Not an Average Day

"Huh, where am I?" groaned Nick.  
 He had slept past his bus stop. Nick wiped the drool off his face and looked at his phone. He was supposed to be at work in seven minutes. Not only that, Nick wanted to leave work early to go to the arcade with his friends.  
 Nick wanted to run to work, but the most he could do was speed walk. The area he worked in was known to be dangerous. Police officers were frequently on patrol, and they frequently pulled over people for running and running red lights.  
 The outside of the office was painted a dull chestnut brown, but the top floor was left as exposed bricks. The City's Administration of Safety office was still under construction. The exterior was beginning to look modern, but the interior of the building was severely outdated.  
 Nick was running late, so he dashed up three flights of stairs. Upon leaving the stairwell, Nick slowed down to a casual walk, not wanting other office workers to realize how rushed he was. Nick ran in to the archive room, where he worked, but his supervisor was not even there. What a waste of energy.  
 Shaking his head and sighing, Nick took a pen from his breast pocket. Thankfully, this office was so poorly managed that nobody had bothered to install a punch card system. and recorded that he came in five minutes ago on the attendance chart. Nick looked at the rest of the archive room, and his eyes widened in surprise.  
 'How can there be this many more boxes compared to yesterday? To think I planned to leave early.' thought Nick.  
 Seeing this maze of boxes left him dismayed. Nick walked into his private office that was connected to this room.  
 Despite being a mere intern at the office, Nick was given a private office, a privilege generally reserved for upper management. The predecessors of Nick all had quit within less than a year due to the monotony of the job. The internship was merely a cover-up for the fact that no adult wanted that job. The private office was there just to sweeten a bitter deal.  
 The office contained two doors. The smaller door led to the archive room, while the other door led to the main workspace.  
 Nick's desk was situated in such a way that when the larger door was left open, he could catch glimpses of the main workspace and eavesdrop on his coworker's conversations. If someone was about face towards Nick's room, he would just look down at his desk and pretend he was doing office work. Nick looked up and caught a glance at Vargas and Brandon.  
 Vargas was the supervisor of logistics for the office complex. He had a reputation amongst the interns for being indolent and incompetent, but his friendly attitude somehow prevented him from being fired. Beside Vargas was Brandon, who managed the archive room and was Nick's boss.   
 "Brandon, I didn't see you at the usual time," said Vargas.   
 " I left for a meeting half an hour before you came in," said Brandon.  
 A smile crept across Nick's mouth. Brandon and Nick usually arrive at work at eight in the morning. There was a sign-in sheet attached to larger door. Since Brandon was not present when Nick arrived at work, he could safely write that he came in twenty minutes earlier.  
 He ducked under his desk and crawled back to the archive room. Nick took out a pen. He crossed out the old time of 7:55 and replaced it with 7:40.  
 Nick quickly crawled back to his desk. He attempted to smile and exclaimed, "There you are Brandon. I didn't see you this morning!"  
 "Sorry for not leaving any work for you. Why are you smiling so weirdly?" asked Brandon.  
 "It's just the way I smile when I'm groggy," said Nick, "Anyway, what work do you have for me today?"  
 "You see that tower of cardboard boxes in the archive room? I want you to alphabetize all of it and put them into the file cabinets," demanded Brandon.  
 Nick clenched his fists, wanting to punch his desk. There were five cardboard boxes, and each of them was filled to the point the that boxes were to about to explode.  
 "Will do boss, will do," Nick replied.

As he began the monotonous task of filing paper, Nick began to concoct a scheme so he could leave work early. Nick knew that the boss would likely force him to read labels off another stack of papers and type it up into a computer after his lunch break. This task was monotonous, and most of the time was wasted navigating the same set of user interfaces. If he could find some time to get to a computer to write a program to do some of his tasks, he could leave work even earlier. The issues here were that usage of the computers during one's lunch hour was forbidden by upper management and that transferring an unapproved program to a computer that was property of the government was the equivalent of tampering with government property.  
 When it was time for lunch, Nick walked down to the cafeteria. The room was filled with chatter and a sea of faces. It was filled with the fragrance of fried chicken, a popular commodity around here. The walls were beige with the occasional food stain. Brown circles that were indicative of water damage dotted the ceiling. The ceiling was clearly in need for repair.  
 He looked around and searched for an accomplice. Nick needed someone with low commitment to their job, looked like the type of person with a laptop, and looked like they had a weak will.  
 By the dirtiest corner of the cafeteria was the sole other intern at the office. His name was Rodriguez. Nick walked up to Rodriguez and said "Hey Rodriguez, remember me, Nick?"  
 "Yeah, I remember you, I saw you rushing to work this morning," sneered Rodriguez as he sipped some coffee.  
 "Ha, ha, yeah, I slept past my bus stop," laughed Nick.  
 "What do you need? You've never talked to me before," asked Rodriguez.  
 "Well you see, I have a deadline for a paper I have to write for a computer science fair in about one hour. Can I borrow your computer?" lied Nick.  
 "When I see a need, I like to fulfill it you see. But that's going to cost ya, ya see?" laughed Rodriguez.  
 "How about I work overtime under your name tomorrow?" answered Nick.  
 "That's a good start," acknowledged Rodriguez, "But that's not enough man,"  
 "I'll do that and pay for anything you order for lunch for a week," replied Nick.  
 "That'll do," agreed Rodriguez as he pulled out his laptop.  
 Nick quickly made the program on Rodriguez's computer. Every once in a while, Nick's eyes darted toward Rodriguez to ensure that he did not see what Nick was doing on his computer. After all, this was a crime.