

## Short Story

Torakichi Arakoma walked along 1st street of Swapopolis. "Dang...There isnt anything to do..."

He sighed, kicking at small pebbles. Suddenly he heard a small snap. What the-?" He kneeled, His shoelace had snapped. "Awwww man..." He sat there relacing his shoe.

"Is everything all right?" Someone asked. He looked up to come face to face with a girl around his age, 16. "Er, yea. Durn shoelace snapped..."He held up the broken shoelace. "Hmmm!" She snatched the shoelace from him."Hey!" He grabbed for it, but she stepped out of reach. "You have any Duct tape?"

She asked. 'What?! No! Who would carry that aro-"

He started. "Any thread?"

She interrupted. "No!!! Now give that back!" He attempted to grab it again. But she moved out of the way, sticking her tongue out.

"Excuuuuse me? Is that how you ask?" She tauntingly put her hands on her hips. "Would you PLEASE give me my shoelace back?"

He said through gritted teeth. "You have to come and get it!" She held the shoelace just out of reach. He got up and stood on one foot. 'C'mon! give it back!" He reached for it but she dodged and he fell. "Grrrr.... Give it back!!!" He growled.

"What if I just say no?" She grinned.

Suddenly he had an idea. He turned away and didnt say anything. "Hellooooo! I have your shoelace!" She said dangling it right in front of his nose. He ignored her. "C'mon! I got your shoelace!!!" She poked him. He didn't even acknowledge her. "Here," she tossed his shoelace toward him. He caught it. She skipped off happily. He noticed something. The shoelace! It was fixed! He had figured it out. He happily relaced his shoe, and walked off in the direction that she had skipped.

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