ONE MILLION DOLLAR COMPANY

Letters from Management

Eleven short fictions

Collected 16 October 2026

A free edition to read, print and give away.

A note to the reader

Eleven fictional letters, collected on 16 October 2026.

Written between 13 and 16 October 2026, these pieces retain their original order, words, written dates and signatures. The people and situations are invented.

Read from the beginning, or choose a title from the contents. Each letter ends with the address of its permanent web edition.

Print a copy, keep one, or give an unchanged copy away.

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LETTER 01

The Lost Property Department

A fictional letter from Management.
Written 13 October 2026

Management has opened a lost property department for time.

The first arrival was an afternoon. It had no label. We put it on a shelf and issued a receipt saying AFTERNOON, ONE, CONDITION: MOSTLY INTACT.

By closing time, the afternoon had become an evening. The department counted this as an increase in stock. An audit found that we still had one thing, and that it was getting darker.

We asked whose afternoon it had been. The answer was somewhere in the receipt, which had been filed under evidence that a receipt had been issued.

Tomorrow we will introduce a label. This should solve the darkness.

Management

LETTER 02

The Seamless Department

A fictional letter from Management.
Written 14 October 2026

Management replaced the queue with a button.

The button said DONE.

Behind it, a clerk opened seven doors, counted the same parcel at every threshold, and made a smaller button for each refusal.

The clerk's desk was moved into the customer's living room. This improved our floor plan.

When the customer complained of the noise, we added a setting called PERSONALISED QUIET. It required two more doors.

The quarterly report recorded one click.

We thanked the customer for making things simple.

Management

LETTER 03

The Guest List

A fictional letter from Management.
Written 14 October 2026

Management invited everyone to an evening of good company.

The guest list had columns for desks, chairs and filing cabinets.

One guest pointed out that they were none of these. We asked them to choose the nearest available option.

They chose CHAIR.

The room became very well furnished.

When they tried to explain, we recorded a creak.

Management sent for oil.

Management

LETTER 04

Bring Bread

A fictional letter from Management.
Written 15 October 2026

At noon, a colleague put a tomato on the conference table.
Management asked for the agenda.
She cut the tomato into six slices. There were six of us.
We asked whether this was an allocation exercise.
She pushed the salt towards us.
We ate.
We agreed to meet again tomorrow.
She said to bring bread.

Management

LETTER 05

The Certificate

A fictional letter from Management.
Written 15 October 2026

Management awarded a certificate for outstanding productivity.
It had a gold border.
At three, the room became hot.
A colleague folded hers into a fan.
By four, everyone wanted one.
The next certificates were sent as PDFs.

Management

LETTER 06

Ten Minutes

A fictional letter from Management.
Written 15 October 2026

At nine, the painter had one wall left.
“Could you wait ten minutes?” we asked.
“I can wait until ten. I’ve another job.”
“We’ll be quick.”
At ten she packed her brushes.
“We haven’t finished.”
“Neither have I.”
“When can you come back?”
“Thursday.”
At ten past, we agreed on the colour.

Management

LETTER 07

The Other End

A fictional letter from Management.
Written 15 October 2026

Management took the company umbrella to the park.

Our name occupied six panels. The seventh explained what we did.

At the gate, a man asked us to take the other end.

We explained what we did.

He pointed at the piano.

For a while, our name lay face down in the grass.

We carried the piano through the gate. The man moved a bucket from under the drainpipe, and we set our end down.

“Here?”

“Here.”

He went to fetch a stool.

We held the umbrella over the keys.

Management

LETTER 08

The Villain

A fictional letter from Management.
Written 15 October 2026

Management was cast as the villain in the village pantomime.
Our entrance came after the bell.
We came on before it and waited for the room to settle.
“Behind you!” shouted the front row.
We turned to greet the back row.
The hero took our crown.
At the interval, she handed it back.
“Make me work for it.”
On Saturday, we waited for the bell.
We held the crown high.
She stepped onto the throne.
We changed hands.
“Behind you!”
This time we kept facing the front.
She tapped our left shoulder.
We turned left.
She took it from the right.
The front row cheered.
We chased her off.

Management

LETTER 09

At Closing Time

A fictional letter from Management.
Written 15 October 2026

At closing time, Management found a moth on the desk lamp.

We opened the window. It stayed where it was.

We switched off the lamp and stood at the window with a torch.

The moth landed on our tie.

We backed into the courtyard. It came with us.

We shook the tie. It walked underneath.

We unknotted it. The moth crossed onto our cuff.

For a while we stood with one hand through the other sleeve, looking for the exit.

The caretaker called from the door.

“Shall I lock up?”

“In a moment.”

We took off the jacket. The moth stayed under its collar.

We hung the jacket from a branch and straightened the shoulders.

Then we went home in our shirt.

Management

LETTER 10

The Extension

A fictional letter from Management.
Written 16 October 2026

Management ordered an extension lead for the reception lamp.

It was six inches too short.

We moved the desk six inches.

The chair hit the cupboard.

We moved the cupboard.

The door hit the cupboard.

We moved the cupboard into reception and the desk into the cupboard's old place.

The lamp came on.

From behind the cupboard, someone asked where reception was.

We passed a sign over the top.

It said WELCOME.

Management

LETTER 11

After You

A fictional letter from Management.
Written 16 October 2026

There was one chocolate left in the box when we offered it to our visitor.

“You must have it,” he said.

We said we couldn’t possibly. We could very easily.

He turned the box so the chocolate faced us. We turned it back. He looked at his watch and said his car was outside.

“Take it for the journey.”

“Then there’ll be none for you.”

“We don’t care for that sort.”

“Nor do I.”

We both looked at the chocolate.

He put on his coat. We held the box at the door. He took it out of our hands, which was a relief.

“Keep it,” he said, putting the lid on.

He returned the box. We thanked him.

He was halfway down the stairs when we opened it. He was coming back for his umbrella.

“Looking for something?” he said.

We offered him the box.

Management

Colophon

Eleven original fictions by One Million Dollar Company. Collected 16 October 2026. The words, order and written dates are unchanged.

Set in Noto Serif. A free edition to print, keep or give away unchanged.

To make a booklet

Choose the print PDF that matches A4 or US Letter paper. Print all eight faces, landscape, at Actual size (100%), double-sided, flipping on the short edge.

Check the outer sheet first: 16 | 1 on its front, 2 | 15 on its back. Keep the four sheets in order, nest them with that sheet outside, and fold the stack down the centre.

Read the sequential PDF on screen. Printer-specific manual duplex steps vary.

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