

You're Welcome

“I’m sorry. This is the only option I have.” My boss braids his fingers together and places his hands on the glass tabletop of his desk.

No it’s not, is the only thing going through my mind. I know there are about fourteen other things he can do about this situation. This solution is just the easiest and the cheapest, which is why my avaricious boss has decided it is the *only one*.

He looks worse than when I started working for him, three years ago. His dark suit is at least two sizes too small for him and few hairs he’s managed to hang on to have gone gray since I started working for him. The bags under his eyes carry at least a week’s worth of bad sleep and his fingernails have been chewed down to the quick.

I must have been silent for too long because my boss moves his head closer to me and says: “Did you hear me?”

I look into his grey eyes. There’s no worry or concern in them, only boredom and even satisfaction. He has probably already calculated how much extra money he will gain from my absence and will probably see dollar signs trailing me as I exit the building for the last time.

“I heard you,” I say. I make sure to keep my face blank, not giving him the satisfaction of tears or anger, even though a fire is crackling in my chest. I’ve hated this job from the very first moment, but without it I am at risk of losing everything. My apartment, my car and anything else I might have to my name. My boss knows that which is one of the reasons I’m so angry.

“Like I say,” he says and clears his throat. “It’s the only option I have.”

“Like hell it is.” *Crap*. Did I really say that aloud? I hadn’t meant to, but sometimes my mouth doesn’t seem to be in tow with what my brain is telling it to do.

“I’m sorry?” my boss says, yet again, but this time it’s question rather than an apology.

He clearly heard me, there is no going back now. So, I decide to go with it: “This isn’t the only option you have,” I say. “It’s just the one that will earn you the most money.” I get up and grab my purse, that was resting against one of the leg chairs. “That’s your only concern. It always has been.” Then I turn and storm out of his office. I hear him calling my name as I stomp down the hallway, but I don’t turn, and he doesn’t follow me.

My car is parked in the same spot it always is when I’m at work. I get in and slam the door. Then I give the steering wheel a good punch. *Oh world, why are you so cruel?* I ask myself as I roll the engine and put the car in reverse.

I'm about to back out, when I notice something white on the passenger seat, out of the corner of my eye. Frowning, I look down and see a small envelope lying in the seat next to me. It hadn't been there when I went in less than half an hour ago. *Did I leave the car open?* Is the first thought that enters my mind. The second is: *what the hell is in the envelope?*

I pick it up. There is nothing on the envelope itself, but when I open it and pull out a piece of paper I see word, handwritten in neat, cursive handwriting.

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I get out of my car and furiously look around the parking lot. I don't know what I'm looking for; one of my boss' minions or a former colleague that is enjoying my suffering a little too much (I can't think of a specific person, but I'm sure there's someone who didn't like me, behind my back). I don't see anyone, not a single person is in the parking lot.

I get back into my car, give the steering wheel another punch then run my hands through my hair. I thought the world wouldn't get any crueler. It has already put me at risk of losing everything, now it's making fun of me for it.

But the world didn't put this letter in my car. A person did. A person that may or may not have gotten me fired and now thinks I should be grateful for it. What kind of person could do that? What kind of sick mind do they have?

With questions roaming around inside my head, I put my car back into reverse and back out of the parking spot outside work, one last time.