

## Untitled

They sit in the loft of a concert hall somewhere in central San Francisco. It is decorated sparsely but the books and knitting's laying around everywhere still makes it feel like a home. They all sit in sofas or armchairs around a table, cups of cold tea no one has drunk sitting on the table. The night so far has been nice. Friendly. Like there is a chance for actual, mutual trust between them.

“So, what’s your deal?” She looks up from the cat in her lap, continuing to softly stroke the grey fur. A lot of curious eyes study her in the room. It had been such a long time since someone asked her this. She studies the asker for a couple of seconds before answering.

“I’m your friendly neighborhood runaway, that’s about it” that gets her a couple of raised eyebrows and suddenly her life seems a lot more interesting to everyone. “*Spiderman. I love it*” Her friends thoughts fill her head for a second and she turns to grins to her. “*With great power comes great responsibility*” is her response in an imitation of Uncle Ben’s voice. Her friend snort at her. No one really pays her any mind.

“But what does that even mean?” is the response from one of the others. She smiles a kind of goofy smile and scratches her neck.

“Well, story time I suppose. I ran away from home when I was sixteen. Before I went undead I used to travel across the states by hitchhiking with people. Working the odd job here and there. Living the free life” She grins, leaning back a bit further in the armchair she positioned herself in. “Have you ever seen anything as beautiful as the sunset over the sea on an Californian beach or the sunrise over the deserted desert roads in Arizona. I used to live for those moments” she smiles a sad little smile. “Sucks that I neither live nor are able to see those moments anymore”

The silence fell in the room, everyone seems to contemplate what she just said.

“Sooo... Why did you run away?” Her friend whips around to stare at the one who asked the question. “What kind of question even is that?!” She bursts and she is well on her way out of her seat. Thing is, she didn’t mind the question at all.

“It’s okay. I don’t mind” She touches her friends arm, urging her to sit down ones more. “We just never got along. According to them, family was always supposed to be the most important thing and always prioritized but apparently it only worked one way ‘cause they never really cared for me. We never agreed on anything really” She falls scilent, scratching the cat on the head before once more looking up into the room. She has a small smile on her face as if she has an inside joke she doesn’t want to share with anyone else.

“Some people just love cats, some love dogs and they will never really agree with each other” she lifts the cat and cuddles with it for a short time.

“What can I say? My family are dog people, I’m more of a cat person myself” Her friends chokes on nothing at all.