

008

The forgotten offices were *his*. That's what Miguel had decided, at least, and who was going to tell him otherwise? He knew that they were empty, full of dead secrets, and nobody cared about them anymore, or even remembered.

But they still had to be cleaned. So every day Miguel came to work, and vacuumed, polished, and dusted. He even watered the plants (which he brought in himself). And as he faithfully tended the offices, he told himself, *There must have been a head spy, once. Well, now it is **me**.*

Eventually, the offices decided that they agreed with him.

- © Moe Lane. All rights reserved.
- <http://www.moelane.com>
- <https://www.patreon.com/MoeLane?ty=h>