

Japanese Office Chairs

(sella ambulans japonica)

They are... living office chairs. That move around [on their own](#). They eat dust bunnies and excrete... dust bunnies. They mate - don't ask, and don't **look**, either - and reproduce by laying eggs in storage rooms, which then hatch into baby office chairs which then eat discarded office equipment until they reach full size. When one dies, it... stops moving on its own, but still remains a perfectly usable office chair. But most people bring their dead ones to the storage spawn pits, where it is swiftly ingested by the next generation of Japanese Office Chairs.

Japanese Office Chairs are utterly safe; there just seems to be no harm in them. They do not attack humans, animals, pets, or even other office furniture. They don't seem to be sentient, but they know how to move about, and seem to enjoy the company of both humans and other Chairs. When given the opportunity, they will all herd in an Oval around conference tables, with a steady rotation of Chairs going in and out of the Oval. Their owners swear that Chairs do seem to show enjoyment in performing simple tricks, and that they respond well to kindness. And,

of course, there's no question but that Japanese Office Chairs love to race.

All in all, they're adorable creatures, really. It's an absolute shame that they're about to start a shadow war within The Great Work of Time; every Illuminated group worth its Essential Saltes is going to want a breeding colony of Japanese Office Chairs of their very own, and you don't get to become a Secret Master by supinely acquiescing to the concept of 'wait your turn.' The resulting bloodbath will hopefully **not** get as bad as did the four-continent 1975 Pet Rock Massacre, but there are still a few grudge holders left over from that particular atrocity. Some old business might be revisited before this is over. Some dark, deadly old business.

But that's the future. The *present* is all about securing a breeding population of Japanese Office Chairs. Which means going to the mundane offices that have some and, ah, **acquiring** them from their mundane, yet very loyal, owners. Hey! Guess who will get to be assigned *that* job, oh Adventurers In Black?

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