**Mountain View, 5 January 2011**

Holding the backpack in the hands, Sohyun climbed the short stairs which introduced into the building. As she walked on the white marble, she looked amazed at the edifice.

It looked old, though was equiped with all kinds of communication technologies. An antenna towered on the top of the main establishment, and an electric lock protected the fireproof glass door.

The hyper technological sorrounding on the old building gave a rummy look at the whole landscape, seen from the point of view of the young girl, who kept looking, astonished, at the place.

Hopping on the last steps, she approached to the entrance. Being confused by the absence of the doorbell on the transparent door, she worriedly looked around, to find an alternaive gateway.

As she turned back, she spotted a tall girl on the low stone wall, who was smiling at her.

Kylie wore a large sweatshirt with a rainbow stitched on the front, a pair of pink shorts and her usual headband. Her think blond hair shone in the sun, collected in a tail.

- I guess I should have already told ya the code needed to open the electric lock... I was waiting for you, though... - she said, with her usual dreamy voice. - How are you?

Sohyun smiled at the weird girl, approaching to her. - I'm fine, thank you... - she chuckled, staring at the odd clothing.

Coming in, Kylie led the girl into the building. - We share this building with a travel agency, indeed this is not our headquarter... - she introduced the young girl into the large atrium.

- That one is the typography... - she hinted with the finger to the next room, which was sorrounded by large industrial printers. - ...there we print all of our papery stuff... - she snorted - ...none of my business...

They went upstairs, through a corridor, and they arrived to the last room. - Here we have the real press... this room has got something like 85 computers, and I built all of them myself... - she announced with a proud chuckle.

- ...and this is your location... - she handed a dossier to the girl. - this will tell ya all about what you're supposed do.

A guy with pale hair had come into the room and Kylie took him by his arm, dragging him to Sohyun. - This is Mark... his sister is our editorial coordinator, you will work closely to her, but she's not here now... He will explain you how do we work...

Sohyun shook his hand, smiling. Sitting, she eyed the label which he had pinned to the shirt. Mark Jackson.

**Scotts Valley, United States of America**

- I realise only now how much I love her... but she's with Hyuna now... and I haven't done anything to avoid it... as you make your bed, you must lie in it, I guess... - she sighed.

Rebecca had passed Lexington Hills a few minutes earlier, going through the Santa Cruz Highway, when they arrived at the small town of Scotts Valley. The landscape featured a wonderful mix of woodland and urban buildings.

They came out of the speedway, going into a side street, which passes through a long series of baseball fields and an elementary school, from which some kids were already coming out.

- You sister works there... - Rebecca said, hinting at the school with the finger.

Gayoon questioningly started at her. - You told me she is the secretary of your employer... you haven't ever told me anything about her being a teacher... - she pointed out.

- Indeed she's not a teacher... - she rumbled in a low voice. - She takes the coffee to the teachers... and I suspect that she also do it wrongly... - she thought back at her misadventure with that woman.

The sandy-haired girl slightly got pissed for the surly tone of the other one. - What do you mean? - she asked.

- Forget about it... - she said. Rebecca steered her car around the corner, continuing in the tree-lined street, until she arrived to the destination, a small house hidden behind a spruce.

As the american girl stopped the engine, Gayoon started looking in the house's direction. A slight panic accompanied the thought of seeing again her sister, the person with whom she had grown up.

A piece of her wanted to burst into the house and slap her with rage for having abused her, when she was only a thirteen years old kid. Another piece of her wanted to hug her with love, to thank her for having defended her and cared about her when they didn't have anything, not even the food.

She got off the car, slowly, catching the breath. Then, with convinction, she went into the house.