**CHAPTER 3**

There were the first words I heard from a body that appeared in the middle of that storm of smoke and confusion. All that at my first day in my new city and my new home?

That smoke gradually dissipated making that raccoon coughs and get amazed by this bustle. If he was amazed, imagine me? I could see his body better. He wore a jacket tied at his waist, a necklace of huge spheres, without shirt and wooden slippers. That huge anatomy in length and breadth, short stature, a big fuzzy tail marked with two-color stripes. Even with that ugly anatomy, his pose was noble of some warrior. His species…

One other raccoon? Really? Are raccoons common here?

He rests his arms and looked at thief that was like me, understanding absolutely nothing. The thief looked and pointed at other “rac” insecure and threatened.

- Crap! What the hell is that? And who are you?

The other took a brief fright and see around where he was, mistrusting of everything that there was. I don’t know. What to think of someone who came out in a vase?

One difference between them is the colors. The thief was a classic mix of gray; the other was a vanilla color, admirable and rare to find.

While that, the other raccoon, the boring and thief, insists angry.

- Who are you? – The vanilla looked with doubts.

- Me? I am Ken. But, where am I?

It isn’t possible that he isn’t aware of where he is.

- Stop joking, fat! – The thief growled. Good think won’t come. I tried to lift and stay as deep as possible or on my bed. – You and this whiner will be quiet around here if you don’t want to die.

- Die? For who? You?

Tell me this was a mockery? Now I am scared.

- Are you making fun of me? – He was slowly advancing toward the genie with a clenched fist. – Better keep your mouth shut.

At this quick moment, the thief prepared to punch the other in the face, but was blocked easy. It doesn’t seem to have effort coming from the genie, even had done a firmness pose on the defense. I just could see because I was scared to know what would happens since this is chaos.

The thief still growled and faced while the other maintains calm and intact.

- Your attitude is rude and slow.

The genie, quickly, turns the thief’s fist to the right and makes him fly straight to the ground. I got goose bumps when I saw a fat that came from a vase knew how to defend. The thief got more stressed. He lifts and advance again against the genie, but his punches were deflected twice and at the third time the punch was blocked.

- Your miserable fat! – The thief growls.

- Fat I am, but I don’t let nobody pass over me easy.

The genie smiles and pushed the thief. He seemed to make little effort. The thief seems tired. The genie walks to the right and I saw an alignment between the window and the two. I felt softly secure for being protected, but should I trust in him?

And is it time to think about it?

The thief lifted and maintain stopped, growling and looking at the genie.

- You are tired. Better you don’t try hard. – The genie answered in a counselor tone. In a brief fight does he invent to give advice?

- I just… want to escape from the police. – The thief sighs.

- That seems a crime.

- And it’s a crime!

Oh... I replied in the outbreak and I cover my mouth. The two looked at me. Why did I reply?

The thief turned to the genie and, again, advances to push. Close e he couldn’t touch on him. I saw it and I got in shock. Misteriously, the thief was floating. The thief squirms at the air. I was thinking it crazy, even I enjoying magics.

I forgot it isn’t the great time to talk about magic and my likes. I wanted to get away from all that mess. The genie placed the tip of his finger on the thief’s muzzle and smiled, seeming he would put an end on him.

- What are you doing? – The thief grumbles. – Get me out here!

- With pleasure.

The genie opened his hands and placed them under his mouth, how if he would blow petals or leaves. Worst than that. He breathed and blowed. His blow made a windstorm toward the window. I felt all that wind in my room and I stuck myself to the wall more and more. Now I am immensely SCARED! I couldn’t see anything. It was impossible to open the eyes. The windstorm stopped when the genie closed his mouth. He breathes slow and corrects his spine. All that did come from his mouth? And me?

- Whe... Where is the thief?

- Was he a thief? – The genie pointed at the window. – He flied away. Close to here.

- Close? – I screamed. – Can the Police find him?

- Certainly yes. – That last raccoon smiles to me. He is crazy to smile after a fight.

- And if does he come back?

- Don’t worry, Master. He should deal with me first.

“Master”. Did I hear it cleary? I should be in high blood pressure. Dreaming, maybe. What is real, after all?

Seeing him a little better, he has the eyes a little pulled, spots on his eyes and a mark of a green leaf on his forehead. But, I could’t hold it for long time.

- Who are you?

I already asked it. Did I?