

Bowie's home was not a single place. Sure, he had place to keep his things. He had several places to keep his things, come to that. But no one place among the vastness of the continent of Skire was called home by this transient cccat.

He made his home wherever he liked. Sometimes it was with friends, where he would often stay until he'd almost worn out the goodwill of his welcome before moving on without a word or indication- though probably to sighs of relief from those people who called themselves his friends. Though he was always welcome, Bowie was cognizant of the indicators of when his presence was becoming too much. Thankfully for him, and probably also thankfully for his friends, the charismatic cccat did not make a nuisance of himself. He was always known as a kind, considerate guest who would contribute to any household he was welcomed into. He knew that even though he took great pains to keep from being a disagreeable house-guest, people deserved their own privacy, and he was loathe to become a burden on anyone he loved and cared for.

He had always taken great care to keep himself from staying too long in one place. As a result, it was often that the only place he had to rest his head was outside. Sleeping on benches, finding nooks and crannies in which to squeeze his long, lanky body had become as normal a means of resting to him as laying in a bed was to others. Being a cccat had its own benefits in that he didn't actually need to sleep, or even eat or breathe oxygen but Bowie did like to sleep even if it wasn't a necessity.

He didn't have a physical home, per say, however he did often accumulate things so he had taken great pains to secure himself a storage room in the outskirts of the city. Sometimes he'd even rest there, though technically you weren't supposed to. Bowie had never been a great follower of rules and put more store in the old adage of 'There is no crime if you don't get caught.'

Storing his things incurred a nominal fee, which he usually would work off jobs during his travels to secure and sent by portal back to the city. He had many items there, often he would return with armfuls of souvenirs from his journeys and pile them high amongst the numerous other piles of discarded junk and baubles in his storage room.