

After grabbing my coat and other necessary items, I left my house for a long walk. Sky was clear. I couldn't find even a single cloud. Wind wasn't strong, but certainly could send a chill down the spine, if someone was without fur.

Nothing interesting was happening at that street, so it was as usual. Cars were mostly standing at driveways - there wasn't much traffic here. And they were new, clean and without rust.

My street was dotted with modern houses in majority. Mine wasn't an exception. However, when I was going to the main street, I could see several buildings that retained the old look or even looked like they were abandoned, which was not the case.

Also, there were spaces with no buildings at all, but those were large enough for new houses, if someone decides to buy some ground and build a shelter on his own. But the recent establishments... all I can say is when I looked at them, they look... soulless.

I got to the main street. It was much more busy. Even though it's Saturday, I could see several individuals rushing somewhere. Like one moose, who was yelling at someone through the phone call, while jogging somewhere.

I decided that I'll go to the other park - one near the hospital. But instead of going to it as quickly as possible, I'll do a little detour, so I won't have to look at the park from the nightmare. Still don't want to see it.

After getting to bigger crossroads, I turned right, passing near clothes shop. Here, I could see the old blocky flats in all of their glory. Not my problem that they had it so little. What else to expect from large, grey cuboids?

Much more interesting are their balconies. Many of them are so different to each other. One guy is doing BBQ, other one threw out a sofa, a woman was clearing the carpet and someone agile was testing their parkour skills and almost fall from the ground from fourth floor.

One thing that grabbed attention from pedestrians moving through here was supermarket that had bright yellow walls. Well, for the most part, because I could still see some burn marks from huge arson that happened here couple of months ago.

I turned left and went through small street, which was known to have large amount of orchards. And since not many cars were moving here, I could smell the scent of various fruits. People can buy them here, but they are more expensive than in the grocery stores.

Crossing into another street, I could see some tourists exploring the city. And this always was making me wonder why people are going here, because we don't have many interesting things here. One could count them on the fingers of one hand that belongs to not-so-cautious carpenter.

Here, there were more institutions and shops than residential buildings. Courthouse, lawyer offices, tax office, small gallery, manufacture, jewelry store that housed restaurant for rich people above, a cinema...

Yeah, cinema. Not only, because it also has a club, but the place is more known as cinema. I rarely visit the place and in those cases, I'm always accompanied by someone, most often by my best friend and his younger sister.

This establishment has pretty good sign, but not so original name - Spark. Given how many not-so-great events took place here, building was in pristine condition. Really, there was couple of times when Spark could be literally torn apart. That club part doesn't have good fame to normal people.

Turning right, I got to the street, which - while it has the best restaurants in

my opinion - it's infamous for one thing. Instead of asphalt, it utilized cobblestones, which made rides here as pleasant as pulling off teeth without anesthesia.

I was tempted to go to the one of mentioned food bars, but decided against - I ate not so long ago. Not all of them were that great, however. One near the bike shop is bad in particular. I won't mention uncultured service, but that place lacks air conditioners, which makes the interior really hot.

This street also has a long bridge. On the bars, I could see sealed padlocks that lovers leave to show how much they love each other. Personally, I find this really stupid and good that cleaners cut them off, because that taints the beauty of that bridge.

Below it, boulevards were present. Even though, I never really explored them, they look like perfect place for someone preferring peace and quite at the first glance. But they are also notorious for being a place often visited by alcoholics. Disturbance is the most common crime there and that's why patrols are more regular at those boulevards.

I was getting close to the graveyard. There's funny thing related to it, but more on that later. Since it's a huge place, there's literally a network of businesses associated with... that grim thing. I even saw active competition, which is an euphemism for shopkeepers fighting each other.

After passing through this complex crossroads, I went to proper street. On the one side, the mentioned cemetery was spanning out and on the other, there were houses with lots of trees on their yards. Someone not used to such view will find it extremely peculiar.

Going for several minutes, I eventually arrived near the hospital. It's a huge complex. This might suggest that it's a professional facility, but such establishments in this part of the world aren't known for their effectiveness.

And here's the funny part. What exactly is present on the opposite side of the road, where hospital is located? Yes, the graveyard I mentioned earlier. This is really dark joke, especially when patients can clearly see it from the windows. Knowing that they won't move far if something goes terrible.

I left that scenery rather quickly. Eventually, I got to my destination. I described it as a park, but it's more like a forest with avenues. Not that it's a bad thing - it certainly has its own charm. Especially when not that many people are taking their rest there.

Moving forward, I noticed quite big statue. By the looks of it, it was made from plastic and it was covered partially with moss. I had a problem with identifying what exactly it wanted to show. That's why I despise modern art. If it was some guy, it'd be much better, but this... it looks like a thing everyone does when they sit on a toilet.

Of course, there are benches here and there, but they also aren't normal. They look like they were cut in half and those halves were stitched in opposite directions. These are perfectly fine to sit on, but for outsiders, it'll look bizarre.

I had my favorite bench here and that's where I was going. I still couldn't find anyone here beside me. So I knew I could think here in peace. I got to that bench, which had a weeping willow tree behind it. Make me wonder why someone decided to put it here, where there are other types of trees.

I sat down and took a few of deep breathes. Small gusts of the wind were going through this forest, but that didn't mean it was much colder. Not a problem with someone with fur. I took several more breathes.

And now, I could begin to think. Zharena wants to visit me next week. She looked like she needs it very much. I don't recall anyone like her in this town. I know someone like me, but I don't think it'll be helpful for her. Quite the opposite, actually.

Eh, Ren... you say you struggle to live as a normal being. But this doesn't mean I had easier time adjusting here. My relations with others were violent, utilizing my previous weapon often, so it was changing colors and had to wash it frequently.

That was until I've met someone that would match my skills. That fight was interrupted by external danger too. Even if both of us took much damage, we won and made something like a fragile peace. Then, I was trying to live as normal, but took me a while when I could say that I was somehow normal.

Also, I find it strange that Bran haven't sent me a message yet. He said that on the weekend, he'll say if he finished his things and we could go somewhere, but no signal yet. I could just ask him, but I remember that I should leave him in peace for a while.

So who's left that could go with me to do something... Fiura? Not her - I want to rest, not to get tired. Dyesel is also out of question - we don't meet each other outside of work. Mack is on sick leave, but longer than he should. Strange...

Suddenly, from the depths of forest, from different directions, wolves began to approach me very quickly. They were of various sizes, but all of them showed signs of beating, so I can say they are veterans in local fights. They surrounded me. This will be interesting...

"Well, well, well..." - biggest wolf started. - "What do we have here... Took a bad time to sit here alone, billy."

"What do you want?" - I asked, without any sign of fear.

"It should be obvious. Your money and stuff."

"And if I won't give them?"

"We'll beat you so hard that even your mother won't recognize you."

I chuckled a bit. Four versus one... I like those odds. But immediately resorting to violence... I try to jump into the fight as rarely as possible. Normally, one would have to fight or run, but I'm... unusual. I have few tricks up in my sleeve and I wanted to utilize one of them.

"How about bank account credentials?" - I asked with faint smile.

Wolves got confused - I could see it on their faces. After their brief council, where they were whispering to each other what to do, they eventually returned their sights towards me.

"Sure, whatever."

I slowly reached towards my pocket and grabbed my wallet in there. Without pulling it out, I managed to get small, folded piece of paper. I gave it to the biggest one. All four of them got together to see the insides of it and when they saw it, they immediately fell unconscious on the ground.

I couldn't help, but laugh for a while. Seriously, they wanted to rob me? Me? If they only knew who I am... they wouldn't be so brave. But I don't blame them - less people that know about my past, the better. It helps with sleeping well.

After grabbing the piece of paper, folding it and putting it back into my

wallet, I decided that I should come back to my home. Good that the bus stop is nearby, next to the hospital. Going back by foot is also an option, but I preferred to get back as soon as possible.

Better not to say anything about this peculiar encounter to my friends. Not even because of the ending, but rather that something like attempted robbery even took place. And I'm not a fan of police - I mean institution, not people.

I got to the bus stop. The schedule said that bus that I want to take will arrive in five minutes. I remember that I still had a book in my possession, so I started finishing it. I read like eighty percent of it, so I was quite close.

Bus arrived, I paid for a ticket and started to look for a sitting place. I saw a lone woman sitting near the rear, but I know that they prefer to be left alone. So I opted for a place near an old mole with thick glasses. Soon after I pulled out the book, he started the conversation.

"Excuse me..."

"What is it?" - I asked, with calm.

"Your book you're reading... Is it interesting?"

"For me - yes. But everyone has own tastes. This book is more... philosophical."

"I see."

"You must really like reading."

"I do, yes."

"A bit strange, considering your... eyesight problems. No offense."

"That's alright. It was my hobby for years, even if I never had good sights."

"Many would just change the hobby."

"Yes. However, I didn't want to do that. Even if this costs me much, I feel better with myself. The key is overcoming your downsides or learn to live with them."

"That's true."

"Even you must have problems."

"I had one when I was a different person. Back then, I was... angry... cruel... merciless..."

"Now you don't look or sound like one."

"Indeed. Few events in my life changed that. Like when I had problem with anger management, I started to change that. Now, not many things can make me enraged."

"Ha... maybe you could talk to my daughter? She has similar problem."

"I'd rather direct you to someone more experienced with that matter, so to the therapist. There are couple of decent people, like one in New Town district."

"If you say so..."

"Looks like my stop. Thank you for the talk."

"Oh, no. I should be one thanking you for that. And for recommendations as well."

"Recommendations?"

"I can at least try to read the book you've mentioned."

"Glad to hear it. Take care."

"You too."

I went on my usual stop and began to go home. Such talks with old people can be really interesting. But I also know that it's something they need - to feel useful, but also just for contact with other being, especially if their family don't visit them. But enough of talks for now - I just want to rest in peace alone.