Janice looked up at her boss, blearily wondering why she had stayed up until 3 AM last night finishing season 4 of Archer. Her gaze wandered to her boss’s frantically moving lips, then to his eyebrows, and finally settled on a pimple on the tip of his nose. She almost smiled at the sight of the unhappy-looking zit but caught herself just in time, and was brought out of her reverie by a brief pause in his incessant chattering.

“Oh yes, I totally understand and I swear it will never happen again,” she offered, hoping it made sense in context but really deeply wishing that the interaction would be over so she could go back to browsing Facebook. Unfortunately for her, Janice’s boss took the opportunity to launch off on yet another of his all-too-common tirades.

“That’s all well and good, but you see, this company is a well-oiled blah blah blah unified workplace blah blah…” Janice’s attention wandered as soon as her boss went into his “well-oiled machine” speech, and she wanted more than anything for him to just

“SHUT UP ALREADY!” she blurted out. To her utmost shock, he complied. The awkward silence stretched for 5 seconds, then 10, and by the time half a minute had gone by with the boss remaining silent but turning increasingly deep shades of purple, Janice began to realize something very strange had happened. Her boss never shut up. In fact, he had probably never been told to shut up before as even getting a single word in edgewise during one of his frequent rants was nearly impossible.

“Um…I mean…sorry,” she stammered out, but was met by continued silence, although her boss’s prominent forehead vein was by this time dangerously close to rupturing.

“Um…go ahead?” she said, and all of a sudden a thunderous stream of sulfurous curses began spewing out of her boss’s mouth.

“WHAT THE \*\*\*\* DID YOU JUST SAY TO ME? YOU, TELL ME TO SHUT UP? WHY YOU LITTLE INSUBORDINATE SON OF A—“ was what he got out before Janice, having a sudden inkling, replied in a measured tone, “No, you shut up.” And so it was. Her boss shut up. The sudden silence in the room was music to Janice’s ears, as she began to grasp the implications of this newfound ability.

Janice was the quiet, meek sort, the rare kind of person who had managed to go her entire life without uttering such a rude command as “shut up.” Now that she knew that no one had the ability to resist her when she told them to do so, she knew she would never have to suffer listening to an intolerable asshole ever again. In fact, now that she thought of that…

“Siri, where does Donald Trump live?”