He sat on the little brick wall swinging his legs around as he waited giving onlookers funny looks. Or maybe they were giving him funny looks. It was dark out nearly 9pm and he sat there with sunglasses not caring about anything. He was waiting for something.

She walked out the front doors of the building and glanced around. It was a short walk to the car but she was afraid nonetheless to the dark. Anyone could be lurking about and some areas were not well lit. She made it past the first building, past the bike racks, the construction and past the coffee shop. And then there was the little brick wall.

It started out as a joke. But it wasn’t a joke anymore. It took a few weeks for the message to reach him and he ignored it for another week. But the message kept coming on repeat every night So there he sat. On the little brick wall swinging his legs around until she walked into view.

She glanced over at the strange person sitting on the little brick wall. A few more steps and another glance led to a good look and a complete halt. He waved. She spoke his name as a question to which he replied “The one and only. You did call for me after all.” She did. He slid off the little brick wall and walked over to her. It felt normal the two of them being together. They spoke briefly but she was still processing his existence. His presence here in front of her. Him walking her to her car to ensure she was safe cursing guys who gave them looks. His enjoyment of she played in the car during the short drive home. The way he sauntered up the stairs behind her into the apartment and to her room.

then he laid on the floor in the way smirking. He watched her all night making small conversation and eventually drinking. Drinking a lot enough to open up. She noticed.

“Why did you show up?”

“Nobody speaks kindly of us like you did. Wanted to know, if it was real.”

It was real it was real because of an idea. He was real.