The breeze shifted and rustled, kicking up dust in the old town, as the municipal alert system sprang to life with a buzz. The fox sat up from his futon on the balcony, stretching lazily. “nnf, wha…”  [Warning: Squall line forming. Estimated time of arrival, 45 minutes. Please take shelter as downpours will be heavy.] blared out the voice in Anakan and then Russian and then Putonghua and then—feck it, the storm’ll get here before it’s done! Omoku stretched, standing up with a back crack, and sliding around the side of the adobe building to head for the ladder to the rooftop. Sitting down, he looked off at the horizon. Up the bluffs from the old town, shining modern buildings stood- but beyond that, the hills rolled away into distant mountains, and there, the dark clouds were twisting and roiling as they formed and began to roll downhill. He sighed, sitting there and just watching. The cool sea breeze had stopped, and the brutally hot wind off the mountains had started, forced by the coming storm, so. That was it for the fresh breeze. The fox growled slightly at the inconvenience, and jumped the story back down to his balcony with a thud, his seven foot frame not entirely lithe. He was lucky to have gotten this place. Although just a makeshift added level, the adobe structure was solid—and most importantly, shaded from the blazing hot wind. He sat down on the futon again, and cracked open a bottle of beer, leaning back. What day was it anyway? …not like it mattered much in the heat of the summer. This city only had 2 weather patterns. Hot and dry wind off the mountain, or cool breezes off the ocean. Course, the moist ocean air would eventually back up and cause a saturation storm to roll back down the mountain. Predictable and normal. Just like his life, the fox thought, as the wind quickened, kicking dust through the air, causing the market in the street below to start to close. Damn. He wanted to buy some meat. Oh well, tomorrow. He flops on the cushion, falling away from the edge with the scouring winds, almost knocking his beer into his face—he winced, and wiped off his face. What a waste… He licked the last of the spilled beer off his muzzle. Times like this he wondered what the hell he was doing here. Home… an island paradise. Misty mountains full of greenery and fog. Instead? He was in the big city. Kara`i. The ancient capital. The shining new city. The place you go for a job when there’s nothing in said misty village. And yet? Nothing but odd jobs and day labor. The locals hired locals, and the Terrans hired Terrans. His bike lay five floors below in the storage space for the building, empty of gas. No money. At least he had beer for the day? He chuckled, as his phone beeped. A biker friend, Murasame, wrote he couldn’t make the bar tonight for the normal meeting…. Because…? It took a moment for the long reply. The cat had a twisted ankle from falling off his bike, it had then been confiscated for racing by highway police at the tollbooth, and obviously, the coming storm. “Hrrf…” He tossed the phone aside and went back to the beer. The hot wind had begun to cool as the storm came closer. Almost cold, really, with the wind.  A couple spatters of drops darked the grit on the adobe outside the awning’s protective cover. Time to go inside. He stood, grabbing the unwieldy futon, bottle held between his teeth and hanging sideways out his muzzle, as he took it all inside to his room, dumping it onto his bed. He made busy putting the windows in place, sealing the clamps, and putting rags to stop the inevitable leaking. Rumbles, and some lightning flashed in the sky above, as the light rain turned, going from vertical to near sideways as the storm rushed back to the ocean it came from.  He slid into the couch, lying down, feet over the armrest on the other side, idly watching a fly buzz around the ring-shaped florescent light. Another afternoon passed, he chuckles, taking a last sip of beer and falling asleep under the white glow.