

## **A Day at the office**

I had a dream last night that would be the coolest horror movie. It started I was working at a company not sure about the product sold but there was a central office with over a dozen employees with tellers and an industrial kitchen that provided large quantities of prepackaged and prepared food. My office was in the corporate wing with the owner, vice president, accountants, sales reps, and me an executive assistant. One of my bosses had trouble with the computer she was working with and needed to be online with the network ASAP. After a quick run-through of the diagnostics, she then began to explain, in a stern voice, the prompt that appeared on the screen that indicated the problem. It was an s-video connection that was not properly connected or was set as the default port for the network. I began to check the connections physically and had several interruptions by her to speed up, loss of productivity, and other two cents' recommendations on how to fix things. All the while I thought, I will get it when I get it, I am working as fast as I can, and you do not know shit about computers. There was urgency from her and then others joined in around the office. I got the feeling that the end of the world was about to happen or something of that nature. I must have gotten the connection fixed quickly because I then started moving around the facility inspecting, not for quality assurance but for proper productivity or any problems. The company seemed to have a recurring shipment of new employees regularly because one came in and nothing was odd about it. As I went through the back area of the facility where the kitchen was there was a shipment of employees brought in but was treated with high security and diligence. They were created up in a small section in the far-right corner of the company. I got curious and downright nosey. I peered around the

area up high in the pipes that ran above your head if you walked the floor of the facility. I noticed that the people were treated like animals and they smelled of dead flesh and made noises that only a mother could love. For some reason, these two men wearing blue one-piece Nomex overalls with a white patch on the left chest area of the uniform with lettering on it, as a name badge came to the creates and opened the main gate of the unit and walked away. This must-have triggered a lock because all the people started coming out. They were seemingly normal but had a swagger to them and a determination in their step as if they were on a mission. Some were noticeably young and started acting crazy, cutting themselves, peeing on their cuts, hanging from pipe structures that were in the boiler room area. I managed to stay out of their sight, but others were not so lucky, they were terrorized. They brutally cut up, ate, tortured people, anyone that they saw in their sight. I got cornered at one time with dozens of them just self-mutilating and using urine to intensify the pain for pleasure. I was in fear of my life and the uncontrollable urge to find out why, what, and this just seemed purposely done for a reason. While I was cornered there was a young man that was cutting on an employee and was peeing on him mumbling the words “you are going to get it when she comes around”. The terrifying anticipation of the who the fuck is he talking about feeling just came over me like a glove. Knowing dome was around the corner shot my awareness and determination to a new level. I made my way back to what I thought were the more normal people. I started interacting with them to warn, inquire, and to shed some light of explanation to what was happening. Two men had large chopping knives with blood on them they were in butcher uniforms splattered with blood. I talked to them for a bit trying to keep my composure, so communication was established. I asked, “what is this?” “Everyone needs to get out of here they are just down the way there and

they are coming”. The two men informed me that they were going no where this has happened before and dismissed me like a layman individual. I made my way to the outside somehow and people were being cornered, chased, and then if caught treated like a rag doll for their amusement. No one had guns; no one seemed to have any fighting instruments of any kind to defend themselves. It was as if no one had a chance, everyone was caught off guard and running for their lives. I got to the central office and the tellers were locked up seemingly secure. I talked about the experiences I had, what was going on, and the danger that was all around us. As I spoke it was just falling on deaf ears, no one seemed to care, and they were not letting anyone in. One teller finally spoke reassuring me that it just needed to run its course. I managed to get inside with much persuasion. I began to explain what I had seen with the two blue-uniformed men and how purposefully their actions were as I walked deeper into the office. Suddenly there were loud noises, screams of terror, and sounds of liquid being splattered on the walls. I then met up with one of my bosses, the one with the computer problem, and she said, “I told you I needed to be on the network”.