

# Motivation

*by Peter Abbey*

The four walls of the office watched on as the collection of sour faces continued to let the worst of them get the better of them.

Shoulders sloping. Lips' curled down. Each sentence punctuated with sighs.

The time for change had been and in it's wake bubbled a wave of uncertainty, confusion and resentment. The usual embodiment of grief and irritation was getting comfortable with the in-crowd. The friends, it seemed, were keeping their enemies closer.

Motivation always needs to come from somewhere. For some all it takes is a sunny day, a smile from a stranger or a simple pat on the back. Others demand a fire lit, a carrot dangled or a whip cracked. Yet here the sun had set, the fire extinguished and the carrot left to rot.

Some say it's better the devil you know. They just wished the devil would pack his bag, and fuck off.

