

## ⑧ - Sleepy Hollow

*Ebenezabeth studied the letter. Some of the words seemed sleepy. Some other words seemed hollow. And certain other words...*

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

To put it simply, I quiz. You don't have to be a Bail Rathbone to deduce why I would resign, but let me resent you with a few examples: First of all, my cans of Spritz keep disappearing from the break room fridge. Second, at least once a moth, I find my favorite pen at somebody else's desk. And for some reason people can't void leaving all their stinky trash in my personal wastebasket.

But it's not just about me! I don't think we should have to pay a fez to use the office wifi. When the toilets stop working, as they so often do, I don't think the lumber's bill should come out of our paychecks. People in other workplaces don't have to pass a zest to prove they can be trusted with the printer! We're being droned in a flood of draconian policies. Open your eyes, people!

Since no zero is coming to rescue me from this madness, I'm getting out on my own. I hope the management will take this as a wake-up call, and change their ways before my (former) co-workers get any evolutionary ideas.

Sincerely,  
Anonymous

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