

Little Red Button

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This was it. Time to do it. It really was a good thing the area's franchiser lived next door to him. He couldn't believe he was going to do it. In front of him stood the swing manager, who held the keys to unlock the slot in which the button sat.

The red button.

"Are you ready?" the manager asked, with an air of importance and excitement.

"Yes - yes, I think I am," he responded.

"Okay." He slowly put the key into the slot, turned it, and opened the door.

"Push the little red button."

Feeling a mixture of ecstasy, adrenaline, and power, he depressed the little red button.

"*Badaba-ba-ba! Ah! One-dollar drinks are back at McDonald's in Wal-Mart...*" the voiceover commercial sounded throughout the entire store, cutting off the music. He couldn't believe what he'd just done.

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In the back room, the unruly unloader yelled in frustration. "That was the best part of the song!! I HATE it when those commercials come on! Someone pushed their stupid little red button!"

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