

Hey, did you hear the people upstairs in 5A are moving out?

Shh-shh-shh!

What?

The people upstairs are moving out.

No!

The horror...

Why would you just say something like that?

No, no, no, no, no, no, no...

How else was I supposed to say it?

Slowly, like putting a new fish in a tank, you don't just drop it in, you let the bag sit in the water a while.

The horror...

Sheldon, I'm sure it's going to be fine.

No, it's not going to be fine, change is never fine. They say it is, but it's not.

Okay. Honey, did you even know the people that are moving out?

I never met them. That's what made them perfect. There were no awkward hellos in the halls, as though, clickety-clacking of high heel shoes on hardwood floors. They may as well a bit of family of cats just jumping around from drape to drape, without that annoying ammonia urine's smell.

Well, I'm sure the new people will be just as quiet.

You can't know that. How can you possibly know that?

You're right, I can't. You know what, anyone could rent that apartment now, an opera singer, the cast of Stomp, yeah, a tap-dancing pirate with a wooden leg.

Why are you making it worse?

I tried making it better, he wouldn't go for it.