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It was just any other day on November 23, 2017, which happened to be Thanksgiving. Everything was normal that day, we went to my aunt's loud house, and ate too much saltless turkey just like we always did. In their basement is a treadmill, after I finished, I decided to get some videos of myself on the treadmill with my GoPro.

It made a pretty cool video.

While we were having our Thanksgiving lunch, I got a text and the rhythm of the treadmill became necessary.

I had been hired by company A to acquire some files from company B while working at company B.

The text said that the network administrator was going on a trip for 4 days. I thought, "JACKPOT!" The smell of pumpkin pie was never so good. That night I just drive back home just like any other day. I knew I was probably going to be in the administrator's office all those four days. So I made sure to pack a tiny firm pillow, Puffins cereal, water, 2 laptops, a couple of extra hard drives, and my tools. So that night I went to bed just like any other night, the only difference was I knew that in 4 days I would be moving to a new job.

On November 24, 2017, I woke up in the morning and asked the magic 8 ball if I would be able to get past their security. The first time it said, "Ask again later." Then after that it says, "Better not tell you now." Then I ask one more time about 5 minutes later, and it said, "It is decidedly so." However, I didn't get my hopes up just yet.

I went into work like I always did, wearing sweats on the weekend. [fast forward to 9:00PM]. At this point it was just a matter of looking busy until everyone left. At 10:55PM, I was alone. I decided to eat puffins until about 11:30, just in case someone forgot something and came back.

I went downstairs to the network administrator's office, and the door wasn't even locked. After some searching, I found a steel wired security bag with a lock on it under the desk that somehow blended in with the striped carpet really well. There wasn't a zipper on it, so I couldn't get my way in that way. So I grabbed some paperclips from the desk and tried to pick the lock. I tried until 3:15AM. I needed a power nap. I woke again at 5:00AM.

On November 25, 2017, I immediately start trying to pick the lock again, and this goes on for another [brace yourself] over 16 hours, and I still didn't get it. Yet there were a few times where it seemed like the lock was going to pop. I slept again that night, I don’t know how long.

I woke at 10:00AM to frustrate myself again. After another 8.5 hours, I looked around for things in the room that might work and found a can of compressed air that could be used to freeze the lock pins in place but realized that the straw used to spray the compressed air was missing. I spent the next 6 hours debating whether I cut the bag open or not.

On November 27, 2017 at 2:10AM, the “not my” office was over 80 degrees. I only had 36 hours left. And I am starting to notice that the room smells a bit like broccoli. Why me? Opening the room door helped. But not for long. And I didn't open the door very much. I didn't want someone to come in the building in the middle of the night and see me. The room had to be 90 degrees when I passed out.

On November 27, 2017 at 9:30AM, the room had cooled off to about 75 degrees. I continued picking the lock and taking 15 minute breaks to stretch the hand cramps. I decided to cut the bag.

At around 6 hours, I started to get discouraged, but I kept going. The cutting took about 7 hours, even with two pairs of wire cutters. When I got the bag open, the treasure was mine.

I opened the cover of the laptop, and took the SSD drive out. Then I imaged the SSD, which took about 2 hours. During the imaging process, it was very hot in the room again, about 85 degrees this time. I noticed that maybe some stuff wasn't copied due to the software compatibility with the hardware. So I used a known-good software that I had and went through the whole imaging process again with that software. I imaged the drive again. Another 3 hours. It was still cooking broccoli in the room the whole time.

I put the SSD back into the laptop and closed everything up. I powered it on, and it still booted fine, so I quickly shut it down again, and then returned the laptop and bag back to its original spot.

The imaging was done.

And so was I. I passed out on asdf.

I woke up in the morning at about 6:30AM, and the room felt much cooler, about 73 degrees. At that point, people were at work. No one noticed me leave as far as I know.

I’m counting on Mr. Vacation to value his six-figure income more than a few files. I know I do.