Night time thoughts

by DrH

Summary

Raskolnikov was unable to clear his head and get home to get his sleep [...] The balance still needed to be restored.

Notes

Written for City Park Afternoons prompt #09: Stars

It was already dawning, but Raskolnikov was unable to clear his head and get home to get his sleep.

Another conversation with Porfiry. He had been trying not to expose himself, but it had been getting more and more difficult with each meeting to keep himself below suspicion.

He now looked up to the sky. The stars were shining unstoppably. There were lighter and also less shiny ones among them. Just like the people down here. Some of them good enough to be kept alive, but most of them below that certain threshold.

The balance still needed to be restored.

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