

Whenever I walk into Mr. Wilson's office, the large window opposite the room, which takes up most of the wall, is always the first thing to grab my attention. As I looked out I noticed the sky was unusually dark, but no more rainy than any other day in Seattle. The eleventh story office wasn't high enough to see much more than the side of building across the street, but there was a good view of the sky when you stood close enough.

I grabbed one of the empty cardboard boxes from along the wall, which were stacked beside a small table upon which a plastic lily sat, next to a newspaper opened to the obituary column. I put the box on the floor and sat down in the chair behind the desk. It was a comfortable chair, but from years of use some areas of the cushion had been worn thin. Some of the stuffing may have also gotten out through the three or four rips in the seams. When I turned to face the desk, the chair made a shrill squeak that sounded like it came straight out of a hitchcock film, yet it hardly made a sound when it leaned back, or when I raised it a few inches.

The nameplate on the front of the desk was the first thing I placed in the box. It read "David Wilson" in a font just big enough that it could only be read when you sat in the chair across the desk. His name was inscribed on an aluminum plate, which was fixed to a cheap, yellow piece of wood; nothing about the nametag seemed to match the brown lacquered desk it sat on. The desk itself was designed in a vintage style, but never came across as ostentatious. It embodied a gorgeous execution of simple design.

The middle of the desk was free of objects, allowing at all times for a direct view of the chair in front of him and the door to his office. To the left side sat a simple notepad and two pens, as well as pictures of family and a group photo from the last office retreat. On the right was

his brick of a computer monitor and mechanical keyboard, the kind that sounded like an explosion when you hit the spacebar, both of which were positioned at almost exactly thirty degrees from the face of the desk. Two dark spots sat in front of the keyboard from where the oils had rubbed from his wrists when typing.

I opened the center drawer and saw his array of office supplies meticulously placed exactly where they belonged; I had to spend a few moments appreciating how particular and deliberate the organization was in this drawer before I dumped it all into the box. I laughed when I opened the drawer to the left and noticed the stark contrast between the previous drawer and the excessive number of crumpled papers held in this one, all of which appeared to be various memos from HR.

After clearing out a few more drawers I took a short break and leaned back in the chair, nearly hitting my head on the window. I looked around the room, which had mostly been packed into boxes already. The packed boxes were all labelled office, family, etc. and were stacked by the door. The room appeared more spacious than the other offices on the same floor; that was probably since the desk was positioned closer to the back of the room, leaving more space in the middle.

The top drawer on the right side of the desk contained a series of files, which went in the trash with the crumpled HR memos. I pulled out the key I had been given to unlock the lower right-side drawer. The last drawer made a rattling noise as I opened it, which none of the other drawers had made. The culprit was a series of pill bottles, partially concealed by a small stack of books and pamphlets, the top one of which was titled “Coping with Cancer and Treatment”.