

Among the hopeful souls awaiting judgment for passage beyond the threshold between the world of mortals and paradise was a mysterious *DRIFTER*. He was garbed up to his neck in a long black robe that was quite loose around his slender body and had straight jet-black hair that hung down past his pale face to below his neck. Although it is hard to say, it seems the man was about sixty years old based on his height of about six feet, plethora of diverse knowledge, and cane that he consistently used to meander through the dozens of people he referred to as toddlers. Quite reserved and consistently pensive, he never gave his name and no one was ever brave enough to ask for it throughout their brief conversations with him in which he exhibited a peculiar French accent. However, for a supposedly chaste lot, the souls around him quickly spread rumors about his earthly existence. Some thought he was an unsuccessful, egotistical lawyer based on the certain bitter wit and air of superiority cast by him, but others thought he was a crooked monk derived from his poor sense of style as well as introverted personality. The man's insistence on quoting from various works of literature and reprimanding grown people for their childish faults did not fare well with his company either, meriting him titles so vulgar that it would be best for them not to be repeated. One thing the wanderer did say about himself was that he left an eminent legacy behind him through his publications and bizarre documents. His most remarkable characteristic was his limitless wisdom regarding heaven's waiting district; he must have been there for quite some time, as if he was waiting for someone important to him to greet him at the gate. It was also unsettling that he characterized

himself as a drifter, although it was slightly apparent by what looked like a cobweb housing an unfriendly spider formed on his cloak, and stated that he spent the last years of his life attempting to repent for his “unforgivable” sins.