

Loss of Control

Financial Horror

The night hangs heavy in the office, pressed between screens and walls. Monitors flicker, numbers plummet into the abyss, red consuming every display. No one speaks. Only the faint click of mice, long ineffective.

Papers cover the floor. Forecasts, warnings, opportunities. Now just worthless material. Dark stains of spilled coffee mingle between them.

He sits at the desk. The tie remains perfectly in place. Collar closed. Everything about him looks oddly orderly, as if he has decided to preserve form while everything else falls apart. In his hand, the whisky bottle. Half empty. His fingers tremble, barely noticeable.

The cold light of the moon falls through the window. The financial district outside lies still. Smooth. Untouched. As if it has nothing to do with what is happening here.

Behind him, the others sit. Staring faces in front of flickering screens. Some still move their hands, mechanically. Others not even that. The room is full of people yet empty of any thought that still carries hope.

He lifts the bottle. Drinks. Feels nothing.

It's not just the money. He understands now. It's the decisions. The risks. The small shifts he justified to himself until they seemed logical. Everything builds on everything else. Everything falls at once.

A screen in front of him starts to flicker differently. Restless. Irregular.

He leans forward.

The numbers no longer fall smoothly. They stutter. Reorder. For a moment, a pattern emerges. Too precise for chance.

He blinks.

Something forms between the quotes. First fragmentary. Then readable.

His name.

His grip on the bottle tightens.

This can't be.

He closes his eyes. Opens them again.

The name is still there. Calm. Waiting.

Then the display changes.

I KNOW.

His breath becomes shallow.

The numbers shift again.

I KNOW WHAT YOU DID.

The room contracts. Silent. Relentless.

Behind him, something moves. A chair. A barely audible sound.

He does not turn.

He cannot.

The screen flickers harshly. Then the markets crash again. Faster. Deeper. As if nothing had happened.

Slowly he lowers the bottle. His hand remains on it.

Meanwhile, the moon has continued its march across the sky. Relentless. Cold. Indifferent.

He stares at the numbers. At the fall. At what can no longer be stopped.

And he realizes that the true loss never happened in the markets.

Explore the accompanying photograph for this piece, along with many more striking, evocative, and artistically distinctive images from this and other series, in the web album at www.BioMechMaidens.com.

For inquiries or feedback, contact me at Horst.Waschinski@gmx.de.

You can also follow my work on Facebook: www.facebook.com/Horst.Waschinski.

© 2026 Horst Waschinski — All rights reserved. No part of this work may be reproduced, distributed, or used commercially without written permission.

