**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 break room 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.

Cry in the bathroom

(If bathroom, next steps are in story-boarding Bad)

**Cry silently at your desk:**

You hold your face in your hands and start sobbing. You honestly don’t know what’s wrong, but you know you’re miserable.

Your life is fine, albeit dull and lonely. Sometimes you feel like you’re going to be alone forever, and it’s honestly your biggest fear. When Meowser goes, you have no idea what you’ll do. Try as you might, you can’t seem to really do anything for your love life. Your last relationship was four years ago, and you haven’t been out since. Sometimes you wonder if you should just give Meowser to your parents and just end it all.

Your life isn’t fine, but you tell yourself it is in the hopes that you’ll believe it and feel better. Every once in awhile, life seems okay for a bit, but that time hasn’t happened in quite some time.

You hear footsteps approaching, and someone clears their throat.

Wipe your tears and address your visitor.

**Address visitor:**

After wiping your eyes you turn around to see your coworker Cathy standing in your cubicle.

She asks if you’re okay. She says that she thought she heard you sobbing and was there to check on you. You tell her you’re fine, lying that you were just thinking of having to take your cat to the vet. You say Meowser hates the vet, and thinking of the look on his face puts you in a mood.

The look on Cathy’s face tells you she doesn’t buy it, but she doesn’t push on the subject. She tells you that if you ever want to talk about anything, just come over to her cubicle, and she’ll be happy to listen. You nod your head, and Cathy leaves.

You look at the clock, seeing you still have a few hours left until you’re done with work.

Finish the work you have left.

**Finish work:**

Five o’ clock rolls around and you leave the office. Cathy walks with you to the parking lot before saying goodbye.

During the drive home, you think about earlier at your cubicle. It was embarrassing that Cathy heard you crying; you thought you were better at staying quiet. Still, it felt nice that someone cared to come over and make sure everything was okay. You were glad she didn’t question your lie, although a part of you wished she had pressed you on it.

You pull up to the driveway and park the car.

Enter the house.

**Enter the house:**

After a long day, you’re glad to be home.

Nothing at home is ever terribly exciting, but it’s easier to just be you and know that you’re not bothering anyone if you’re in a bad mood and need to cry or just mope about it. You know that’s a pathetic way of looking at it, but it is what it is.

You walk into your bedroom so you can lay down for a bit before you eat. Your cell phone begins to ring, shocking you. No one really ever calls.

Ignore it.

Answer it.

**Ignore the phone:**

You decide to let the call go to voice mail.

Whoever it is, you can just call them back later. You just want to relax and reflect for awhile. It’s how it always is every other day, but that’s okay. Maybe you can reflect on why you don’t do anything different.

Maybe you’ll do differently tomorrow. Maybe you’ll take Cathy up on her offer to talk about things. It’s been awhile since you’ve felt like anyone ever really wanted to talk, and maybe a talk will be just what you need. It’s a possibility.

There’s also the possibility that nothing will change. Maybe you’ll decide you don’t want to dive into what’s bothering you, and you’ll just keep to yourself.

Whatever happens, you know that you’re in control. You can try and reach out, and even if that doesn’t work, you can at least know you did your best. Maybe trying your best is all you can do. You’ve been doing everything half-heartedly, so doing your best will be something different.

It’ll be a start.

**Answer the phone:**

You answer the phone. It’s Cathy.

She says she wanted to make sure you got home okay. You reply that you did indeed get home safely, and you’re just relaxing a little before you make yourself some dinner. Cathy says she’s more or less doing the same thing.

You two chat for a bit, talking about work and what the weekend is gonna bring. Cathy says she and her fiancé are going to visit her parents in Boston. You tell her you might go see a movie. It’s not a lie; you might if your mood isn’t terrible and you actually feel up to going.

Cathy says she wants to let you relax, so she’s going to let you go. She wishes you a good night and reminds you that she’s there to talk, so just give her a call or find her at work. You say you will.

Hang up the phone.

**Hang up:**

After saying goodbye to Kathy, you hang up the phone.

It feels odd that Kathy out of the blue just called to check on you, but you suppose that it’s due to the crying incident earlier. Still, it seems to have bonded you two. Maybe you’ll actually take her up on her offer to talk. It would be a nice change for once not to suffer in silence.

You question if perhaps you would irritate her with your problems, though. Maybe you shouldn’t bother. You’ve kept to yourself for this long, so it’ll be no different.

Whatever you choose to do, you decide whatever will happen will happen tomorrow. You at least feel like there is another option, and that is more than you’ve felt in awhile.

It’s a start.