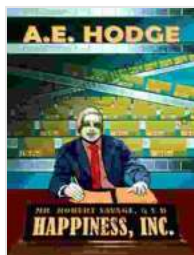


A Terrifying Tale of Corporate Greed and Bureaucracy: A Short Story of Corporate Horror Satire



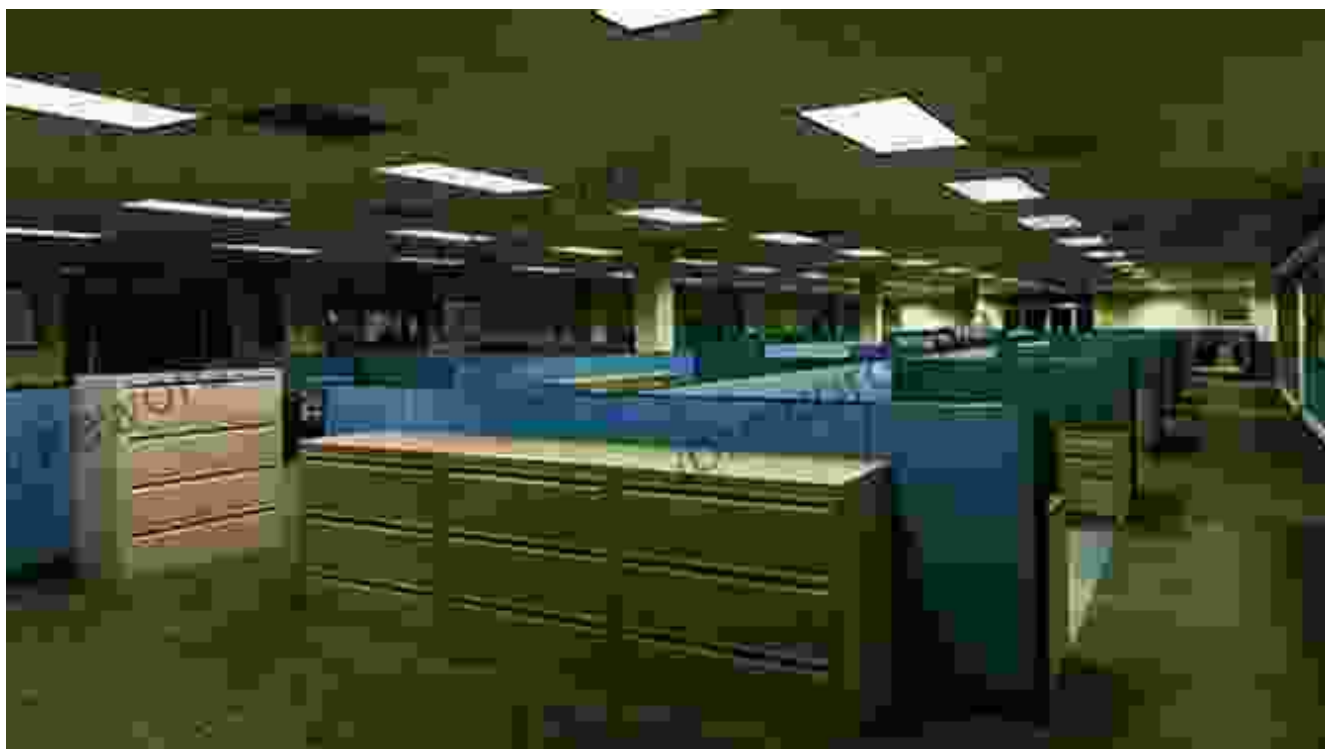
Happiness, Inc.: A Short Story of Corporate Horror-Satire by A.E. Hodge

★★★★☆ 4.4 out of 5

Language : English
File size : 734 KB
Text-to-Speech : Enabled
Screen Reader : Supported
Enhanced typesetting : Enabled
Word Wise : Enabled
Print length : 16 pages
Lending : Enabled

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In the cavernous depths of the monolithic corporation, where cubicles stretched endlessly like a honeycomb maze, there worked a timid soul named Arthur. A cog in the gargantuan machinery, Arthur toiled tirelessly, his existence reduced to a monotonous routine of data entry and endless meetings.

The corporation, a behemoth of glass and steel, loomed over the city like a soulless leviathan, its labyrinthine corridors echoing with the hollow footsteps of its hapless employees. Within its oppressive walls, bureaucracy reigned supreme, a labyrinthine web of rules and regulations that ensnared its victims like a suffocating blanket.

At the helm of this corporate behemoth sat the enigmatic CEO, Mr. Hawthorne, a ruthless tyrant whose icy gaze could send shivers down the spines of even the most hardened subordinates. Driven by an insatiable hunger for profit, Hawthorne ruled with an iron fist, crushing any semblance of individuality or compassion within his domain.

As the relentless march of time continued, the weight of the corporation's oppressive atmosphere pressed down on Arthur's fragile psyche. The endless drone of fluorescent lights, the suffocating conformity, and the constant surveillance chipped away at his sanity, transforming him into a mere shadow of his former self.

One fateful day, as Arthur sat hunched over his desk, lost in a sea of spreadsheets, a peculiar incident occurred. A seemingly innocuous email arrived in his inbox, bearing an innocuous subject line: "Performance Evaluation." A cold shiver ran down Arthur's spine as he opened the attachment, his heart pounding in his chest.

The evaluation was a damning indictment of Arthur's work, accusing him of subpar performance and a lack of "team spirit." A sense of dread washed over him as he realized the dire consequences that lay ahead. In the ruthless world of the corporation, failure was not tolerated, and the punishment for inadequacy was swift and severe.

Desperation gnawed at Arthur as he sought to rectify the situation, but every path he pursued led to a dead end. His pleas for assistance fell on deaf ears, as his colleagues, consumed by their own fears, retreated into their shells, unwilling to risk their own necks for a doomed man.

Trapped in a Kafkaesque nightmare, Arthur found himself spiraling down a vortex of despair. The once-familiar walls of his office seemed to close in on him, suffocating him with their oppressive presence. The endless rows of cubicles transformed into a prison, each one a solitary cell isolating him from the outside world.

As the days turned into nights, Arthur's grip on reality began to slip. The boundaries between his waking and dreaming hours blurred, and he found himself haunted by grotesque visions of the corporation's true nature. The faceless drones that filled the cubicles morphed into grotesque monsters, their eyes glowing with a cold, predatory light.

In a moment of desperation, Arthur stumbled upon a hidden door concealed within the labyrinthine corridors of the corporation. Driven by a mix of fear and morbid curiosity, he pushed open the door and stepped inside, his heart pounding in his chest.

The room that lay before him was a grotesque parody of a corporate boardroom. The walls were adorned with twisted caricatures of the

company's executives, their faces contorted into grotesque smiles. At the head of the table sat Mr. Hawthorne himself, his eyes glinting with a cruel amusement.

Arthur realized with dawning horror that he had stumbled upon the corporation's inner sanctum, a place where the true nature of its depravity was laid bare. It was here that the decisions were made, the fates of countless employees decided with a cold and heartless indifference.

As Arthur stood there, frozen in a state of terror, Mr. Hawthorne rose from his chair and approached him, his footsteps echoing ominously through the silent room. A cruel smile played upon his lips as he leaned in close, his breath hot on Arthur's cheek.

"You have failed us, Arthur," Hawthorne hissed, his voice dripping with contempt. "You are a liability to the corporation. We have no further use for you."

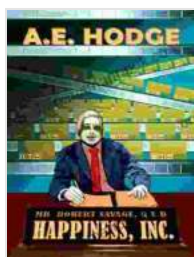
With a cold, calculated movement, Hawthorne snapped his fingers, and two burly security guards emerged from the shadows. They seized Arthur by the arms and dragged him from the room, his pleas for mercy echoing through the hollow corridors.

Arthur was never seen again.

And so, the corporation continued to grind on, its soulless machinery humming relentlessly. The employees, consumed by their own fears and ambitions, toiled tirelessly, oblivious to the horrors that lurked beneath the surface. The tale of Arthur, the hapless victim of corporate greed and bureaucracy, became a whispered legend, a chilling reminder of the

soullessness that can consume even the most well-intentioned of institutions.

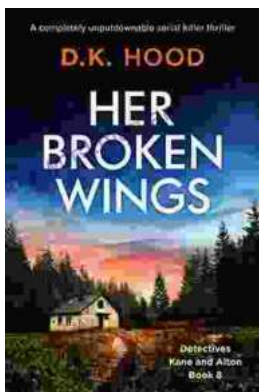
And as the sun set each day, casting long shadows across the city, the monolithic corporation loomed over the skyline like a constant reminder of the horrors that can lurk within the seemingly innocuous facade of modern-day work life.



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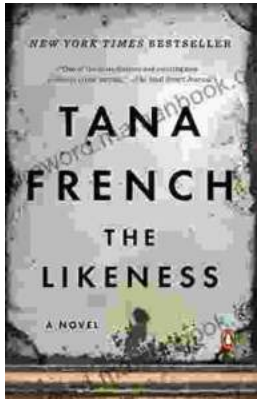
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