

Author's note: This is a narrative rewrite based on the detailed example conversation between William and Julia, integrated as canon for the Earth meeting. It fills in the first encounter and its immediate consequences up to the point they head out for food. Written in the style of the surrounding chapters, with close attention to sensory details, Will's internal state, the manifestation of the syzygy call, and Julia's grounded yet curious personality as established in the source material.

Chapter 5 (Earth Meeting - Narrative Fill)

Will had walked for what felt like hours after the disorienting arrival, the last echoes of the Jump still thrumming behind his eyes like a headache that refused to settle. The air here was different—cleaner, sharper, carrying the faint scent of water and turning leaves. No perpetual haze of coal smoke or the low thrum of suppressed arcana. The sky was a shocking blue with clouds that actually moved and changed shape, fat and white like something out of a children's story.

He had found his way to a quiet overlook where the land sloped down toward a broad stretch of water. The sun was beginning its descent, painting the horizon in bands of orange, pink, and gold that made his chest ache with something between wonder and grief. On Myrah the sunsets had been muted things, filtered through layers of grey. Here the colors felt almost violent in their vibrancy.

His staff rested against a low stone wall beside him. He had managed to acquire a small canvas and some basic paints—how, he wasn't entirely sure; the details of the first hours on this world were still hazy with residual Jump-sickness. Painting had always been his secret relief valve, the one thing the academy couldn't fully police. He set up the canvas, mixed colors on a scrap of board, and began to work, losing himself in the attempt to capture the light on the water and the way the clouds caught fire at their edges.

He was so absorbed that he didn't notice the young woman until she was close enough that her presence pulled at something deep in his chest—the same invisible thread that had guided his last Jump.

"Looking up from his canvas, Will spoke without turning, voice polite but distracted. "Hey there, mind giving me some space? I'm trying to capture this sunset before it fades away." He gestured with the brush toward the stunning view, the light already shifting as the sun sank lower.

"Sorry, didn't mean to disturb you," came a warm, slightly apologetic voice. "Your painting looks amazing though!"

Will glanced over his shoulder and felt the world tilt. She was ordinary in the best possible way—dark hair, a coat against the cooling air, the easy posture of someone who belonged here. But there was something about her face, the way the light hit her eyes, that made the pull in his sternum tighten into a steady, insistent thrum. Recognition without memory. "Thanks," he managed, blushing despite himself. "It's still a work in progress." He turned more fully toward her and the canvas was forgotten. "I just arrived and this stood out to me but... do I know you?"

"Uh... I don't think we do." She studied him openly, head tilted. "I've definitely never seen anyone dressed like you before."

Will looked down at his own robes—the layered, slightly travel-worn garments that had seemed practical on Mist and functional on Geb—and laughed softly, the sound carrying a thread of exhaustion. "That makes two of us then. I'm not exactly sure where I am right now either, but this place is beautiful. What

do you call it?"

She smirked, the expression quick and bright. "Michigan? How far away are you from?"

"Michigan?" The name meant nothing. He rolled the word on his tongue like a new spell. "That doesn't sound familiar. But it certainly is picturesque. I'm afraid I can't quite pinpoint my exact location either. It's all part of the adventure, I suppose."

"You're on an adventure huh? Okay. So which ren-fair is going on this weekend?"

"Ren-fair?" Will lowered the brush. "Is that some sort of festival or celebration? My apologies if I sound ignorant, but I'm not familiar with the term."

"Oh, I'm sure you know! All those nerds get together in costumes and play like it's medieval times." She looked him up and down again, more curious than mocking now. "Wow! You're really not from here are you?"

"Costumes and medieval times? Sounds like quite the event! No, I'm definitely not from here. I've been... well, let's just say I've been traveling lately."

"Well. Have fun with your painting. I need to get going."

Panic, small and sudden, fluttered in Will's chest. The thread between them was real—he could feel it like a second heartbeat. He set the brush down carefully. "Wait, hold on a moment! I don't want to seem intrusive, but there's something about you that feels oddly familiar. Do you happen to know anything about dreams? Or maybe visions?"

She paused. "I mean... I have dreams... every night when I sleep."

"Yes, but have you ever had a dream so vivid and real, it felt like you were actually there? Or perhaps even seen things in your waking hours that others couldn't see?"

"Sure. Everyone's had something like that. Most of the time it turns out to be nothing."

"Perhaps," Will said quietly, "but what if it wasn't nothing? What if these experiences were signs pointing towards something greater? A connection perhaps?"

"Dude!" Her eyes rolled, but there was a spark of reluctant amusement. "You don't buy into that Hollywood garbage, do you?"

"Hollywood?" The reference slid past him. "I'm afraid I don't understand your reference. But what I'm talking about goes beyond mere entertainment or fiction. It's a feeling deep within me, guiding me towards something important."

She shifted her weight, suddenly more serious. "...what's so important?"

"I wish I knew. All I can say for certain is that I feel drawn to places and people who seem to hold answers to questions I haven't even asked yet. And there's something about you, a presence, an energy that feels... significant."

She studied him for a long moment, then smirked again, though it was gentler this time. "Listen. You're cute and you're obviously passionate, but this—" she made a vague circling gesture that took in his robes, the staff, the intensity in his face "—act doesn't really work for me." A sigh. "I'm not taking you home, but you want to go get a coffee?"

Will felt something loosen in his chest. "I assure you, this isn't an act. And while coffee does sound lovely, I'm more interested in understanding why I feel such a strong connection to you. If you'd be willing, perhaps we could talk more over that cup of coffee?"

"Sure!" She turned and started walking toward the street without waiting. "You better keep up, dude!"

Grinning despite the lingering headache and the strangeness of everything, Will fell into step beside her, tucking the canvas and paints away for later. "Lead the way! I'm eager to hear your thoughts on all of this."

"You're just going to leave your painting there?"

"Oh!" He glanced back at the half-finished work. "Don't worry, I'll return later to finish it. For now, our conversation takes precedence."

They walked a short distance to a small shop on a corner. A bell chimed as they entered, and the smell of roasted beans and something sweet and earthy wrapped around them like a welcome. Will paused just inside the door, breathing it in. It reminded him of nothing he knew and yet felt oddly comforting.

Julia walked confidently to the counter. "I'd like a Chai Latte with whipped cream, please." She glanced over at Will, who was staring at the display case of pastries and drinks with open bewilderment. "You okay?"

"Ah, yes. I believe I'll try a..." He scanned the menu board, the words swimming. "...mocha latte, please. Thank you kindly."

The barista named a price. Will reached into a pouch and produced a few of the thin foil slips he had acquired during his travels—shimmering, faintly warm things that had seemed like reasonable currency on the last world. He laid them on the counter.

The barista stared.

Julia looked at the slips, then at Will's face, and bit back a laugh. "Dude... those look awesome but they're not dollars. Can I just treat us?"

Will felt heat rise in his cheeks. "Something like that. My world operates on a different system altogether. Fortunately, I managed to acquire some currency during my travels." He pushed the foil slips forward anyway. "Here you go."

She plucked one from the counter, turning it in the light. "I'll just take this as a souvenir of this strange encounter."

"Chuckles. Fair enough. I suppose it does make for an interesting story. Now, let's find ourselves a table and continue our conversation."

Julia paid with a quick tap of a small rectangular card, collected their drinks, and led the way to a window seat that looked out over the sidewalk and the street beyond. The late afternoon light slanted through the glass, warm on the wooden table.

Will carried both cups carefully and set them down. "Ah, this is perfect. We can watch the world go by as we talk."

Julia sank into the seat with a small, contented sigh, cradling her Chai Latte. "I know! I love studying here. I can engage myself with my work, then look up and be reminded of the beautiful world that I get to be a part of."

"That's a lovely sentiment. It's important to remember our connection to the world around us, isn't it? But tell me, do you ever feel like there's more to life than what we can see with our eyes?"

She gazed out the window for a moment, steam curling from her cup. "Yeah. It actually seems obvious to me but few people feel that way. I mean, lots of people go to church and SAY they feel that higher power, but there's too many coincidences in our daily lives for me to believe there's not SOMETHING working behind what we can sense."

"Precisely!" Will leaned forward, the connection between them humming stronger now that they were still. "There are forces at work beyond our comprehension, guiding us towards destinies we may not yet understand. And sometimes, those forces manifest themselves in ways that defy explanation."

Julia blinked at him, the moment of shared wonder cracking. "Ok... for real now... is this all an elaborate set up to get me into bed or something?"

Will laughed, the sound surprised out of him. "No, no. I assure you, my intentions are entirely pure. I simply find our connection fascinating and worth exploring further."

"Well... there's definitely something... captivating about you." She smirked, stirring her drink. "Tell me more about you. Where are you from?"

He smiled, choosing his words with care. "I come from a world very different from yours. A place where magic is real and the boundaries between reality and imagination are blurred."

"According to our mythology, magic existed here once too, but it's been long forgotten about."

"Fascinating! In my world, magic is an integral part of daily life. It's used for everything from healing the sick to powering great machines."

"That sounds cool! So why'd you come here?"

"I sensed a powerful force drawing me to this place, a calling of sorts. And when I arrived, I immediately felt a connection to you. It's as if our paths were meant to cross."

"Right, but... why'd you leave home?"

Will set his cup down, the lightness in his expression dimming. "That's a long story. Suffice it to say, I felt stifled in my world, trapped by expectations and responsibilities. I needed to break free, to explore the vastness of the universe and discover my true purpose."

She studied him over the rim of her cup, then set it down with a soft clink. "Smirks... you got on someone's wrong side, didn't you? I get a sense you're kind of a 'goodie two-shoes'."

He laughed despite himself. "Well, I do try to live my life with integrity and compassion. But yes, there were those who saw me as a threat rather than an asset. They wanted to control me, use my powers for their own gain."

Julia set her tea down, expression turning practical. "So... even if everything you say is true... what are we going to do now that you found me? You don't exactly fit in here."

"True, I am somewhat out of place here. But perhaps that's part of the journey—learning to adapt and grow in new environments. As for what we'll do now... well, that depends on you. Would you be willing to show me more of this world? To help me understand its customs and traditions?" He grinned, a flash of mischief cutting through the seriousness. "Besides, who knows what adventures await us?"

She finished the last of her drink. "Well you need a place to stay for the night and you don't have any money. What do you do in other worlds when you travel?"

Will considered. "In my world, hospitality is highly valued. Often, travelers will seek out inns or lodges where they can rest and replenish their supplies. However, I'm open to suggestions on how things work here."

"Well... if you really have magical abilities, the bed and breakfast owner down the street always needs help tending to her garden and the household. Maybe you could do a trade? How long do you think you'll be here?"

He nodded, thoughtful. "That sounds like a fair arrangement. As for how long I'll be here... it's hard to say. I tend to follow my instincts and let the universe guide me. But rest assured, I have no intention of leaving until our business is concluded."

She looked at him, awkward. "...our business?" She emphasized the word. "WE don't have business."

Will raised an eyebrow, the pull between them a steady, undeniable pressure. "Are you sure about that? Our connection runs deeper than mere chance, Julia. There's something here, something important that we must uncover together."

Julia stood, shaking her head. "No. The only business I have is making sure I pass my next exams. But I would be happy to make sure you are seen to your room for the night."

They left the shop together. The sun had slipped lower while they talked; the air carried a sharper edge. Julia led them left along the busy downtown sidewalk, her short heels clicking a steady rhythm on the concrete. Will stayed at her side, taking in the energy of the place—the flow of people, the low growl of automobiles, the warm glow beginning to spill from shop windows. It was chaotic compared to the ordered repression of Myrah, and he found a strange beauty in it.

"So... your home is orderly, but full of magic..." Julia glanced at him sideways as they walked. "And from your tone of voice it's obviously a strict culture... you're around my age... were you going to some kind of university, too?"

"You could say that. In my world, education is highly valued, especially when it comes to mastering the

arts of magic. But yes, there are certainly elements of formality and structure in our society.”

She laughed. “That’s a long way of saying, mockingly, ‘yes, I went to a magic university.’”

“Guilty as charged. Though I must admit, the experience was far more exciting than your average university. Imagine studying under the greatest minds in the universe, learning to harness the very fabric of reality itself.”

They reached the end of the busiest stretch. The sidewalk opened into a quieter residential neighborhood lined with single-family homes. At the end of the block a large Victorian house stood, its paint a little faded, its sign still legible in the gathering dusk: Hollow Oak Manor. It looked as though it had seen better days, but not so many that it had given up entirely. The windows held the last of the sunset like trapped amber.

Julia turned up the walk. “Pretty sure the ‘inn’ was this way.”

They climbed the creaky wooden steps. Julia let herself in without knocking and called out, voice echoing in the high-ceilinged entry. “CLARA? You home?”

Will followed, taking in the room. Trinkets and furniture from every era of the last century crowded the space—china cabinets, oil paintings, a grandfather clock that ticked solemnly. Dust motes drifted in the slanting light. It felt like walking into someone’s private museum.

A grey-haired woman appeared from a side hallway, moving with the careful gait of someone who had learned to favor one leg. She was round and solid, with a face that suggested she had seen a great many travelers and very little surprised her anymore.

“Clara! Hi!” Julia’s voice was bright, confident. “Do you have an open room? My cousin here—” she gestured to Will “—just got out of a bad relationship and needs a place to crash. He doesn’t have any money yet, but I told him you might be able to use his help around the house. He’s a bit of a handyman and a real green thumb.”

Will offered a polite smile, trying to look harmless and capable at once. “Hello, ma’am. I promise I’ll do my best to be helpful and respectful during my stay.”

Clara’s expression brightened at the mention of garden help. She and Julia exchanged a few quick words, and then she was pressing a key into Will’s hand. “Room four, upstairs. It’s the slow season anyway. You can start in the morning.”

“Thank you kindly,” Will said, and bowed from the waist out of habit. “We appreciate your hospitality.”

Julia’s hand shot out and tugged at his sleeve. She leaned in, whispering fiercely, “That’s too much. We don’t bow here.”

Will straightened, cheeks warm. “Apologies. Old habits die hard.”

Clara gave them both a long, unreadable look, then suggested Will refresh himself and come down in the morning for work. She disappeared back down the hall.

Julia turned to him at the base of the stairs, a smirk playing at the corner of her mouth. “How do you

know I'll even come back tomorrow? When I walk out this door, you're not my problem anymore."

Will met her eyes, the certainty in his chest steady as a compass needle. "Because I believe in us, Julia. I believe that there's a reason we met, a purpose to our connection. And if this is destiny, we'll meet again."

She blinked, then turned away, muttering under her breath, "Unbelievable! Unbelievable!"

He watched her go, the door closing behind her with a soft click that felt far too final. "Until tomorrow, then," he said to the empty foyer, and carried the strange new key upstairs.

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Julia made it back to her apartment as the last light drained from the sky. She locked the door, dropped her bag, and paced the small space for nearly an hour, replaying every word, every look. The strange boy with the impossible story. The way the air had felt thicker around him, charged. The way she had felt lighter, as though some part of her had been waiting for exactly that moment.

She tried to study. She tried to eat. Eventually she gave up, poured herself a shot of gin, knocked it back, and went to bed.

Sleep came hard and strange.

She dreamed of a grey world.

The sky was the color of old concrete, the air thick with something that tasted like metal and regret. In the middle of it all stood a boy—Will—painting in a small, defiant courtyard where a few brave green things pushed up through cracked stone. He worked with the same focused intensity she had seen at the overlook, but the colors on his palette were muted, fighting against the overwhelming drabness.

And then her own voice, clear and urgent, cut through the dream like a bell.

"Find me, Will!"

A shadow stepped out from behind him. It wore her face, or something close to it—distorted, hungry, laughing. The sound was a cackle that made the grey world feel even colder. The shadow reached for the painting, for Will, for the thin thread of color he was trying to pull into existence.

Julia woke up screaming.

Across the distance, at Hollow Oak Manor, Will sat bolt upright in the narrow bed. He had been dozing, the events of the day still turning over in his mind, when the scream tore through the thin veil between worlds. He was at the window before he was fully awake, pushing the curtain aside and peering into the darkness.

"Julia?!" he called, voice raw. "Is everything alright?"

The night gave no answer he could hear with his ears. But the cord between them vibrated like a plucked string.

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The next morning Julia stood in front of her closet, coat already on, bag slung over one shoulder, and told herself she was going to class.

She had plans. Exams. A normal life.

The dream clung to her like cobwebs.

“That dream... it had to be him... and that voice... why would it be my voice?” She stared at her own reflection in the mirror above her dresser. “Oh! I don’t want an adventure! I have plans!”

Five minutes later she was skipping class, heart pounding with a mixture of terror and exhilaration. She threw a few changes of clothes into a bag—jeans, a couple of plain shirts, a hoodie—and headed back toward the residential neighborhood.

The manor looked different in daylight. Less mysterious, more simply old. She knocked on the front door. “Hello?”

Will answered, wiping sweat from his brow with the back of one hand. He had clearly been working—sleeves rolled, a streak of dirt across one cheek. When he saw her his face lit up in a way that made something in her stomach do an uncomfortable flip.

“Ah, Julia! I trust you've had a productive morning?”

“More like... unproductive thanks to you,” she grumbled, but there was no real heat in it.

He chuckled, stepping back to let her in. “My apologies. It seems our paths are intertwined more than we realized. Tell me, did you have a restful night?”

“I... didn’t...” She looked at him sideways. “And it’s suspicious that you know that.”

Will raised an eyebrow. “Really? What makes you say that?”

An angry smirk twisted her mouth. “Because all your talk of 'dreams' and 'destiny' had me dreaming about a boy on a grey world, painting in a courtyard, with a shadow of me calling out to him! You put that in my head! Didn’t you!?”

He took a step back, hands half-raised in surrender. “Julia, I assure you, I had nothing to do with your dreams. But... it does sound remarkably similar to a vision I had not long ago. Perhaps there's more to this than we thought.”

She exhaled, some of the anger bleeding out of her. “Well... I’m not convinced there’s a 'destiny' here, but you have piqued my curiosity.” Her eyes caught on his clothes for the first time—normal jeans and a shirt that actually belonged in this century. “Hey! You found some normal clothes! You look nice in jeans.”

He smiled bashfully, tugging at the hem. “Thank you. It took some getting used to, but they're quite comfortable.”

"I'm sure it's better to work in than those heavy robes!" She handed him a water bottle from her bag. "So what kind of jobs has Clara found for you to do?"

"Oh, just some general maintenance work around the manor. Nothing too strenuous. And yourself? How have you been spending your day?"

"Well, I was supposed to go to classes, but after that dream, I decided checking on you was more important." She met his eyes, the admission costing her something. "As much as I hate to admit it, I think you need my help getting around." She hefted the bag. "Which reminds me: I got you a change of clothes this morning in case you hadn't found anything else to wear. You can't walk around looking like Merlin."

Will accepted the bag with both hands, the gratitude plain on his face. "Your concern is appreciated, Julia. And thank you for the clothes. I'll definitely put them to good use."

She watched him for a moment as he set the bag aside, then spoke more quietly. "...so, that was you I dreamed about, right? You're from a grey world and you paint. Was there a private courtyard at your old home?"

He nodded. "Yes, there was. It was my sanctuary, a place where I could escape the rigid confines of my life and express myself freely."

"I heard my own voice in that dream and I saw a shadow that looked similar to me, but I've never called you. I wouldn't even know how. Do you have any ideas?"

"Perhaps we're connected in ways we can't fully comprehend," Will said. "It's possible that there are parallel versions of ourselves existing in different dimensions, experiencing similar events simultaneously. This could explain why you heard your own voice and saw a shadow resembling you."

"Traveling between dimensions sounds... complicated..."

"Indeed, it is. But with enough knowledge and practice, anything is possible."

He paused, thoughtful. "However, there may be another explanation. Have you ever experienced any instances of precognition or prophetic dreams before this one?"

She shook her head at first, then hesitated. "No... then, you know, there actually were a few times where I dreamt about someone I didn't know, and then I met them within a few days. I always thought that was coincidence."

"Interesting. Then it's possible that your dream was not merely a random occurrence, but rather a manifestation of your latent psychic abilities."

Julia laughed, the sound short and disbelieving. "Uh, no. I definitely don't have psychic abilities. If I did, I'd be a lottery winner... or I'd ace my classes."

While they talked, Will had returned to the small pile of raked leaves and garden tools near the side of the house. He picked up the rake again, the motion steady and unhurried.

Julia followed, arms crossed, still turning the conversation over in her mind. A sudden, ridiculous thought

made her snort. "Hey! You said you like learning about new cultures, right? I have another class in a few hours. You want to join me and see what it's like here?"

"Absolutely!" Will's face lit up. "I'm always eager to expand my knowledge and experience new things."

She studied him for another second, then made her decision. Without another word she walked up onto the porch, poked her head through the open front door, and called inside.

"Clara! I'm taking your helper for a few hours!"

She turned back to Will, a real smile breaking through the lingering tension and exhaustion of the last day. "You ready? We'll grab a bite to eat on our way across town."

He set the rake aside, wiping his hands on his jeans. "Certainly. Lead the way."

They stepped down from the porch together and started along the sidewalk, the morning sun bright on their shoulders, the city waiting ahead.

As they walked, Julia noticed people glancing their way—some openly curious, others trying to be subtle. She tried to hide a smile but couldn't help it. She teased, "Is it normal for people to be this interested in you?"

Will looked around, puzzled at first. "What? Interested in me?"

"Yes, all the stares. They must really like your hair. Or maybe they're admiring your shoes?"

Julia looked down at her half-inch heels clacking on the sidewalk. "My shoes?" She scoffed lightly. "I don't know. I do like to keep myself looking nice to keep some attention."

"Ah, I see. Well, you certainly succeed in that regard." Will couldn't help but steal another glance at her legs.

Julia smacked his arm playfully. "You said everything was on the up-and-up with you!"

Will laughed, raising his hands in mock surrender. "My apologies. I meant no harm by it. Your confidence and style are simply quite captivating."

"Well... that's what I like to do but..." She gestured around at the street and the passersby. "...keep it in your pants!"

Will blushed deeply, the color rising to his ears. "I assure you, my thoughts are entirely pure and respectful. It's just... difficult not to appreciate beauty when it's right in front of me."

A sudden realization dawned on him. "Wait, could it be that they're staring at me?"

Julia stopped, turned around, and looked him over appraisingly. "If you were still wearing those ridiculous robes, people would definitely be staring... but you're in something normal now." She placed her hands on his arms for a moment of comfort, looking into his eyes with a reassuring smile. "Trust me, you're fine."

Will felt a warmth spread through him at her touch and the steadying words. "Thank you, Julia. I do feel rather out of place in this world, but your friendship makes it easier to bear."

"Great! We're almost at the restaurant." She continued walking, pushing open a nearby door and stepping inside with the easy familiarity of someone who knew the place well.

Will followed her into the restaurant, taking in the sights and sounds of the bustling establishment—the clatter of dishes, the low hum of conversations, the rich aromas of coffee, eggs, and sizzling meat that filled the air. It was lively in a way that felt both overwhelming and strangely inviting after the more subdued or dangerous atmospheres of the other worlds he'd visited.

Julia grabbed two menus from a stand near the door and led them to a booth like she owned the place. She slid into the seat and spread the menu open on the table. "Look over this. It's called a 'breakfast diner'. Breakfast all day!" She squealed with delight, clearly pleased with the simple pleasure of it.

Will perused the menu, intrigued by the variety of dishes on offer—the lists of omelettes, pancakes, sandwiches, and sides. "This all looks delicious. I've never seen anything quite like it before."

"Do you have eggs and bacon on your home world?" Julia asked, sipping from the glass of water the server had already brought.

"Eggs, yes," Will answered, "but I'm afraid bacon is unknown to me. What is it exactly?"

"It's pork... pigs..." She saw his confused look and explained. "It's a pink-skinned livestock animal we raise and eat."

"Ah, I see. Sounds interesting. I might have to try some."

The waitress came over, pen poised. Julia ordered first. "I'll have a coffee and a western omelette." She gestured to Will.

"And for me, I'll have..." He scanned the menu again, trying to decide on something that sounded both safe and new. "...a bacon and eggs plate, please. And some orange juice."

"Safe choice, newbie," Julia teased with a grin.

Will grinned back. "Indeed. Better to start with something familiar before venturing into the unknown."

As they waited for their food, Will took the opportunity to observe the people around them—the way they moved, talked, laughed over their meals. The casual interactions, the easy laughter, the lack of any visible tension or surveillance felt profoundly different from the rigid structures he knew.

Julia watched him intently, sipping her coffee, as he silently studied her culture.

Finally, Will turned back to her. "Fascinating. The customs and mannerisms here are so different from what I'm used to. It's like stepping into another world altogether."

Julia laughed. "Well, if what you said is true, you really did step into another world."

"Indeed," Will agreed, a thoughtful smile on his face. "And it's proving to be quite the eye-opening

experience.”

Their food arrived shortly after. Julia dug into her meal with equal fervor. “Mmm. Nothing like an omelet, toast and coffee to get you going.”

Will sampled his plate, chewing thoughtfully. “Agreed. This bacon is quite something. Crispy and salty, yet somehow still tender.”

(End of added narrative section. The scene continues at the restaurant as they eat and talk further.)

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