

You stand up and throw the stack of TPS Reports into the air and wave your arms about. And scream, “BWWWHHHAAA AHHHH PPPFFFTTTT!!!”

Everyone in the office ignores you.

Supervisor Nelson’s door slams open. “SMITHE!!!”

He’s a large man, at least two feet taller than you and twice as broad.

You sink back into your chair and look out the window. The creature is now dancing a jig, playfully tossing its claws over its head and jumping back and forth. Each move toppling buildings and surely destroying thousands of lives.

Nelson is now towering over you. You shrink smaller into your chair.

“Now what the fuck is the problem,” Nelson screams in your face. He had tuna fish for lunch.

You turn and point to the creature, which is now humping the courthouse.

Nelson looks out the window and straight at the thing.

“I don’t see nothing,” he says.

“But, but –”

Nelson cuts you off, “I don’t see nothing! Now get back to work!”

He storms back to his office and slams the door.

Out the window, the creature is still frantically thrusting against the courthouse, its actions a flagrant disregard for law and order. It faces you and rises one claw. It looks like it is waving at you.

Not sure what exactly to do, you wave back.

You sit back in your chair and consider the situation.

---

Try sneaking out of the office , turn to page 112.

Organize an employee uprising against Nelson, turn to page 102.

Get back to work. Those TPS Reports aren’t going to take care of themselves, turn to page 97.