Cheating the Office

Despite being a mere intern at the office, Nick was given a private room that faced the windows, a privilege generally reserved for upper management. The small amount of light that managed to pierce through the dirty window usually energized Nick to do work. Not today though, the sunlight seemed to have baked away any motivation Nick had.  
 The private room contained two doors. One led to the archive room, the other was a metal door that lead to the main workspace where the majority of the office workers worked. The latter door gave Nick a sense of curiosity.  
 Nick's desk was situated in such a way that if that the metal 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 in the office complex. He had a reputation amongst the other interns for being indolent and incompetent, but his friendly attitude somehow compensated for his mistakes. Then, there was Brandon, who managed the archive room and was Nick's boss.   
 "Oh hey Brandon, I didn't see you at the usual time?" asked Vargas.  
 "That's cause I left for a meeting half an hour before you came in," explained Brandon.  
 A smile crept on Nick's face. Both Brandon and Nick usually came to work at eight in the morning and left at two in the afternoon. There was a sign in sheet attached to metal door where people marked when they came and left work. Since Brandon was not present when Nick arrived at work, Nick could write that he came in twenty minutes earlier.  
 He ducked under his desk and crawled to the metal door to stay out of the field of view of Vargas and Brandon. Nick took out pen from the left pocket of his khakis. He swiftly crossed out the old time and replaced it with 7:40AM.   
 Nick quickly crawled back to his desk. He put on his most natural fake smile and exclaimed, "Oh, there you are Brandon. I didn't see you this morning!"  
 "Sorry for leaving you without guidance. Uh, why are you smiling so weirdly?" asked Brandon.  
 "It's just the way my smile appears when my body hasn't fully waken up," lied 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 it into the file cabinets next to my computer," demanded Brandon.  
 Nick was internally screaming. There were five cardboard boxes, and each of them   
   
I hereby declare that this is the original work of Jonathan Quang.