

Chapter 3

Theft

"The heck are you doing down there sonny?" a voice boomed from above the table. Ranmara was shocked into waking up and harshly hit his head on the edge of the table. "Look, you gotta leave. I don't want to hear any excuses, I am not giving you a job. Just get out of here". Guiltily, Ranmara walked out.

Suddenly, like the table that he hit, he remembered everything that happened the previous day. He couldn't believe his lack of rational thought when he ran away from home. He tried to turn on his phone. No luck. He looked around for what he could do. The top priority was to get his phone charging.

The weight of the situation slowly loomed over him as he roamed around the city, finding somewhere he could get an idea as to what to do next. He had no food, no water, no means of survival at all. He could be dead the next day if he did not play his cards right.

Walking south by the side of the road, he came across a shop. It's banners said in bold letters "TRIATHLON". Was that the name of the shop, or an event they were hosting?

Triathlon was a rather popular sports shop in the area. It had everything from brand new, cutting edge sports cycles, to kayaks that were the fastest and sleekest in the world. The franchise was known for renovating old warehouses into a very large sports shop. As he looked around the camping section, all stacked with gear that were tempting him to buy, he put two and two together and realized that things cost money, and he had no money to spend. How would he get the money he needed?

He roamed around looking for something, anything, that would give him a small boost, or at least some power for his phone, but no luck.

The sun went down and Ranmara just stared at the staff closing the place and ensuring that all the inventory were in place. A staff member pulled the rusted shutters down with so much force that it hit the ground and cracked it's locking mechanism. "That's too bad..." another staff member who witnessed the incident said "We'll have to get it fixed in the morning". Ranmara had a thought. The shutters were left unlocked, and he could waltz in and grab everything he would need! It would be illegal, sure, but it's not like he would get caught for such a petit larceny.

The staff drove away, chatting amongst themselves. Ranmara seized this opportunity and slipped into the establishment. As he walked around in the darkness, he knocked over a can of MRE. This made him break out a cold sweat, but he kept looking around. After some searching he finally found the camping section. He stole a decently sized bag and a prop up tent that was conveniently placed in a neat box. Just as he was about to leave he heard the engine of a car hum outside and then the squeal of brakes.

Taking all his stuff he ran and hid in one of the changing rooms. A staff member with a flashlight walked in. He appeared to be looking for something at the receptionist's counter. It was then when he realised the MRE can rolling on the floor.

"Who's there!" He screamed out. Ranmara thought he was done for. To his surprise the staff member just replaced the can. "Must have fallen down". He went home. Sighing Ranmara ran out, taking a few cans of MRE for the road.

Now the only matter was finding where to sleep. After some more searching he found a nice alleyway where he could get some well needed sleep. It seemed like no one has used it for a while. He propped up his tent a few meters from the mouth of the alley way and quickly fell asleep.