

MAUDE MOLD

#37

by Stanley Lieber

ESTABLISHING THE TRANSLOCAL FOUNDER

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Birds like flies near the top of the Chrysler building. Plinth Mold had just announced the next round of layoffs, and already they were circling, waiting to peel face-lifts off of overpriced faces. This one was going to be brutal. Even his wife had to go.

He pressed the switch on his desk, unsure if anyone was still out there, employed or not, on the other side of his big, green door.

"Maude?"

She must have already cleaned out her desk.

Suddenly awakening in his very body, he placed the papers on his desk back into his safe, locked his office, and got the coffee himself. Things would run more smoothly around here from now on. No more substandard prompt engineering filling in the adult diapers with Balls Conkrite, pecker wheat, and scurrilous pabulum. Mobile suit god damn.

Only five years into the new epoch and already he'd fucked it all up.

Sports analogy.