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The apartment smelled of old paper and dried lavender, a scent that had been grandfathered in by its previous tenant, Mrs. Elara. Elias, the new resident, inhaled deeply as he pushed the final, heavy box—labeled “Miscellany & Sentimental”—into the center of the living room. It was an involuntary act of respect for the residual life of the space.

Date: 99/112/1

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