**Meat Tower 9**

by Sam Elkin

I arrived at work to an all-staff email telling us that we had to move offices. It was the second time this year. I hadn’t noticed any water leaks or cracks, but the scaffolding out the front was starting to feel permanent.

As my colleagues and I stood in the elevator with our personal effects in boxes, I realised that the office movers had missed an umbrella I’d left at my desk. I went to fetch it.

When I arrived, the office had already been gutted, and a strange smell hung in the air. I pushed past a “do not enter” sign, and saw the exterior wall being carved off by a huge serrated crane. It plopped fleshily to the ground below. I backed out, mouth agape, and manically headed for the ground floor. As I descended, I opened my phone and read conspiracy theories about secret plans to start growing office towers from DNA-altered bovine stem cells to address dwindling global supplies of steel and arable farming land. I escaped outside, and saw that the building was made entirely of meat; like a super-sized doner kebab rotisserie in the sky, grown to cut building costs and feed us all.

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