

# The Corporation

and other stories

Andres Miller

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# Contents

Preface by the author	4
The Corporation	5
What we leave behind	29
What you should be doing	37
Cheese	41
The Critic	47
Virus	55



# Preface

The settings and events depicted in all stories of this book are fictional. Many details are based on personal experience, but none of the events depicted relate to real-world occurrences, persons or companies.

The author  
December 2024

# The Corporation

## 1

Walter looked up at the sky. High over his head, a plane was creating a long cloudy streak on the bright blue canvas. In a next life, Walter thought, he would be a pilot. Just lift off the ground to be free from the earth and high above all things below. Above all those people with their insignificant petty lives. Lives which meant nothing, because they were lives led without perspective or motivation. People without a wider look, with opinions and views based on their own small world, without any ideas beyond what they knew. Only a paycheck every month kept them going. If only he could look down upon it all. But right now, he was not a pilot. No, he was one of those people.

Walter was still staring out of the window when a loud cough from his colleague Craig revived him. Without looking, Craig whispered: "Sit up and pretend to work!" Walter turned automatically towards his screen and put his hands on the keyboard. Moments after, manager Steve walked into their small two-desk office space. Steve was big, bald and short, and he had the bearing of a typical manager. But he was likable enough.

"Any big deals pending, guys?" Steve said, rubbing his hands together like he was looking forward to a good meal.

"Uhm..." Walter said slowly and went silent.

"I am looking into that Italian contract we drafted last week", Craig quickly said. "Should be promising!"

"Good, good", Steve said, not really listening anymore after he got the sense that things were alright. "Well, I will let you guys get back to it then." He moved his large body out of the office into the hall.

"You owe me one", Craig said from behind his computer screen. Their desks were placed opposite of each other, before the only window, with their computer screens between them. Walter's desk was a mess, as usual. Papers laying around and there were pens, pencils, paperclips, binders full of memo's, post-its and whatnot everywhere. He was sitting next to the only vegetation their small office had, a sad plant resembling some kind of palm tree. Through its hanging leaves Walter could see the world outside, which from