

Sadler
September 19th, 2016
First Period: Creative Writing

The Vandal of Court C

Arctic wind poured through the alleyway, rattling a lone figure's teeth as well as the cans in his baggy jacket. Narrow, dimmed buildings lurked tall enough that the dusk's mists hid their pale faces. A crooked street-lamp, covered with silver vines of tags, kept the alley barely lit. The slimy ground reflected light onto the bellies of ebony trash bags and molting dumpsters. Amplified by the hard walls of the buildings, each of the dark vandal's slow steps echoed like thunder.

The hooded shade drifted through the alley, looking over his shoulder periodically. Hands in his front pockets, he walked up to a corrugated garage door that Fujiya used for "*fresh*" fish deliveries. He drew his aerosol paint can, covered his mouth and nose with a stained bandana, and began to put down his base coat. Frigid sea spray thinned the emerald mist, causing it to run down the grooved metal. He always loved when this happened, he incorporated the accidental drips into his work making the entire piece look like it was melting off the door. It read "JADED" -- A pun uninterested attitude made the entendre a hat trick.

The glossy epithet stretched top-to-bottom to completely cover the garage door. As Jay stepped back to see his work, he heard a voice behind him, "Hey kid, what are you doing?" The man already knew the answer but he had a heart and hadn't called the police on a kid who looked barely 14.

"Leaving, sir." Jay started to walk away but stopped when the man said something else, stepping into the light.

"What's that you painted?" The man had stepped to the garage door, studying the oozing word with curious eyes.

Jay looked back puzzled “Uh, it’s my name.”

The man started laughing, “Well it probably isn’t a good thing to sign your name when you do something illegal.”

“Well it’s not my actual name, I just tag it, it’s what people know me by.” Jay’s youth showed even more when he got defensive.

“Don’t worry kid, I was just pulling your leg a bit,” The man paused, looking at the painting again, “This is pretty good. ”

“Thanks?” Jay was confused, but it had been long enough that he knew the police were not on their way so he gained some confidence, “Why didn’t you call the cops on me?”

“I just wanted to know what you were doing and why you were doing it.” The man said plainly, and then walked away.

The next day, Jay, hands still stained green, went to school and told all of his friends about the strange encounter with the mysterious man in the alley. One of Jay’s ‘friends’ laughed at his own stupid joke before he even said it, “That was the Dumbledore of Graffiti, man, there to take you to Hogwarts.” Jay didn’t laugh. He was too busy thinking about what could have happened, if that man had called the police, Jay could be in huge trouble, that man saved his life as far as Jay was concerned. To this day he will still talk about painting this burner and meeting that man like it was yesterday.