



The Fallen Leaf

miles 64



Akari, with her long, straight brown hair, walked confidently through the city. Her yellow cotton dress, adorned with sequin leaf patterns, shimmered under the streetlights.



The city's vibrant energy pulsed around her as she strolled, the click of her high heels echoing against the buildings.



Suddenly, a shadowy figure emerged from a dark alley, his face obscured by the night.



Akari's eyes widened in alarm as she noticed the glint of metal in the man's hand – a gun.



A deafening gunshot shattered the night's calm, the sound reverberating through the city streets.



Akari gasped, a wave of pain washing over her as she clutched her chest.



Her legs buckled beneath her, and she began to fall, her vision blurring.



The city lights swirled above her as she crashed onto the cold, unforgiving pavement.



Her vibrant dress, once a symbol of life and joy, now lay stained with crimson.



Akari's lifeless eyes stared up at the indifferent stars, another victim claimed by the darkness of the city.