

I sit at a laboratory dining hall table, looking wistfully to my left at the faceless rubber lab drone assuming a typical, stiff posture at the other end, predictably awaiting inputs as the other labtechs dine. Across from me is one of my more autonomous colleagues, testing out a drug prototype for extra mouths with... some success. Food particles hit my face as I sit, forlorn, and turn my gaze to my own economy lunch options. I bite into the steamed vegetables but avoid the mash and gravy, knowing full well what they put in there. With some rumination I ponder over the day's events thus far, and move to cut up my protein selection shortly thereafter. However, as I go in with the fork, two slavering, chimeric beasts crash onto our table, immediately initiating a rough and feral lovemaking session. I stare, unflinchingly, at the sight before me, muttering "This is so typical," before leaning around the reckless beasts to gauge the opinion of my colleague, who is frowning into their ruined food with most of the mouths on their arms and face. I look then to my right, and see the labtechs from D-Block snickering at their work from their own table.

Even though this wasn't incredibly professional, it was a fair and just disruption of my research firm's mealtime routine. The hyper-competitive nature of the corporate ladder -especially in R&D- really lent itself to such events, as company policy provided for automatic greenlights on field tests, provided there was scientific process. What better way, after all, to move up in status with your employer than by setting everyone else back? Besides, I had turned them all into formless slime masses just days ago, I knew it would bite me in the ass as soon as they again learned how to use their graspers. The things we do for grants.