

-It seems to me, dear lady, that home is one of the most important aspects of humanity.

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-The den, the lair, a place to lick one's wounds and plan one's activities. Humanity cannot be experienced without wounds and cannot be met without plans, dear lady.

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-Home. Where the heart is. Where my thoughts are sleeping/Where my love life's waiting silently/For me... The impact on the human mind is tremendous.

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-Yes, a man homeless is a man helpless and lost. To function and move, one needs a base. I knew a man once, who had no home. He used to refer to himself as one of the "dispossessed", the "hollow men". Something very sad flowing through him silent and deep, but all the same he had adjusted. I just think that it hurt him very deeply to never walk back through that door.

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-Figure of speech, dear lady. He had no doors but the doors of his face and the doors of his soul. Life to him was a never ending journey, from continent to continent, woman to woman, love to love, pain to pain. Resting to him was oh so temporary. And I'm not sure he ever met another runner like himself. Thta was how he described himself on occasion. A running spirit. He had the freedom of the road. A terrible freedom he would never wish on anyone, but one he would not ttade for all the riches of Midas or Solomon.

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-Yes. Home. He never did find his way home. Funny. He loved the world as much as any man I ever knew. More than most. But the world never loved him. He tried, and there were people who would have given almost anything for him at certain times in his life. But he needed the world. Since he had no home for his own soul, he had adopted the world. But the world didn't want him.

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-No, not by his own hand. Shot in the Rising of '13 as a dissident.

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-For opposing the Army. He held a reserve comission as a Major. That's how they got the authority to do it.

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-Unremembered now. Why should he be, dear lady? They split the planet in the Spiral War of 2050. The Terrans never knew it was coming. He wasn't important. Just a homeless man I'd once met.

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-Very well, dear lady. Good night to you. Sandusky at your service.