Scurrying through the ominous alley are pairs of dilapidated shoes. The myriad of colors creating a cacophony of sounds as they impact the concrete, disturb the tranquility of puddles, and shift the trash that splays out before them. In the background, crashes and thuds create bellowing echoes that get lost as instrumentals behind an abundance of voices of various tones and pitches. Conversations are blended in a vortex of action and sound. Blinding light exists at the bounds of the alley, a stark contrast to the muted grays that exist within. However, there is no more color outside than what resides inside.

Bursting into the luminosity is a gang of boys, all different ages, and sizes, but noticeably smaller in the back was a kid whose eyes glimmered with hope, filled to the brim with a curiosity that has not been sullied by the realizations of existence. He was flowing along behind, as if caught in their jet stream, seeing as his mouth was wide open with one eye shut, as if he had never done it before. At the front were two boys, not the biggest in the group but not the smallest by any means. They have a look of thrill on their face, every tooth in their mouth visible as the tears caused from laughter cascade down their cheeks, snot dripping from their nose. The wind is blowing their sweaters open, sans the few of them that had them zipped up.