

2023-03-04 Midnight Meeting

"Good evening everyone, or rather good morning. Can either of you tell me why we're in the Field Office at this ungodly hour? Supervisor Zed?"

"Chief?"

"Why are we in this sorry excuse for a construction HQ, in the shadow of our company's greatest feat of engineering, at half past one in the morning?"

"Yes Chief."

"That's not an answer, Zed. Engineer Elle?"

"Yeah, Chief, I think I know."

"Thank you Elle. Kindly educate us lowly pencil-pushers. What's going on?"

"I was running structural-acoustic evals of Lambda-B junctions in Hub 2, and saw-"

"In plain language, Elle."

"Sorry Chief. Here it is: the drawings don't match the parts we have. Each brick's a little too big, and each beam a little too small. They're within spec, but the spec was bad. It wasn't precise enough."

"But no one's ever tried to build something this tall!"

"Yes, we know that, don't we Zed. You've mentioned it at the top of every single excuse you've sent for why we're behind schedule."

"Yes, but-"

"Elle, what do we do?"

"Stop building for starters. Then, shore up the central columns with better supports, and go back to the drawing board."

"But that'll put us even further-"

"Shut it! So, Elle, can you draw up plans to start that project tomorrow?"

"I can try, but it'll have to be sooner than later."

"How much time, exactly, do we have?"

"If those beams at the bottom have been in over-tension since we laid them... They'd take the whole tower down with them."

"And when precisely will we be sitting in a pile of rubble?"

"Well-"

\*CRASH\*

"God damned it! We're too late. Get out!"

"I wish I could say it's been a pleasure working with you both. The Tower of Babel falls. Heaven help the OSHA team writing the incident report."