

*Stop number 4 in Japan.*

The woman left the building. She did not know exactly why nor where she was going. In the end, she was just a rope over the precipice, and, yet she did not have a single grey hair. However, this woman was looking for something - she was looking for life. It was the woman's purpose. Do maybe others also have the same problem? Where is their life? Is it in their heads? In their hearts? Or maybe their eyes, daresay more? After all, a lot of wise people often say that the eyes are the mirror of the soul! But were they right? Or maybe they were just raving because they had nothing else to do, repeating the eternal truths passed down from generation to generation? The woman was looking for life the same way people are looking for different things in life. Keys, wallet. She knew, however, that this is the day. That the same path that she overcame every day to reach the building, this time was different. The crowd, however, seemed just as depressing as any other evening. The man with a dispassionate expression was completely immersed in his thoughtless thought. The woman wanted to ask, to see what was hidden deep under, so she went determinedly to find out the truth. After all, she was a philosopher, and it means nothing but love for wisdom. She could not let her only chance for discovering the truth to escape as if nothing had happened. She still had time. The sun was heading west.

There were so many questions in her mind! The woman tried to recreate various scenarios. Nothing, however, could help her break free. She had to rely on her intuition. The bus arrived. It was going in a completely opposite direction but the woman was determined. She sat down. The crowd was no worse than the one she had seen before. People were dispassionate, except this one person. Yes! He was hiding something more. The woman was convinced of it. She knew that he was different from the rest. She knew that she would give this man all of her, in exchange for it! His seemingly colourless eyes were just a cover, it was... a trap! The woman could not fall for it. She had to set an ambush. However, she had to watch carefully first. The man obviously did not know what the woman's purpose was. Or maybe he really got it and he just did not want to share it with anyone? That would be a betrayal of ideas! It would be a crime against humanity! Maybe she should ask? No, questions weren't appropriate right now. In the end, what question could the woman ask? Could she ask about the weather first, so that it would not be awkward? No, no, no! That would be too trivial. He certainly knew. He had it in him! The low neckline of the woman drew the attention of the man. The woman was looking at the tenements moving behind the glass.

Stop X. The man decided to get off at the fourth stop. Maybe if he went further, the woman would lose interest in him. However, it did not happen. The woman left using the second door to continue

her tour of the golden fleece, her final reward. The man had to go home, the woman felt that the moment of confrontation would finally come. But what will she tell him then? That she just wanted to ask something? But, what? "Don't you have wisdom with you, Sir?" "Don't you have any life in your pocket?" No, no. The woman knew that it would not work. And if he was married? No, she was sure she did not see any ring on his finger. People like him are too smart to get married early. He was elegantly dressed, probably focusing on his career. They were walking for a dozen or so minutes. The man no longer had dispassionate eyes. The woman noticed that when he passed the bakery, he turned for a fraction of a second to look at her. Ha! The moment of confrontation has come! Exactly how she imagined! The woman knew that he was the One! She bit her lip.

The woman felt that the perfect occasion had come. It was the time for the charm. She would have to cast it right now if she wanted him to surrender to her and only her; so, he could kneel down in front of her and offer everything he had. The woman coveted him. The man knew that now there was no turning back. The man knew that the woman knows. He had to fight. He no longer had dispassionate eyes. Yes! He did not listen to the music in his head anymore, he did not think about what he would prepare for dinner this evening. His vision regained its glow and energy. The game had begun! The sun has almost completely gone.

The man stood in the doorway and looked at the woman with disarming eyes. He said something to her, but she was too busy with her own racing thoughts. The woman smiled gently, then she and the man entered his apartment. The woman attacked him with a series of questions, but the man defended himself bravely. They were laughing. The woman knew that getting it would not be so easy. Everything seemed to be the mystification before. Well, what a brilliant plan it was! To put on a lifeless mask to hide life! The woman knew she would have to make extraordinary steps. The man almost did not listen to her. He kept asking some trivial questions. He was always thinking about one thing. Did he think she was stupid? True, she was not very experienced, but that's what she came for. She only wanted something more! Was it so difficult to be understood by others? The woman pulled down one shoulder strap of her dress, and exposed her bare soft, skin. The man pulled her into a passionate kiss. The woman reached into her pocket for the keepsake from her late grandfather. She knew that it had magical force; that if anyone deeply felt its power, they would completely give everything to her. She took it in her hand, then hugged the man even harder.

"I'll give it to you! I will give you everything you want!" the man howled. The woman smiled. A grateful tear ran down her cheek. Today she knew that finally, her work would pay off. She knew that everything she went through would have not been in vain. She did not even realise when they

fell together on the floor. The woman was now laying on the man. She kissed him on the cheek.

"I'll make dinner, wait a moment," she said tenderly. The woman was in a hurry. After all, their spirits had reunited for a brief second. The man had finally given her what she wanted. His eyes screamed all the words the mouth could not! She has never seen anything so beautiful before, surpassing all fantasies she had held about this first moment. Now, however, the woman did not have time for further consideration. The man was lying half-naked with his shirt torn. The woman could see his well-defined chest. She was finally happy. She knew that this was what she has secretly dreamed of for years. The woman clenched her fingers more tightly at the keepsake of her grandfather - an old folded military knife from the time of his service in Iraq. The woman had never understood people. Why they behave like this, why they do not accept her, shout, or flounce. But now she could finally breathe. The man has been lying for several minutes now. The woman could not wait for him to wake up. Maybe she would make him dinner, or maybe she would paint his room a new colour.

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