

## What Time is it?

Aghh, it's so bright, what time is it?

He slowly turned his head to the left only to read the dark red letters projected onto his wardrobe: 7:59

His movements sped up as if suddenly electrocuted by an unknown entity.

he cries out in pain, a moan bursting out from the deepest nooks of his soul.

How on earth, why, ughh ... his voice trails off as he puts his head underneath his pillow blocking out the artificial light.

What is the point? I don't want to get up, can't I stay here forever. nobody needs me right? everything will go on as usual. ahhhh.. His brain slowly starts pumping blood into his brain and his thoughts seem to articulate themselves. No . I have to get up I was supposed to stop by the new sushi place to try the sashimi. I heard from Katy that it was amazing, also wasn't I supposed to by that new jacket I saw at Levi's? I'm going to look so good in it, Truthfully I'll be irresistible, and Jane will finally notice me, I can feel it it's going to be a good day.

He pushes the covers off his half naked body to reveal his blue and red boxers that he had bought at old navy several days before. He scratches his stomach and smells his armpits; a shower is definitely a necessity.. ouh definitely not attracting anyone with that foul odor following him around all day.

He sits up and looks around his room, to his left is his window giving out onto the surrounding neighborhood, from here he can see the whole of paris if he wants too.

Usually though its dank and grey and he much prefers his virtual landscape that shows him the sea crashing violently onto the cliffs at the bottom of his building. What technology can do these days is a wonder.

Apparently there is a new version of the virtual landscape set by Sony that is incredible. He saw it on tv a few days back and realizes that his version is limited and frankly outdated. I mean the new own even has a space view and a martian view. can you imagine? well he couldn't and he wanted to know how it felt.

It's kind of expensive though so he might but it in a month or two if a new version hasn't already come out by then.

He sits up ready for the day, or he thought.

« ahhh my head »

He suddenly grabs his forehead in what looks like excruciating pain.

« I'm soo hungover how did this happen. »

He opens the drawer of his bedside table and pulls out a pill. « happilyeverafter incorporated » what a heavenly drug.

His pain slowly recedes and he slowly pulls himself out of bed, his slippers aren't where they should be, how annoying.

He gets up and heads to the bathroom, but stops in his tracks remembering to prepare breakfast; he pushes a button on the wall and says:

« hey stewart, please prepare a filtered coffee and eggs over easy please. »

He takes of his underwear and closes the windows, he feels observed even though he has no vis a vis. so being in half-light when naked makes him feel more at ease.

« ahh whatever i'm sure i'm not the only one. »

He steps into his bathroom; the light automatically comes on and he suddenly feels at sea. his apartment's bathroom is fitted with an Italian shower and a sink that works with a foot-pump. Reminds you of anything? no? well him neither, but he was once told by John that bathrooms on boats are the same. so somehow every time he uses it he imagines himself on an adventure to

unknown lands. He's never been on a boat but that doesn't stop him, he is the captain of his bathroom, and no one can stop him.

He slowly steps into his shower, using the tip of his toes to test the temperature of the water. he doesn't want to get burned yet again. once he is sure he puts his whole body under the flow of water letting out a deep sigh of pleasure.

« This is good, this is the life, i'm amazing. »

He grabs hold of his loreal shampoo on the nearest shelf and rubs his hair thoroughly, he then grabs a moisturizer and slowly rubs the whole of his body paying particular attention to his shoulders and upper legs.

After a certain time he slowly comes out of the shower letting a huge cloud of steam seep into the rest of his apartment. his bathroom is entirely foggy, and he is dripping wet, loosely clothed by a towel draped around his waist.

He steps into adjacent room and presses yet another button. the artificial light slowly starts to change color and a small buzzing sound can be perceived. He spreads his arms out and stands there while the artificial sun dries him off.

he feels reborn, a new man, ready for a new life. ( publicity slogan)  
click, he switches the artificial light back to its usual setting.

He opens his wardrobe and grabs a clean pair of socks and underwear. Today he is wearing matching socks.

He walks into his kitchen to find his toast burned and his coffee way too strong. He really doesn't care though, life couldn't be better; he gulps all of it down in what seems like less than a second and starts looking through his 20 pairs of shoes.

This is difficult, blue, yellow, plastic, leather. he closes his eyes and choses arbitrarily. yellow leather it is.

Out he goes the day can finally begin.

He opens his door and is suddenly engulfed in a tremendous amount of light, noise and smell. he feels slightly dizzy and his brain can't process all that it is perceiving. he hears the soft neon lights and tastes the bleach used by the late night cleaning team.

He takes a few steps but feels utterly and totally disoriented.

He suddenly smells a waft of coffee; not any coffee though, his favorite coffee: Malongo. what an odor so sensual and strong, as if it could knock you down just by smelling it.

How he loved this smell. he needed one, really badly, his whole body was shrieking for it, the yearn was powerful, his desire was fierce. Instinctively he walked towards it, not really conscious of what was around him except the want and the drive to drink his sweet malign coffee, extra black arabian. ouh just saying it gave him tingles.

He waits in line getting more and more impatient until the moment of sweet release. he slowly lets the liquid pour down his throat enjoying every instant of his 3 e experience lasting a total of 6 seconds.

Well that's done what's next.

He checks the clock on the storefront of Malongo, it says 8:40, shit he's going to be late.

He looks around, there aren't that many people yet, there are only a few lines in front of stores that are fashionable at the moment, but for the most part the mall is empty.

He likes it like this, he looks around not all of the store-fronts are open yet, and most people look sleepy and lost. He feels good about himself, he is awake, he is better.

The dome is letting through some light through the oculus, its not that nice of a day in Paris, kind of grey and rainy. like most days really, that hardly matters in here though. the plants are

luxurious and doing really well at the moment. the exotic plants are misty and mysterious and are giving off a beautiful scent.

He walks past them to try to define the exact smell of the plant, its kind of hard to tell them apart from the omnipresent smell of perfume that exudes from the luxury stores and lounges.

He should hurry up he doesn't have the luxury to just hang around. he hurriedly walks towards the west end of the mall. he slips past people getting their morning coffee and even recognizes several faces, « Unfortunately » he has no time to stop and say « hi ». If we were being totally honest with ourselves he would admit that he would have no idea of what to say to them: do they like the same things he does? will they find him dull? or full of himself? he can't take the pressure, so he just cruises by, pretending not to have seen them, trying his hardest to look busy and in a hurry. which coincidentally he was.

He flies past thousands of different brands with different visual identities and colors, each trying to be more interesting or unique than the next on his journey to work.

The ground is still slippery from the late night cleaning team, the smell of bleach is omnipresent and almost creates a haze.

He narrowly avoids falling several times but always manages to not look utterly ridiculous.

The bureau for his work isn't on his floor but having had made his way from one side of the building to the other he now takes habitual flight of escalators to reach his final destination.

He could just as easily take the elevator but he wouldn't get this view.

From here he can see nearly the whole of the mall. The people on the first floor look like mere ants from here, and the plants look magnificent. The way the escalators cross in the middle of the void is transcending for him, the moment of suspension in this massive space of nothingness surrounded by thousands of lights, noises and smells feels like a moment removed from time and space.

He smiles and closes his eyes for an instant just trying to imagine his body alone in this colossal space.

He reaches the Central Organisation Bureau which is situated on the 19th floor.

It isn't the best address in the mall. Frankly it's kind of a dingy spot but what can you expect from the maintenance sector? not much really.

The lights here flicker and dim as if the lightbulbs are on the brink of dying. Luckily its the maintenance sector, right? and will be changed soon? fat chance of that, no-one gives a horses-ass of what happens around here. can't blame them though, the lights in the luxury section are far more important, more people appreciate them.

He opens the front door and waves to the old lady at the desk she mumbles something indistinguishable and He nods his head pretending to have understood or even heard.

He heads down the hallway to the right and stops to grab another coffee at the coffee machine. there are several of his work companions at this spot as well and he secretly hopes Jane will arrive soon.

everyone looks tired but smiles politely to each other. this gives way to an awkward silence that is filled with nothing but the sound of people sipping on their hot chocolate/ mocha chino/ or cappuccino.

He finishes his rather rapidly and heads off to the locker room, he's ready for work. No point putting it off now, he's here and the day has begun.

He turns the lamp in the locker room on, it smells of damp in here. The light flickers and buzzes but finally turns on.

He quickly pulls off his shirt/pants/and socks and slips into his work uniform: A blue dickies coverall with the logo of the mall imprinted on the back and on the shoulder. « buttes au bulles, bienvenus »

he opens up his locker making a squeaking noise as it opens and puts both his normal shoes and folded clothes inside.

He feels pretty awake by now and wants to start working. Its not glamorous, or passionating but it keeps him occupied and pays ok.

He walks out, and jumps into a sort of dance, moonwalking out the door and grabbing his chariot whilst replicating a Michael Jackson move.

His chariot is his work tool: it is full of washing liquids, bleaches, garbage bags, gloves, masks, hoovers...etc. In fact he just asked his manager the week before to try out this new washing liquid that he had seen on tv, it was supposedly 5 times as efficient as a normal detergent and would be super useful to clean the bathtubs and sinks in the apartments. he was excited he couldn't wait to try it out.

He walked out of the COB and onto the 19th floor. he checks the checklist attached to his chariot to find out what he would be cleaning today, he secretly hoped it would be something like Armani, or Chanel, so that he could look at all the nice things and pretty girls. He wouldn't mind the casino either or some of the really nice apartments on the 5 and 6th floor. the list was pretty short today:

Apartments 600-630

Armani

Casino Lounge

Best Hotel Bar

What should he start with first? he wondered. Might as well get rid of the boring apartments first. nothing interesting was bound to happen. If he did it quickly enough he should have finished by lunch. That would be soo cool. he could eat in the lounge and then slowly make his way through the other places to clean.

He quickly goes down to the basement using the elevator to fill up on garbage bags and gloves the elevator goes through all the different level of commerces and really feels as if you are being transported from one univers to the next every 3 seconds or so as the elevator speeds through vertically.

His planning was made up. He decides to head towards the 4th floor on the east side where he remembers are situated the apartments 600-630.

He pushes his wagon along the hallways and looks at the influx of people into the building. It's past 9am so the mall is slowly filling up most stores are already opening or getting ready too. The business men and women with their tuxedos and skinny dresses are arriving as well , rushing through the hallways an anxious look on their faces.

He looks at this particular man that catches his attention, he is the typical businessman, or you might think so at first glance. he obviously doesn't live here though, his jacket is slightly wet with morning dew and his pants are king of spattered with water. It's possible to guess that he came cycling; but more interestingly his cravate isn't well made and he seems tired and unshaven. He is obviously going through a difficult moment in life. His analysis of this personage comes to an abrupt end as he disappears around a corner and into an oncoming swarm of people.

What a shame, Never mind though he will have ample time to try guessing people's lives during the day.

He gets out of the main axis of circulation of the mall in the hopes to avoid the huge crowds that will be arriving anytime soon.

He steps into one of the hallways that services the apartments, he doesn't usually go this way because you can't see the atrium from here, but his desire to avoid unwanted crowds today is stronger than his pleasurable walks along the atrium.

The light in here has a soft yellow tinge and feels very domestic. not a bad vibe.

It's funny to walk down this hallway at this exact time, as he advances slowly more and more people start leaving their apartment to go to work or to go get breakfast. some are formally dressed whilst some are still in their pyjamas. Some of them are nice or at least polite but some are just downright rude and push him and his chariot haphazardly causing some of his equipment to fall onto the floor.

He stops his wagon swearing quietly at the passerby, and simultaneously picking up the detergent making sure not to spill some on the ground.

He continues walking down the hallway enjoying the nearly mechanical precision at which people got up and left their apartments. The further he go down the hallway the shorter the interval at which people were leaving their apartments until it was a nearly continuous wave of people.

He finally arrives to point b which is where he needs to take the elevator yet again to access the apartments 600-630. it's nearly 9h30 by now and he sincerely hopes that no one will be home when he cleans the apartments. He hates those moments, they're way too.... well awkward.

the elevator reaches the 4th floor and leaves the elevator.

He looks around and finally finds the number 630, seems as he will be cleaning them in decreasing numbers, not something he would have usually done, but why not.

He takes out his master key and knocks on the door first just in case. no one responds so he opens the door slowly.

The apartment looks remarkably like his own, and a huge majority of the people living in the « buttes lovag ».