

You started off your day at the office just like any other. You had a stack of TPS Reports that had to be completed by five and six databases that needed to be updated with customer information on three hundred new clients.

When the reports came in of aliens attacking and giant monsters rampaging, Supervisor Nelson came out and gave an announcement to the office promising immediate termination and sodomy if anyone left early. To quote; “I don’t wanna hear no goddamn motherfucking bullshit about ‘concern for loved ones’ (he said this part in a high pitch girly voice). If anyone so much as thinks of leaving early, I’ll bend you over your desk and fuck you in the ass myself. We have deadlines to make, people. Those TPS reports aren’t going to file themselves!”

So you after that you did the same as everyone else in your workplace, you stayed and worked.

You take another TPS Report and place it in front of you. The paper has become a mess of nonsensical numbers and letters to you. Any meaning it once had is lost.

You sigh and look around. Everyone else seems to be working hard. There are about fifty small cubicles in your office. The walls are corporate white and are decorated with inspirational posters. Your favorite is the kitten hanging from the tree branch. “Hang in there.” It always makes you giggle

In the back corner is Supervisor Nelson’s office. He’s the only one deemed worthy of having a door. On the opposite side is the break room, supply closet, and bathroom.

At least your cubicle is next to the windows. You lose yourself looking out over the city.

Wait – is that smoke you see in the Abandoned Warehouse District?

You squint your eyes. You can see smoke and fire. A black curtain rises up, blocking your view.

You look around to see if anyone else is noticing this but everyone is working.

You turn back to the window and watch the fire and