

“FFFRREEEEEEEEEEEDDDDDDOOOOMMMM!!!!!!”
you scream.

Your coworkers roar with approval.

You charge forward, past Nelson, and to the exit door. Nelson just watches in stunned silence as you rush by with your mob in close pursuit.

You lead them down all fifty floors of the stairwell, everyone screaming “Freedom!” in unison the whole way.

The fresh air hits you hard. You can’t remember feeling anything so glorious. You stop and raise your fists in victory. Your dedicated followers scream and jump with joy around you.

Then a giant flying squid lands on you, squishing you and your cohorts flat.

THE END