

As the elevator doors closed on the twelfth floor of the corporate tower, John and Mike found themselves trapped in a small space with a blind person B and a deaf person A. The air was thick with tension as the only sound was the ticking of the clock and the occasional beep of the elevator buttons.

John, a tall and lean man with a sharp tongue, couldn't help but roll his eyes at the sight of the disabled duo. "Great, just what we need," he muttered under his breath, "a couple of handicapped people to slow us down."

Mike, a burly man with a thick beard, shot John a disapproving look. "Hey, easy there, John," he said, "they're just like us, trying to get to their destinations."

But John was not in a listening mood. He turned to the blind person B and asked, "What's the matter with you, can't you see the sign?"

The blind person B, who was wearing dark sunglasses, remained silent. Deaf person A, who was standing next to him, signed, "I am deaf, and my friend here is blind. We are just like you, only different."

John snorted. "Yeah, well, you're not exactly the same as us, are you? You can't see or hear, so what good are you?"

Deaf person A signed, "We may not be the same as you, but we are still people with feelings and thoughts. We have our own stories to tell and our own lives to live."

John's face reddened. "Well, excuse me for not being politically correct. I didn't mean to offend you."

Deaf person A signed, "It's okay. We understand that not everyone is used to being around people with disabilities. We just want to be treated with respect and dignity, just like everyone else."

The elevator dinged and the doors opened on the twelfth floor. John and Mike stepped out, still deep in thought. As they walked down the hallway, they noticed a Negro woman walking towards them.

John's eyes widened. "Hey, watch out, we have a Negro coming through."

Mike stopped in his tracks. "John, what the hell is wrong with you? That's not even politically correct."

John shrugged. "I don't know, it just slipped out. I didn't mean anything by it."

The Negro woman approached them and smiled. "Good afternoon, gentlemen. How may I assist you today?"

John and Mike looked at each other, embarrassed. "Uh, we were just heading to our offices," John stammered.

The Negro woman nodded. "Well, have a good day, and remember, we're all just people, no matter what our differences may be."

John and Mike watched her walk away, feeling ashamed of their previous behavior. They realized that they had been guilty of gender bias, ableism, and ethnicity bias, and that it was time to change their ways.

As they entered their offices, they made a silent promise to themselves to be more aware of their language and actions, and to treat everyone with the respect and dignity they deserved.

As the two office goers, John and Mike, reflected on their previous behavior, they were interrupted by the sound of the intercom. "Attention all employees, we have a meeting in the conference room, department heads only."

John and Mike looked at each other and sighed. They knew that they would have to attend the meeting, even though they were not department heads.

As they walked to the conference room, they noticed a group of women gathered outside the door. "Hey, what's going on?" John asked.

One of the women, a blonde with a pink blazer, turned to them. "We're here for the meeting too, but we were told that we couldn't attend because we're just women."

Mike's eyes widened. "What? That's ridiculous. We have to stand up for ourselves and demand equality."

John nodded in agreement. "Yeah, we can't let them keep us down just because we're women. We have just as much to offer as the men do."

The women nodded in agreement, and together they marched into the conference room, determined to make their voices heard.

Inside the room, they found a group of men gathered around the table, drinking coffee and chatting. They looked up as the women entered, and their conversation stopped.

"Good morning, everyone," said the department head, a tall and imposing man with a stern expression. "We have a lot to discuss today, so let's get started."

The women took their seats, ready to participate in the meeting. But as the discussion turned to the latest project, they noticed that the men were only speaking to each other, ignoring their input.

Mike leaned over and whispered to John, "Hey, they're not including us in the conversation. What's going on?"

John frowned. "I don't know, but we can't let them silence us. We have to speak up and make our voices heard."

Together, they stood up and approached the table. "Excuse me, gentlemen," John said, "but we have something to say."

The men turned to them, surprised. "What is it?" one of them asked.

John and Mike looked at each other, then at the group of women. "We stand with them," John said. "We believe that everyone has a right to be heard, regardless of their gender, disability, or ethnicity."

The department head's expression softened. "I see. Well, we welcome all input and ideas, regardless of who they come from. Let's hear what you have to say."

The women and men sat down and began to discuss the project, each person contributing their ideas and perspectives. As the meeting came to a close, they all stood up and shook hands, feeling a sense of camaraderie and respect for one another.

John and Mike walked out of the conference room, feeling proud of themselves for standing up for what they believed in. They knew that there was still a long way to go, but they were determined to make a difference, one step at a time.

Mike continued, "We're not trying to cause trouble, we're just trying to make things more inclusive for everyone. We can't have a meeting where only certain people are allowed to speak, that's not democracy in action."

The man scoffed, "You're just trying to push your agenda on everyone. We don't need to change anything, things are just fine the way they are."

Mike shook his head, "No, things are not fine the way they are. We need to recognize that there are systemic issues that need to be addressed. We can't just ignore the fact that women, people with disabilities, and people of color are underrepresented and marginalized in our society."

The man rolled his eyes, "You're just being dramatic. Everything is fine the way it is."

Mike sighed, "I guess we just have a fundamental difference in opinion. I believe that everyone deserves equal rights and opportunities, and you apparently don't."

The man smirked, "Well, we'll just have to agree to disagree. But I'm not going to change my mind anytime soon."

Mike nodded, "I understand. But I'm going to keep fighting for what I believe in, and I hope that one day, we'll be able to find common ground."

The man shook his head, "I highly doubt it. But whatever makes you happy, I guess."

Mike smiled, "It's not about happiness, it's about doing what's right. I'll always stand up for what I believe in, no matter what."

The man walked away, leaving Mike standing there alone. But Mike didn't mind, he knew that he was fighting for a cause that was bigger than himself, and that was all that mattered.

As Mike stood there, he couldn't help but feel a sense of frustration and disappointment. He knew that the man wasn't going to change his mind, but he had hoped for a more productive conversation.

Mike knew that he had to keep fighting for what he believed in, but it was exhausting. It seemed like every time he brought up the topic of inclusiveness, he was met with resistance and dismissal.

But Mike refused to give up. He knew that there were others out there who felt the same way he did, and he was determined to make a difference.

As he walked back to his car, Mike couldn't help but think about all the different biases that existed in the world. It was easy to ignore them, to pretend that they didn't exist, but that only made things worse.

Organizations had to be aware of these biases, had to acknowledge them and work to overcome them. Only then could they truly be considered inclusive and democratic.

Mike got into his car and drove away, feeling more determined than ever to make a difference. He knew that it wouldn't be easy, but he was ready for the fight.

The moral of the story is that biases are extremely important to handle in organizations. Only by acknowledging and addressing these biases can we hope to create a truly inclusive and democratic society.