



Seoul, 2:14 AM.
The rain washed away
the city, leaving only
the neon.



Another quiet
shift. Just the way
I like it.



Except for the box
under the register.
It never stays quiet
for long.

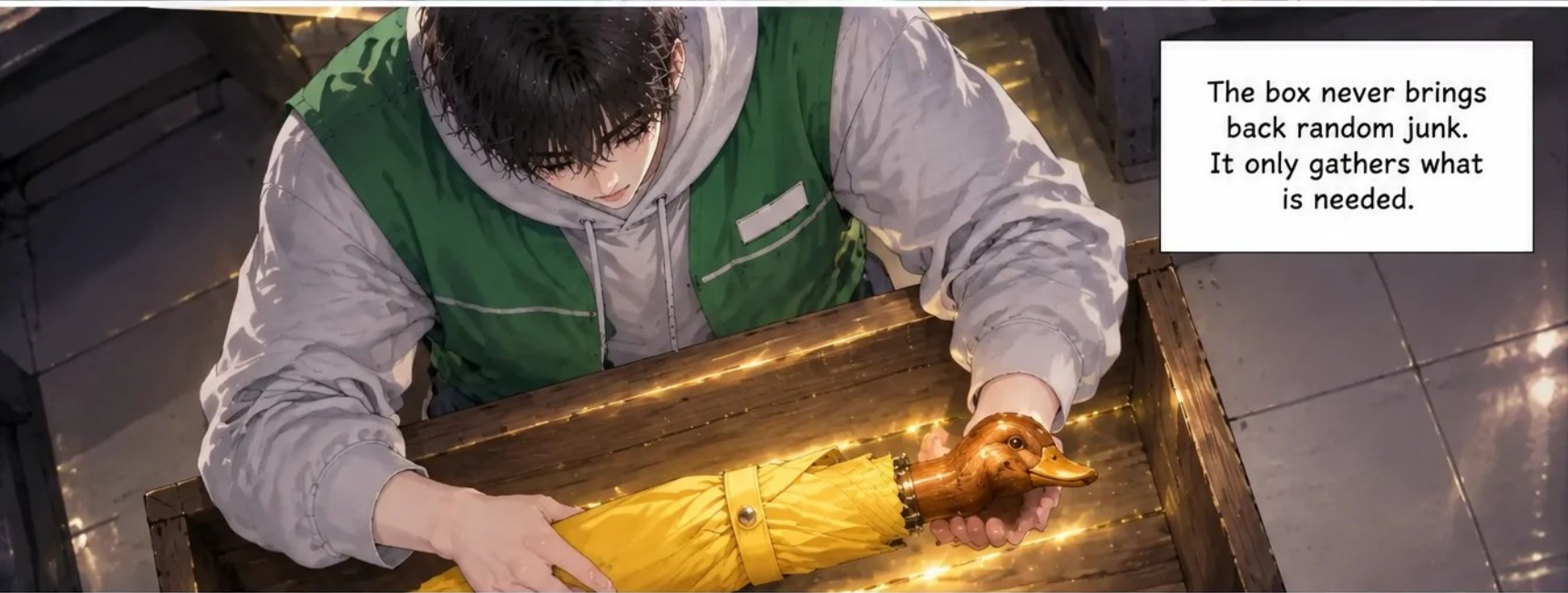


Wait... that wasn't
in here an hour ago.





A yellow umbrella...
with a duck handle?



The box never brings
back random junk.
It only gathers what
is needed.



Is this the one
you're looking for?



It's really his...
Dad made this carving
himself.





I felt so alone
tonight. Thank you...
so much.



Don't thank me.
Some things just
know where they
belong.



Goodnight, clerk!
Take care of this
place!



Goodnight, Ha-eun.
Walk safely.



The storm had not stopped, but the cold could no longer reach her.



A soft click echoed under the counter. The box was already preparing for tomorrow.



Alright... whose heart are you waiting to fix?

Midnight in Seoul, and the night shift had only just begun.