

You look around for something, anything, that will get across your message. You see a flower shop on the corner of the street. You don't see anything else better around.

You lean over and bend your knees. Your arms are so short that it is obvious they were never meant to do something like this. But with some effort you are able to get your hands/claws around the flower shop. You pull the building from its foundation and lift the store high into air. You hold it toward the helicopters, which are now dangerously close, in a peaceful gesture.

The helicopters ignore your offering and launch missiles at you. The projectiles slam into your body and explode. The pain is blinding.

You cry out. As you open your mouth, a missile shoots straight in.

Right before your head explodes from the inside-out, you think, *Just like the monkey.*

THE END