

The leaves fell out the tree, a choir of silent deaths. Wind scurries past the branches in chaotic yet arrhythmic fashion.

-“It sure is cold today!”

-“You’re right! Luckily we brought our jackets with us.”

In the distance, a security guard walks into view and makes his way to the duo.

-“Hello there, I was wondering if you two are sufficiently prepared for the cold weather up ahead. I’m telling ya, there might even be snow soon. **Snow**, in this day and age?!”

-“Oh yes, thank you *very* much. We brought everything we need.”

-“Yes sir.” Waffuru takes something out of their bag.“ We even have gloves.”