

## **The Fugitive Office**

by Ambrose Bierce

A Traveller arriving at the capitol of the nation saw a vast plain outside the wall, filled with struggling and shouting men. While he looked upon the alarming spectacle an Office broke away from the Throng and took shelter in a tomb close to where he stood, the crowd being too intent upon hammering one another to observe that the cause of their contention had departed.

"Poor bruised and bleeding creature," said the compassionate Traveller, "what misfortune caused you to be so far away from the source of power?"

"I 'sought the man," said the Office.