

Beagles' lucky day

By
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A large office building rises above a scrawny little geek's red mini. He gets out of his car and shyly scampers up the marble steps before making his way inside.

After he steps into the elevator, a gorgeous woman enters and knocks his files out from under his arm. He quickly drops to his knees to collect the mess of documents. The woman looks down at the sorry excuse for a man, who glances at her through thick black rimmed glasses. She smiles seductively. "It looks like this is your lucky day Beagles."

She then deliberately stands over him so he can have a good look up her short dress. Beagles smiles at the view and replies. "Yes Miss Jane."

The lift slows on the third floor and the door opens. Suddenly, Jane starts yelling in disgust. "Oh God. You little pervert."

Beagles looks out the doors to see his boss standing there. Jane races over and cuddles the boss. A fiery gaze forms on the boss' face. "Beagles you little turd, I was gonna promote you but now that you've turned into this snivelling little creep, I will give the job to Jane."

While Beagles staggers toward a desk with his mass of documents, he grovels in defence saying, "Mr Creegs. It's not what you think. She... she..."

Beagles nearly makes it to his desk when Creegs pushes him backwards. "She what Beagles? She what?"

The foot of the table catches Beagle's shoelace. As the tension pulls tight, he trips. Pieces of paper and folders scatter into the air. He misses the soft couch on one side of him, and the soft chair on the other side. As he falls, he smacks the back of his head on the barely visible corner of a table, which is covered with curtains. He crashes to the floor and blood starts to seep from behind his ear. He then reaches up to place his hand over the source of the pain.

A few seconds pass before his eyes focus out of his dizzy state. Pulling his hand around from his head reveals the slight amount of blood on his fingers. He then looks up trying to see clearly. Creegs steps forward and yells, "Beagles you idiot, now look what you've done! You're fired!"

This pisses Beagles right off. He grabs a hard cover folder and clambers to his feet, with his back to the large window. While facing the curtain covered table and his ex-work mates, he yells, "I've had enough of your crap. I've lost my wife, kids, home and my job. At least I still have my health and my car. So you all can go to hell!"

At that instant, he slams the folder down onto the desk. It lands on a hole punch, as his sleeve hooks up on a stapler. The folder springs back up and smashes him in the face, breaking his nose.

The savage blow to the head knocks him backwards. He drops the folder and reaches out to brace himself. The stapler hooked up to his sleeve, swings back behind him, shattering the window. As his feet slam against the window sill, he trips. His wrists slice up against the shattered pieces of glass that are still in the frame. He falls out the window and plummets down to smash into the top of his red mini. That is when he passes out.

The sound of a helicopter can be heard as he wakes up to see a medical officer. "Mr Beagles, you're very lucky. You nearly died when you smashed into your car. We thought you weren't going to make it. For the last couple of hours, we've been flying you to the big city so the specialists can take a look at you. Check out the view if you want. That's where we just come from."

As Beagles takes a slow look out of the window that the medical officer is pointing at, a bright white flash forms on the distant horizon. Beagles squints before the flash fades. A booming rumble sounds as the helicopter shakes with a slight amount of turbulence. The medical officer steadies himself. "Jesus Christ. What the hell was that?"

He then looks out the window to see the huge mushroom cloud forming where Beagles' home town used to be. "Oh my God."

As he watches on, Beagles sees the devastating nuclear blast. In a husky voice, he murmurs the words, "I guess it was my lucky day."