

The *wind* is. s  
But brings n  
It with cold. o  
it And w

clipclap clipclap clipclap clipclap clipclap clipclap clipclap clipclap clipclap clipclap clip  
"Change?"

No change.  
w  
a s  
**SHRUG TIGHT** the thick **green** coat. l l  
The l he holds up on his ouch back runs high, until it disappears  
against the sky. ing

"Leech." Repugnance riddles facial features.  
clipclap clipclap clipclap clipclap clipclap clipclap clipclap clipclap clipclap clipclap clip  
"Change?"

And in his mind it says.  
I am.

But questions that.

And in his mind, watching feet of passing people, their talk, their clothes, their walk, their lives,  
their smiles, their eyes, their shoes, their shoes, their shoes, unseeing – he is unseen – he is  
ignored. Alone.

pupils darting  
around in  
and in fear thought.

While in his mind he questions.  
What's *wrong*

with **ME**.