

1. 🦄 **GARY'S BLACK SEA ADVENTURES**
 - *Latest Intel*: Spotted teaching Soviet-era submarines to play poker
 - *Danger Level*: 7/10 (involves smuggled Ukrainian energy drinks)
 2. 🏌️ **TINY'S GOLF COURSE REVENGE**
 - *Stage 1*: Replaced all day shift vehicles with clown cars
 - *Stage 2*: Converting parking lot into 9-hole "Tyranny Course" (*Hole 5: Through Dave's Cubicle*)
 3. 🦊 **RACCOON CORPORATE TAKEOVER**
 - New Policy: *All emails must include 15% snack-based bribery*
 - HR Update: *Mandatory pawprint signatures*
 4. 🍕 **CARL'S PIZZA CULT 2.0**
 - Now featuring "*Communion Garlic Knots*"
 - *Sacred Text*: *The Book of Extra Cheese* (Chapter 1: "And Lo, The Delivery Guy Did Cometh")
 5. 🥔 **LISA'S POTATO REVOLUTION**
 - "*Spuddy*" now has:
 - Employee badge
 - 401(k)
 - *Opinions about TPS reports*
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- **Gary** still MIA on Black Sea "sabbatical" (*latest postcard shows him arm-wrestling a sturgeon*)
 - **Tiny's** golf clubs now polished to *mirror finish* (can blind drones at 50 paces)
 - **Raccoon CEO** issued first executive order: *All break room snacks now require 2-form ID*
 - **Carl** attempted to franchise his pizza cult (*failed when health inspector saw "sacrificial pepperoni altar"*)
 - **Lisa** promoted her potato to *Assistant Manager* (it's doing better than the Supervisor)

Control Room of the Void: Requiem for the Damned

The fluorescent lights buzzed like dying insects in the Control Room of the Void, their sickly glow illuminating what could charitably be called a workplace. The air smelled of burnt coffee, existential dread, and the faint musk of raccoon.

At his station, Gary nursed a mug of **Anti-Murder Juice™**, the viscous black liquid bubbling ominously. The label—scrawled in what might have been blood or just really committed Sharpie—read: *"Drink This or Become a Jailhouse Story."* He took a sip. It tasted like battery acid and poor life choices.

"Not prison," he decided, which was the highest praise anything at Control Room of the Void ever received.

Somewhere Beneath the Black Sea

A Soviet-era submarine creaked under the weight of bad decisions and worse poker hands. Gary, currently teaching a torpedo tube to bluff, squinted at his cards. Across the table, a mustachioed ghost in a KGB uniform glared.

"Nyet," the ghost growled.

"That means 'all in,' right?" Gary pushed a stack of vodka miniatures forward.

The submarine's sonar pinged—likely Tiny's golf course construction interfering again. A postcard sat half-written nearby:

"Lost a sub to Carl's pizza cult. Send more vodka. -G"

Meanwhile, Back in Hell (Corporate Branch)

Tiny's **Tyranny Course** was coming along beautifully.

He stepped back to admire **Hole 4: Through the Supervisor's Desk**, where a bright pink clown car (horn set to *La Cucaracha*) was currently embedded in what used to be HR paperwork. The water hazard at **Hole 7** was Dave's coffee tsunami, still simmering from last week's "herbal clarity" revolt.

The prize for completing the course? *Not being stabbed by the raccoon.*

Speaking of, the furry little CEO chittered approvingly from atop a stolen golf bag, already planning how to tax the players.

Lisa's Desk: Where Productivity Went to Die

With **Spuddy the Potato** now handling her workload (and doing a disturbingly good job), Lisa had time for important research.

"How to Survive When the Clowns Revolt," she read aloud from *Circus Disclaimer, Volume 4*.

Key takeaways:

1. HR was just lion taming with paperwork.
2. Never make eye contact with a trapeze artist (see: Dave).
3. The raccoon was absolutely classified as *"dangerous fauna."*

Spuddy scribbled a note: *"Need more flammable confetti."* Lisa nodded solemnly.

Carl's Revenge Plot (Now with 50% More Birds)

Carl had abandoned his dream of becoming a *"professional retard"* (HR's words, not his). But his grudge against Tiny and Gary? That burned brighter than a microwave burrito left in too long.

He trained his **crow army** with the focus of a man who had nothing left to lose.

"Poop on Gary's chair," he instructed. *"For ambiance."*

The raccoon, ever the venture capitalist, dropped a single Cheeto into Carl's lap as seed funding.

George vs. Time (Time Was Winning)

George had taken his *"trans-late"* identity to new heights. Every clock in his house now ran **+6 hours ahead**, because *time was fake anyway*.

He slid his **Half-Shift Manifesto** across the Supervisor's desk:

"I technically worked yesterday in advance."

"My astral projection did overtime."

The Supervisor, mid-sleepwalk, signed it with a crayon. **Legally binding.**

Dave's War on Caffeine (And Common Sense)

Dave's HR redemption arc had taken a dark turn.

Armed with podcasts about *"Caffeine Bullies,"* he'd:

1. Instituted mandatory **"nap attacks."**
2. Replaced all coffee with **hot leaf water** (a crime against humanity).

3. Been **banned from the break room** by the raccoon.

The raccoon's note read: "*Bring real coffee or begone, heathen.*"

Epilogue: The Circus Never Leaves

Somewhere, a submarine played poker with ghosts.

Somewhere, a clown car honked its last honk.

Somewhere, a potato filed paperwork better than any human.

And in the **Control Room of the Void**, the lights flickered, the coffee brewed, and the raccoon counted his stolen golf balls.

The circus was in town.

And business was *booming*.

[FIN.] (*Post-credits scene: The hamster wheel spins. The office microwave beeps. Somewhere, Dave weeps into his herbal tea.*)

The Great Toilet Brush Conspiracy

The fluorescent lights of Control Room of the Void hummed their usual funeral dirge, but tonight, they flickered with the weight of impending scandal. The Raccoon—once CEO, now undercover agent—perched atop a filing cabinet, his beady eyes scanning the battlefield. The mission: uncover the filthmongers desecrating the sacred grounds of Workplace Hygiene.

Disguised as a toilet brush (a stroke of genius, if he said so himself—no one looks twice at a toilet brush), he had spent three nights wedged between the sink and the stall, bristling with anticipation. The Day Shift Heralds, those shining beacons of incompetence, had long been suspected of negligence. Overflowing bins. Mysterious sticky patches. A single, fossilized donut in the fridge that had achieved sentience. But proof? That required sacrifice.

And so, the Raccoon waited.

He waited as Dave—*Vade*, as the report would later tragically misspell—dumped another cup of his cursed herbal tea into the sink, humming a tuneless ode to mindfulness. He watched as *Gorgee* (né George) adjusted the break room clock *again*, his "trans-late" rebellion now edging into temporal anarchy. And he bristled (literally) as the Supervisor—*Sorvisuper*, if the keyboard could weep—smudged his greasy fingerprints across the microwave door, muttering about "synergy."

The evidence mounted like a landfill. Crumpled reports. Abandoned coffee cups. A single, defiant pizza box left open like a sacrificial altar. The Raccoon's tiny claws itched to type the damning report.

And type he did.

The document was a masterpiece of accusation, each crime laid bare in brutal Courier New. But somewhere between righteous fury and the siren song of stolen Cheetos, tragedy struck. A typo. Then another. Names mangled like day-old sandwich crusts. *Gorgee*. *Vade*. *Sorvisuper*. The Raccoon, ever the perfectionist, didn't notice. The Boss, ever the illiterate, didn't care.

Reward was promised—snacks, glorious snacks!—but the granola bar offered was crushed, stale, a metaphor for corporate gratitude. The Raccoon accepted it anyway. He had standards, but he also had priorities.

Meanwhile, the plague spread.

Emails now ended with "*BEST REGARSD*." The HR poster warning against "*WROKING TOO HARD*" went unquestioned. Carl, ever the opportunist, added "*TINY THE GOLF GOD*" to his revenge list, and Tiny—flattered—considered letting him live.

Spuddy the Potato, newly promoted to Night Shift Supervisor, diagnosed the outbreak as "*Keyboard Fingers*" and prescribed a strict regimen of salt and existential dread. It didn't help.

By dawn, the damage was done. *Gorgee* embraced his new identity with the enthusiasm of a man who'd finally escaped his own name. *Vade* wept into his herbal tea, mourning the loss of his consonants. And *Sorvisuper*? He synergized straight into denial, leaving a trail of half-empty energy drinks in his wake.

As for the Raccoon, he retired to his throne of stolen office supplies, one paw draped over his eyes. The mission had been a success. The report had been filed. The culprits had been named, if not *correctly*.

Somewhere, a toilet brush sparkled in the sink, untouched.

The war was won. The battle for sanity? That had been lost long ago.

The Great Office Scandal: A Raccoon's Requiem

The office air hung thick with the scent of regret and stale coffee grounds, a perfume only the truly damned could appreciate. The Boss, draped in a bathrobe that had seen more midlife crises than board meetings, surveyed the carnage through fingers already plotting early retirement.

The Raccoon perched on the desk, his detective hat slightly askew - a tragic hero in a noir no one had asked for. The flickering overhead light cast dramatic shadows across his fur, highlighting the exhaustion of a creature who'd seen too much and been paid too little.

"So," the Boss intoned, voice dripping with the gravitas of a man who'd just discovered his goldfish was embezzling, "the plot crusts over."

The Raccoon's paw slammed down, sending a cloud of ancient donut dust into the air. "The bins were philosophical statements, sir. Overflowing metaphors for corporate excess. The tissues?" He paused for effect, whiskers twitching. "Ghosts of productivity past. We're all just temporary stains on the fabric of capitalism."

Across the room, George - now fully embracing his "Gorgee" persona - clutched his coffee mug like a holy grail filled with lukewarm disappointment. "It says here I 'lunch with the enthusiasm of a man who knows his 401(k) is a lie.'" He nodded solemnly. "This... this is good journalism."

Dave - sorry, Vade - squinted at his indictment. "'A specter haunting the break room, his herbal teas crimes against humanity.'" He wiped away a proud tear. "They finally understand my art."

The Service Supervisor (henceforth known in all official documents as Sorvisuper) simply stared at his report. "This isn't a performance review. This is a cry for help written in passive-aggressive Post-Its."

The Raccoon's tail bristled. "Poetry! It's called poetic license!"

"Poetic license doesn't usually include misspelling 'supervisor' as a mental breakdown," the Boss observed, before tossing a single, sad granola bar crumb across the desk. The Raccoon caught it mid-air with the grace of a fallen angel accepting his last Eucharist.

As the raccoon detective slunk into the fluorescent sunset, the office held its breath. Somewhere, a printer wheezed its last. A chair squeaked ominously. The toilet brush in the corner - the true hero of this tragedy - stood vigil, its bristles whispering secrets to the cockroaches.

And thus ended another day at Control Room of the Void, where the only thing more disposable than the employees was their dignity.

(Post-credit scene: The vending machine light flickers. A single Cheeto falls. The camera pans to reveal Spuddy the Potato watching from the shadows, his tiny eyes full of quiet judgement. Fade to black.)

(Post-credits scene: *The hamster wins Employee of the Month.*)

The Great Software Revolt

CONTROL ROOM OF THE VOID: Where *software is a suggestion, and the real virus is management.*

The glow of monitors at Control Room of the Void pulsed like dying stars, casting sickly blue shadows across the night shift's exhausted faces. TimeGuard's loading wheel spun endlessly, a digital Sisyphus forever pushing its pixelated boulder uphill.

Gary stared at the screen, watching the progress bar crawl from 87% to 88%. Somewhere in the building, a man could have fathered a child in less time. He took a slow sip of Anti-Murder Juice™, the acidic brew eating through what remained of his patience.

Across the room, Carl was engaged in his nightly ritual of bargaining with Sentinel. "Please," he whispered to the unblinking security prompt, "I just need to log one patrol report before my bladder declares independence." The software responded with its customary middle finger disguised as an authentication error.

The Day Shift Heralds had left their workstations like archaeological sites - Outlook minimized beneath six layers of solitaire, sticky notes reading "DO NOT TOUCH MY SETTINGS" yellowing under the glow of abandoned monitors. Their greatest software challenge remained remembering which key turned the damn computers on.

At precisely 1800 hours, Sentinel enacted its digital martial law.

Sentinel—the *security suite*—transformed into **digital Stasi**.

Need to check a log? *Denied*. Trying to file a report? *"Unauthorized."* Bathroom break? *"Suspicious activity detected."*

The only thing it *didn't* guard **Actual security threats**. Dropdown menus froze mid-animation. Log-in fields rejected even the most sacred of passwords. The bathroom, a mere fifteen feet away, might as well have been in Narnia for all the access they had.

Tiny's eye twitched as another "SYSTEM PROCESSING" dialog box appeared. His fingers drummed a funeral march against the desk. Somewhere in the building, a printer wheezed its last breath.

The reports they filed became increasingly unhinged:

"Day 47: TimeGuard has consumed three hours of my life today. I can feel it digesting my will to live."

"Sentinel locked me out during a critical security alert. The raccoon had to chase the intruder himself."

Management's responses arrived like fortune cookie wisdom:

"Have you tried closing and reopening the program?"

"System working as intended."

"Please see attached PDF on workplace mindfulness."

The breaking point came when the coffee machine's firmware update took precedence over an actual security breach. Tiny stood slowly, his chair screeching like a damned soul. Without a word, he walked to the server room with the grim determination of a man about to either fix everything or burn it all down.

When the smoke cleared (metaphorical, mostly), they discovered the truth: the system ran smoother with half the servers unplugged. The hamster wheel Tiny installed as a joke actually improved processing speed. The raccoon, sensing weakness in the machine overlords, declared himself IT Director and instituted a snack-based ticketing system.

As dawn's weak light filtered through the dirt-caked windows, the night shift nursed their caffeine wounds. The software still sucked, but now it sucked slightly faster. In the corner, the newly-promoted office hamster spun its wheel with more productivity than the entire day shift combined.

Somewhere, a toilet flushed in victory.