

The phone is ringing again. It doesn't ever stop ringing, and no one ever picks up. Anybody gonna get that?

Of course, I didn't actually say that out loud. I don't ever say anything in the office. I doubt the people in my row even know I exist. Oh well....

It's finally Friday. I finish working on a job that had taken me all week to finish. I lean back in my chair and stretch for what feels like ten years. That's when I notice the woman next to me is staring directly at me. She quickly turns and goes back to work on her computer.

Where did she come from? It feels like she just appeared out of nowhere but then again, I don't think I've ever really noticed who sits next to me at any given time since I crane my neck into my computer when I'm working. The first thing I notice is her curly brown hair; she must have been shocked with electricity before she came into work. She's wearing what looks to be a men's white collared shirt and a pair of khakis.

I go back to work. After a few minutes, I glance over to see her looking at me through the corner of her eye. She averts her eyes again. What the hell is she staring at? Maybe it's the strands of my hair that are sticking up towards the back of my head, or maybe it's all the blackheads that have gathered in the corners of my nose. I'm not the most attractive guy on the planet.

I look at my mug on my desk and reach to take a sip of coffee. Every now and then I glance quickly at her to see what she's doing. Every time, the exact same thing happens: I catch her staring at me, but the second I do, she drops her eyes. It's a little unsettling. To ignore her would be a superhuman effort.

I decide I've worked hard enough, and get up with my coffee to walk to the break room. I don't hear anything behind me; I think I'm in the clear.

The office coffee – which is terrible, by the way – is in this little windowed room off to the side, which has blinds. I don't know why--it's almost like they expect people to want to go in there and do private stuff, except since the coffee's in there, there are always people around. There's no one in the room thankfully, so I walk up to the coffee machine and fill up my mug. I look over my shoulder to find that she's looking through the blinds which rattled when I turned my head. It almost startled me, but I calmly look back at the machine.

I get my coffee and sit down at one end of a big table towards the back of the break room, and look on my phone. I hear the blinds rattle again. She continues to stare at me. I keep pretending to look at my phone but I can't help feeling her piercing eyes stabbing my face.

I get up. As I start to exit the break room, I pass by her as she stares me down. I decide to go to the bathroom. Hopefully she'll have some decency. I take about 15 minutes in there just staring at myself in the mirror. What am I doing? Who is this woman? Does she have to

follow me around like such a creep? If she wanted to talk to me she could just come up to me and say "Hi!" like a regular person. Well, like I would know, no one's ever come up to me like that before.

I wash my face. I think I'll go get an early lunch and clear my head. I stick my head out of the bathroom to see she's not there. I walk towards the exit and head out to lunch.

I start walking back to the office with my lunch. I look behind me. Thankfully, no one is there. I let out a sigh. I approach a crosswalk and wait.

I look behind me one last time and next thing I know, my adrenaline kicks in after I see her running towards me and I bolt the opposite way as fast as I can, dropping my lunch. I look back to see how far I've gone, but she's keeping pace with me. As she's running she starts to reach into the bag she's carrying with her. What the hell does she have in there?! A knife?!

I weave in and out of different corners, streets, building complexes, and parking lots. I can't shake her. My breathing is off. I turn a corner in the direction of the office and cross the street just as a bunch of cars are coming by. Now she's blocked off.

I finally reach the office. I'm gasping for air, my mouth has never felt so dry. I guess I haven't really done cardio in a while. I sit down at my desk and catch my breath. I wipe the

sweat off my brow. That's when I hear her sit down next to me. I look at her and she's staring directly at me.

I've had it. The work here is already stressful enough, I don't need this shit. She can go die in a hole for all I care. I can feel my face start to burn up. I stand up and slam my hands on my desk.

"TAKE A HINT, WILL YOU?!"

I feel everyone in the office turn their heads towards me. People behind their cubicles bring their heads up to see who just yelled. I don't care. I'm looking directly at this god-forsaken creature. I don't care what happens, I just want her to leave me alone.

All my anger immediately gets washed away with the sight of her eyes welling up in tears and they stream down her face. The light reflecting on her tears highlights the hazel in her eyes. It looks as though her hair is flattened down.

I'm taken aback. Before I can say anything, she takes her bag and rushes to the exit.

I'm left standing, looking where she just was. I turn my head to see many workers' furrowed brows and crossed arms as they shake their heads and sit back down at their cubicles.

I plop back down in my seat and stare blankly at my desk. 10 minutes becomes 30. 30 minutes becomes an hour. I'm still staring at my desk, contemplating what just happened. Actually, I don't even KNOW what just happened. Maybe she's interested in me? Maybe I had a giant ink mark on my face and she was trying to figure out how to tell me? Why did I even ignore her in the first place? I could have at least asked her what she was doing. She probably is just a little awkward. GOD I'm such an IDIOT!

I hear someone walk in as I had just banged my head on my desk. I look and see it's her. She quietly sits down and puts her bag on her desk. I start to speak, but she reaches in her bag and pulls out my lunch. She smiles and offers it to me.

I smile and say "Thanks." I look down. What the hell do you do after that? What do people normally do when they introduce themselves? I put out my hand and thankfully she shakes it. This isn't how I imagined I'd meet one of my coworkers. This isn't so bad though.