**Beginning:**

You wake up in the morning.

Like most other days, you don't want to get up. You actually just want to stay in bed under the covers and not do anything but lay there and hope nothing bad enters into your mind.

Like how you live alone with one cat that you lovingly named Meowser. He's five now, and most of the time you can't help but think about how alone you'll be when he passes. The thought makes you want to cry, but you can't go into work with red puffy eyes. People will ask about it, and it's too hard to explain.What do you want to do?

Pet the cat.

Go to work.

**Pet the cat:**

You decide to spend some time playing with Meowser and just letting him know you love him.

You adopted him five years ago from a no kill shelter when he was a kitten. His old owner had no time for him, and you knew you could give him all the love and affection he would need.

Sometimes you feel like there would be no point at all if you didn't have Meowser. He always brings a smile to your face, which is a good feeling. It's temporary, but it's better than nothing.

You know you should probably go to work now.

Go to work.

**Go to work:**

This is the office you work in five out of the seven days of the week.

You mostly take handwritten letters from the years and enter them into the computer so that there is a digital copy. You don't know why this is important, and you've never bothered to ask.

You've been at this job for two years now, never advancing; just doing menial work that keeps you busy for eight hours in the day. It's perfect for you.

You overhear some co-workers talking from a few cubicles down. What do you do?

[Continue doing your work.](file:///C%3A%5CUsers%5CDanielle%5CDesktop%5CHomework%5CWeb%20Art%5CFinal%5Cwork2.html)

[Talk to your co-workers.](file:///C%3A%5CUsers%5CDanielle%5CDesktop%5CHomework%5CWeb%20Art%5CFinal%5Ccoworkers.html)

**Continue working:**

You continue chugging along at your work, ignoring the laughter and talking you can hear from a few cubicles down.

You like your co-workers, but you don't really want to intrude on their conversation. If they wanted your company, they would probably come around and grab you.

It always feels like your co-workers are one big group, always doing something during the weekends and generally making plans together. You're never invited, but you hear about how fun it was on social media. It makes you feel alone.

It's almost lunch time.

Eat at your desk.

Eat in the break room.

**Eat at your desk:**

You decide to eat at your desk after heating up your frozen meal. Everyone has gone out to lunch, so why not get cozy in front of your computer screen and look at pictures of cats?

Or, that was the plan anyway. Instead, you just eat your meal in silence, wondering how you're going to spend the weekend.

You don't want to sit at home all day; that's how every weekend goes, and you want things to change. You don't know how to make things change, though. You wouldn't even know where to begin, and you doubt you'd be able to keep with the new change anyway.

 It seems like a weekend alone at home it is.

Get back to work.

**Eat in the break room:**

You enter the breakroom to eat your lunch, finding no one around. Everyone has probably gone to lunch; that's usually the case.

You put your lunch into the microwave, setting it to heat up for a couple of minutes. Like usual, you've brought a frozen meal, since you hate the thought of just cooking for one.

Your meal finishes heating, and you sit down to eat. You think of what you can do this weekend. A new movie is coming out, and you've heard good things about it. Maybe you'll go see it.

Chances are though that you'll just stay at home and do nothing but play with Meowser. You never usually feel up to going anywhere, and you doubt it’s going to be any different this time.

Return to work.

**Back to work:**

There’s still hours left of boring, monotonous work consisting of data entry.

You look around, seeing many co-workers have returned from lunch. They look happy, like they’re ready to take on the world! You wish you felt like you could take on the world. You barely feel like you can take on remembering to feed the cat.

You can feel a surge of sadness well from deep inside of you. There’s nothing you can do; it’s been growing since you woke up this morning.

Cry silently at your desk.

(If crying at desk, move to Normal)

Cry in the bathroom

**Cry in the bathroom:**

You leave your desk and run to the bathroom, heading immediately for a stall and slamming the door shut, locking it. You sit down on the toilet, holding your head in your hands.

You can’t hold it in; you start sobbing immediately. You’ve just felt so miserable and down for so long, you sometimes wonder if anything will ever change. You have Meowser, but there’s only so much a cat can do, no matter how much love is in that little body. You barely talk to your friends anymore, since it always just feels like you’re the odd man out. It’s been four years since your last relationship, and you’ve basically been all alone since. You wonder why you keep going sometimes.

You leave the stall and walk to the sink, turning on the faucet to wash your face. You look in the mirror at your miserable appearance: eyes puffy and sunken in from crying, face all red and blotchy from how upset you’ve been. No one ever looks good after crying, but you feel like you’re probably the ugliest crier of all.

It’s probably time for you to go back before someone wonders where you’ve been.

Return to your cubicle.

**Return to your cubicle:**

You get back to your cubicle and continue entering useless data onto the computer.

Before you know it, it’s five o’ clock; time to go. Some co-workers are gathered together around the receptionist’s desk, talking and laughing. They stop when they see you staring. You laugh quickly and hurry away.

You feel like you’ll never be the person who stands with others laughing and joking. It just seems to come so easy for others to be happy, and you wonder what’s wrong with you that you can’t seem to really be that happy.

Go home.

**Go Home:**

You return home, tears in your eyes from crying in your car for the whole drive home.

You don’t know how much more of living like this you can take. Try as you might, nothing seems to get better. It’s as if you’re just floating through life at this point, becoming more and more sad as time goes on.

You have sleeping pills in the bathroom. You got them because you’ve always had trouble sleeping, and they’re the only thing that will ensure you actually get any shut eye. Maybe you should use them.

Ignore the thought and make dinner.

Go to the bathroom and take the pills.

**Ignore the thought and make dinner:**

You shake your head, trying to clear it from the thought of taking pills.

You walk into the kitchen, moving immediately to the fridge and grabbing a frozen meal from the freezer. You throw it into the microwave, setting it to cook your dinner.

As the food cooks, you run through in your mind how the day went. You stayed by yourself in the cubicle doing work you’re not sure you enjoy. You cried in the bathroom because nothing is satisfying anymore and everything is just a huge disappointment these days.

The microwave beeps, signaling that your meal is done.

Take out your meal.

**Take out your meal:**

You remove your food from the microwave and look down at it.

Frozen meals is no way to live. Being sad and miserable all the time is no way to live. You don’t see anything getting better any time soon, and in ten years, you see yourself in the same exact place as you are now.

Why are you still bothering?

Go to the bathroom.

**Go to the bathroom:**

You walk into the bathroom, leaving your meal in the kitchen. The cat will enjoy it.

You go to the sink, opening the cabinet above it and taking the bottle of sleeping pills inside. There’s still probably twenty or thirty left. You contemplate leaving a note, because someone will eventually come looking for you, right?

You don’t know what you’d say, though. You doubt it matters that much anyway. You close the cabinet and fill a glass with water, taking a few pills at once until they’re all gone.

This is for the better.

Go into your room.

**Go to your room:**

You move to your room, lying down on the bed to wait for the inevitable.

Meowser wakes up from the end of the bed and walks up to you, sniffing your face. He sniffs at the air, probably smelling your dinner. He leaves to go eat, which is fine by you. You hope he can have a better life; an owner that can play with him and keep him happy. You wonder how you could take good care of the cat when you could barely take good care of yourself.

You can feel the drowsiness now. Soon it will be over, and you won’t have to deal with anything again. You feel calm for once, and a sense of happiness seems to fill you.

You close your eyes, and everything seems to fade away.