

The city is loud, but from the 17th floor balcony, it's all so distant. The cars are but tiny ants, electrons marching along a circuit board.

YOK-AAI-08 shifts its weight forward experimentally, leaning on its hands as it peers down toward the urban scene. Its eyes make an audible *shhk-shhk* as the lenses in its eyes tighten.

"Oh, good evening!"

08 turns toward the noise registering in its audio receptors— it has to push itself slightly with its hand to keep itself upright. 06 stands in the doorway, the darker, calmer blue eyes of Mizore displayed on its screen.

"Good evening... Mizore?"

08's voice, while just no more synthetic than 06's, comes out flat. It pays extra attention to its tone at the end, though, raising the pitch slightly to denote a question.

"Yep. They let us out of..." Mizore gestures with eir hand, as if searching for a word. "...the thing early. So I decided, y'know, would be nice to get some time out!"

The glow from the indoors lights illuminates the side of eir face.

06 stretches their arms, the many joints in their chassis sounding quietly as they work to create those delicate movements.

"You're good at that."

The comment comes out strange, leaving 08 questioning whether should've rephrased it before Mizore interrupts with eir glitchy, bitcrushed laugh.

"I guess we have been getting better, huh..." Ey look over at 08. "You're not doing so bad yourself! Moving your weight and stuff. Fuyu said it took her a while to get the hang of that."

06 flexes their fingers one by one. 08 looks down at its own, then brings one hand to its chin.

"I've been thinking about asking them to make a new head for me, or something."

"Don't like your current one?"

"Not exactly, but... it feels too delicate for me. I'm not sure." It gestures toward its eyes awkwardly, the concentric lenses contracting. "I can't really get used to something like this. Or the... mouth."

The noises coming out of its voice module are realistic enough, but the way its mouth moves reminds it more of a cartoon character than a person.

"What are you thinking of?"

"I liked the screen. You know, back when I was on the monitor."

06 drapes their arms over the railing. "Sounds good! Maybe they could even repurpose an actual monitor or something."

"Yes, maybe."

Mizore visibly perks up, and a packet shows up on 08's HUD just half a second later.

"Oh, they want us to go back in soon," Mizore muses, "I think we'll"—ey hook a thumb over eir shoulder—"head back in right now. You?"

"I'll stay a little longer."

"Sure. I'll see you later then?"

"Yeah."

"Don't keep yourself on too late."

"Yeah."

Mizore gives a quiet thumbs-up, and disappears through the glass door. 08 rests a hand back onto the railing, optics lowering to peer back down at the sea of illuminated windows and street lights.

Just a few more minutes to enjoy the view wouldn't hurt.