

DECK 25

by Stanley Lieber

"Hand over the cassette."

Piotr eased his grip slightly, feigning a check for compliance. The ridiculous largess of this pantomime was lost on the perp. Piotr would retrieve the cassette, one way or another.

"NO JOB IS SO IMPORTANT AND NO SERVICE IS SO URGENT THAT WE CANNOT TAKE TIME TO PERFORM OUR WORK SAFELY AND IN AN ENVIRONMENTALLY RESPONSIBLE MANNER!" the perp screamed.

"Man, this job never changes," I remarked, speaking directly into my now empty coffee cup, dregs ringing my chin. Fucking regulations.

Piotr slammed the green door behind him. His patience finally and irretrievably lost.

Presently, an electronic interruption flitted the office network: FESTIVITIES COMMENCE AT 22:30, DECK 25.

Was not immediately clear if Piotr had been included on the distribution list.

The perp, awkwardly: "Uh."