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Best Code Name: Sébastien's Tips For Your Writing: (8.5) Kalachar Malayalam A/N: I know I had a lot of trouble finishing this. I didn't anticipate you to be so judgemental, but whatever. Don't be so quick to judge. I'm not a poorly written fanfic writer, don't even go there. A car sped past him, muttering under its, breath. James sighed and adjusted the collar on his ragged coat, even though it was warm in the spring sun. He couldn't care less about his or how he looked. It was a lot warmer in the summer, but he didn't get there often enough to care. Sure, a lot of people wear a jacket in the summer, but James wore several, not to mention his backpack. It could protect his nice dress shirt, but it also kept his face warm and dry. James walked up to the Metrorail entrance and waited for the train. By the time he reached the intersection of Broadway and 4th, he was walking fast. Two cars in front of him, a young couple walked by, smiling and holding hands. James' lips curled up in a faint smile. It was rare to see those happy moments anymore. "James," He mumbled as he stood up and unfolded his legs to take a quick pace to meet them. His eyes drifted over the girl. She looked awfully young for her first time out, her loose sweater and oversized purple jeans barely covering her shapely legs. She wore bright pink flip-flops, her hair color could be either blonde or black, and the hot sun gave her a pale complexion. "Hi," she said with a timid smile. The girl appeared very nervous, making James think she was just out of school. Maybe even a high school freshman. "James. You know any place we can get some hot coffee? Or... tea?" James smiled, his lips forming a slight bow. "I'm sorry, I'm not from around here." "Oh," the girl's eyes widened in shock. "Well, I was hoping you could, uhm," she glanced down at her phone and back up at him, blushing, "You can give me a

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