Since 1936 a lonely skyscraper has towered over the tumultuous Bull city, a community restlessly struggling against habitual self sabotage, filled with forward thinkers hell-bent on keeping everything the same. The skyscraper watched as over the decades things did exactly that, changed and remained the same. Over and over, it sees small businesses start-up and watches dreams die. It sees progress and protests, it sees violence and ice-cream parlors, it knows well both the rich and the vagrants. It is especially fond of the festivals when the courtyard is filled of dancing and song, whose music vibrates against it’s hard concrete surface and echoes across the neighboring buildings, breathing life into the city streets.

Over the years, the skyscraper itself has changed and remained the same. It was always a place filled with money. Before, it was locked up tightly in a heavy vault, nestled quietly away in individual lock boxes, safe but hidden. Now, the money lines the walls of the corridors and hangs prominently in every room, colorful paint and twisting metal, sheets of mirrors and motion pictures, creating within a constant spectacle.

It was in this building filled with art that two worlds almost collided, each one hurtling through stratospheres with their forward momenta and personal agendas completely unprepared for the cosmic bang and magnetic force that would cause their sudden arrest. An unforeseen shift in gravity pulled them together. Molecules rearranged and ions turned positive and within a moment, their orbits synced. He saw her turn the corner with her long curly hair and glasses and when she met his eyes a familiar smile parted her lips. His face lit up with a mirrored response and she felt warm like she was seeing an old friend after a long time apart but they were strangers. She prepared to walk away and he took a step forward, extending his open palm to her, hoping to correct this Universal oversight, “Allow me to introduce myself.”