

And that was when I realised, I'm not special or amazing or the best at what I do. I'm just Sam...

It was just another day; I made my way onto the crammed subway with all sorts of people. Some were dressed smart as if they were going to work just like me, some absolutely stunk and sat sprawled out on the seats so that no one else was to get a seat. How charming of them. I shoved my way past, finally managing to get a seat.

"GLASGOW RECESSION WORSENS, HUNDREDS OF JOBS CONTINUE TO BE LOST" I rolled my eyes at the headline on the paper and tossed it to the seat opposite me. That's all you would hear about. You'd never get a good headline, just endless depressing headlines and gossip. When I finally reached my stop, usually I would be greeted by my work mate, Paul. He would say something about the weather and then moan a little about the "amount of work" that he had to get done and I would listen, occasionally rolling my eyes as a way of coping with the moaning. But he wasn't there. Maybe he slept in or he just couldn't hack it today. I decided to just shrug it off and go to work by myself, it was nice to be by myself and not have him moaning like an old woman.

When I got into work, usually, the place would be full of employees doing their bit to keep the company going. Phones ring, keyboards click, people pace around trying to get paperwork done. But that day, something was off. Either half of the people in work had dropped off of the face of the earth or had just not bothered coming in. Either way, I had never seen it so quiet before. I decided not to pay any attention to it, I made the effort to get myself into work and do what I had to do. That's what I do best, my job, and I do it better than most of those other idiots in there. I went downstairs to get myself a coffee before starting my day. As I stirred my coffee and picked up a muffin, I noticed a woman running out of the door in tears. And I mean, crying on tears and blubbering God only knows what language.

"She's probably broke a nail, you know what women are like" I sniggered at Tom, someone who worked in my department; I've never really made the effort to get to know him, never really planned on it.

"No, Sam. Apparently this recession is getting worse, half of us in here are losing our jobs, and it's pretty bad. Maybe that's why she's crying." It made me think for a bit. What if the company are paying people off? Just how many people would lose their jobs? Oh good lord it would be devastating... for them of course, never me. I shrugged off what he said and took my coffee back to my booth before starting the day's work.

All through the day I could hear raised voices, slammed doors and people crying. People were being let go left, right and centre. Obviously the lazy ones who are just downright crap at their jobs. I could never lose my job. I'm far too important and good at my job for that. I held my head high and continued to type, print and type some more.

However, soon after, my office phone rang. I rolled my eyes, expecting it to be a call from another department looking for something daft. But, when I looked at the caller ID, my boss's name appeared. He never usually calls; maybe this was for something important. Oh my goodness maybe I was finally getting a raise! I cleared my throat and answered, politely.

"Good morning, Mr Benson"

"Yes, good morning Samuel, I'd like to see you in my office as soon as you can, please." He answered very dryly before hanging up. This was very odd because he's always very nice to everyone. I stood up and fixed my tie before going into his office, knocking before I entered. I walked in and was greeted by him along with three other people, of whom I have seen in and around the offices before but again, never paid attention to them. I gave them a nod and looked back at my boss, who had never looked more stressed in his entire life; it really wasn't a good look for him. A few moments of silence

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