

Terrance knew that sometimes it was simply best to stay out of it. He kept repeating this to himself as he watched the scene unfold. He knew that nothing good would come of him getting involved. It was far better for him to stay on the

sidelines and observe. He kept yelling this to himself inside his head as he walked over to the couple and punched the man in the face.

It probably seemed trivial to most people, but it mattered to Tracey. She

wasn't sure why it mattered so much to her, but she understood deep within her being that it mattered to her. So for the 365th day in a row, Tracey sat down to eat pancakes for breakfast.

Colors bounced around in her head. They mixed and threaded themselves together. Even colors that had no business being together. They were all one, yet distinctly separate at the same time. How was she going to explain this to the others?

