

***Disclaimer: if you find any references to places or real life persons it is pure coincidence – all here is fictional***

## **Title: "Control Room of the Void After Dark: Where IQ Goes to Die"**

The graveyard shift at Control Room of the Void unfolded like a tragicomedy written by a drunk Shakespeare. The fluorescent lights buzzed ominously—either from faulty wiring or the collective despair of the staff.

Gary, the lone sentinel of sanity, stared at Monitor #7, where yet another genius had activated the motion sensor by walking past their own car. "Alert: Suspicious Vehicle (It's Mine)," the log read. Gary sighed, rubbing his temples. His will to live drained faster than his coffee cup.

Beside him, Dave was deep in a critical phone debate: "Nah, babe, pineapple definitely belongs on pizza—hold on, another call's coming in—HELLO? Oh. You locked yourself inside your own bathroom? Sir, this is a security company. Call a locksmith. Or a therapist."

Enter Trainee Tim, fresh meat for the grinder. "So... what's the protocol if someone, like, forgets their own name?" Gary handed him a stress ball shaped like a skull. "Squeeze until the pain stops."

In the corner, Lisa—the boss's "favorite" (wink, wink)—was painting her nails neon pink. Carl, the supervisor's nephew, was "monitoring" his fantasy football stats. Both were essential personnel, obviously.

Then, like a tornado of misplaced confidence, The Supervisor burst in. "Another flawless shift, team!" he crowed, adjusting his tie (which had a mustard stain shaped like his ego). "Remember: I turned this department around. I am the reason we're operational. I—"

The phone rang. Gary answered.

"Hi, yeah, so... my cat's stuck in a tree?"

"Ma'am, we guard parking lots."

"Yeah, but, like... you got ladders, right?"

The Supervisor barreled over, puffing his chest. "Let me handle this—HELLO, MA'AM! SUPERVISOR HERE! TOP-TIER PROBLEM SOLVER! ...Uh-huh... Uh-huh... Well, have you tried yelling louder at the cat?"

Gary stared into the void. Somewhere, a clock ticked. Somewhere, a raccoon looted the break room. Somewhere, God laughed.

\*Control Room of the Void: Where every call is a dare to your patience, and the only real crime is the supervisor's haircut.\*

## **Title: "Midnight at Control Room of the Void: A Symphony of Stupidity"**

The fluorescent lights hummed a funeral dirge over **Control Room of the Void Control**—a place where hope went to die, and brain cells committed seppuku.

**Gary**, the only one who actually *worked*, glared at the 47th CCTV alert of the night. A moth had declared war on Camera 12. Again. He sighed, his coffee colder than his ex-wife's heart.

Beside him, **Dave** was mid-conversation: "*No, babe, I swear, this job's stressful—uh huh—yeah, like, so many buttons...*" His phone was practically grafted to his ear. Rumor was he'd once taken a call *during a fire alarm*. Legend.

Enter **Trainee Tim**, wide-eyed and doomed. "*So... do we, like, help people?*" Gary handed him the "Emergency Procedures" binder—which contained one page: "**PANIC.**"

In the corner, **Lisa** scrolled Instagram, her status as the boss's "work wife" ensuring her immunity from effort. **Carl**, the supervisor's cousin, napped upright like a budget vampire.

And then—**The Supervisor**. Oh, *him*. He strutted in like a peacock that had mistaken itself for a unicorn, clipboard in hand (unused), tie askew (also unused). "*Team, we need to elevate our performance!*" he announced, as Camera 14 caught a raccoon breaking into the snack machine. **Again.**

## "Control Room of the Void: The Saga Continues (Because Apparently, We Haven't Suffered Enough)"

The next shift began as all shifts do at **Control Room of the Void Control**—with the piercing screech of a chair that hadn't been oiled since the Bush administration. **Gary** slumped into his seat, already exhausted by the mere presence of the login screen.

**Dave**, of course, was already mid-conversation: *"Babe, no, I swear I wasn't ignoring you—I was just dealing with a critical call about a guy who forgot where he parked... at his own house."* He paused. *"No, babe, yes, I know that's not a real emergency—BUT WHAT IF IT WAS?"*

**Trainee Tim**, now on Day 2, had the wide-eyed stare of a man who'd just realized he'd signed up for a psychological experiment. *"So... what do we do if someone calls because their microwave is beeping?"* Gary handed him a post-it note that just read **"SCREAM INTERNALLY."**

Meanwhile, **Lisa** was explaining to **Carl**—*again*—that no, watching TikTok compilations of fail videos *did not* count as "surveillance training." Carl nodded solemnly and went back to scrolling.

And then—**The Supervisor**. He swept in like a hurricane of delusion, his dress shoes squeaking with the confidence of a man who'd once been Employee of the Month (a title he'd awarded *himself*). *"Team, let's raise the bar today!"* he announced, as Camera #3 captured a drunk raccoon trying to *swipe into the building with a stolen keycard*.

The phone rang. Gary answered.

*"Hi, uh... my kid's goldfish isn't moving?"*

*"Sir, this is security."*

*"Yeah, but, like... you guys have flashlights to check if it's dead, right?"*

The Supervisor snatched the receiver. *"SUPERVISOR HERE! Let me assist! Have you tried threatening the fish with termination? Works on my team!"* He winked at Gary, who briefly considered self-immolation.

Somewhere, a printer jammed. Somewhere, a moth staged a coup on Camera #9. Somewhere, the universe whispered: *"You chose this."*

**Control Room of the Void: Where the only thing we're securing is our place in hell.**

## **Control Room of the Void: The Unwanted Heroes**

The fluorescent lights buzzed their eternal hymn in the Control Room of the Void, their sickly glow illuminating the kind of workplace OSHA would condemn if OSHA cared enough to show up. Tonight, the air tasted different—thicker, like the prelude to an HR violation.

Gary, his coffee mug permanently fused to his hand, stared at the mountain of incident reports before him. Across the desk, Tiny loomed like a sarcastic monolith, cracking his knuckles with the sound of pending corporate mutiny.

*"We've got a situation,"* Gary announced, slamming the stack down hard enough to make the raccoon look up from his stolen stapler.

Tiny squinted at Camera #5's feed. *"Is that the supervisor's company car parked in the fire lane... again?"*

Gary's grin could have powered the building. *"And the plot thickens—he's smoking in a no-smoking zone."*

They moved with the synchronicity of men who'd spent too long in the trenches of corporate absurdity. Reports were filed. Violations were highlighted in colors that screamed *"you're fucked."* Every email was CC'd to people whose job titles contained words like "compliance" and "oversight," because nothing terrified middle management like paper trails.

## **The Reckoning**

The next morning, the supervisor stormed in, his face the shade of a safety vest that had given up on life. *"WHO THE HELL KEEPS FILING REPORTS ABOUT ME?!"*

Gary sipped his coffee—black, bitter, and strong enough to kill a lesser man. *"Dunno. Maybe... the ghost of accountability?"*

Tiny, ever the poet, added: *"Or maybe someone should read the employee handbook. Page 42, subsection 'Don't Be a Hypocrite.'"*

The room held its breath. Lisa gasped like she'd just witnessed a murder. Carl choked on his energy drink. Dave, mid-phone call about his latest HR epiphany, actually hung up. *"Wait... rules apply to bosses too?"*

The silence that followed was louder than the raccoon's snack tax demands.

### **The Fallout**

By lunch, corporate vultures had descended. The boss's "friend" was under review. The supervisor's "unicorn status" was downgraded to *"regular donkey."* And Gary and Tiny? They were given *"temporary promotions"*—which, in the Control Room of the Void, translated to *shut-up money* and a one-way ticket to the next disaster.

The phone rang. Gary answered.

*"Hi, yeah, so... I lost my imaginary friend in your parking lot—"*

Gary's smile was a blade. *"Sir, I absolutely will file a report. In triplicate."*

### **The Twist**

As dawn bled through the dirt-streaked windows, Gary and Tiny stood amidst the wreckage of their coup. Policies had been enforced. Hypocrites had been humbled. The raccoon was already drafting his *hostile takeover PowerPoint*.

*"They'll fire us for this, right?"* Tiny mused, flipping through the newly minted rulebook.

*"Oh, 100%,"* Gary agreed. *"But first?"* He nodded to the raccoon, now perched atop a filing cabinet like a furry little king. *"We're taking him with us."*

**Control Room of the Void: Where the real security risk was competence all along.**

*(Post-credits scene: The raccoon sharpens a paperclip scepter. Somewhere, Dave Googles "what is a union." A printer spontaneously combusts.)*

## Control Room of the Void: The Vanishing Truth

The fluorescent lights buzzed their familiar death rattle in the Control Room of the Void, casting jaundiced shadows across monitors that hadn't been cleaned since the Clinton administration. The CCTV screens flickered like disco strobes at a funeral, illuminating the kind of workplace absurdity that would make Kafka request a transfer.

Gary stared at the latest vanished incident report on his screen. Somewhere in the digital ether, another truth had been disappeared with the efficiency of a mob cleaner.

"Third time this week," he muttered, gesturing to the damning footage of the supervisor's golf buddies conducting their after-hours "VIP access." The timestamp glowed like an accusation.

Tiny didn't look up from his keyboard. "Poof," he deadpanned. "Replaced by... let me guess... another 'team positivity' memo?"

Gary nodded. The microwave bore scars of their frustration - the words "FIX THE DAMN CAMERAS" permanently etched beside the corpse of his sacrificed burrito. They'd tried everything: neon highlighters, midnight document drops, carrier pigeons. The corporate machine absorbed their complaints like a black hole absorbs light.

Across the room, the supervisor perfected his deflection techniques with the grace of a seasoned politician.

"Sir, about the stolen equipment logs—" Gary began.

"HA!" The supervisor's laugh was a weapon. "Funny story—my dog actually ate those reports! Labradors, am I right?" He winked. "How 'bout them Yankees?"

Tiny tried the fire exit violation. The supervisor clutched his sinuses like a wartime widow. "Blocked? You know what's really blocked?" A dramatic sniff. "My nasal passages. Allergies, man. It's tragic."

Meanwhile, the day shift floated through their delusions with the blissful ignorance of coma patients.

"Night shift?" Dave chuckled between HR podcast pauses. "You guys just watch Netflix and make up drama."

George sauntered in 47 minutes late. "Don't @ me," he announced to no one. "My chronological identity doesn't vibe with your oppressive time constructs."

Gary and Tiny exchanged the look of men who'd seen the building burning for years while everyone else complained about the nice ambiance.

"Should we tell them?" Tiny asked.

Gary sipped his coffee. "At this point? Let it burn."

### **The Furry Revolt**

The raccoon became their unlikely revolutionary.

Trained with military precision (and bribed with stolen Lunchables), their furry accomplice learned to:

1. Hit "send" on reports with disturbing accuracy
2. Liberate the supervisor's lunch (justice tasted like stolen tuna salad)
3. Enforce punctuality via ankle dentistry ("Gender-affirming care," Tiny explained to HR)

Corporate's response was predictable: a mandatory seminar titled "Raccoons: Friends or Foes?" featuring a PowerPoint made entirely in Comic Sans.

As dawn's weak fingers pried through the blinds, Gary and Tiny watched their creation shred the supervisor's "Employee of the Month" certificate with the precision of a seasoned bureaucrat.

"We've created a monster," Tiny observed.

Gary smiled. "No. We've created justice."

Somewhere, a printer jammed in solidarity.

**Control Room of the Void: Where the only real crime was giving a damn.**

*(Post-credits scene: The raccoon files paperwork to unionize the vending machines. Dave discovers his second job pays better. George sues the concept of linear time.)*