

## Thomas Cave

Thomas Cave's Social Security Number is five-three-five, zero-seven, five-two-four-eight. He wouldn't need to tell you this, nor would he ever have such a need. Instead, his lips are pressed together, a slight smile forming to one side. Thomas Cave's Social Security Number is tattooed, horizontally, in a rather nice script on the outside of his right bicep. Above it is written "SSN", with a bit of flourish on each side.

Thomas Cave's attire belies his countenance. His hair is well groomed and recently swept back with a comb. He is clean shaven, with the exception of a thinly trimmed moustache which travels along the very edge of his lip, tapering from a small point just above the corner of his mouth, growing and rising suddenly to meet a part at his nose, and diminishing once again. It is formed not unlike a mirrored silhouette of the pipe which hangs at a precarious angle from his lips, with a thin, straight stem traveling directly to the bowl. The pipe, unlike the remaining elements of his outfit, appears to be brand new; the bowl is shiny and smokeless, the chamber completely devoid of tobacco, and the small band of silver between the mortise and tenon is bright and untarnished.

The remaining elements of Thomas Cave's outfit consist of: his pants, the suspenders which would be keeping his pants in place, were he not sitting on an upright seat-sized piece of wood, and nothing else. His pants are a light canvas or denim, covered with dirt, speckled with spots of oil; a tear just below his right knee has been mended with clean white thread. He has crossed his bare arms at the wrists and rest them on his thighs. Perhaps habitually, he pinches a small fold in the material in his left hand, almost imperceptibly.

Thomas Cave's chest is bare, save two lines of worn and wavy elastic which travel across his shoulders to form his suspenders. His skin is tan, freckled, and dappled with sunlight which seeps through holes in his canvas shelter. He is twenty-seven years old, homeless, and unemployed, but in his eyes is the rarely seen and fleeting look of equanimity and contentment. He is ready.