

A wizard's abandoned garden.
Flowers left to their own vices to bloom however they pleased, wherever they pleased.
Among those flowers lives a CCCat, all on his own. Tending to those flowers that he had begun to proudly call his home.

A place where nobody would despise him for who he was, without even knowing him.
One to be himself entirely, with no judgement. To think that such a place could exist, right underneath the stars. The very same stars that everyone saw.

They were different here.

Something he couldn't explain.

Tending to the flowers was home, and so was simply relaxing and taking in the scenery.
Sitting by the long-dried out fountain that hadn't shed a tear for anyone in centuries.

It's all he had.
It's all he wanted, needed.

"Kismet, it means fate."
The last words of a dying man. One who hadn't feared death at all.

"My wish is for you to live, it's *your* fate."

And so, he did. In that very same garden that hadn't been touched by anyone else.
Kismet had called it home back then, and he still did so, now.
To hold onto everything he'd ever known as home. This very garden, and every single one of its flowers, every single petal.

**To water them with the same life force that the wizard once had done for him.
Scarlet red that faded within the soil so easily.**

All to happily maintain what Kismet proudly calls home.
To think as highly of this sacred place as the wizard had thought of him.

Kismet helped to bring the same wizard to rest that had helped bring him to life.
It's the very least he could have done for him. And, not to mention..

..That wizard had been the closest he'd ever felt at home.