

It does not take long to prepare. The supply closet, or armory as it is now referred to, is emptied for weapons. The workers arm themselves with rulers, staples, and pens. Toilet paper is duct-taped to plungers and used to make torches. You smear white-out on your face and become a twenty-first century warrior.

You all amass in the main room that contains all of the cubicles. You raise your right arm over your head and pause for a moment, savoring the smell of drying white-out. You drop your arm and the torches light at your signal. The former white collar drones now turned mighty soldiers of freedom let out a roar that would make Genghis Khan piss his pants.

The Supervisor's office door slams open and Nelson steps out, furious.

"Now what the fuck is –"

The words freeze in his throat when he sees your savage horde armed and ready for battle.