

Soft and subtle movement, mesmerized by the infinity of possibilities. They run with the wind, sun always a constant warmth on their backs. Faces that glowed and rung with childish curiosity, with an air of exotic wonder that echoed amongst the various beings; a staple of their kinship.

Runaways in their own right; these were the children. The children that had constant sneers from strangers as their personal symphony. The children whom caused rukuses in the courtyards and fought for what they deemed their 'civil rights'. These being their hope for the grimy streets of Zaun to shine with gold.

All different, these kids in the street were alike to a gang of misfits: the damaged, the adrift and the judged. Those whom the upper Pilties spared nothing but their spit for, as if vermon fit their title better than children.

It was a dull fact that resonated with the group despite their hope. Yet amongst these few, there stood a boy; crafty by nature and a genius by name: Ekko. Perhaps one would find notation of the boy's inventions or his mischievous personality. Certainly his parents were not the only ones who raved about a boy like him.

He was the friendly neighbourhood prodigy; a kid who smiled in the face of danger and laughed at the ideation of a life within Piltover worth living, no matter how many times his parents spoke of the prestigious schools that would acknowledge his brilliance for what it was. Something Zaun could never successfully do.

Yet Zaun was his retribution and soul; his artistic vision of a better future where he held the paint brush within a tight grip. And one day soon it would have its reckoning. No matter the individuals who left or the days where his mother could barely check up on him.

This was his retribution.

As her calloused fingers would rub through the long strands of his hair, stilling as Ekko recited his recent days. These simple words were a melody that eased his mother to sleep.

It was moments like these where her eyes closed before the first tear drop upon her son's face would warrant a mother's concern; a notion that many of times went unnoticed. It was moments like these where his father would pass out at their miserable excuse for a dinner table; a small chortle of laughter at his son's antics causing a breach within his already sore body.

Perhaps it was depressing and maybe it was not even slightly right, but this would always be Zaun to him. Despite countless hours of frustration, Ekko was beyond quitting. He would never run from his past. Running was saved for the officials told to watch for the skinny, loudmouth punk. Instead, he made a vow to himself. As his parents were akin to lose time, day in and out at the factory, he would learn for this. Instead, he would not waste a single moment he was given.

Time was beyond us all and Ekko knew those brief minutes of sanctuary were as good as gold. Those seconds, barely visible in the space time continuum, where the wrinkles in his father's forehead would crease at the trace of a smile upon his aged complexion. Or even the zeptosecond of his mother's lips brushing against his forehead; these were his memories. These

were his legacy. This was his home for now until ever. And he would never forget what people chose to take for granted. He would never wish for a better life because nothing existed beyond the walls of Zaun.

It was a simplistic view, for his childhood was not alike to many. Many would say it was less than pleasant, yet if time was a nonlinear subjective of reality to the world beyond. Then let life be his playground. And may he ride the continuum until he shatters it whole.