

The odour of disintegrating garbage made its way across the slums, while, in a not so distant suburb, where houses were multiple stories instead of cardboard boxes, Saxon lay watching the working day go past his window. Saxon was one of the few privileged children in the district, only lucky enough to be so, as a wealthy American married his lovely mother. Saxon imagined it was from avarice, as his Father was not attractive, and so could never entice a smart American woman to love him, after all, when his Mother finally died it only took a few weeks for the Step Mother to move in. The days went by much the same, the women would get water, the children beg, the men go to work in the city, and Saxon, would sit and watch it all.

Saxon never noticed much, for he was too preoccupied to be bothered with noticing, but one day something took a hold of his eye, as if there were a shiny pearl caught in the trash heap. From the corner of his eye, he spotted movement. Not the movement of a wild animal, but the movement of a desperate child from the slum. They searched through the trash heap, which was only just in Saxon's view. They wore nothing but rags as the trash heap consumed them as if it were quick sand. Saxon took little notice, until he realised something in the girls' hand, something familiar, but that from such a distance he couldn't put his finger on. He rushed to his Father's drawers, probing through the layers of expensive, and yet unwanted items, until he found a small telescope. Placing the cold rim of the eyepiece to his face, Saxon, began observing the scavengers closer, feeling somewhat like a sniper. It was only then he realised the little girl was holding something that lay so close to his heart, he felt his very own heartstrings tug in a symphony of sorrow.

In her grubby, poor little hands, she held what had once been Saxon's Mother's promise ring, threaded onto a necklace, which she used to wear always. Remembering the way in which it hung around her neck when she cradled him, Saxon's body tensed up with rage, he wanted it back and he didn't care what he had to do to get it. He knew the girl would only sell it to feed her dependant family, and if anyone has pocketing from it, Saxon new it should be him, for that what his sweet Mother would have wanted, and not to mention it would fund his new gaming console. As rage bubbled inside Saxon, as if he were brewing a witches spell of evil inside his very chest, he decided that he would do anything to get that necklace back, strike the girl, injure the girl, maybe even kill the girl, because a slum girl like her, in Saxon's eyes, deserved nothing, maybe not even life.