What is it that is so much to be abhorred about the corruption of the innocence of youth?

Most anyone who lives in our springtime world would agree that it is in the bottom echelon of sins that everyday are committed. I, too, hold fast to this ideal. But why?

I ask this for the following reason: I recently arrived in Syenon, and today was my first day as an adventurer. Many things were done of little note or consequence, but some events are particularly salient. More specifically, in the course of our helping about the city, we were given reason to approach and help several groups of children in parks. All of these youth to whom we spoke were, by various mechanisms, employed (or perhaps I should say "enslaved", as employed bears a rather more positive connotation) by various gangs and criminals to carry out their nefarious purposes. To put it briefly, I was rather horrified by what I observed. Astonishingly, many of the older children seemed to be willing, even thrilled to do these appalling actions. Worse still, some of these children were practically no more than mere bairns. Primarily they were employed to hold and deal out various illegal substances, acting as intermediaries. Truly pathetic. The degree of cowardice required to thrust a child into danger in one's stead. But I digress. As I was saying, many of these children were quite willing to commit needless violence, and I myself procured some rather painful wounds by their hands, or rather, knives. Ultimately, some of these children we were able to relocate, or otherwise remove from their situation. Others, however, were quite willful in their actions, and left ere we could help.

But the question still stands: What is it that makes this death of innocence, and the endangering of youth so greatly abhorrent? After having given it some thought, I have come to the following conclusion: it is a destruction of the natural cycle which we all undergo in our lives. As a youth, we are in the very springtime of our lives. We have yet to be introduced to the horrors that inhabit this world. We see only wonder and beauty, only the good in even the most evil. However, this perspective is not unshakable. It is like a delicate bubble, so easily popped. And once the bubble sustains any damage, it can no longer be healed. The horrors begin to flood in through the cracks. And thus, the season is destroyed. No more is spring their time, but rather they are thrust directly to the worser half of the cycle, with little hope of return.

I have decided that this is perhaps the most irredeemable crime in this city. It seems that even Syenon itself perhaps partakes in this atrocity. One of my fellow adventurers is a child, a mere ten years of age. He should not be permitted to venture out against the darker side of the city. He, too, will soon fall if he continues this course. But perhaps it is not my place. I know not his guardians, if any. I shall inquire on this subject.

This concludes my musings at this time.

-Heron Venture, 27th of Ninthmoon