DAY 1:

I went for my first walk in this strange new world today. I walked along the main street downtown. Every house here is a palace, yet nobody is guarding them. Anyone can walk in. People don’t even touch the doorknobs; the doors just open as if they could see. Who is ruling these people, and who is watching them? A big carriage drove in, and the whole group of people got in it and drove off. No-one said a word! The carriage was not pulled by horses; it drove by itself, as if it had its own eyes. And then another one came and took more people. Where are they all going? And why aren’t they talking to each other? These people are very strange. And they wear such strange clothes, especially women. Some expose their whole legs, and some wear trousers, like I do. Does it mean they belong to a different social class? I bet those with the highest heels are of the highest status. Or is another battle coming?