

Paul and Lisa live down the hall from each other. Yesterday Paul got a package from amazon.com. Lisa noticed it before Paul since she regularly checks the package room for her own orders, which come frequently.

Paul's window overlooks another building which is glass so he can see himself in a faraway reflection which he likens to a simulated ocean view.

Lisa's window is looking out to the edge of the glass building so she likens it to an obstruction.

Recently Lisa has noticed the smell of strange fumes from Paul's place. She deduces from the recycling bin that Paul now has a 3-D printer. With a router attachment! Paul adds. Lisa's suspicions confirmed in a passing hallway chat. It's for work, he says. At his job, they have one long table that circles and swerves through the whole space, making alcoves, and little covered meeting places. Their clients are generally impressed. Lisa works from home and has a dog. Neither she nor her dog are very keen on these new acrid scents. In fact, Lisa often gets headaches. She burns incense at home and she thinks Paul does too. It's an effective way to hide the smell of burnt chemicals, and luckily, they both love the scent of nag champa.

Between them is a woman who is often visited by her mother. When she visits, they tend to talk very loudly together in the hallway in an unfamiliar language. She normally doesn't wear any sort of headscarf, so when she does Paul can't tell if it's for fashion or not. He doesn't care, he just doesn't like how they talk in the hallway. It's rude. He feels entitled to play his music louder when he pleases - his speakers being conveniently inlaid into the wall they share. She has never complained about the music, but Paul assumes that she is talking about him to her mother. Sometimes he thinks her eyes control the electricity. Sometimes Lisa finds batteries in the hallways.

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