

## Staring out a window

The most immediate thing I realize is how much more patient I am toward something when I know how long it's going to take. While looking out the window behind my house staring at my driveway I watched two lizards stare each other down. I watched as a small green lizard settled on my fence, and I managed to turn my head just in time to watch a small black lizard jump off a bush and run to a nearby tree. The two started opening their mouths and flaring red spots on their necks back and forth, occasionally taking a second to move and readjust themselves before going back to it. Eventually the fight was broken up by a bird landing in a tree.

What was strange about this for me was the pace at which I was willing to be entertained. The sequence of events I've relays was the ENTIRE sequence of events, which happened over the course of over an hour, yet I found myself fascinated through the entire process. Even in the long stretches, which must have taken anywhere from ten to fifteen minutes, when each lizard refused to move, the tension was not resolved, nor was did my interest fade. When I realized how long I spent watching this and how well my interest was kept, I couldn't help but wonder what situation would allow for that kind of pacing in some sort of movie or television show.

The only conclusion I can really come to is that my investment came from the fact that I was watching something with real risk, in a way that was personal to me. Had this been some sort of documentary featuring the exact same action, I don't think the sense of tension would have been communicated properly. Even the inclusion of camerawork would seriously affect how I saw things. Cutting from one shot to another would break up the momentum and chip away at the feeling of anticipation, and keeping it as some sort of wide solid shot would simply come off as monotonous.