

After a minute, I went from the lab with Silan, Fiura and Dyesel - she's a woodpecker. Good thing we aren't far from local restaurant. Funny thing - we have two of them, but the other one is far away and not as good-looking.

At that hour, there wasn't that many people. Not a problem for me, since I prefer when there's peace and silence. Each of us chose what we wanted and sat together at both sides of white, modern table.

"Oh, Fiura..." - Dyesel started. - "You won't guess who I've met."

"Who?" - squirrel asked, which made owl guy look for the source of that sound.

"You remember Leesan from our class?"

"Of course I remember. I was curious what happened to him."

"He's still holding up, but..."

"What?"

"I could see that he has a problem. You know, in our school times..."

"Maybe he wasn't the smartest, but he still the funniest fox I've ever met."

"He wasn't that happy in that meeting."

"You know where he lives now?"

"Said he constantly changes the places, maybe he was visiting nearby cities as well."

"I wish I could meet him as well..."

"Hey... em... Ruvim." - Silan suddenly spoke.

"Yeah?"

"Can I ask you something? Maybe I'll be too curious."

"What do you mean?"

"Your eyes. One on your right has colors of orange and red, but other is white with grey. Is it some kind of genetic mutation?"

"Never talked about this in public..."

"Sorry..."

"I'll say this: certain events in my life caused this. Earlier... I was completely different. I mainly mean the behavior. And now... to quote my former colleague "I have sun and moon as eyes"."

"Oh... okay."

"Well, if you finished eating then let's get back to the lab. We can chat later there."

We've returned to our workspace. Before that, though, we saw problems that factory workers had with unloading a cistern with one of liquid components. We check those as well, but if they started the procedure, someone already checked the sample and approved further actions.

Atmosphere in the lab was pretty chill. That's because our boss was absent for more time than usual. Not that I complain - it's quite the opposite. I don't

think many of us outright hate him, but he could be better.

We've returned to our tasks. Mine didn't change - showing Silan the lab, while keeping him from doing something stupid. I checked around if we're needed somewhere and I see that someone left some tobacco samples for tests, but left without writing down the results.

"What are you doing?" - blonde dog asked.

"Just making sure those results won't go away. You never know, especially with these kind of machines."

"But those are high-end ones."

"Still, quite old. You think why we have electronic guys nearby?"

"I-I didn't know."

"Now you do. Hmm... nice scores. The scent could be better, though."

"It's like something artificial..."

"Yeah, noticed it too."

"Can I..."

"You can check it, just don't touch that for now."

"Interesting... Their stucture..."

"Genetic modifications. How else you can achieve less severe side effects?"

"Can we check something else?"

"Sure. What exactly?"

"Place with filters."

"This way."

Of course, we have a part here dedicated to looks of the products. Like for cigarette thimbles - checking for quality of materials used, but also adjusting the looks as well. Good that I don't have to be in this place - couple of people in this stand had to quit the job, because they didn't want to work here exactly, but higher-ups couldn't come up with stands where those people could move to.

"This... looks strange." - Silan stated.

"The place has bad history. Better hope you won't end up here and if you do, you'll have to find another job."

"Is it actually that bad?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"From what I've heard, people working here were feeling worse mentally with each day passing."

"Huh..."

"So you want to check something else here?"

"It's enough. We can return."

After getting back to my usual place, I sat down and said to Silan to do the same. I even looked around if someone was struggling with their respective tasks, but it seemed like everyone was doing quite alright.

"Ehm... how long do you work here?" - blonde dog asked.

"About a year and a half. Maybe not that long, but I know many parts of this lab, their duties, so I often change stands to help or do things on my own."

"It must be hard for you to adapt to constant changes."

"Rarely. When I feel like this messes with my mind, I just take few days off."

"Or maybe... you considered changing the work?"

"I did. But only when situation here will become much worse. And I suspect that I won't wait long for this."

"I-It looks like I joined at the wrong time."

"Perhaps you'll do better here than me. At least it's not the only type of job I can take."

"Good for you, I guess."

"Listen... it's just how the life goes. You should expect that everything won't last forever. It works for me and feel better."

"And I don't know about any good alternatives."

"For another job? There's ParapaL..."

"Vape shop?"

"They work with liquids there. I mean they're doing them."

"I thought they buy prepared ones."

"It's more worth to them to buy components and make them on their own."

"And they look for more people?"

"From time to time. Didn't ask if it's seasonal or not, but I've heard good opinions from those who worked there."

"I'll keep that in mind. Thanks, Ruvim."

"No problem, bratan. Let's take a quick tour to see if anyone needs our help, okay?"

Silan nodded and we started going around the place. I only asked people there if I saw them struggling with their tasks. At first, it looked like everything was smooth sailing. However, I found Dyesel who had problems with reading the contents of some small paper.

"What's wrong, Sel?" - I asked.

"Oh, Ruvim. I was about to come to you."

"Yeah?"

"I can't read this."

"Wait, you can't read this?"

"I know my writing isn't the best, but this doesn't mean I can read all bad types of it."

"Who made it?"

"One guy from Innovations. You probably know who."

"I know. Give me that."

Woodpecker girl passed me the paper. I have no idea how this dude passed through school, because I assume not many can read this.

"It's a note about the thing you're doing." - I replied after reading. - "You should check for good heating time and temperature. Density should be looked at too."

"Any details?"

"I'll just re-write this."

"Good. Your writing is surely better than mine."

After grabbing a pen from my coat pocket, I started writing same thing again, but with better dose of readability. Honestly, I don't think it's that beautiful, but many claimed otherwise.

"There you go."

"Huh... Thanks, Ruvim. You're nice guy."

"Good that Orel didn't hear that."

"Yeah, he's a bit too jealous sometimes."

"At least you have someone to rely on."

"I can rely on you too, you know?"

"I meant personal matters."

"I know - that's sarcasm."

"Okay... you need anything else?"

"I can go on from now, but thanks for asking."

We left Deysel's stand, so we could return to mine. But I saw the eagle approaching it as well. He noticed us and waited a moment before our arrival.

"There you are." - boss started.

"You were looking for us?" - I asked.

"Yes. You know, Ruvim... I thought if you wanted to leave earlier today."

"Will you let me go?"

"Sure. This shift will soon end and I see there are no problems here."

"Yeah, I can go."

"And you, Silan... we have to talk about something. Nothing bad, don't worry."

"O-Okay."