

The Modern Proletariat

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Annet Chu's creative writing journey began randomly as she was completing an assignment for one of her Master of Arts – Integrated Studies courses. Some of her writing interests include poetry, flash fiction, and biography. As a writer, her goal is to become her readers' entertainer and inspirer. When the weather permits, Annet likes to comfortably camp under a cherry tree and passionately document her life through the written word.

On a cold winter Monday morning, Sulitlana stared at the bunny footprints on a pile of powder snow. As she was entering the heated building, she waved to the janitor who was taking a smoke break from his menial tasks. The fans were blowing hot air on her forehead giving her a headache. She dreamed of spreading her arms away from her body in the confined space of the soundless elevator. Every time the elevator reached a stop, everyone separated from each other like the breakup of Pangaea.

She got off the elevator, and a white cloud lifted her two feet off the ground. It transported her to a brown wooden door. She glanced at the digital clock on her cellphone. "Fifty seconds left", she sighed. She searched *Sulitlana* on the sign-in sheet and wrote "7:00 am" in a rectangular box with her ball-point pen.

A man in a grey-pinstriped suit appeared and started a conversation about his weekend. She was uninterested, and the stripes made her dizzy. She gazed at the window to find inspiration for the mundane small talk and saw her reflection reaching into her black leather Prada purse for the sealed envelope. The noise of the air vents distracted her, and she tried to focus on the man's phony laughter. He sat down but kept moving forward and backward like he was sitting on a rocking chair. She returned her gaze to the window and noticed the bunnies were hopping on the street while holding their orange carrots. The dark sky turned blue as the white snow changed to green grass. Sulitlana blinked three times. Everything disappeared, but the carrots stayed to rot. Suddenly, the man got up to aim his Starbucks-logoed cup at the trash. He scored and threw his arms up in the air. She pulled out the envelope to follow suit, but her resignation letter landed on his chest.

She flowed down the stairs with her cloud. Her purse was upside down, and she left a trail of wallet, keys, and cellphone on the stairs. After leaving her Prada at the lobby, she pushed her way through the proletarians. She scooped a pile of snow with her hands and tossed it in the air. Bunnies were formed from the snow, the clouds were shaped like carrots, and Sulitlana created a path of green grass as she hopped away.