

midair, all those years of gymnastics lessons your parents forced you to take are finally paying off. You stick the landing and hold your arms out.

Everyone in the office is staring at you.

Oh shit, you forgot about the pen. You hastily reach forward and brush your pen off your desk. You somehow manage to knock yourself off balance in the process and you tumble to the floor with the pen.

As you get to your feet you see everyone in the office getting up from their desks and moving to the break room. You look back at Nelson's office but his door is still shut with no sign of awareness of the current uprising.

You rush to the break room with a sense of power you have never felt in your life. You are now shepherd of these sheeple.