



“**P**ou’ve reached the emergency services. What is your emergency?”
 “Hi, hello, um, my friend has a stab wound from an attack, we think the attacker is now dead in the house, it’s not our house, it’s our other friends’, but they’re missing now, and - ”

“Just a moment. Can you give us your address?”

“Sure. It’s, uh, 54 Mariah Avenue. Where we’re at.”

“Got it. We’re sending an ambulance for your friend now. Are you sure the criminal has been subdued?”

“They just collapsed, and they’re not breathing anymore, but my friends are missing and - ”

“Rest assured, sir, we’ll hunt for your friends until we know what happened to them.”

“Thank you, I don’t know what to say, it’s all... I don’t now.”

“That’s okay. You can talk about this later. For now, stay on the line so that I know you’re still alright until the ambulance arrives.”

You hold the phone, which now seems like such a ridiculous object on the elastic cord. You vaguely remember Xavier’s burst of excitement, seemingly so long ago at the murder mystery. His words echo for a second time in your head. What would he say now?

But that question is quickly replaced by an indescribable sort of comfort that he’s found a place to belong.

And as you cradle the phone like a child in your hands, and Oriana leans her head against yours -

Perhaps, you think, so have you.



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