

You sit up a little higher in your chair so you can look over your computer. You glare at John Smithe.

You don't like him.

You could tell from his first day, 1,019 work days ago, that he was a worthless employee. He doesn't take the work seriously, it takes him too long to complete an assignment, and you bet he doesn't even know what the TPS Reports are for.

And now, you look down at the note he handed you a moment ago. He is planning a mutiny against Supervisor Nelson. Of all the nerve!

At 11:14, he drops his pen and goes back to the break room. Amazingly, everyone in the office stands and follows.

You duck down in your cubical and wait for the traitors to pass by. You get on all fours and peek around the wall. You watch John hype the drones up with his blasphemous message. The hoard raids the supply closet, adding theft to their already sizable list of charges.

You crawl out of your cubical and make your way to the Supervisor's office. Outside his door, you sneak a quick look back. The mob is still distracted.

You know you should knock, but the noise might alert the others to your plan. So as quickly and quietly as possible, you open the door, rush in, and shut it behind you. You turn around but instead of Supervisor Nelson, you are greeted by a Tyrannosaurus Rex with a head the size of a jumbo jet. The outer wall of the office has been demolished and you stand on a ledge fifty stories high. The beast eyes you as drool and fragments of wood and concrete fall from its open mouth.

This is impossible. You know that dinosaurs aren't real and that God planted fossils six thousand years ago as a test of faith.

The monster's head darts forward with speed that seems unnatural for a beast of such large size.

It takes a bite and proves you wrong.

**THE END**