

The smell of the corpse had **infiltrated** my clothes. Unable to bear it any longer, I went home to change.

I lived in the Thirteenth Sector. In empty streets it took ten minutes, though at this time of day forcing myself through the crowds occupied three times that. The **hubbub** seemed worse than usual. I reached home feeling deafened and desperate.

The **Falco** apartment was the best I could afford, so it was grim. I rented a filthy **garret** above the Eagle Laundry in a street called Fountain Court (which had never possessed a fountain, and wasn't a court). To reach this **impressive location** I had to turn off the comparative luxury of the paved Ostia Road, then **squeeze** down a series of twisting entries that grew narrower and more threatening at every step. The point where they **diminished** into nothing was Fountain Court. I **flailed** through several lines of damp togas that were blocking the laundry's frontage, then **attacked** the long haul up six flights of stairs to the **sky-high hovel** that served as my office and home.

Once **aloft** I knocked, **for the hell of it** and to warn off any wildlife frolicking in my absence, then I told myself to come in and unlatched the door.

I had two rooms, each a bare eight foot square. I paid extra for a rocky balcony but my landlord Smaractus **allowed me a discount** in the form of natural daylight through a hole in the roof (plus free access to water, whenever it rained).

adding humour/tone is
snarky (critical)

- adverb/adjective
- verb
- noun

tone = character
lighthearted/ironic
humour
self deprecating
tone.

casual tone; slightly
crude.

resigned resentment

Effects of word choices?