

# MAJOR LEAGUE SYSTEM

## Chapter 1: Ken Takagi (1)

In a quiet neighborhood a man dressed in simple business attire walked through the streets, clutching his black bag close to his chest. It was clear that he had been drinking by the way he stumbled across the road.

His build was tall and a little skinny. Lack of sleep and malnutrition was evident by merely looking at his sallow cheeks and dark bags underneath his monolid eyes.

The moonlight shone through the gaps in the surrounding greenery as the man stumbled every so often, yet he continued to trudge toward his destination

It wasn't until he stumbled upon an empty plastic bottle at his feet that he stopped in place, his gaze turning serious. He placed his black bag down on the ground and cautiously picked up the bottle, gripping it firmly within his right hand.

He looked up towards a bin around 10 meters away, his eyes narrowing slightly.

The man did not utter a sound, yet his whole body language seemed to change, like he had descended onto a battlefield. He moved his body so that his shoulder was in line with the bin before he raised his arms above his head.

His raised his left knee high, almost touching his chest. Then with his raised leg he lunged forwards with his right foot planted as if he were on the mound of the baseball pitch. Everything seemed so natural as he completed an action that he had made countless times throughout his life.

Then, as his left foot met the ground, his right arm flashed like a whip as he threw the bottle with all of his might, aiming for the bin which was his target.

"Argh!"

The sound of a bottle bouncing on the ground echoed through the quiet streets as he fell to his knees just a few meters away. He clutched his right shoulder and winced in pain, feeling the familiar agony course throughout his body.

The slight buzz of alcohol quickly left his system which was now replaced with the pain and anguish which arose from his old wounds. He could only stare at the bottle in front of him in anger and frustration, feeling as if it were taunting him.

Not long later, the man grabbed his black bag, still clutching at his throbbing shoulder. He grabbed the bottle on his way past and obediently placed it in the trash can, feeling as if he was trash himself.

He then made his way back home, his tall frame hunched in despair.

The man finally made it to his apartment and distractedly fished for his keys inside of his bag. The words Takagi were written underneath the mailbox placed upon the wall with messy handwriting.

After fishing around for a while, the man finally found his keys and used them to unlock the door. He walked into his dark apartment and turned the light on, closing the door with his foot and placing his bag upon the table.

The apartment was a studio, meaning everything was crammed into one room apart from the toilet and washroom which had its own dedicated area.

As if on autopilot, the man took off his business wear and changed into something comfortable and headed to the washroom. His shoulder was still aching, however he was mostly used to it at this point.

Ignoring the pain, he headed to the bathroom and washed his face thoroughly, trying to remove the hardships of the day. He looked up to gaze at himself in the mirror. What stared back at him was almost someone he didn't recognize.

The sallow cheeks and thin nose paired with the dark bags under his monolid eyes was like looking at someone who was on their last legs. He couldn't continue to look at himself in the mirror for more than a few seconds, quickly leaving the washroom and heading over to his bed.

On the other side of the room was a 32" TV sitting upon a cabinet. Grabbing the remote and sitting upon the bed, he turned the TV on out of habit, he mostly used it for background noise while he browsed on his phone.

The moment he turned his phone on, he received a notification.

Mom: Ken, we're worried about you. Why haven't you contacted us in over a month? Please call us as soon as you get this.

Ken Takagi read the message on his screen briefly before closing the window. He was not in the mood to talk to his parents right now, especially since his shoulder was throbbing so much.

"I'll call them tomorrow." He muttered, something he had said many times over the past month without following through.

Just as he was about to start up one of those popular games on his cell phone, his attention was quickly drawn to the TV.

"In sports news, the Hanshin Tigers have defeated the Yomiuri Giants in a spectacular come from behind victory to claim their second Nippon Championship in the history of the club."

Ken's eyes widened as he heard the news, he quickly shifted his legs off the bed and forced all of his attention on the TV screen as they replayed the highlights.

"As you can see, the Giants were up in the 9th inning by 2 runs. With 2 outs and 2 runners on base, the only thing between them winning the championship was the youngster Daichi Suzuki."

A man who still looked like a teenager approached the plate, his wide shoulders and confident face made him look like a superhero at that moment in time. Ken's face flashed with recognition as he leaned closer to the TV in anticipation.

The pitcher made his move, throwing a cutting ball high and inside, hoping to move the large man back off the plate.

"Haha! That's his favorite pitch!" Ken yelled with glee, feeling his body fill with adrenaline.