

Behind Walls of Glass

TomaPi

Von abgemeldet

Prolog: Prolog

Prologue

Toma had been a sickly child ever since he was born. Raised as the oldest of two sons, he was taking responsibility for everything. His parents argued every time he saw them and they didn't care about the two boys like parents should.

When he was seven, they separated and he and his brother Ryuseii left the house with their mother.

However, Ryuseii was sickly, too, and by the years he became weaker and weaker. They didn't have much money since their mother wasn't able to work. And so they weren't able to send him to a proper doctor.

The year Toma turned 13 his brother passed away. It was a shock for Toma, he had loved his brother dearly. Since their mother didn't care, they practically had had no one other than themselves. Soon his mother found another man and got married again.

But for Toma there was no place in her life, as she decided she wanted to start anew. And so she ran away one night and left Toma in the small, dirty room they were living at.

Toma couldn't understand how all of this happened. Suddenly everything he had was lost. First his father, then his brother, whom he had cared for all his life, and then at last his mother, who didn't want him.

He was alone. Lost in this big city. Without money, without anything.

The first few days Toma felt empty and hurt beyond repair. Not only physically but also mentally.

But soon he realized that he couldn't go on without doing anything and so he did what he had to do: He began to steal in order to survive.

His body was still weak but he was clever and almost never caught. Just once or twice it was a close call.

One day he strolled through the town. He hadn't eaten much for 2 days already. His head felt dizzy and his body began to get heavier.

If he didn't find something to eat soon, he would be done for it.

He thought of stealing something at the next bakery but he couldn't think straight for a plan and suddenly everything around him went black.

Toma heard a voice. He couldn't understand what it was saying. He couldn't move, his body felt all stiff. Slowly, he tried to open his eyes. Bright sunlight hit him. And above his head there was someone looking at him. He opened his eyes more and he saw a face of a young boy. His face brightened when he saw that he was awake. The boy looked young, maybe the same age as Toma.

"Are you alright?", asked the boy.

Toma tried to sit up but his body felt still heavy, he looked around and saw a bright room. He was lying on a bed. He looked at the boy again, who observed him curiously.

"Where am I?", asked Toma. "I brought you to my house. You laid on the street unconscious", answered the boy.

So he had really fainted.

Suddenly his stomach rumbled loudly.

"Are you hungry? I'll get something to eat, wait", spoke the boy and hurried out of the room.

Toma observed the room further. It looked nice, not quite expensive, but also not cheap. Maybe he could steal something valuable...

He couldn't end his thinking because the boy came back again with a tray full of food. It smelled delicious! „Here eat as much as you like“, offered the boy. „Thanks!“

The boy watched Toma as he tucked in the food. „My name is Tomohisa by the way. And yours?“

Between two bites Toma managed to answer. „My name is Toma.“

After the meal Toma talked to Tomohisa till it was getting dark. Soon his parents came back and Toma was set back on the street again. Of course they didn't want to have a dredger in their house. But when they left, Tomohisa winked at him. „We will meet again! I am sure!“, he shouted.

Toma smiled and winked back.

He watched how Tomohisa's small figure faded in the red sunlight and he felt his heart aching. After his brother he was the only person who had been nice to him. He had helped him, although he didn't know him. Again he felt like he had lost something precious.

12 years later...

Toma woke up in his bed with a sigh. He had dreamed of that day again. The day he had met that boy. Tomohisa.

He still could hear his voice calling out to him. He wished that he could still believe in his words. That they would meet again.

But Toma wasn't 13 anymore, he knew that it was almost impossible to ever find him again. And even if he did, would he even remember?

Probably not.

Life was cruel and Toma knew it, he had experienced it first hand.

So he tried to banish this face out of his head and got up for work.