

Uniform Solutions

By: Austin Huibers



Chapter 1 - Bills and Beginnings

Daniel's kitchen table groaned under the weight of unpaid bills. The stacks leaned against each other like small, precarious towers, threatening to topple with the slightest touch. Red stamps shouted *Final Notice*, *Payment Due*, *Urgent Response Required*. He rubbed his forehead and let out a slow exhale. The letters did not care about his despair.

He thought about the email from his old company. The subject line had read *Restructuring Announcement*. The phrasing had been polite, sterile. His position no longer existed. They hadn't fired him. They had been restructured. A word meant to disguise and erase years of work in one neat paragraph. The memory of the meeting stung—the neutral smile, the sterile conference room, the empty handshake. Just like that, he was expendable.

Since then, he had been chasing jobs he wasn't qualified for, filling out endless applications that vanished into the void. Every posting promised opportunity, yet no calls ever came. Each click reminded him how easily someone else could replace him.

And then, last night, something unusual appeared on his screen:

Now Hiring. Immediate Start. Bring Yourself. Uniform Solutions.

No description of duties, no qualifications. Just an address and a start time: nine a.m. sharp. Daniel stared at it, unsure if it was a scam. He could not tell. Yet, for the first time in weeks, the idea of going somewhere, doing something, felt possible. Desperation made the choice for him.

Morning light spilled across the leaning towers of envelopes, brushing the tops in gold. Daniel pulled on a clean shirt, fumbling with the buttons before correcting them with a sigh. He paused to look at his reflection on the darkened television screen. His eyes were tired, gray-rimmed, but there was a faint spark, fragile but real. Hope.

He slipped the phone into his pocket and left his apartment, the familiar odor of boiled cabbage and paint lingering in the hallway. The cracked stairwell echoed with his footsteps. Outside, the city thrummed with its usual urgency: cars honking, people muttering, the constant shuffle of lives moving forward. He followed the address, each step carrying him toward whatever this place might be.

The building itself was unsettling in its emptiness. A stark, white rectangle pressed between two aging brick facades. No signage, no logos, nothing to suggest life inside. Just a blank wall staring at the street. Daniel hesitated. The memory of bills, the word restructuring, the endless clicking of Apply-all whispered at once. He pushed the door open and stepped inside.

The lobby was a different world. White walls, floor, and ceiling blended together, so bright it made him squint. At the center of the room was a single desk. Behind it sat a woman with perfect posture, expressionless, as if she had been waiting for him for hours. In front of her, five small bells rested, each painted a different color: red, blue, green, yellow, and violet. The polished surfaces glinted under the harsh white light.

She did not greet him. She simply pointed to a small sign on the desk, printed neatly with one word:

'Ahhhhh'

"You want me to say this?" Daniel asked, his voice carrying uncertainty.

"Yes," she said flatly, her tone unreadable.

He leaned closer. "Ahhhhh," he said, letting the sound hang, unsteady, not quite high, not quite low.

The woman struck two of the bells in quick succession: green, then yellow. The tones blended into something eerily familiar, almost like an echo of his own voice. Without another word, she slid a folded jumpsuit across the desk toward him.

"Put this on," she said. "The door is there."

Daniel glanced to the side. A panel the exact color of the jumpsuit-green-glowed faintly. It had not been there when he entered. He picked up the stiff fabric, gripping it tightly, and turned toward the door with the exact color of his clothing supplied.

For the first time in weeks, he felt something close to possibility. The bills, the restructuring, the endless waiting-it had all led him here.

He stepped through the glowing green doorway, leaving the familiar world behind.

Chapter 2 - The White Lobby

The moment Daniel stepped through the green-glowing doorway, the world shifted. The woman at the front desk shutting the door behind him with a smile. The brightness hit him first, a clean unyielding white that seemed to stretch in every direction. The floor reflected his own image so clearly that he nearly mistook it for glass. The walls were bare, save for signs in sharp black letters:

NO TALKING

The letters were repeated at intervals down the corridor, as if shouting a warning that went beyond mere words. He swallowed and straightened the green jumpsuit, feeling its stiffness against his skin. Every fold and seam seemed too perfect, too deliberate.

Ahead, the corridor branched in multiple directions. A slow-moving line of people had already formed, all wearing green jumpsuits identical to his. Some scrolled through small screens in their hands, their eyes glazed and unseeing. Others stood with heads bowed, appearing to sleep upright. When he opened his mouth to ask a question, one person lifted a finger and whispered, “Shhh,” while glancing nervously at the ceiling.

Daniel realized quickly that this place had rules that were enforced silently but absolutely. The air felt heavier here, as if the white walls themselves were pressing against him. Somewhere in the distance, a pair of boots echoed sharply, crisp against the floor. Two figures in green jumpsuits appeared, walking slowly, deliberately. They were not workers—they were security (it said so on their name tags). Their presence alone was enough to silence even the murmurs of those who dared to speak.

He fell in line, hands by his sides, feeling absurdly conspicuous despite wearing the exact same uniform. The line inched forward, imperceptibly at first, then a few steps at a time, never stopping long enough to relax. Daniel glanced around. Posters were plastered along the walls, bright, cheerful, and completely incongruous against the stark white background.

“Boost Your Career Today!” one read, featuring a man in a business suit grinning too widely. *“Find Love in Your Area!”* another screamed, the face of a stock-photo woman beaming. *“Limited Time Offer: Apply Now!”* Yet another promised a miracle solution to problems he did not have time to name.

He realized the posters were like the ads he saw online every day—flashy, repetitive, and designed to grab attention, yet meaningless in practice. Here, they were unavoidable. He could not scroll past them, could not ignore them, could not escape. The maze itself seemed designed to ensure constant exposure.

Hours passed—or perhaps minutes; time had no meaning here. The line stretched endlessly, and the white corridors curved and branched like a labyrinth. People shuffled forward silently, some

nodding off, some staring at their phones without really seeing them. Daniel tried to speak to a man nearby, asking, “Do you know how long this goes on?”

A quick, sharp finger raised to his lips. “Shhh,” the man hissed. His eyes darted toward the ceiling. Security boots echoed nearby. Daniel said nothing further.

He felt the monotony pressing in, seeping into his bones. The walls, the posters, the endless line—they existed only to keep him moving, occupied, exposed to bright colors and hollow promises. And still, the work of it—if it could be called work—was purely physical. He had no task other than to remain in the line, remain silent, and advance when told.

Somewhere ahead, a guard nodded once to another, and Daniel realized that even the order of the line was enforced. Step too fast, glance in the wrong direction, a murmur uttered too loudly—and you were removed. Taken from the line and never seen again.

He swallowed, letting the tightness in his throat loosen just enough to breathe. Ahead, the corridor twisted, walls gleaming white, posters shouting color at him, guards keeping silent watch. He was just another green-suited figure in the endless maze.

And yet, somewhere deep down, Daniel felt the faintest glimmer of something he could not name. Curiosity, perhaps. Or defiance. Or maybe hope.

He kept moving forward.

Chapter 3 - The Blue Bell

Daniel had been moving through the white maze for what felt like hours, though he had no way of knowing the time. The corridors stretched in all directions, each turn revealing more posters, more signs, more identical green jumpsuits. The *NO TALKING* warnings repeated like mantras, reminding him of the rules he could not break.

Ahead, a small alcove appeared, a subtle deviation from the endless white. A single desk stood there, polished and sterile, with five bells laid out in a neat row: red, blue, green, yellow, and violet. The surface gleamed under the harsh overhead lights. Behind the desk, a woman sat perfectly upright, expressionless. She did not look at him; she simply gestured toward a small sign placed in front of the bells.

ahhhhh

Daniel blinked. He had seen this before at the lobby, the same test, but now it felt heavier, more significant. He stepped forward, his palms slick with nervous sweat. "I... I'm supposed to say this?" he asked, voice cracking slightly.

"Yes," she replied, flatly. The single word held no warmth, no judgment, no hint of humor. It was a command, and nothing more.

He leaned closer, exhaling to steady his voice. "Ahhhhh." The sound lingered in the air, hovering in the sterile white space. It wavered slightly, uncertain, but he held it.

The woman struck two bells in quick succession. Blue, then green. The tones merged, vibrating through the floor, through his chest, like something inside him was being measured. She paused, her eyes scanning the bells as if weighing his voice against something unseen.

Then, decisively, she lifted the blue bell and tapped it sharply once. The sound resonated clearly, perfectly matching the echo of Daniel's tone.

"Blue," she said simply.

A folded jumpsuit slid across the desk toward him. Its color matched the bell exactly, a deep, almost iridescent blue. Daniel picked it up carefully, running his fingers over the stiff fabric. It was lighter than he expected, but firm, structured, made to fit and to remind him that he belonged in this uniform, in this order.

"The door is blue," she said, gesturing to a panel in the wall that now glowed faintly in the same hue. "Put it on. Proceed when ready."

Daniel nodded, swallowing hard. The monotony of the corridors, the endless white walls, the repetitive posters-it all suddenly had purpose. Not purpose in the sense of meaning, but purpose

in assignment. The bell had chosen him, or perhaps he had revealed himself through sound, and now he had a role. A color. An identity that existed only in the context of Uniform Solutions.

He stripped off the green jumpsuit and slid into the blue one, the fabric rustling softly around him. As he fastened the zipper, he felt the absurdity of it-the arbitrariness of his assignment, the surreal precision of the ritual-but he also felt an odd comfort. The color fit. It belonged to him for the day.

Taking a deep breath, Daniel stepped toward the glowing blue door. The light embraced him, casting his shadow along the walls of the corridor. Beyond it, the maze awaited, corridors twisting and folding, lined with endless advertisements, lined with workers in their matching blue suits. The same silent rules applied here, but now he moved with a kind of clarity. He was not just another figure in the line. He was the blue figure, defined by tone, measured by bells, slotted perfectly into the machinery of Uniform Solutions.

He stepped through the door.

And the maze swallowed him.

Chapter 4 - Into the Maze

The moment Daniel emerged from the blue door, the white corridors seemed to expand, folding outward in impossible directions. There were no corners that ended, no windows that opened onto the outside world. Only walls, only light, only the faint hum of air circulating through hidden vents. Every step echoed, sharp and hollow, as if the building itself was aware of his presence.

Ahead, a line had already formed. Workers in identical blue jumpsuits shuffled forward in unison, hands at their sides, eyes fixed straight ahead. Some held small screens, scrolling without seeing, fingers moving almost unconsciously. Others stood with eyes closed, heads nodding slightly, as if sleep could be achieved while standing upright. When Daniel tried to speak, a woman next to him leaned close and whispered, “Shhh,” her finger pressed to her lips. Her eyes flicked toward the ceiling, as if invisible eyes were always watching.

The corridor was alive in the most static sense. Posters covered every inch of wall. Bright colors and exaggerated smiles shouted at him:

“Boost Your Career Today!”

“Exclusive Deals! Limited Time Only!”

“Your Success Starts Here!”

Each one looked exactly like the next, each one a promise without substance, a bait dangling just out of reach. Daniel’s chest tightened. He realized, with a creeping discomfort, that the purpose of this place was not work at all. It was presence, movement, compliance. The company existed to keep people in motion, to move them through the endless corridors, to expose them to the constant, inescapable flood of advertisements.

The line inched forward, step by step. Time lost its meaning. The posters repeated themselves, folding into new hallways, curving the space into a labyrinth of white and color. Daniel’s legs grew tired, but stopping was impossible. There were rules he did not yet understand fully, but he sensed them in the very air: move forward, stay silent, do not stray.

Boots echoed behind him. Security walked the corridors in identical blue jumpsuits. They said nothing, observed nothing overtly. But the sound of their footsteps was enough. One worker muttered softly under his breath, a single word lost in the white maze. Two guards immediately appeared, motioning him away. The line swallowed him back in as if he had never existed. The silence returned, unbroken.

Daniel kept moving, trying to focus on the rhythm of the steps ahead. Step, step, step. The hum of air, the shuffle of shoes, the muted flicker of posters. He understood the subtle logic of Uniform Solutions: everyone existed to pass through, to move, to occupy the space and absorb the walls’ colors, their messages, their hollow promises.

At some point, he stopped trying to make sense of it. It was enough to keep walking, enough to keep silent, enough to follow the line. Every twist of the corridor, every curve of the walls, every repeated poster became part of the rhythm. Step, step, step.

And somewhere in the endless expanse of white, Daniel felt the peculiar comfort of conformity. His green-turned-blue identity, defined by tone, chosen by bells, was enough to anchor him in the impossibly bright, impossibly endless maze of Uniform Solutions.

He kept moving.

Chapter 5 - The Line

Daniel fell into rhythm with the line. Blue jumpsuits surrounded him in every direction, each worker moving silently, hands at their sides or lightly gripping the straps of small devices. The corridor curved and twisted like a river, never ending, never widening, never narrowing. Time felt suspended; seconds, minutes, hours-it was impossible to tell the difference.

Some workers stared at small screens, scrolling endlessly without reading. Their eyes flickered with the glow of the device, faces blank, expressions muted. Others nodded forward slightly, standing upright in something resembling sleep. Daniel watched them, amazed at their ability to remain upright while surrendering entirely to the rhythm of the line.

He tried to whisper a question to a man ahead of him, something about how long they had been waiting. The man leaned close, pressed a finger to his lips, and hissed, "Shhh." His eyes darted toward the ceiling, toward the walls, anywhere but Daniel. The warning was subtle yet absolute. Any hint of conversation, any deviation, was immediately policed by the silent, omnipresent authority of Uniform Solutions.

Every few steps, the corridor opened into small alcoves, each adorned with the same vibrant posters he had seen earlier: smiling stock-photo faces, headlines promising instant improvement, colorful boxes filled with impossible opportunities. "*Maximize Your Earnings Now!*" one shouted. "*Find Happiness in Three Easy Steps!*" another crowed. The slogans repeated over and over, plastered at every possible angle, bright and inescapable. Daniel's eyes ached from trying to take them all in.

The line moved slowly, like molasses. Daniel's legs ached, but the effort of resisting or complaining felt dangerous. A woman a few steps behind him yawned quietly, then shifted her weight, leaning forward without breaking pace. A man further down the corridor jerked awake and glanced sideways, only to be immediately reminded by a guard-boots heavy, silent, and blue-that deviation was not tolerated.

He noticed patterns emerging: some workers would glance down at the floor, their faces neutral, as if avoiding the posters and their constant messaging. Others allowed themselves brief micro-moments of distraction-a hand tapping a finger against a knee, a quick shift in stance-but always returned to the line, always moved forward, always silent.

Daniel realized with a chill that this was the essence of Uniform Solutions: it wasn't about labor or productivity. It was about compliance. Presence. Movement. Exposure. They were all participants in a living advertisement, silently performing their assigned roles, absorbing the maze without deviation, without thought, without voice.

Hours passed. Or maybe minutes. Daniel had lost track. He no longer noticed the repetition of the posters or the shuffle of shoes. Step, step, step. Breath, breath, breath. The line moved forward, and forward, and forward, and he moved with it, because there was nothing else to do.

A soft, mechanical chime echoed down the corridor. Daniel glanced up and saw the faint glow of the next blue door ahead. His stomach tightened-not with anticipation, but with the strange mix of relief and dread that had settled into his bones. The maze stretched endlessly beyond, but this door promised some small transition, a shift in the monotony, even if only temporary.

He kept moving, part of the line, part of the maze, part of the endless machinery of Uniform Solutions.

Step. Step. Step.

Chapter 6 - Silent Enforcement

The rhythm of the line had become almost hypnotic. Daniel moved with the others, blue jumpsuit absorbing the stark light of the endless white corridors. He no longer thought about the world outside, the bills, or the sense of time. He only moved, step by step, eyes forward, hands at his sides.

A sudden sound broke the monotony—a soft, almost imperceptible murmur. Daniel's head snapped to the side. One worker, further down the corridor, had whispered a single word. Just a word, barely audible.

Before anyone could react, two guards in blue jumpsuits appeared. Their boots clicked against the floor, crisp and unyielding, and they moved with quiet efficiency. The murmuring worker froze, eyes wide, realizing immediately that resistance was useless. Without a word, the guards grasped his arms, lifting him cleanly from the line.

Daniel watched, heart hammering, as the man was escorted down a narrow side corridor. The movement was silent, precise. No one spoke. No one protested. The line did not pause; it did not skip a beat. The absence of the worker was swallowed instantly by the rhythm, as if he had never been there at all.

The posters on the walls seemed brighter somehow, more insistent. *“Your Success Starts Here!”* one screamed. *“Don’t Wait! Apply Today!”* another demanded. Daniel realized the purpose of the maze: compliance, visibility, constant exposure. The workers were instruments in a system that observed, corrected, and erased without ceremony.

He glanced around nervously. Everyone else moved forward, hands at their sides, eyes forward. Some kept glancing at the faint glimmer of the doors ahead, perhaps counting them, marking progress. Daniel's pulse quickened. The guards were always nearby, always ready. Any deviation—speaking, slowing, even thinking too loudly—could make him the next to vanish.

He forced himself to focus on the rhythm. Step. Step. Step. The corridor twisted, curving into more white halls, more posters, more silent compliance. It seemed endless.

A faint hum from above vibrated through the walls. Daniel shivered. He understood, with a clarity he could not name, that this place did not reward individuality. It devoured it. Every action, every whisper, every thought that strayed from the prescribed movement was noted, corrected, or erased.

The line moved on. Daniel kept his eyes forward, matching each step with the others. Step. Step. Step. The maze enforced obedience without words, without ceremony, without mercy.

And somewhere, in the echo of boots and murmured instructions, Daniel felt the fragile understanding that he was part of something much larger than himself, something indifferent, eternal, and perfectly controlled.

He moved forward.

Chapter 7 - Walls of Ads

The corridors stretched on, endlessly folding into one another, and Daniel began to notice a new detail-the walls themselves were alive with messages. Not alive in the literal sense, but in the way that made his mind cling to every color, every shape, every promise. Posters covered every inch: smiling faces frozen in perfect happiness, bold letters shouting impossible offers, glossy images of products he could not name.

“Maximize Your Earnings Today!”

“Change Your Life in Three Steps!”

“Limited Time Offer - Act Now!”

Each one seemed to insist, pressing into his mind. He tried to look away, but the white walls forced him to see, the lines of color and bold type leaving traces on his vision that refused to fade. The maze itself had become an instrument, a constant advertisement he could not ignore.

Workers moved silently past the posters, some scrolling on small devices, some staring ahead blankly, eyes glazed. Daniel realized with a shock that they were not observing the world-they were absorbing it. Every color, every word, every smiling stock-photo face pressed itself into memory, becoming part of them, shaping them without consent.

He pressed his palms to his thighs, trying to stay in rhythm with the line. Step. Step. Step. The movement became secondary, almost automatic. The maze had trained him already: to exist in it, to obey it, to absorb it without question.

A poster depicting a woman holding a briefcase smiled too widely. *“Your Success Starts Here!”* Daniel’s stomach tightened. He recognized the absurdity, the emptiness, yet he could not look away. Another poster flashed promises of wealth, love, and happiness, each more exaggerated than the last. He realized the corridors were a river, and he and the others were fish, endlessly swimming, unable to escape the current of color and claim.

From somewhere above, the faint hum of machinery vibrated through the walls. He felt as though the building itself were watching, feeding, recording. He tried to speak, just a single word of question, but a nearby worker pressed a finger to their lips and leaned close with a warning glance. The sound of boots echoed from down a side corridor, the unmistakable signal of enforcement.

Daniel’s gaze shifted to a small panel on the wall. A faint blue glow marked the next checkpoint. Step. Step. Step. He moved forward, letting the posters wash over him, letting the promises of wealth, love, and happiness pass through his mind without stopping.

The maze was endless. The advertisements never ceased. The line never slowed. Daniel realized, with an odd clarity, that his day would consist entirely of this motion: walking past a sea of color, absorbing the messages without speaking, without question, without deviation.

Step. Step. Step.

He kept moving.

Chapter 8 - Endless Waiting

Time lost meaning. Daniel had long since stopped trying to measure it. The corridors stretched ahead and behind, twisting and folding in ways that defied reason. Step, step, step-the rhythm of movement had become his world.

The line moved forward relentlessly. Workers shuffled with their heads down, hands at their sides, some tapping devices without reading, others leaning slightly, eyes closed, attempting to rest while remaining upright. Daniel's legs ached, but there was no pause, no reprieve. The posters on the walls repeated endlessly, bright colors and smiling faces pressing in from all directions:

"Achieve More Than You Ever Imagined!"

"Happiness is One Choice Away!"

"Your Future Begins Here - Don't Wait!"

Their promises became a background hum, as constant and unavoidable as the floor beneath his feet. Daniel realized the work was not labor in the traditional sense. There was no creation, no accomplishment, no endpoint beyond moving, observing, obeying. The job was presence, compliance, exposure.

Some workers had mastered the routine completely. A man a few steps ahead appeared asleep, standing with head tilted, mouth slightly open. A woman closer to Daniel scrolled on a small device, thumbs moving automatically, eyes glazed. Any small sign of human restlessness was corrected immediately by the unspoken rules: shift too slowly, speak too softly, glance where you shouldn't, and you risked removal.

Daniel tried to focus on his own breath, the soft rustle of his jumpsuit, the faint echo of boots from the distant corridors. Step. Step. Step. The walls blurred as the day dragged on, each corridor folding into the next, each poster melding into a sea of impossible promises.

The hum of the building seemed to deepen, vibrating through the floor and into his chest. The sound was hypnotic, relentless. Daniel's thoughts became fragments, disconnected images of doors, walls, signs, screens. He had long since forgotten the world outside, the table of bills, the fear of unemployment. There was only movement. There was only compliance. There was only the endless rhythm of Uniform Solutions.

By late afternoon, the maze felt alive, breathing around him, observing him, recording him. The workers were ghosts of themselves, bodies moving automatically, minds absorbing color and message without pause. Daniel's own thoughts had thinned into silence, preserved only in the act of stepping forward.

Step. Step. Step.

The faint glow of a blue door appeared ahead, signaling the approach of some transition. Yet it brought no relief. The maze continued beyond it, endless, impartial, eternal. Daniel felt the strange mixture of exhaustion and clarity-the recognition that nothing here had meaning, and yet everything had order.

He moved forward, head held straight, hands at his sides, swallowed by the rhythm of endless waiting.

Chapter 9 - Payday and Departure

The day ended without ceremony. Daniel felt the faint hum of the corridors shift, signaling a transition he could not yet name. The blue glow of a door appeared ahead, identical to the checkpoints he had passed before, but this one led outward-toward the back of the building, toward the end of his shift.

As he approached, the line thinned. Workers moved in the same rhythm, obedient to the unseen structure of Uniform Solutions. Security figures in blue jumpsuits flanked the corridors, their boots echoing with quiet authority. No one spoke. No one deviated.

A small chamber appeared at the end of the hallway. A desk waited, just like the one in the lobby, but stripped of bells. Behind it sat a woman, expressionless. Without a word, she handed Daniel a thin envelope. He took it with gloved hands, peeling it open to reveal a small slip of paper and a few folded bills.

Pay for today: \$45. After taxes and benefits: \$32.00

Daniel stared at the numbers. He had moved through the maze for eight hours, absorbed every color, obeyed every rule, and this was his reward. The absurdity of it struck him, but he said nothing. Step. Step. Step. The rhythm of compliance followed him even now.

Another worker emerged from a side door, exchanging his blue jumpsuit for a plastic bag containing his clothes. Daniel did the same, pulling the blue uniform over his arm. The fabric felt heavier now, the day's monotony pressed into its fibers. He folded it carefully, a ritual in its own right, and placed it in the bag.

The back door opened to the pale light of late afternoon. The air outside smelled different-concrete, exhaust, the faint sweetness of city garbage. Daniel breathed it in, letting the breeze touch his skin, feeling oddly liberated and yet strangely tethered by the memory of the day.

Step. Step. Step. He walked down the cracked sidewalk, past the empty brick buildings, past the hum of cars, back to the world that seemed smaller now, less vivid than the stark white corridors of Uniform Solutions. The bills awaited him on the kitchen table, the same as before. But today, he had a wage slip, a return to the reality of money and survival, however absurdly meager.

He walked home, envelope in hand, the weight of the blue jumpsuit still pressing in his mind. The maze had released him, and yet the maze lingered, as if he carried a piece of it with him, embedded in his rhythm, in his awareness, in his very presence.

Step. Step. Step.

And though the world outside moved at its usual pace, Daniel knew he would return tomorrow. The ad awaited. The bells awaited. The maze awaited.

Chapter 10 - The Cycle

Daniel woke the next morning to the same gray light spilling across his table. The bills remained, leaning in their precarious towers, whispering reminders of yesterday and the days before. The envelope from Uniform Solutions lay on top, folded neatly, almost mocking in its precision. He ran a hand over it and sighed.

Outside, the city pulsed with its usual rhythm: car horns, murmured conversations, footsteps on cracked pavement. It felt smaller, quieter, less alive than the world he had left behind in the white corridors. Yet in the back of his mind, the maze lingered-the hum of lights, the click of boots, the endless repetition of step, step, step.

A notification blinked on his phone. Another ad for Uniform Solutions, the same vague posting, the same promise of immediate start. The address, the time, the single word “ahhhhh.” He stared at it, a shiver running through him. The maze had released him, but it waited for everyone who dared to enter.

He dressed, not out of urgency but from habit, and left his apartment. The cracked stairwell echoed beneath his feet, the same as yesterday. The street greeted him, indifferent, but he noticed it now: the small cracks in the pavement, the flicker of sunlight on glass, the sharp tang of exhaust in the air. The world outside felt foreign, almost fragile.

The ad had reposted. The next worker would enter, walking into the white maze, absorbing the endless colors, obeying the rhythm, surrendering to the silent enforcement. Daniel realized, with a slow, sinking clarity, that he was both outside and inside the cycle. He had survived one day, received his wage, returned his jumpsuit-but the system did not care. It never paused. It never forgot. It never stopped.

He thought of the blue jumpsuit, the bell that had matched his tone, the corridors that had swallowed him whole. He thought of the workers, slouched and scrolling, standing asleep, shushed for any attempt at speech. He thought of the posters, the messages, the relentless exposure to color and promise.

Step. Step. Step.

The rhythm had become part of him. He would return tomorrow. And the day after that. And the day after that. The maze did not end. The maze never released you completely.

Daniel turned the corner and saw the building ahead, stark and white, the door glowing faintly blue. Another worker entered, unaware, eager, compliant.

Step. Step. Step.

And the cycle continued, endless, indifferent, absolute.

Authors Thoughts

Uniform Solutions is a surreal take on the grind of modern work. It shows how routine, rules, and endless monotony can make us feel like just another cog in the machine. Daniel's day in the maze is a metaphor for the 9-5 life: constant tasks, endless rules, and little reward. The story reminds us how easy it is to lose ourselves in routine-and why it's important to stay aware, even in the monotony.