

There were many places that Bowie called home. Being the nomadic type of cat, as long as there was a place he could curl up that kept the rain off and the body out of the wind Bowie could call the place home. He never spent much time in one place for long. Usually, there would be an itch in his feet and the need to move on would hit within only a few days of staying in place, and the pink and white cat would need to hit the road for places unexplored.

His favorite means of travel were the portals scattered around Uto. He loved that he could earn a few crowns, hand them over to the portal tech, and wind up in a new and exciting location within seconds. Sometimes when the technician asked him where he'd like to go Bowie would ask them to surprise him. Those were always the most exciting trips. Winding up in a location he had no idea about, with nothing in his pockets but a few bits of lint and not a care in the world beyond following the joy of discovery, was always thrilling to him.

He preferred a life that had as little mundanity as possible. He'd try anything at least once, be it food, new jobs, or even dangerous thrills. He'd thrown himself off the cliffs of Stonewing, flying through the air and being guided by friendly Gravents spotters down to the ground hundreds of feet below. He'd seen Uto from the moons and stared out into the vast blackness of space, wondering what far-off worlds were beyond his scope of vision. He'd dived down into the depths of the Meteor Lake and swam so deep the black waters almost resembled the vacuum of space, and he'd floated adrift with no currents and no reference of the lake floor or the surface above. There were few things he hadn't tried, and it was all thanks to the portals that could take him anywhere and everywhere he could ever want to end up.

Bowie was friendly with most of the technicians at this point. He knew many of them by name; learning little details over time and forming friendships easily. He'd always been good at learning names and remembering faces, he was a people person and thrived in making connections anywhere he went. Some of them had even given him some free rides before, under the radar of course. Sometimes when there were shipments that needed to go out he'd lend a helping hand to the technician on duty and gain a free ride to areas unknown. They never begrudged him of the help, and he was always ready to offer a charming, disarming smile and a strong back for work.

Bowie had always been fascinated by the tech of the portals. He'd received a few lessons from the technicians if they had the time and the patience to teach him but none of it had ever really stuck with him. He was too easy-going and wasn't very mechanically minded. So the words flew over his head and when the conversation inevitably got to describing math equations he felt his ears ringing and his eye rolling back into his throat in an effort to retreat as far away from any numbers and calculus as possible.

His favorite thing to do when he was traveling was to take several days in a new city and scope out the sights. He'd lived in the Guts for so long that anything new was interesting to him. He especially loved to see how different each city was. None of them had the cramped, run-down high-tech charm of the Guts, but he did love comparing them to his city home.

Stonewall was more of an open city. With large flat-roofed buildings and many, many ledges and areas that were perfect for landing on after a long flight. The upper levels of the City, where he seldom went, were high above the clouds where the air felt thin and hard to breathe. He liked to watch the sun peek over the clouds in the morning as he watched the sunrise bathe the world in pink and orange streaks of radiant light. He had flown kites from the very tops of tall nest-like structures that acted as Gravent apartment buildings. And many nights he'd wished he could grow his own pair of wings and go flying through the air to meet the friendly citizens above.

The shores of Meteor Lake were always a lovely place to visit during the warmer months. He loved to fish along the shores and sleep on the sands at night, watching the stars twinkle. Sometimes he'd wonder if the moon missed its missing part- the one that had crashed into the world and created the deep, unknowable trench that had become the lake. He wondered how deep the lake really was, only the Nautiloids knew for sure. If it was as deep as they said, it reached down to almost the very core of the world, where it mixed with molten metals and superheated the water to deadly temperatures. He wondered what could live down in those boiling depths and shuddered with a little thrill of fear at the prospect.

The beaches of Meteor Lake were usually crowded during the day, but they were ripe with boardwalks and tourist traps. He loved tourists, because they were never very careful with their belongings or their money. He could often make several hundred crowns before the night had fallen, picking the pockets of unsuspecting beach-goers and running small grifts if the mood took him. The boardwalks were his favorite place to haunt, and it wasn't hard to find someone who was willing to throw a few crowns his way to bet on what card he would pull or which cup the ball was under. Bowie had few compunctions about scamming tourists. He reasoned that anyone who couldn't afford to lose their money wouldn't throw it around as easily and without reservations.

When he wasn't running scams at the Lake, he had occasionally found himself traveling deep into the heart of Skire. There he'd found many fascinating things, including the Wandering Woods- which true to its name had sprung up around him unexpectedly one night while he was sleeping.

He'd wisely avoided the huge pools of bubbling quicksilver deep within the forest. He hadn't liked the way the metal had smelled, nor the fumes that permeated the air around you and made one feel light-headed and strange if you breathed them in too deeply. He hadn't minded the forest too much, but he hadn't liked the noises he heard coming from beneath the trees. Laughter- sometimes kind and sometimes cruel sounding-, the rustling of silver-leaves sounded strangely musical but also discordant and it set his teeth on edge.

Inside the forest he felt as if every tree and plant had eyes and was watching him closely. He hadn't liked the way his fur had stood on end and he had felt as if any second he'd feel claws digging deep into his back. Bowie hadn't felt very sad when the forest had wandered away- as it's name suggested- and left him feeling relieved, if a bit curious how a forest could move itself overnight without even a sound or a leaf left behind.

One of his favorite places to visit was, of course, Uto itself. The city was where he generally considered himself to have come from, but because of his transient nature Bowie never really settled down or had a permanent place of residence. Any mail sent his way would find itself in a tiny P.O Box in the city's large central post office. And anything that wouldn't fit in the box was sent to one of his many acquaintances' houses- sometimes without asking but always with a thank you and a playful hug to banish any misgivings the chosen unfortunate recipient may have had.

He loved Uto. The city was always alive with smells and sounds and lights, blinking away like a brilliant galaxy when viewed from high above. He liked that the city wasn't always beautiful, that it had ugly sides as well as nice sides. It reflected life in its many facets, and Bowie appreciated how the city wasn't afraid to be itself. In many ways the city was like a living creature, through which people and creatures lived out their daily lives slowly pumping life through the vast network of streets and byways of the city. He knew that the city was one of those places that you could go to if you truly wanted to disappear for a while. No one noticed you in the city if you didn't want them to. If you knew where to go, which places to haunt, you could stay in the city indefinitely even with nowhere to really call your own. There were plenty of places someone could hold up for a day or two and watch the city rush by.

When he was in the city he felt that it was somewhere he could fit in. He had friends to stay with, of course. There were plenty of people who would let him crash on their couches for a night or two. There were also plenty of places someone could find to earn a little cash if need be. He'd had plenty of jobs while in the city. One of his favorites had been the time he'd worked at a tiny little restaurant that was hidden away in the back alley behind a bunch of huge, corporate buildings. He'd bussed tables, handed out food and helped out in the kitchen. It had been a rough job, much busier than he'd anticipated. But the crook who ran the tiny nook of an eating establishment had been kind, if gruff, and had paid him fairly for all the work he had done. Plus there was always a free, hot meal at the end of the day, which totally made any slogging through piles of dirty dishes worth it in the end.

He wondered if that restaurant was still looking for help, maybe he'd stop by and ask if they had any work available. There was always a possibility he'd be welcomed in and allowed to wash a few dishes for some free food. Truthfully he could go anywhere. He had a little money left over from the last time he'd been in the city, and there was always more money to be made should he decide he wanted to go.

The prospect of going through the portals again, of going for another adventure, made his heart beat faster and his blood thrill in his veins. It could be fun, he thought. It could be dangerous, he also thought, though this did nothing to lessen his excitement. He felt the change in his pocket jingling. It called to him, teasing him with the possibilities. Where would he go? Who could he talk to? What new friends and new experiences awaited him should he decide to head to the nearest portal junction and buy a ticket going anywhere?

Bowie knew he wouldn't regret the adventure. No, he'd never regretted the kind of life he lived. He wasn't the type that was much given to retrospection. He had never really cared to think too deeply about himself and about what type of person he was. What type of person could just leave at the drop of a dime with no thought to the consequences and no worry about anyone else but himself? Who cared, really, at the end of it. Not him. Bowie was a wanderer. He was a nomad who didn't stop in one place, and truly he felt that if he ever should stop that would be the last day of his life.

All Bowie cared about was the thrill of adventure. And he could hear the crowns in his pocket calling his name. Tantalizing him to head toward the portal junction and to what could only be an exciting, new adventure that awaited him.