

## Society by Ken Kriho

You are awake. The alarm blinks 6:15 am. The constant buzz the alarm plays is like a bugle being played at the crack of dawn, where everybody wakes up, and has to take on the day, whether they like it or not.

“Why the fuck do I bother?” you ask yourself. After you silence the reminder that a new day is about to start, you enter the bathroom and look into the mirror.

“What are you looking at?” you say to yourself. “You’re no different than anyone else. You wake up, go to work, come home, eat dinner, and go to sleep. You’re going to be doing this every day, until you die. We are nothing more than mindless drones, where we do the thing that we’re supposed to do.” You splash water onto your face, then as the water that didn’t make contact with your face seeps off your hands into the sink.

“I see society as we speak” you tell yourself as you watch the water go down the drain. “They say that society will kill itself someday, but the only thing of it is...we don’t how or when it’ll happen. When that day comes, what we know now will be gone forever.” You grab a towel, and dry off your face.

“Was drying my face supposed to say “Those who survive phase one of the apocalypse won’t survive phase two””? You look into your closet and see suit after suit after suit. You pick a clean pressed gray suit, and get dressed. After you tie your tie, you look into another mirror.

“They call this a suit? It looks more like a prisoner outfit, except more dignified.” You chuckle a bit before you head out the door for another busy day of work. You enter your car, start the ignition, and hear the engine roar.

“I guess my car is reminding me that it’s time for another day of work. Gee, what a surprise.” You put the car in reverse, pull out of the drive way, turn to the left, put the car in drive, and off you go. As you drive to work, you see people on their phones. You can’t help but laugh.

“Look at *these* mindless drones. They’re chatting up a storm with friends and family. Technology has made us all slaves.” You think to yourself that this could be the downfall of society. People spending more time with their toys instead of spending more time enjoying what’s out there.

“People are so fucking unaware of what’s going on today. Before we know it, we’ll all be slaves to something.” You park your car, and enter the office complex. You head to your cubicle, when your cubicle neighbor shows up.

“Morning chief, how are things?”

“How are things? How are things?! Let me ask you this: How aren’t things?” Your neighbor shrugs his shoulders, and moves on. “Am I the only person who seems to be more aware of what’s

happening to society as we speak?" You turn on your computer, and the glow of the LCD monitor stares back, and hypnotize you into a deep trance.

"I look at you, and all I see are little people. Little people, with their own societies, and their own problems, just like mine. I bet in there...someone is having the exact same experience I'm having." Many hours of hypnosis have gone, and the progress of your job has gone through another day. You turn off your monitor, and are released from your hypnotic state.

"Freedom, but for how long?" you ask yourself as you head out to your car. You turn the ignition on, and the engine is reminding you that this is just the beginning.