

# Just another soul . Chap 1

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this is my first piece of writing here so please give me feed back as well as what you think about this short story :D



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It was another average winter day . The streets are covered in ice, the cars are packed under a foot of snow and not surprisingly, the whole scene had a distinct lack of human activity . After all, nobody wants to get out of their house on a cold Sunday morning like this . The quiet and peaceful sound of the early morning was suddenly disturbed by a figure , a man walking on the lonely streets, carrying with him a heavy bag of glossary mostly consist of junk food and beers . He rushes though the empty street , trying to make it to the rustic looking building with a sign that read " room for rent " . Located at the middle of the seemingly endless line of similar building that the city makes out of . A modest place he called home

This man is name Jeffy

Being a man in his forties , he is not very happy nor proud of himself for everything that he has achieved . Jeffy never got a stable job, most of the girls that ever date him was either ugly or very very drunk that one night, which is not surprising for Jeff consider the fact that his long, thin, dull face was lacking of human emotion and even after you got over that fact, his half bald head always seem to be the complete turn off for ladies . Jeffy was staying in this city because of a job offer, being an accountant for a relatively big company, somewhere that he can rise up from and still earn a living

Jeff open up the door to his small apartment on the third floor of the building . He throw the glossary bag along with the coat on to the chair and proceed to jump into the bed, reaching out his right hand grabbing a beer inside of the glossary bag and turn on the television with his other hand . He flips through the channels and finally stop at a news story with the headline " Bank Robbery Stopped, Teenage Thief ? " He reckon that if his day is not getting any better, he might as well make himself feel good by listening to this pathetic thief story . The news woman standing outside of the local bank, screaming into the microphone in the hope of being louder than the snow storm :

" The police apartment of Springcrease has been having a busy day as of yesterday afternoon, a teenager just round 18 years old was trying to rob the local bank with a small automatic pistol, no one was injure in the robbery and even though the thief almost got away with the moneys, he has finally crashed on highway 35 while trying to outrun the police..."

Jeffy let out a smirk, as he knows that that is a low that he never going to get to

"...the surveillance camera was able to capture the thief face on tape "

A black and white picture was shown on the screen of a face of a teenage boy . Jeffy look in disbelief as the news woman continue on with her story

" The young thief now lie at the Springcrease hospital, while the police trying to identify his name as well as his orgin....."

Jeffy jump out of the bed, grabing his coat and running out of the building with haste, he get into his car and quickly ride toward the hospital through the relatively empty road in fear and anxious, as his mind started to tap into a pool of memory, memory of when he was happy, of when he still got a family . After doing a horrible job of parking the car outside of parkinglot, he rushed inside the building and ask the reception table :

" Uhm, hey did the police put someone in the hospital yesterday ?"

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The nurse looked abit shock, but quickly answer :

" Yes, they did put a teenager in here yesterday "

With out missing a beat, Jeffy ask back :

" What room is he staying in ?"

" Sorry but only authorize people are allowed in that room "

Angry and frustrated Jeffy rised his voice

" I am related to that kid how authorize do i need to be ?"

" And you are his ?"

"I am his father"



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