

You look at all the people bowing down before you and it feels so right. Their devotion, their praise, touches a part of you inside that has never been reached before.

“Everyone listen up!”

They all turn their heads at you.

“Get back to work! Those TPS Reports won’t fill out themselves.”

The workers look at each other, unsure of what exactly to do. They weren’t expecting this from you.

“Mr. McWhiskers.”

He nods at you and then flies at the nearest worker. It’s Johnson from accounting. Mr. McWhiskers tears out his throat. Before his corpse hits the ground, Mr. McWhiskers has already torn out his eyes, tongue, and genitals.

The other employees, having seen this, rush as quickly as possible back to their desks. Within seconds they are all totally immersed in their work, as if the brutal coup d’etat had never taken place.

You return to the Supervisor’s office and walk in. The windowless walls lack decoration. Everything is painted black. The file cabinets, desk, and very cushy looking chair – all black. The monochrome room is a vacuum, absorbing all light.

Mr. McWhiskers pokes his head through the door as you sit behind the desk and prop up your feet.

“Mr. McWhiskers, could you bring me a cup of coffee?”

He scurries off and the door shuts behind him, bathing you in total beautiful darkness.

THE END