Sylvan Elderson  
  
I stare blankly at the screen of my laptop in front of me. I really need to start working on the essay I have to write for tomorrow, but I'm too tired to think properly. I look around me in a vain attempt to find inspiration. It was already late at night and everybody had left the café. The only reason it's still open is because I'm here, and the only reason I'm here is because the owner is my dad's close friend and lets me stay here when I need some calm and quiet, away from my hectic home. It's hard to do schoolwork when one of your 3-year-old brothers walks into your room every other minute, after all.

My eyes meet the owner's. He smiles at me and I do the same, though I'm quite sure my exhausted state doesn’t make It come out quite right. To be honest, I could only really recognize him because I've seen his face so many times.

I hear snoring behind me, so I take a look. There’s apparently a girl, sleeping soundly on a chair at a table beside mine. I'm so jealous. I try to get back to work, but I’m still failing to write anything down. I finally get an idea and start typing away, loudly smacking away at the keys of my laptop. I hear the girl yawning as she wakes up. Serves you right. How dare you sleep right next to me while I’m dead tired and unable to go to sleep. For a moment, everything is quiet. Then, I hear her opening up her bag, before she starts to scribble away in a notebook. I start typing even louder, just to spite her. She responds by scribbling even harder.

I turn around and look angrily at her. I know I'm being hypocritical, but I'm too tired to care. She looks at me as well. She looks absolutely terrible. I probably do as well, considering I didn’t sleep at all yesterday. I can’t say my impression of her looks are perfect, which may have to do with the fact that my vision's too hazy to see anything and that my eyes close every other second, but I can see enough to notice she's most likely been awake for a few days as well. For some reason, I get the feeling I know her from somewhere.

Suddenly, she screams at the top of her lungs, slings her bag onto her back and runs away from the café at full speed, notebook under her arm, yelling all the way out of the café.

“Well, that sure woke me up,” I speak towards the owner, who's looking over, his jaw down to where his chin should be.

“Do you have any idea what just happened,” he stammers.

“None.”

After a few moments of mutual lack of understanding, he looks at his watch and says, “You should be going home. It’s already 11, and I don’t think your dad will let you stay the night here on a Sunday.”

“Yeah, you’re right. I'll get going then.”

As I turn around, he grabs my shoulder.

“One more thing. I'm fine with covering for you when you’re out all night, like yesterday, but I do want to know where you are and what you’re doing. Also, if you want to do this more often, you might want to come up with an excuse for why you’re ‘staying here for the night', because I won't do it next time."  
  
"It’s fine. Yesterday was just an exception, caused by the circumstances."  
  
"What happened?"  
  
"Well, I was just walking around town, looking for something to relieve my boredom with, when some girl ran past me, taking my wallet with her. There was no one else around, so I gave chase myself. I chased her all over, all night long. I didn't get any sleep and ended up stranded, with no idea where I was, without even getting my wallet back."  
  
"That's awful. I'm so sorry."  
  
"It's fine, not like you could've done anything about it."  
  
"I'll send you a message if I see her. What did she look like?"  
  
"She had brown, semi-long hair, about as tall as me. The most recognizable part about her was probably her coat, which was black with yellow, slightly tilted stripes and red dots in it."  
  
"Like that one on the coat rack over there?"  
  
I follow his finger to find that the coat hanging there looks exactly like the one the girl had been wearing. Then, the girl that ran away screaming opened the door to the café, snatched the coat off the rack and ran off again, before I could react at all.  
  
I then realized what I'd recognized her from, and ran out the door after her.