**INTRODUCTIONS**

The suited man behind the desk stands and extends his hand to me.

- I think you'll be great in the job, he says.

**EVALUATIONS**

We shake together, the social ordeal of the interview behind us. The others file out. He continues.

- We'll get our people to speak to yours and smooth over the transitioning. Mags will send out the contracts today.
- Great - I'm really keen on the ideas we share. I can't wait to get started.
- Yes - it's great to have you back.

Wait - *what*?

**ASSESSMENTS**

As I slowly make my way back through the open plan space of the office I am greeted by name by people I neither know nor recognise. He accompanies me back to a dreary empty desk next to the water dispenser.

- We even have your old spot for you, unless you prefer something else?

I smile thinly at his offer and try to work out exactly what is happening here. *How do these people know me?*

**DISPOSALS**

Later, still in a thick blue haze of disbelief, I am waiting at the bus stop. The events of the last hour are still with me and unsettle upon me like an ill-fitting shirt. I wonder if I can take the job now. Can I walk in there ever again? What would become of me?

The bus draws up and I board it. The driver - another stranger - smiles up at me.

- Nice to see you again. Usual place, is it?