#1) The school's locker room was located in the basement of the school. A small crowd of students, about sixty, were just waiting for the door to open. Rick somehow made his way into the middle of the crowd through copious amounts of shoving. The hallways lacked air conditioning, making the wait feel torturous.   
 'Stuffing this many sweaty students into a small hallway is ridiculous,' though Rick.  
 Eventually, the door opened.   
 Mr. Steward popped out, shouting, "This is boys' basketball tryouts! If you are here for that, then come in and get changed!"   
 "Feel that rush of cold air from the locker room Rick?" asked Marcus.  
 "You bet!" replied Rick.  
 As the crowd of students file their way into the locker room, they let out a sigh of relief. The sea of blue lockers was quickly swallowed up by the ever growing crowd. Rick slid past the crowd to his locker, 4-479.  
 As he was getting changed into his shorts, Rick heard a familiar hiss next to him.  
 'Oh for the love of -- every single time there's always one guy spraying deodorant on himself,' thought Rick, but then he heard the familiar hissing occur many times all over the locker room, 'looks like he's not the only one using that deodorant.'  
 As the chorus of hissing continued, the locker room became filled with the overwhelmingly revolting smell of what the deodorant manufacturer's described as: "Manly mint."

#2) The glaring sun and the seemingly endless heat wave made the commute to the office more uncomfortable. The outside of the office was painted a dull chestnut brown, but the top floor was left as exposed bricks.  
 Nick opened the glass door, and an electronic buzzer ringed   
 "You don't look like you work here?" asked the security guard sitting down behind the desk.  
 "You probably don't recognize me. I just started working here 3 days ago," responded Nick as he pulled out a photo ID card.  
 "Welcome to the office of the Administration for Children's Safety!" chimed the security guard as she motioned to the elevator.  
 "No thanks, I'll take the stairs today"  
 Nick was running late, so he dashed up three flights of stairs. Halfway up, Nick realized that the air had become warm and humid.  
 'I regret every flight,' thought Nick, 'Why are the stairs the only place in this office without air conditioning?'

Upon leaving the stairwell, Nick reverted back to walking, not wanting other office workers to realize how rushed he was. Nick ran into the archive room, where he worked, but his supervisor was not even there.  
 'Dang, all that effort has gone to waste,' thought Nick.  
 Shaking his head and sighing, Nick took a pen from his breast pocket and wrote that he came in five minutes ago on the attendance records. Nick turned around to look at the rest of the archive room, and looked in terror.  
 'How can there be this many more boxes compared to yesterday?' thought Nick.  
 All the boxes in the room were filled to the brim with disorganized documents. The boxes formed walls that practically turned the entire room into a maze.