

With spring came flowers and new growth, and with that new growth came pollen... which meant the start of allergy season up until fall.

Spring was honestly not Bird's favorite season, for that reason among others. Actually now that he thought about it he didn't have a favorite season.

He had been reading a book (lent from the neighbor) some autobiography about some philosopher he wasn't familiar with, in the living room when Harbor had barged in.

"We're going on a trip!" His roommate announced.

"Wha- why? And to where?" Bird asked.

"A park an hour or so away! It's nice out and it's the perfect time to go." Harbor explained.

"I see..." Bird put his book down, as he wasn't too terribly invested, and if harbor wanted to do something, there wasn't much in the ways of getting out of it. "Is it that one to the east you've mentioned before?"

"Yep! I've wanted to go there for a bit now, and before you ask, no, no one else is joining us."

"Good." Bird said flatly. He was very particular when he wanted to be social, and now was not one of those times.