

Thirteenth Floor Part 1

By : **genoboost**

Those jerks on the thirteenth floor won't get the best of Hank and his cohorts.

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"Those monsters!" Murphy said in bewilderment, a tinge of fear swallowing his voice.

After a moment of uncomfortable silence, Reginald sounded off, "What about us, man! We played by the rules, We didn't get in anybodies way, and now look at us! We won't make it through the day with the supplies we have left! How could they just leave us here like this?"

Reginald's breath grew shorter and faster, he shoved a hand into his sports coat pocket, â Thank God I brought this suicide pill-"

With all the contempt and disgust I could muster, I reared my arm back and slapped Reginald's hand, sending the red and white pill soaring across the supply room.

"That pill cost fifteen hundred dollars!" Reginald cried as the pill faded from view.

Before he could try to retrieve it, I grabbed him by the arm and began my own tirade, "Look at you! Look at what you've become!" I spat, I also shoved my finger into his chest. He glared back at me in anger, clearly not enjoying the rough pokes to the chest, so I poked him some more. I don't like Reginald.

Eventually Reginald asked if I was going to do something, or just poke him all day. Fortunately, I had already thought of a plan, so I could stop poking him while I explained the idea to everyone. I then realized I could do both.

"I have an idea guys, now, this printing famine has hit us hard, but we can't lose our cool. We were sent to the supply room to get some paper and printer ink, and dammit, we aren't going to fail. Now this is what we are going to do..."

I outlined the details of the plan, and soon everyone was on board, all except Reginald, who only seemed to get angrier the longer I spoke, and jabbed him with my finger. If there were to be mutiny in our ranks, it was sure to be him. I poked him one more time really hard, to let him know I was onto his game.

The first order of business was weaponry. It would be foolhardy to go in there without weapons, and besides, my finger was all poked out, so my combat skills would be insufficient on this mission. I blamed Reginald for this detriment of course. We began to fashion crude weapons from the many objects lying around the office supply room. There were pushpin pitchforks, Bows fashioned of rubber bands and arrows made of sharpened pencils.

Reginald, unimaginative as always (you can't expect much out of the finance department) simply put a few heavy objects in a sack and swung it around. Credit to Murphy though, who pulled himself together long enough to replace his teeth with the metal fangs of a staple remover. He immediately bit me with them in a bid for dominance of our new war pack, but I fended him off by hitting him over the head with the yardstick I found, and was now pretending to be a scepter. I was the leader of this troop, and I had the three foot rod to prove it.

After we gathered our weapons, the next step was to head upstairs. This was where Gary and his comrades had our precious printing supplies. The savages on the thirteenth floor were likely to sacrifice our supplies

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tonight. For tonight would be a full moon, which is always when they held their Pagan rituals/forecast meetings to insure a good monthly sales forecast report. It was well known that the sales forecast advisory associates occupying the thirteenth floor were nothing but heretics using their dark magic to peer into the future. Reginald said they were probably just going to use our supplies for their printer, and that they made forecast reports based on previous sales figures and well understood equations.

A laughable notion that these 'monsters,' as Murphy put it so well, could even fathom the baffling technology of an office printer, and then the notion that 'equations' are any different from dark magic. Reginald disgusted me, and I spat on his shoes to let him know as much.

After waiting for Reginald to clean his shoes, since I refused to be party to such disheveled idiocy, it was time for phase two. We began our way up the southern stairwell, and entered from the side hall near the janitor's room. If they were anything like us, they avoided the janitor and his supply closet at all costs. From here it was only a short distance to the copy room/temple of hedonistic idol worship to rescue our sacred cargo from the foul tribe of Financial Forecasters. I would definitely make employee of the month for this, or die trying.

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