Christoph lay awake. Everything was unfamiliar to him. His bed, his room, even the city was not his own. There was no chance to become familiar either. In the morning, he would have to leave again. It wasn’t the first time, he was already a week into his travels. Each night in a new inn. *But none of the other places I stayed were like this one.* He thought. From the moment he had arrived, this city had filled him with wonder. Onboard a train, Christoph saw country side cottages become looming shops and houses. Those common buildings could have been cathedrals where he had come from. Each were made of stone, and their roofs had elaborate steeples. Many of the houses even had gargoyles. The sight had amazed Christoph so much that he had considered writing to his patron that he needed a few days respite. However, in the end, he dare not. *If he changes his mind about the patronage, it would be as good as a death sentence.* Not for the first time, a wave of vulnerability washed over Christoph. He had gambled everything on his patron. There was no return, even if he wanted to.

An hour later Christoph was still awake. Despite his best attempts to fall asleep, his mind was far too active. On one hand, the risk of his situation kept him in a state of anticipation. On the other, the splendor of the city beyond his walls was virtually crying out to him. *It has probably been hours since I should have fallen asleep. If I sleep now, I might not awake in time. I should just stay up. And since I am staying up, I should go out.* The decision broke Christoph of his inner turmoil, and suddenly the uncertainty of his position was out of mind.