

"No sir, I'm afraid not sir. Your package...your package doesn't allow you to receive such memory types." I stammered into the microphone of my headset.

"My package? I have the PPM package! I can have whatever -" yelled the caller but his voice cut off abruptly as if he had died then and there to an overdose of anger. This was not the case. I had dropped my fist onto the shining red hang up button next to me. This button was the only way to hang up. Its bigness and redness was supposed to stop people from using it but they had also made it extremely satisfying to push. Which is why I was very liberal with my use of it. The button also sent a message to my manager. This was why my button pressing liberalism mightn't be wise.

I followed my button smash by tossing my headset from my head and skidding across my desktop. It clattered into a mound of Memory Cartridges. The mound lit up with a colour I like to call eye stabbing blue, a brilliant selection made by the designers at MemoryDive which made you want to forget every single memory they contained. The blue light came from small holograms on the cartridges. The cartridges tumbled over each other and the headset. This created a miniature light show, right here on MY desk, oh the privilege.

The rest of the office turned silent for a moment after I tossed my headset. You'd have thought that a gun had gone off. After they realised what had happened they returned to mumbling into their headsets. There were a few sighs. The sighs spoke to me and said "Mattice is having a tantrum again, what else is new?"

Within seconds of me pressing my button a door swung open on the other side of the room. The round metal handle smashed into the wall which held the door frame. The handle was cushioned by an existing door handle shaped dent in the wall. A man appeared in the door frame. Skanlis. My manager.

Skanlis was tall and thin. He reminded me thorned stem in both physicality and mentality. Everyone kept their heads down. A few snuck glances at me, seeing how I'd react. This was my execution, not my first one but an execution nonetheless and they wanted to see how a dead man walking would react.

Skanlis wound through the room, even his movement was like the growth of a thorned stem. As he drew closer I started to finger the edge of my desktop and kept my eyes off him. I couldn't watch. Soon he was behind me.

"Memory Distributor Mattice Vendure?" his tone was enquiring as if he didn't know who I was and was reading it from a clipboard.

Still not facing him I replied "What is the problem Skanlis?"

"Turn to face me and address me correctly"

I spun my egg shaped chair to face him, slouched down in the depths of my seat and replied with an unwavering voice "I'm quitting Skanlis"

He crossed his arms "Again? Just know when you come back, you won't be coming back to the same job."

"What's that meant to mean?" I began "It doesn't matter, I'm not coming back this time. I'm returning to my old life, whatever it takes."

"Ah, of course. Your life of fame and stardom. Please don't forget us little people whenever you are rich and famous" he couldn't contain his smile. Even if I wasn't staring directly at him I would have known he was smiling, his voice couldn't disguise his pleasure. Yet, It was

an artificial, hollow smile. Artificial because he designed it so as to irritate me and because it was composed of perfect, pearly teeth purchased for half a fortune. Skanlis took great pride in his physical appearance. Despite this in my eyes he looked wretched. He took pride in a physical appearance that wasn't conventionally attractive but instead it was conventionally intimidating. That bastard. Good riddance.

I stood from my chair, straightening in one fluid motion. It took Skanlis by surprise. I pivoted towards the office exit and walked away making sure to brush past Skanlis as I went.

Through the lobby I hurried, ignoring the mumbling of whoever sat at the front desk. I pushed through the next door at the front of the lobby and arrived onto the smoggy city streets.