

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.*”