

You look over your delirious acolytes and give them your first and final decree, “You are all now free!”

The people cheer and go rushing out of the office place without even bothering to gather their personal possessions.

You are left alone with Supervisor Nelson’s corpse and Mr. McWhiskers.

“You know what, Mr. McWhiskers? I think everything is going to be OK from now on.”

He starts cleaning the blood off his paws.

“Come on,” you start toward the door, “let’s go home.”

Mr. McWhiskers glares but then follows you out. You two take the elevator down the building’s lobby.

“I’m so proud of us and all that we accomplished today.”

Mr. McWhiskers purrs.

The elevator reaches the lobby and the two of you exit. You freeze when you see what is happening on the other side of the lobby’s doors. The entire staff of the office is being massacred by a group of giant ants. The things are tearing everyone limb from limb and then feasting on the hunks of flesh they tear off. People are running and screaming, trying to get free, but the ants have the workers surrounded and there is no escape. One person is vainly spraying a can of bug spray.

You turn to Mr. McWhiskers, “Oh yeah, the giant monsters.”

Mr. McWhiskers responds with a “Rrooar?”

Before the guard abandoned the front desk he forgot to turn the television off and a cheesy laugh track fills the lobby.

THE END