

I walk through the streets, making my way to the bus stop. The streets gradually turn more and more white, while the streetlight illuminates the way, allowing the eyes to capture every individual snowflake.

"Truly a beautiful sight," I think to myself. I'm glad I was able to wake up another day just to see this. Walking through the streets toward my destination, while still being mesmerized by the beauty of snow, I notice a man, a homeless man, near the bus stop again. Again? I had never seen him before until now.

"Who lies, young man?" He asks me, trying to get my attention, which he successfully did. I stop walking and face the man.

"Who doesn't lie?" I answer.

"What does lie?" He asks me back, ignoring my answer and wanting my answer to his new question.

"What does lie?" I repeated his question to him with a hint of curiosity behind my tone.

"You're a foolish human, young man," He says while looking straight into my eyes as if he was staring at my soul. A few seconds of silence go by before he continues, "Everything lies."

"Everything?" I ask, this time being intrigued and much more curious about this conversation. "How can everything lie? What is everything?" I question him.

"Your eyes lie," He points at my eyes. "Your ears lie," He points at my ears now too. "Your nose, mouth, as well as your whole body lies," He points at the mentioned parts of the body. I try my best to understand his words and their meaning, if there is any meaning to it, but I'm unable to understand. As he sees that I don't comprehend what he means, he continues:

"You see a fool laying face down in a pool of blood. Your eyes register blood and death, but the man was just sleeping in a pool of beet juice that he spilled. Your eyes lied," He exclaims and seems very confident in what he says.

"What kind of person just lies in beet juice?" I ask, finding how ridiculous his example was.

"Silence, you fool!" He exclaims with a hint of anger behind it. "Are you a God to predict such an unpredictable world? We got from using sticks and horses to computers, yet you deny something so simple like sleeping in a puddle of beet juice!" He stops and coughs for a minute straight.

"How do other senses lie?" I ask him, which made him excited.

"Ah yes," He clears his throat. "You may hear screams and assume it is a human being in agony, getting tortured even, but the truth is that that person was laughing at the best joke they ever heard. Everyone's laugh is different, of course!" He points at my nose once more.

"Your nose will pick up a repulsive smell, smell of something rotting. You'll just say food is decaying somewhere, however, the smell will be me!" He says proudly and laughs.

"Just so you know, I am rotting! My soul is rotten and it's getting more decayed day by day!" He smirks slightly and goes on.

"That mouth of yours might taste the sweetest fruit ever, best fruit you've ever tasted!

However what you ate was Death Apple and before you'll realize what caused the pain you'll be dead!" He chuckles and strokes his long beard. "Your taste sense deceived you by making you think it's safe to eat." He laughs before his face turns into an angry one. "I hope you're not an educated man, I hate them!" He yells. "They always find ways to humiliate me by saying how stupid it is what I say! That I make examples out of exceptions. That our senses

don't lie and just perceive the reality how they are given to them, but the reality is subjective because everyone perceives its inputs differently, even if people experienced the same inputs, their reality would be different!" He spits on the ground and opens his mouth again. "When the 'educated mind' hears that they call me mental or stupid while they cast their minds on different perspectives of matter!" He stops talking and catches his breath from all this 'passionate' talking, still refusing to break eye contact.

Pointlessly I walked from street to street, letting my feet take me wherever. In front of me was a very particular thing that caught my eye and made me stop fully. It was a woman, not just a normal woman, but one dressed in like a medieval European royal, she wore regal attire. The sight of it felt so surreal, it made me think that I have gone back to her time, especially the clothing choice for this season and this type of weather made it feel unreal. I somewhat glared at that odd woman intrusively, which caught her attention and she spoke to me.

"Rude it is to stare at people this way. Is there anything a fine young man like yourself has any business with me?" She asked me.

"Curiosity took over me and made me glare at you; something I've never seen has caught my interest and with how curious humans are, I couldn't help myself. I have no business with you. Your attire choice is something hard to miss. May I ask why such a choice?" I tilt my head.

"Hah!" She chuckles. "No business, you had none, you said, but then a question you asked! How hypocritical can curiosity be!" She giggles and continues, "Simply I am embracing the past, that which shaped the present and will influence tomorrow. Past should be remembered, however, as you can see all of the people here," She spreads her arms wide open towards the street full of souls, "they don't let the past affect them by forgetting it despite it constantly influencing the whole world for it to be what we know it as. Humanity has lived through many tragedies but at the end we lived to see the sunrise, that's why I, my lips will utter 'Accept today and remember the past that shaped the soul, however do not let it dictate tomorrow's being.'" She exclaims enthusiastically and proudly.

"Tragedies are the core of being a human and the future will always hold plenty, therefore accepting yesterday's tragedy makes it easier to go through tomorrow's tragedy." She retracts her spread and looks back at me, now calmly. "I hope that answers your question, even a direct answer it was not." She clears her throat and then speaks once again, "Now go young man, it embarrasses me now." She blushes and averts her gaze towards the wall. I desired to question her even if it were just one question, however I complied with her wishes and left. What a fascinating woman with a mouth of wits! While treading I couldn't help but have a content smile plastered on my face.