

Infestation

A man sits at a table, his laptop on a cable. He's working long, he's working hard, he's worked here from the very start. The day is ever just so bright, his walls are painted neatly white. The man is very lean, his office very clean. He likes to keep things mostly sterile, for he does not enjoy the peril. Bacteria the man detests, and all those other pesky pests. Yet, on this very fateful day, the man knows things are not okay. He can hear it all around, he can hear its dreadful sound. It's too quick for him to see but it pains him there to be. Stuck inside that very room, everything now draped in gloom. Impossible to concentrate and feeling all this pent up hate, now in an almost mindless state, he starts the chase, blows up the place, and sends the papers flying. Behold, the man is crying! In frantic desperation, in desperate frustration, he waves his arms, rings the alarms, and shrieks out of his cheeks. He barges, charges at the stranger. He will nullify this danger. "Who are you? What do you want?", he screams and shouts, unsure of the intruder's whereabouts. He thinks of tiny legs, he thinks of tiny eggs. While it's not at all surprising, his disgust it keeps on rising. But no matter what he tries, it just flies and flies and flies. Then, entirely unplanned, he feels something on his hand. Lurking, smirking at the the thought of death, the man takes a quiet breath. And the man says full of glee: "You have found your fate in me. Just you wait and you shall see!" But looking down there unexpected, was not at all what he suspected. Smooth and black, yellow stripes on its back, sits a terrifying creature with the most horrendous feature. Toxic just like cyanide, leaving him no time to hide, it crawls onto his other side, as he feels their souls collide. Before the man can do a thing, he feels the agonizing sting. A pain so great, it must be fate, for him to kill this devil's mate. But then he sees another, an even bigger brother. Just there outside his room, awaits satanic doom. For this source of evil pest must surely be to blame a nest, and the man he finds no rest till he spots it in the west. At the sight of his affliction, he is filled now with conviction, to end all this sick depiction of the gates of hell and the moldy ceiling's smell. He takes a lighter out his vest to torch the evil creatures' nest, but before the man can end his quest, swarming out come all the rest. And the man now flees in vain as once more he feels the pain of this diabolic bane, venom in his every vein. As he bolts he hits his head and the man, the man is dead.