



Every morning on her way to school, Emily saw him.
An old man. Sitting in the cafe. Eating breakfast. Alone.



Some days, Emily watched for a long time. Too long. Because she ended up being late for school. But something about the old man made her want to keep watching. It was like looking at a butterfly on a leaf, gently opening and closing its wings. The old man ate slowly. Taking one careful bite at a time. Then he'd chew. Slowly. With his mouth closed.