

This is the moment you've been waiting for. You've dreamed of this moment for years. You are finally leading the vicious attack on your uncaring oppressor.

"Fellow anthropoids –"

You stop when you see that no one is looking at you. They are all looking in the same direction, toward the side of the office. You spin around and look at Supervisor Nelson – he is paying you no mind and is staring away as well.

You turn to see what deprived you of your moment of glorious victory. Everyone is staring out the windows and you see that the sky outside has turned a deep shade of purple.

You turn back to your acolytes, "People! Focus!"

They all snap to attention.

"Focus your energy, your rage, on Nelson! He is who deserves it!"

They cheer and charge Nelson.

Nelson roars at the charging horde like a caged animal. His muscles bulge out, tearing his clothes in a dozen places. He looks just like a white collar Incredible Hulk.

He glares at all of you with glowing red eyes. He snorts, shooting black smoke out of his nose.

"I'm going to give you all one chance," he bellows, "get back to work!"

You turn back to your followers to rally them for an attack but there is nothing behind you but the water cooler. You turn completely around, confused.

You see that they are now all back at their desks, their weapons abandoned, typing on their computers at an inhuman speed, their hands little more than blurs. There is a strange green glow coming off of them.

You are not backing down so easily. You assume a fighting stance and let out a war yell that would make Rambo proud.

Supervisor Nelson flexes at you.

You charge. You are half way across the room when the entire building shakes and you are thrown to the floor. You look over and see a massive eye peaking in through the