

They day for them.
because it was
raining



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They found him shivering and walking through the longest street of the city, talking to himself.

Hey Britz! Remember that day? It was raining like if clouds were upon a fight with the puddles on the ground, phew. Yeah, it was a hard day for them.

Because it was raining too much. But that man will not remember that day, because taking punches by freezing winds was something he got used to, he did not even have time for thinking about them, he just kept getting squashed to the ground and got up by miracles, and the hope of better days that he kept believing as they would come sooner. Some counter jumper helped him as much as he can, by getting him a cup of coffee. Why wasn't he watching this weather? Skies look just like it drew a picture of darkness! He didn't have to raise his head and look because inside of his eyes were as dark as a human may recognize. The " nice" people that have pitied him, found him a shelter for getting their humanity chore done.

And, yeah. It was raining season too. They wouldn't like to see a man that they can use to get sick. Eh? The city-dwellers then tried to get in contact with him, so they may learn his life. He did tell them, but not all, because he already knew that his story was his life. He was born into a well-known family in a country with three seas covering it, a must-see place with different kind of beauties inside like a treasure chest. Smooth.

But it turned out that life had plans in their head. One day, a cruel king came and conquer that place in a matter of minutes. " It's mine now," he said, " Leave your so-called needs and let them be mine! Stop helping those poor peasants! What are you going to do with them?" Since they knew they were

born with this, and the freedom of theirs was not touchable that easy, they took a look to each other and started to take a stand, a riot for the freedom of human beings.

The new king wasn't happy to see a scene like that, so he decided to take their heart off their places, and shred them, then banish him and his family to different places that they may never unite again... He mumbled that he had been wandering everywhere just to escape the evil king and find a heart, a place that he can fit into. Others shook their heads and got back to their works. While days were passing, some kind of disturbing dark creatures started to wander around the city, who looked same as a normal human-being. They asked everyone if they had any possibility to see a wandering man with no heart and " foolish" words about giving a hand to one another. Of course, city-dwellers suddenly remembered that they did know one.

" Ah, why are you disappointed? Every person should help each other, finding things they are looking for, Eh?". The ones with soft souls ran to his holed shelter and told everything they heard from them. He was sitting on his shredded bed until the hard footsteps of a group were heard outside. He knew those people, those dark creatures, they wanted him too. A strong knock on the door was heard.

No one came to open it, so they took the door down and rushed inside. It was empty... He ran to the forests, waiting to be hunted down like a prey, but he knew he couldn't have given up after all. So he gathered his things together and decided to do the thing he forced to do for many times.

Running away. He left his town, the people he used to see, the hope of finding the joy of being a part of a whole, faded a ton more. He kept carrying himself throughout of town till he saw a light coming from a window of a shed, with the fear of getting rejected, he rang the bell, an old woman with pale skin, opened the door and get her questioning eyes on his eyes, after a second or two, she shook her head and took him inside, when he got inside, he saw a trail of blood on the ground coming from her chest. She smiled with deep pools in her eyes, showing the pain she has been suffering for years, just like him. He took her to the dirty bed of hers and took her ripped shirt off, a black hole on the left side of her chest saluted him. Not surprised.

“ I tried” She whispered with shivering, trying to hold on his arm, “ I really did, that cruel man has hurt me so much, he took everything away,” He opened his coat and showed the bloody, endless hole to her. She raised her head, smiled to something at the ceiling, and stopped shivering. Her struggle was ended, one life was gone without finding a heart, without clarifying the crime that they have “ committed” in letting others live and die just like the others. What was it for? God knows it was for the sake of human beings, and that cruel man took it away with our hearts..

. He buried her in the backyard of her poor shed, and say prayers for the sake of her aggrieved soul. He then got up and started to walk in the darkness, thinking. Abnegation became a crime, people without hearts started to fill in, wandering around for telling about their mission of humanity, get rejected thousand times, losing hope over against the petrified hearts of people about one another. What did this king take away from us? God knows he didn't just took our money, home, family away. He

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tore us apart because he didn't want opposition. Thousands filled roads, trying to escape because of the things they have done for the others.

Some of them drowned in the seas, some starved in dungeons. He died with every step and breath he has taken, just like the others. Steps were heard, then everything silenced in darkness with him fading away.