

Supervisor Nelson manages to croak out, “You’re fired.” His neck makes a terrible crack and he gurgles.

You pull yourself to your feet while Mr. McWhiskers continues gorging himself.

You look around the room and suddenly find all the other employees on their knees, bowing down before you. You have conquered the cruel oppressor. You are their new leader.

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Benevolently release your fellow office drones to pursue their own goals in life, turn to page 48.

Assume your rightful place as ruler of these mindless drones, turn to page 68.