16-year-old Zoey Chen bled onto the stage, a deathly aura surrounding her, as usual a play was being held. ‘When are they going to stop?’ Zoey wondered; they had been doing back to back plays for over a year now.

“Hello, does anyone want to buy this newspaper?” a salesman called in a cheerful voice as people walked past him. The salesman snuggled up next to a rich man, he had assumed he was rich and said, “Do you want to buy this newspaper, it’s only a penny?”

“I would’ve, but not after I saw the harlequin on the cover and looking at the contents it’s too motley for me,” the rich man said.

“I have another newspaper from a different company if you want it?”

“NO!”

After the day ends.

“I didn’t sell anything today,” cried the salesman into the phone, “I normally sell about 20 per day.”

“It’s ok,” his mum replied.

“No, it’s not, I have to take care of you mum.”

“I’m fine honey,” said his mum, lying in the hospital bed in a gown, staring into space.

Even that wasn’t the underbelly of the play.

“Would anyone like to buy this one-of-a-kind torch?” questioned the salesman just like yesterday.

This continued for many days, dark circles formed around the salesman’s eyes. He nearly fainted once. He would always try and charm a rich person into buying his products, but they never would.

A week later.

I’m not going to give up thought the salesman I have to make my money today, my mother is about to dye because of cancer. “Does anyone want to buy this torch, it’s only a few pounds.”

“Why would we buy that,” people snickered, “He’s a fraud, he should be arrested.”

Someone finally came to him.

“How many wats is that torch?” questioned the customer.

“500.”

“I’ll buy it.”

“How much?”

“two-hundred pounds.”

“Ok, deal.”

As the salesman walked off with the money a car hurtled towards him. The car of the buyer. After that the town was felt off without the salesman calling out do you want to buy this item. A requiem was played at his funeral where his town gathered. “Here we are playing a requiem to Scott the Salesman,” called the mayor of the town.

Zoey was shaken. She walked out trying not to cry. As soon as no one could see her Zoey balled her eyes and crossed the road where she was hit by a truck just like the salesman.