

Cinderblock

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As a Cinderblock, I live on a construction site. While I couldn't move, I was excited to be helping as a foundation brick. The workers were expertly skilled, but there was one threat: the Site Manager.

Not too long ago, A mean-looking old man, with a long, grey beard and an annoyed look, walked slowly through the construction site all day, looking to pester any poor employee for even the simplest of mistakes. His orange-yellow uniform was faded and torn slightly, how I don't know.

He always mistreated employees, was constantly rude to everyone, and never actually did anything. Instead, an employee named Jerome took charge. He was nice, efficient, and everyone liked him, except for the Manager.

Each day, I could tell the evil Manager was plotting things, but never found out what. One day, he walked by with 2 other guys, his friends. They were careless, and were clumsy and rude to everyone. Suddenly, they stopped.

"So, when are we gonna start working here?" one of the guys asked.

"As soon as I can get rid of that Jerome guy." he replied.

"No! You can't get rid of him!" I yelled out silently, unable to be heard.

"That's what you always say." said the other guy.

"I'll find a way this time, I promise." he replied.

That night, something awakened me from my sleep. As I adjusted to the darkness, I realized it was the Manager. What was he doing here? This must be part of his plan. I decided to watch, wondering what he was going to do.

As I watched carefully, he grabbed a sledgehammer, and to my horror, smashed it through a patch of cinderblocks before putting the hammer where he found it, and then running off into the night.

I glanced over at the pile of rubble where the blocks used to be. I also noticed the small gap in my upper left corner, and realized the hammer had chipped me slightly. I suddenly felt like the hammer had hit me directly. I sparked with fury. These blocks were my friends. This was the building's foundation, who knew how long this would set back production?

I figured I would just rest on it, but I soon realized I was unable to sleep. I kept looking at the pile of rubble and broken cinderblocks, and getting angry all over again. I needed to find a way to get payback. But how? I couldn't walk, I couldn't speak, there was nothing I could do besides be an angry brick.

As the sun came up over the horizon and the workers began to arrive, I noticed the manager in the distance. One of the workers had noticed the mess, and was attempting to clean it up. Before he could even do anything, the Manager was already there.

"It was like this when-" the employee started.

"I CAN'T HAVE CLUMSY WORKERS HERE! GET OUT!" he screamed, cutting him off.

"Bu-" the employee tried to interject.

"OUT! NOW!" the Manager yelled.

The employee looked to the ground, defeated, and moped out of the site.

It was obvious what the Manager's plan was. He could blame this on the employees, and they had no power to stop him. That was just a test. I knew Jerome was next. I had to put a stop to this.

Later in the day, as the sun went down, I was overwhelmed with despair. There was nothing I could do, and soon the hard working workers would be replaced by the boss' lazy friends.

"Why must this happen!" I soundlessly shouted.

"What?" Replied a scratchy voice.

"Did you just.. Hear me?" I replied.

"Yes." A fairy-like creature appeared in front of me.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I'm the Bone Fairy. Pretty much just a bigger Tooth Fairy. Do you have any femurs by the way?"

"No, unfortunately, but can you help me with something?" I explained the situation to the Bone Fairy.

"Well, that doesn't sound good. I could give you bones and give you the ability to move, but I need them back by midnight."

"Sounds good. I'll find a way." I replied.

"Ok. Starting now." The Bone Fairy waved her bone wand, and bones materialized on me.

After a second of getting used to walking, the Bone Fairy wished me farewell and vanished. Now I had to find a way to stop the Manager. As I explored the premises, I decided to drop on him from above. I scanned the area, looking for a place to climb up.

The main issue was the amount of rubble, and the highest ground was the crane, which was almost impossible to climb. I decided to find a way up, because I figured this was my best chance.

I shuffled over to the base of the crane, looking for a way up. Without a staircase or ramp of any kind, there was no apparent way to get up there. As I shuffled around, looking for a way up, I noticed that the support beams were arranged in a criss cross fashion. If I could maneuver just right, I could climb the beams, and reach the top.

I hopped up onto the first beam, quickly realizing there was no traction as I slipped off. I jumped again, attempting the climb again. This time, however, I grabbed onto a crossing beam with the bony arms I had been gifted, and pulled myself up.

I found a secure spot, and replicated the jump multiple times until I was high enough to be in position. As I got higher, the cool night breeze threatened my stability, as it rocked my back and forth. In the distance, I heard the chime of a clock. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11. I only had one more hour, and with no sign of the manager, I was losing hope.

As I waited tensely, the clock was ticking. I had maybe, 15 minutes before I lost these bones and fell to the ground. Finally, I heard the creaking of the gate to the site. I fluttered with excitement, this was my moment.

The Site Manager walked over to where I was, examining the area before picking up the sledgehammer. The main issue was he was in a spot where I couldn't hit him, no matter what angle I would drop from.

As he swung the first time at the blocks, I noticed that his foot would move backwards with every swing, right in my range. This was my only hope. I braced myself, looked down, and jumped. As I began to fall, the wind whistling past my face, the clock began to chime. That was it, there goes my bones. With a quick *POOF*, the bones disappeared, and I was left spiraling uncontrollably at the ground.

As I began to think I would miss hitting him, right before I struck the ground, the manager swung the hammer again, bringing his foot right into my path. I bounced off of his pinky toe, causing him to scream out in pain and clutch his foot.

Suddenly, I heard the rush of another pair of footsteps, and was surprised to find both Jerome and the guy that the manager had fired.

"So it WAS you!" Said the other guy.

"Why would you do this?! I'm reporting you to the General Manager!" Jerome chimed in, quite angrily.

"No! Please don't!" The Manager begged, but it was too late, Jerome already had a camera out, and was taking photos. The Manager had no way of getting out of this one.

The next day, as I woke up to the construction site full of workers, I noticed Jerome walking in my direction. Something was different though. Is that a... manager's uniform?

It is! He walked up to me, picked me up, and quietly said "Thank you." before pulling out a sharpie, and writing the year on me.

He walked me over to the foundation, and carefully placed me on the other cinderblocks. If I could smile, I would be grinning ear to ear, but for now, this was enough. Soon, this building would be complete, my destiny fulfilled.