cleanest of beds were arranged for their comfort, and the nicest of attitudes were adopted by the village people. The Pirates of the Red-Town Crew flooded from their ship into the city, heading straight to the tavern, their cocky smiles of power, frightened the islanders yet they, the kind men and women they were, held the polite smirks and ushered the pirates into a night of drinking. The Night drained away with the Pirates drunken states leading them to passing out on the floors of the taverns. Not all the men were drinking some of the quieter and calm looking pirates were stable and had within a few hours only one drink. The Villagers themselves had started winding down the ruckus caused by the pirates, most of the men themselves took this time to have a drink themselves. Booze was not regularly drunken by the people of the island, their main reason for brewing was purely to satisfy the greedy pirates whom arrived on the island. However, this didn't stop the younger islanders from getting drunk, their rowdiness almost rivalled that of the pirates, the Tavern owner grew tired with the "youngins' and their shenanigans" and close the doors, vacating the pirates out and the drunken men, who stumbled out the door. At this time, most children were tucked into bed, comfortable and happy, however a small incident would change their world forever.

Screams were from the town square at about 2:30am, the islanders woke to the blood-curdling cries of women, and the deep angry sobs of the men. By 3:00am the whole island centred around the dead bodies of the men whom were drinking the night before. "It was the pirates!" and "What are we gonna do?" could be heard mumbling through the crowd. The Pirates were still in town hanging around the front of the tavern, half of the still passed out on the floor. The Villagers stormed off to find the culprit. After scanning through the town the find him, a man covered in blood, with a smile the reeked of death. "You killed them!" yelled the group, the pirates smirk grew wider, pushing his long beard apart. He stood up from the crumbling brick

wall, and walked off pushing the islanders away. His presence forced people into a state of shock, he screamed in a scratchy croak "We are leaving", the few of them of the men who weren't captured by the pirate's immense aura charged at him with swords fashioned out of the brittle wood from the nearby forest, they were too slow. Within seconds they were a corpse, and the evil smile of the pirate transformed into a frown of annoyance. Over 50 people were killed in what seems like instant. The pirates rounded up as the sun peered over the horizon. They went from house to house destroying and pillaging.

Lewis awoke as the pirates burst into his room, he had never seen a pirate but had been told stories of horrible things, his mind racing about what was going to happen, he burst into tears. He cried at the top of his lungs not just in fear but in panic. The Two Pirates who hadn't payed attention to the child, both looked over at him. They turned back to each other and smiled, "We'll make a fortune off of him". They both crept up to him trying to corner him. Lewis' panic disappeared and all that was left was fear. Without realising it Lewis bolted, running and ducking in-between the two men. The Pirates both gripped onto the arms of Lewis holding him as tight as possible, "Just knock him out" the older one of the two said. The other seemed to follow his orders whole heartedly and with the butt of his gun hit the back of his neck. Lewis' speed halted as he spat a concoction of blood and saliva. His vision blurred into the Darkness.

## Chapter 1: Onboard

Lewis' woke with his head spinning, he sat up and looked to his sides while simultaneously holding down the vomit crawling up his throat. 13 children he counted, "What" are we doing here he thought to himself, he stood up and walked careless to the door, the ocean currents knocking several times within the short space of a few metres. He was finally at the door, leaning against it, his hunger had suddenly hit him and his body grew even weaker than it already was, he blinked hard several times in a row and twisted open the door. He walked out of the dimly lit cargo holding facility and into a wild and raging party of sorts. His presence had no effect on the yelling and laughing pirates, it was as if he didn't exist. He stumbled through the pirates ducking and weaving past them. His presence grew bigger and bigger as he entered towards the centre. At the very moment he stood in the centre of the pirates, the laughter and insanity had stopped, and all that remained was an attentive silence focused purely on Lewis. His nervousness forced his dry throat into gulping, feeling like sandpaper rip through his internals, "Um.....Could I get a drink?" he asked. The silence stayed for a second, to be dismissed by the laughter of the Pirates. "Of Course" roared one of the Pirates appearing behind him, "We wouldn't want our stock to die before we hit land, now would we?". The laughter continued more strong and powerful than before. Lewis turned around to see the giant behind, his smile was of genuine evil, all of his remaining teeth showing wide and powerful, his beard hovering over his large stomach, "Come this way, Boy" he said, with an extremely assertive voice. Lewis obliged and followed the Pirate down away from the party which he had stumbled upon. Each step Lewis took made him the equivalent of three behind the Pirate leading him. After what felt like forever, Lewis and the man arrived at a door, which swung open reveal crates upon crates, surrounding a small wooden table, "Sit there and find something to eat" the pirate grumbled to him, "What about the others" questioned Lewis, "Sh... No Questions". The Pirate grumbled a few times

before leaving and slamming the door. Lewis looked around scrambling for any tiny piece of food. As he was doing so one after the other, the children from his village started pouring in, each looking more depressed and scared as the next.

Several Weeks passed, and the young men and women of the boat were still as hunger and sleep deprived as the day they arrived. Lewis was now constantly aggravated and annoyed by the pirates and their constant parties, he wasn't the oldest child there but by far he wasn't the youngest. Most nights that weren't filled by the Cheers of the Pirates, were instead occupied by the cries of the other children, Lewis walked around the small cramped in room, that they were forced to stay in, out of sheer bored. "Arghh..." he would say under his breath, stomping around the room. He walked pacing back and forth for over 20 minutes, glancing at the recently bruised child, "that's what he gets for not following the plan properly" he thought to himself, "if only hadn't gone into the wrong door we might have been gone by now". Lewis thought over and over about their failed attempt at escape, Things could've gone worse, the pirates didn't let things slide and this was by far the kindest punishment they had given us in all the time we had been on here. They were fairly brutal whipping and beatings were commonplace for those who were "out of line", but Lewis and the children managed to pull through. The Weeks that passed, turned into months, three of the thirteen children had already died, and the ones that hadn't were extremely malnourished, and most had only seen the sun a few times.

After 3 months of being cooped up in the basement of the boat, they had finally hit some form of mainland, the Pirates cheered with joy, as from what the children could tell, they had lost alcohol during the second month. The Children stayed inside their room voluntarily not knowing what to expect on the outside. Each child however was pulled from the room and shackled and placed in a box that was carted onto the mainland. "Here is your payment" said an unfamiliar voice, "Pleasure" said the pirate Lewis knew too well. The box was exchanged from the clutches of the Pirates to the oddly dressed couple, "Master should be pleased with this" said one, while the other nodded in agreement.

## Chapter 2: Working

It was but a short journey from the exchange to where the "Master" was, only taking three days. Lewis forced his anger in the back of his mind, trying to forget about the Months on the Pirate ship, hoping for at least some form of better life than what he had experienced. In the time of traveling Lewis had tried focusing of the life had on the island, but it all seemed like a fairy tale, a distant story long forgotten. While he hadn't been away from his home long he was slowly forgetting his past self, engulfing himself in the present and the anger he carried. Lewis' reminiscing and hoping fell short as they arrived at their destination. It was a massive manor spanning what looked like 4 stories high, and several 100 meters back. The Two people who had lead Lewis to this place walked around the back opening up where Lewis was being held, the dragged him out into the sunlight, the first he had seen in weeks. The blazing sun scorched his flesh as he stumbled, his legs trembling at his joints aching. The two men lead him through the massive gates, waving to the guards standing by, "Don't talk unless talked to", "Bough when the Master comes in", "don't look at him in the eyes" the two rattled of too Lewis, who was too busy breathing in the fresh air to really be paying attention. The three of them entered into a great

marble hall, lined with thick columns and strong smell of perfumes, there were 5 others lined up already, each with their own pair of shackles and worn out clothes. The "Master" came through the door, a short a shabby looking man with a very plump face, he was being carried on a chair by four shackled people, Lewis' glimpse of seeing him was short lived as his head was pushed down by one of his attendants. "Welcome, Welcome" he said in a jovial tune, "I'm the Master, and you will call me that" he said, as his chair came closer and closer to the bowing children. One of the young workers holding the chair came to halt with a small "arghh" leaving his mouth, with an instant the Master screamed "assistants, remove him". The attendants who had brought me in, ran over and dragged the holder away from the chair, taking him into an area in the very far corner, and through a passage way. Some from the back stood up strolled over to the girl at the very far corner and pushed underneath the gap left by the other holder. The faint screams of torture, could be heard for a slight second and then the Master spoke again "Take them to their quarters". The man, stood and bowed to the master, gesturing us to follow after him, we all shuffled in a line following him to the basement of the manor. He grabbed out his keys and unlocked the old wooden door and ushered us into the room, he spoke with a faint and calm voice "You will sleep here, 4 in the morning you will get up and you will work till 8 at night, you will receive meals at wake up and night out." He smiled and turned briskly closing the door behind him. The sound of the door locking signalled to Lewis that they were trapped. He walked to one of the shabby beds, and laid down letting out an unpleasing sigh. The sweet embrace of a good night sleep took to him of long forgotten, peace.

Lewis had gotten rather easily into the routine enforced by the Master, he woke every day, ate worked, ate again and then slept. He was rather lousy when it came to chores, the others were fast nimble and concentrated, while Lewis spent a lot of his time day dreaming and procrastinating, leading to more than one occasion of being whipped. It wasn't as bad as the Pirates brutal punishments, the whippings were clean and fast, and often bandaged, they only hurt for a few days and turned to scars rather easily. Lewis was often kept later at night and earlier at the mornings he didn't mind all too much he was rather glad that he wasn't stuck on boat doing nothing. On one night of work, he had been held back due to not finishing his cleaning duties, Lewis wandered the Manor, he had done several times before as the Master and his assistants were rarely out at this time. As he wandered passed a corner, he heard a conversation between two indistinguishable sources, "We going to have to trade him off, he is useless, the master is getting angry" said one of the voices "There is no place to send him" responded the other, "Just get rid of him" they other said. Lewis gulped and briskly headed back to where he was supposed to be working, he quickly started working, glancing back behind him several times. Once he finished his job he headed straight down to the dormitories and bumped into a man Lewis had not seen before, he gave a quick smile and continued on his way. Just as he was about passed him, the man grabbed his arm extremely tightly. "We are going" he said firmly, he pulled Lewis along who knew better than to struggle with a man of this size.

The Man had dragged Lewis off the property and into a horse drawn cart, the horses took off heading to where Lewis presumed was the city. Lewis slept for the majority of the Journey, into the city. They arrived at a small shopping, "Get out" said the man to Lewis, he followed his orders without hesitation, "where are we going" Lewis asked his company, "You are going to go somewhere else," he responded quickly, continuing to drag him through the shopping area, "But

why?" asked Lewis, "Because you are not worth the time or money, you are completely useless" he responded. Lewis contemplated what he was saying, "am I truly useless?" "why did this happen to me?", Lewis' thoughts wandered. Within what seemed like seconds the man said "We are here". They were in a small and tight alleyway, dark and unkempt, "they should be here soon". Within a few seconds of saying this a few tall and broad man walked through the alley, saying "Is this the stock?", "Yeah" replied the man. "Give him the money", he said beckoning to one of the men behind him. The exchange was quick and easy, Lewis was pushed aside by the man and he quickly bolted with the money. The Tall man, presumably the leader of the buyers laughed, picking up Lewis by the collar, "I think we got ripped off boys", He gracefully flicked Lewis over his shoulder, "Let's go".

The Three Men and Lewis arrived at a small building on the outskirts of the city, the road that lead there was essentially non-existent, it was clustered with rocks with no smooth walking at all, and Lewis felt every single bump along the way. It made escape look like a horrible dream. "You'll be working for us" said the one who carried him there "Any questions?", "Uhh... Yeah actu-" Lewis was cut off as the man's fist rammed its way into his stomach, causing him to cough blood up. "No questions" he laughed. Lewis stayed with them for a while, the work was hard every day all day, with almost every day was filled with some form of torturous fighting, he was not only their slave but also their punching bag. It had been almost two years since he was taken away from home, and his memories of it had almost entirely faded away. Lewis had grown accustomed to the beatings and had even started self-teaching self defence. His physical condition had also greatly improved his non-stop work and concentration had forced him to be stronger. Every night he dreamed of killing the bastards who held him there, he had tried several times before to attempt to escape but was instantaneously shut down. Lewis' spare time was spent thinking of ways to leave, but to no avail. It was approaching his 3<sup>rd</sup> year away from home, and the Men who had been using him as a slave, had grown tired of beating him, he was one of the only few who had survived passed a year while living with them, and they didn't enjoy that fact. Their journey together ended abruptly as the city was overtaken by a furious engagement between marines and some pirate crews, the men whom were notorious for crime within the city and had earnt themselves a bounty, took everything they needed and high tailed it. With fear that the Lewis might reveal information on them and not enough time to kill him, they sold him off to a gladiator company that handled a small fighting arena a few islands away.

## Chapter 3: The Arena

Lewis' arrived at Hercuin Island, accompanied by several other men and women who had been sold to or voluntarily joined up to fight. It was a three-day journey and Lewis' stomach was entirely empty, he was weak and fatigued and was begging the people around him for some form of food. They all seemed to ignore him, seeing him as some form of competition for the times they would spend in the gladiator arena. Lewis followed along with the rest of the group, slowly trailing behind the majority of the combatants. They were lead to an open room, enclosed in the deep red-brown bricks. A man in a toga came into the room, giving a lecture on the fight procedure and the rewards of the winner. Lewis was too fatigued to notice anything the toga-man said. He sat down on one of the wooden planks that made up a makeshift bench, with

his hands wrapped around clutching his stomach. An old man, sat next to him, breathing extremely heavily, "Are you hungry boy?" he croaked, Lewis nodded with what little energy he had. The old man placed his hands underneath his long grey cloak, pulling out a large and unusual shaped fruit. The man fondled the fruit in his hands feeling the swirling contours, looking to Lewis he passed the fruit to him, saying "This should help you". Lewis looked up, seeing the piece of fruit. he swiftly snatched the large fruit from the old mans hand and bit into its flesh as fast as he good manage. Lewis scrunched his face at the repugnant taste but kept chewing and biting, he didn't care if it some sort of rotten food, all he cared about has living for a little bit longer. "Lewis, you're up" yelled the announcer, Lewis looked up, with a bewildered face "What?" he said out loud, "Its time to fight" he said with a hint of annoyance in his voice, "Quickly, c'mon we don't have all day" he said clapping his hands together. Lewis stood up, he had burning sensation in his abdomen, "is this nervousness?" he questioned inside his own head, he looked down at his legs and across his arms, sweat was boiling out of his pores at an extreme rate, He breathed loudly as he walked through the brick archway into the massive elliptical sand pit. The cheers of the spectators, overpowered any sense of thought in Lewis' mind. The Announcer Yelled at the top of his voice "Fight!", Lewis stepped back in confusion. He frantically looked around scouting for his opponent, he spotted him a dark haired man, with combed down and tied back afro. He smiled at Lewis, signalling behind him that the metal gates were now in place and that he was trapped. The Figure walked closer towards Lewis, seemingly happy that he only had to fight a child. Before Lewis could think of a plan, the Gladiator bolted towards him, he was extremely thin and was thus able to move more flexibly. He circled around Lewis, his grin growing as the life in Lewis' eyes dying. The Man wasn't stupid he, figured the kid must have some form of prowess, so he stayed in his blind spots darting around, until, an opening. He sprinted full form, clenching his fist, he lowered his body, springing back his arm. Lewis thought it was over, he tried bracing himself as well as possible, but to no avail he still got hit. Lewis flew through the air several metres, in pure agony, he looked up at the Man through his watered lens. To his surprise the man was rolling on the floor, holding his fist. The man stood up with wild eyes, his whole right arm shaking. Lewis stood up as well looking at the area that he had been punched, it was red but not from the attack, but instead from some internal heat. He looked up at the man, and gave him a smile not dissimilar from the one he gave moments ago. The Crowd was screaming and yelling, people saying they want to change their bets. The Announcer started commentating louder attempting to flood out those in outrage and shock. Lewis stood staring the other man in the arena, He looked down at his hand concentrating the heat he felt inside of himself. He focused intensely as he walked towards the man, who stood bewildered and unable to comprehend what was happening. He mouthed the word "Demon", and Lewis playing into this nodded at him. Lewis stood straight in front of the man, raised his fist up and punched as hard as he could muster. He winded the guy, and forced him to stagger backwards. Lewis followed him punching him the same spot, several times creating a severe and boiling burn. The man was on the floor, his conscience fleeting. Lewis stood above him, looking down smiling, genuinely smiling, he felt a certain accomplishment like he had finally achieved something. The man below finally gave and feel into a deep sleep. "THE BOY WINS" screamed the Announcer, "Give it up for, a new gladiator to the arena!!", the Colosseum filled with both cheers and boos. Lewis saw the gates, open and walked slowly towards it, the

adrenaline rush he had felt now wore off, and he too felt light headed, he needed some water and some food. He barely made it to the archway that he had entered in, before he passed out.

Lewis awoke in a cosy room, his head propped up slightly on a stack of fluffy pillows. He sat up, examining his body, he was still sore, but less so than during his fight. His stomach grumbled, with a sudden realisation of his extreme hunger. He looked around scouring each and every part of the room, as soon as he locked onto the fruit bowl sitting in the corner he jumped out of bed and sprinted towards it, engulfing each piece of fruit in a couple of bites. Just as he finished eating the fruit the old man, that he met earlier on, came through the doorway. He stood in front of him, and smiled, "Welcome to the Colosseum" he said pausing to cough "As you one your first fight, you will be accommodated with this room, we have plenty of food in the cupboards" he said indicating to the small compartments that were up against the roof. "Who are you!" demanded Lewis, The old man laughed manically "Im the owner of this Colosseum" he said matter-of-factly. Lewis was stunned, barely able to string a sentence together, "Well Good Luck, you fight tomorrow, boy" he said while still chuckling. Lewis thought through what happened when he had come to the Arena, "What was that fruit?" he asked himself, "How do I have these powers", he racked his brain for any answers and yet he couldn't think of any reason. Lewis lived at the Colosseum, they quite accommodating, it was the best lifestyle Lewis had since his time on his home island. Lewis trained most days, sparring casually against the other gladiators that occupied the near 100 rooms, he also learned to develop his healing power. Many of the gladiators told him, that his power was something to with a devil possessing his body, But Lewis didn't believe this stories. Lewis over his three-year period staying there had fought in over 120 fights, winning them all. Each time Lewis fought, he seemed to instinctively copy and adapt his opponents moves, he became known as the Copycat Sun and was quite popular among the betters. Lewis' had evolved into a fighting loving beast, however at the start of his fourth year, no fights seemed to challenge him, this lead to a more depressed and unenthusiastic mood. After his 6<sup>th</sup> fight he hatched his plan of leaving the Colosseum. Lewis was no longer the whimpering kid, who was punished for his actions and as such, he just walked out of the arena, nobody there was near his level, and as such they had no choice but to let him go. Lewis spent a year of his life going from town to town fighting all the people he could, his winning streak stayed. Lewis lived quite comfortably as those that were worth fighting were usually pirates, whom were worth some form of cash to the marines. Lewis had travelled island to island within the west blue.

## Epilogue

At the age of fourteen Lewis find out about the grand line and all the powerful pirates that were there. The inner fighter with Lewis had sparked, and he immediately tried to find a way there, he walked everywhere attempting to find a ship that was willing to take him. It took him a hard week of asking around before he found a small pirate ship willingly to take him with them. He forked over a heavy amount of the cash he earnt bounty hunting.

Lewis sat in the store room of the ship reflecting on his life, looking back at the days of childhood, to his time on the pirate ship, his years spent as a slave worker and of course his

time of fighting. He had finally been freed from the world itself and it was time for his true adventure to properly start.