**--You apologize to him**

You back off from the drunk and quickly apologize while avoiding eye contact.

He laughs and spits in your direction. “Yeah well you better be,”

You watch him stagger off away from you. He bumps into few more people, yet instead of getting into a fight with him the others salute him. Must be someone important.

Narrator growls inside your mind. “Seriously? You’re not going to tell him off? He was incredibly rude to you!”

“No, where would that have gotten me?”

“Err, instant satisfaction. Knowing that you shared what was on your mind right when it happened,”

“And then what? Judging from the way others are treating him, it seems like he’s someone of high standards. Why he is drinking I have no idea. I somewhat feel bad for him. Someone of his ranks, succumbing to the lull of alcohol,” You shake your head slowly. “It’s depressing if you ask me,”

“Pfft, you’re boring,” teased Narrator.

“I’m human. And I know when to pick my battles,”

“Sure, sure. Anyways, we should find a place to stay tonight. Try asking if the tavern keeper has any rooms available,”

You nod and weave in between people to get to the tavern keeper. The tavern keeper looks up while she polishes the glass mugs. She raises her right eyebrow at you, beckoning you to speak first.

You clear your throat and ask, “Do you have any rooms available for tonight?”

“For