

*He stares out the window with his face resting on his fist. He's reminiscing... There are a few points where it seems like he's about to say something. But he doesn't. Minutes pass. She starts to take notes on his demeanor.*

*He continues*

The watercolor painting sat on the wall for as long as I could remember. I'm telling you I could stare at that landscape for hours. Every time you looked at it you would find something new. Once you stepped into the room, there was an oil painting, a huge portrait of Aruj Hizir of the Barbarossa Brothers. That one scared me, and I'm not scared of pirates or anything but it was gloomy... I mean like it was very off-putting.

I'm sorry, can I have a glass of water? *He asks politely. She hands him a glass of water. Thank you...*

But yea, all the bookshelves were dusty, and they were filled with all sorts of old books, some about war, science, old history, a lot of them were in different languages as well. Leather-backed and all of that. I don't think he ever finished all of them but he read a lot.

*He stands up from his seat and walks to the window. He stares for a moment.*

Something about rain is comforting, you know, as you can almost stay entertained by it. Like a kid watching the water droplets race down a pane of glass. Or the rushing of water down a street's gutter.

*He turns around and looks at her. She's still listening... pen in hand. Continue those thoughts. She says to him.*

The room seemed brittle like it was some sort of skeleton compared to the rest of the house. I remember sitting on the floor, super gorgeous carpet by the way, the man had great taste... sometimes the train would run by and the whole room would rumble... even as a kid, it seemed weird because that train was about a mile and a half away. He would sit in there for hours. Usually working... always working in one way or another. He would stay up all night brainstorming. I used to wake up in the middle of the night and sneak out of my room. I knew he was up. And he usually kept the door open, probably to hear the rest of the house. But I could peek in there from down the hall. And I could hear a deck of cards shuffling through his fingers. Or the clinks of ice cubes in a whiskey glass. Or the crisp crackle of a club soda being opened. Even when he wasn't writing or researching, he could be making a cocktail or pacing from one end of the room to another, you could tell that he was stewing. He drank a lot though, but it never seemed like a problem... I don't think so.

It was his domain. *She adds.*

Yea something like that. The room turned cold when you would enter it. But he brought a sense of warmth there. Somehow that space belonged to him. But I'm telling you that the room was cursed or something. Ever since the accident... I haven't even stepped foot in there.

*She glances at the hourglass on the shelf to her side, then turns back to him. It's about our time.*