

Along on this subway with us was a friendly yet extremely tired looking man. I'd have to say he looked about in his thirties. He had dark brown hair which seemed as though it could never lie flat. Beneath dark-rimmed glasses were deep hazel eyes whose depths held many secrets. He was extremely charming, yet somewhat shy and extremely mysterious. He was wearing a blue button-up shirt, a navy blue tie with tan khakis as though he was on his way home from a long day at work. This man, whose name, I heard, was Brett Evans, had the rare job of a forensic scientist. His job involved investigating a crime scene to find out how and why a person died. If a person was killed it was his job, along with the members of his team, to find the culprit. He had a strange liking for mythology, most especially the creatures. He could describe any fantastical creature perfectly along with things one would notice if a specific creature were nearby. If he wanted to he could probably write an encyclopedia on mythical creatures.

When I spoke to him I got the odd feeling that he recently had the sort of experience which completely changed his outlook on life. It was as though his previous beliefs had been turned upside down and inside out. He seemed quieter than I imagined he would normally be and I began to wonder if I would ever know all that is Brett Evans.