

Burrow Sweet Burrow

Rome was, if anything, a creature of habit. Every Saturday of the week, he always made his way to his favorite place to do his favorite thing in the world: develop his film. The journey there was equally enjoyable, and he was very looking forward to it this week, as he had long and tiring days at work so far.

It was a dying art, film photography. With the digital age brought digital equipment and although Rome did have the latest cameras and tools for digital photography, there was just something so exciting and endearing about film photography. While some people would get impatient having to do the tedious process to develop the film, Rome saw it as no chore. In fact, he saw it as something relaxing to look forward to every week.

He closed his sling back and looked around his apartment quickly one last time before hopping out. Rome rushed down the stairs having to “Excuse me! Pardon me!” his way down, dodging and weaving through the crowd of doll forms making their way around the apartment complex. It was very odd how Rome preferred to be a little bunny making his way around the big world, but he made his way around just fine and it was no bother to him.

The Hell Engine came at 2 in the afternoon just as it always did, and Rome boarded it happily. He hopped up to the window to watch the surroundings pass by with a blur once the train started chugging along. He loved quietly watching the outside of the train pass by, and he thought everything just looked so serene and peaceful as they went along. Long and stretched out fields of flowers came into view, a Hazebloom field passed by with closed flowers, bimbles gently fluttering about collecting pollen. The train made a few stops along the city as well, Rome quietly watching the towering buildings come into view through the window. Everything just looked so busy, and many people came and left the train. Rome was always so intrigued by the different people commuting with him. Many people surrounded him, sitting and standing, and of different colors and shapes and sizes. He loved the commute and being able to see all sorts of people. It made him want to take pictures of all the lovely people, yet he knew that they probably would not like some random person taking their pictures. He could definitely understand that.

Finally the train stopped and he had reached his destination. The dark rooms he frequently visited to develop his film was called “Dark Records”, a cute play on words, he noted. It was a tall shop hidden and tucked away in a little corner near the train station. Very lucky that he didn’t have to go too far.

Rome hopped over to the place and let out a happy sigh. The shop was simple, but stocked with items which were worth an arm and a leg. Cameras of different sorts were on display, and Rome dared not look at the price. He was not quite there yet, but he was hoping that one day, he would be well off enough in order to be able to purchase some of these equipment without worrying. The cashier lady greeted him happily, always welcoming a returning customer and Rome waved back. “Go right ahead” she says with a smile. “There’s no one in there.” Rome

looked up to check that the red light was not on, he didn't want to ruin anyone's pictures after all. "Thanks." he says with a shy smile, making his way there.

Rome hops up to the door handle with some effort, and opens the door.

Time to get to work.