 You could hear the food sloshing around inside it.  He looked at the door.  The faded posters over the walls promised foods he hadn’t eaten in years.  This place felt like a tomb now.  He was grave robbing.  He looked down at the bag and felt his stomach churn.  *Run*, it told him.  *You don’t need that one tin.  Let it go*.  Only he couldn’t.  His friend had died to get him in here.  Leaving this one tin behind felt like blasphemy.  So he ignored the fear and the chill warnings rushing through his head.

    Slowly, he laid the bag down and walked over to the set of shelves it had rolled under.  He tried not to think about how long he’d been in here.  He tried not to think about how long this was taking.

He squatted down and reached under the bottom shelf, trying to force his arm to grow as narrow as it could.  He felt years of cobwebs reluctantly give as he pushed deeper into the darkness.  A childhood fear of the unseen prickled at the back of his neck but he ignored it.  He would burn all these shadows away soon enough.

His fingertips gently kissed at the round edge of the tin and he grinned.

“Gotcha!”

    He made a grab for it but ended up pushing it a little further out of his own reach.

“Son of a bitch!”

He punched the floor and cursed.  His hand stung from the impact.  His shoulder was starting to burn.  He squatted lower, tried reaching further.  A man had died for this tin.  As petty as it sounded that gave the thief licence to take it, along with everything else he could carry, before he burned this tomb to the ground.  Let those two fat twins become ghosts.  Let them wander the Earth, unwanted and forgotten.  Let them be left behind.  He would only speak words for his partner.  His friend.  Maybe his last friend.

He strained again.  His shoulder threatening to separate.  His fingers stretching to the point of burgeoning agony.  They touched the edge of the tin again, briefly.

“Come on,” he hissed. “Come on!”

He grasped at it again.  The tin simply rolled away again.  And again.  He bellowed a curse.  His body shook with red hot frustration.  He wasn’t thinking about the haul anymore.  He wasn’t thinking about how long he’d been in here or if anyone else was coming to investigate the shots.  Let alone a customer.  No, he just wanted this one damn tin.  He had earned this one tin.  It was his, along with all the rest.  It was his property.  It was his right.  The world owed him this tin.  He wouldn’t sell it, no matter what it was.  He’d keep it.  A memorial to what had happened here today.

    He splayed his body flat out over the floor.  He forced his tired arm deeper under the unit.  His shoulder begged for leniency, his fingers for mercy.  He could smell years of cheap bleach bleeding off the floor tiles pressed close to his face.

“Come to papa.”

He closed his eyes.  He tried to force his whole body to move closer to the tin.  That was when he heard the shop door open and close behind him.