

Control Room of the Void: The Great Automotive Deception

The fluorescent lights buzzed like angry hornets trapped in purgatory, their sickly glow casting long shadows across the Control Room of the Void. The air hung thick with the scent of stale coffee, broken dreams, and the faint metallic tang of mischief in the making.

Gary leaned back in his chair, the ancient leather creaking like a dying man's last breath. His fingers steepled beneath his chin in a gesture that would have looked villainous if not for the half-eaten donut stuck to his sleeve. Across the desk, Tiny scrolled through Google results that would make an HR representative spontaneously combust.

"What if," Gary began, his voice dripping with the kind of glee usually reserved for arsonists and lottery winners, "we convince Carl his car got obliterated by a truck?"

Tiny didn't even look up. "Beautiful. But let's make it hurt."

And so the conspiracy was born.

Carl's 2007 Arse'pel sat in the parking lot like a monument to automotive despair - its cassette player still functional if you wedged a ballpoint pen just right, its upholstery permanently imprinted with the ghosts of a thousand fast food meals. It was, in every sense, the perfect mark.

The operation unfolded with military precision:

AI-generated "security footage" of a horrific collision featuring a suspiciously Supervisor-shaped driver (because why the hell not). MS Paint enhancements that walked the fine line between "professional" and "felony". Sound effects that included explosions and - for that extra touch of realism - the blood-curdling screams of what might have been a raccoon or possibly Dave after his fifth energy drink.

The final product was a masterpiece of deception: a 4K, slow-motion tragedy where Carl's beloved rustbucket folded like a cheap lawn chair beneath the wheels of a semi bearing the license plate "YOU-R-D00M". The truck then vanished into the digital ether, leaving only flames and emotional devastation in its wake.

The reveal was everything they'd hoped for.

Carl's face cycled through the five stages of grief at record speed: denial ("That's not my car. Mine has character"), rage ("I'LL KILL THAT TRUCK DRIVING SON OF A-"), bargaining

("Maybe just the wheels got crushed?"), depression (clutching a pizza box like it was the last life raft on the Titanic), and finally, acceptance ("I'm gonna burn this place to the FUCKING ground").

Chaos, as it tended to do, ensued.

Carl stormed the parking lot armed with a broken keyboard and a vengeance checklist that began with "find truck" and ended with "commit crimes". The raccoon, sensing blame coming its way, framed Dave by planting a trucker hat in his cubicle. Dave, ever the optimist, tried to comfort Carl with talk of art therapy and emotional processing, earning himself a stapler to the kneecap for his troubles.

It was Lisa who finally livestreamed the entire meltdown under the title "Workplace Wellness Gone Wrong", garnering three likes and one concerned comment from what appeared to be Carl's mother.

The jig came up when Gary cracked under the weight of his own guilt (or possibly because Carl had started drafting his resignation in ketchup). "Okay fine! It was fake! The truck wasn't real!"

Tiny nodded. "Your car's still a rolling OSHA violation, but technically intact."

Carl stared into the middle distance for a long moment before uttering the words that would haunt HR for weeks: "...Can you AI-generate me a settlement check from the truck company?"

As dawn broke over the smoldering ruins of Carl's trust in humanity, the night shift regrouped. The raccoon added "framing trucks" to its growing list of human crimes. Gary and Tiny toasted their successful gaslighting with coffee strong enough to dissolve spoons. And somewhere in the parking lot, the Arse'pel sat unharmed but forever tainted by the knowledge that its owner had, however briefly, considered arson as a reasonable response to vehicular manslaughter.

Control Room of the Void: Where the line between prank and psychological warfare was just another item on the HR complaint form.

(Post-credits scene: The raccoon sharpens a paperclip gavel. A single crow files a workers' comp claim. Somewhere, a printer whimpers.)

Next time on Control Room of the Void: Carl's revenge plot involving deepfake technology and a telenovela script.

To be continued... because no one ever really quits the night shift - they just get promoted to customer.

Control Room of the Void: The Great Pizza Schism

The fluorescent lights buzzed like dying flies in the Control Room of the Void, their sickly glow illuminating what could charitably be called a workplace—if one were feeling particularly generous that day. The air smelled of burnt coffee, existential dread, and now, unmistakably, betrayal.

It began, as all great tragedies do, with the fridge.

Carl stood frozen before the open appliance, his face a mask of horror usually reserved for natural disasters and HR meetings. In his trembling hands, he clutched the offending object: a single slice of pizza, its surface now home to a thriving ecosystem of green fuzz.

"WHO THE HELL PUT MOLD ON MY HISTORICAL ARTIFACT?!" His voice cracked with the anguish of a man who'd lost not just a snack, but a dear friend.

Across the room, Lisa paused mid-self-conversation. "Lisa," she murmured to herself, "that's biohazard." A beat. "But Lisa," she replied, "science needs specimens."

Carl brandished the slice like Exhibit A in a murder trial. "This wasn't just pizza! This was emotional support pizza!"

Lisa shrugged, the motion sending her "World's Okayest Employee" mug sliding precariously across her desk. "It was already dead, Carl."

And so the war began.

The Battle Lines Are Drawn

What followed was a conflict of epic proportions, the likes of which hadn't been seen since the Great Vending Machine Heist of '23.

Carl's Offensive:

Emotional Blackmail: "This pizza saw me through three divorces! It was there for me when no one else was!"

Guilt Trips: "You wouldn't understand—your food doesn't have soul! Your yogurt probably has *expiration dates*!"

Nuclear Option: "I'll tell Dave you stole his stapler!"

Lisa's Counterattack:

Psychological Warfare: "Carl, the mold is literally waving at you. That's either penicillin or the ghost of your poor life choices."

Gaslighting: "Maybe *you're* the mold. Have you considered that?"

Negotiation: "I'll trade you half a granola bar to let this go."

Both turned to recruit allies, only to find the battlefield suspiciously empty.

The Abandoned Front

Gary was, *coincidentally*, on "patrol" during the entire ordeal—a fact no one questioned, as his sudden interest in perimeter checks aligned perfectly with his well-documented policy of avoiding drama at all costs.

Tiny, meanwhile, was engaged in his sacred ritual of polishing his "Wheels-of-Hell" sedan, his focus so intense it bordered on religious fervor.

"Tiny!" Carl pleaded. "Back me up! This is sacrilege!"

"Tiny!" Lisa countered. "Be rational! It's compost now!"

Tiny didn't look up, his buffing motions never faltering. "Sorry, boys. I don't involve myself in peasant disputes."

The raccoon, sensing weakness, made his move. In one fluid motion, he snatched the moldy slice mid-argument and devoured it without breaking eye contact—a power move that silenced the room.

The Aftermath

The war ended not with a bang, but with the quiet despair of men and women who had seen too much.

Carl took up vigil at the **Empty Fridge Shrine**, a monument to lost snacks and broken dreams. Lisa returned to her ASMR recordings, whispering "*The sound of emotional*

defeat... so crunchy" into her microphone. Tiny's sedan gleamed so brightly it temporarily blinded Dave, who took it as a sign from the universe and promptly called in sick.

And the raccoon? The raccoon sat atop his throne of stolen office supplies, licking his paws with quiet satisfaction. Somewhere in the distance, a microwave beeped ominously.

Control Room of the Void: Where friendships died over dairy products, and priorities had long since jumped out the emergency exit.

(Post-credits scene: Gary emerges from a janitor's closet, covered in dust and regret. The raccoon eyes a new target—the break room toaster. Somewhere, Dave sobs into a handbook titled "Conflict Resolution for Dummies.")

To be continued... because the fridge remains a warzone, and someone just put their name on Gary's lunch.

Control Room of the Void: The Vanishing Act

The fluorescent lights in the Control Room of the Void buzzed their usual funeral dirge, but something was different. The air hung heavier, the shadows deeper. The heart had gone out of the place - because Gary, the undisputed king of chaos, had disappeared.

All that remained was a single sticky note clinging desperately to his monitor:

"Gone fishing. Or faking my death. You pick." - Gary

The office collectively held its breath.

The Great Mystery

Rumors spread like wildfire through the stale office air:

Carl leaned against the break room fridge, nursing a lukewarm energy drink. "He's joined a Black Sea pirate crew," he declared solemnly. "Always did have a thing for rum and poor life choices."

Lisa, mid-self-debate about the ethics of microwaving cutlery, disagreed. "No, no. He's living in a cave somewhere. Writing his manifesto - *101 Ways to Gaslight Your Coworkers*."

The raccoon said nothing. He simply left a Google Maps pin on Tiny's desk - a beach bar in Odessa - with a note that read: *"He better bring back snacks."*

Meanwhile, Tiny - ever the patient villain - waited.

He polished his golf clubs with the care of a man preparing for a tournament he'd never play. He detailed his "Wheels-of-Hell" sedan until it gleamed like a middle manager's bald spot. And he stared at Gary's empty chair like it had personally offended him and owed money.

The Descent Into Madness

Without Gary, the night shift descended into something resembling purgatory.

Carl's attempt to start a pizza cult fizzled when no one showed up to the inaugural meeting (though the raccoon did steal the sacrificial pepperoni). Lisa's solo debates grew increasingly unhinged ("Lisa, no, you can't file TPS reports in iambic pentameter—"). Dave, in a fit of HR-inspired madness, declared pants optional.

Even the raccoon seemed affected - he napped so hard one afternoon, he allegedly time-traveled to Tuesday. No one could confirm, but the break room microwave did display a suspiciously futuristic timestamp.

The day shift, blissfully unaware as always, continued their own brand of incompetence:

George arrived so late he technically worked negative hours. The Supervisor discovered Excel and immediately regretted it ("What fresh hell is a *formula*?"). The Big Boss sent a company-wide email that simply read: "*Who's Gary?*"

The Waiting Game

Tiny had a plan:

1. Let the world miss Gary.
2. Let the chaos build.
3. Profit (somehow).

But by week three, even his resolve was cracking. His pranks lacked their usual venom (replacing Dave's herbal tea with slightly different herbal tea was just sad). His attempt to teach the raccoon golf ended with a broken window and several offended crows. At one point, he even considered *actual work* before shuddering and pouring himself another coffee. Then - salvation.

A postcard arrived, the edges slightly singed as if it had fought its way through hell to reach them. The message was brief:

"Weather's great. Sea's salty. Miss the raccoon. Not you. - G"

Tiny smiled. The game was still on.

The Calm Before the Storm

As dawn crept through the blinds like an uninvited guest, the night shift prepared for another day of barely contained anarchy:

Carl slept under a blanket made entirely of pizza boxes. Lisa whispered secrets to a potato in the supply closet ("You *get* me"). The raccoon sharpened a paperclip into something that might have been a crown or a shiv - hard to tell.

Somewhere far away, Gary sipped cheap vodka on a sun-drenched beach, grinning at the slow-motion implosion he'd left behind.

Control Room of the Void: Where even absence was a power move, and the only real boss was a rodent with a paperclip crown.

(Post-credits scene: The vending machine eats a euro coin. The microwave beeps ominously. Somewhere, Dave tries to mediate a conflict between two staplers.)

To be continued... because no one ever really quits the Control Room of the Void - they just fade into the background noise of buzzing fluorescents and broken dreams.