

## THE SUPPLY-ROOM

Like all of us who work a five-day week, Wendall Johnson hated Mondays. But in his case, the beginning of the week heralded a different torment. Monday signaled another forty hours of grief under his terrible boss, Miss Whelks. Wendall lived in fear of her, and dreaded her as much as he dreaded the grueling headaches that had plagued him all his life. The "major episode migraines"(as his doctors referred to them), were basically untreatable. Aside from the sleep-inducing medication they prescribed(invariably making him nauseous), they were powerless to help him. What prompted the headaches was a mystery. But the effects were always the same. Terrible head-wrenching pain that lasted a minute or two, followed by blackout periods of one or two hours that Wendall couldn't account for. Over the years, he had learned to deal with them. But there was no dealing with Miss Whelks.

Miss Whelks was undeniably the most feared and reviled manager at Mason Accounting Co., Wendall's decade-long employer. Past and present employees had crossed horns with her at the office, only to end up the recipient of her fearsome wrath. She never missed a chance to humiliate anyone who tried to loosen her strangle-hold of absolute authority. Suggestions by her staff were met with sneering disapproval. Employees who were foolish enough to complain paid dearly. Domination and control. Words to live by, for Miss Whelks.

The three female data-entry clerks in her employ quaked at her approach. The half-dozen junior accountants under her wing never questioned any decision, policy, or commandment that issued from her lips. To do so would have courted an immediate tongue-lashing. Or worse. Even Mr. Mason, owner of the firm, shied away from the domineering female. He scrupulously avoided any contact with the woman, choosing instead to run to the safety of his office whenever there was a chance of confrontation. Simply put, he was a spineless bastard. He'd bucked her authority once, and it'd almost cost him his business.

Two years past, he'd suggested to Miss Whelks that "by praising the employees instead of criticizing them, a warmer and more productive office environment would result." She'd crushed his suggestion like a paper doll. With red face and nostrils flaring, she had looked him straight in the eye and screamed-"HOW DARE YOU TELL ME HOW TO RUN MY OFFICE, YOU BUMBLING OLD FOOL!" Shocked beyond reply, he'd skulked off to his office in full retreat. Miss Whelks wasted no time in calling his bluff. The Equal Opportunity Board, Civil Liberties Union, and local media's telephones began ringing. Wailing stories of discrimination and harrassment, she maneuvered public attention onto his business practice. All the bases were covered, and Mr Mason had nowhere to run. After a week of negative publicity, which was followed by a rapid decline in business, Mr. Mason cried uncle.

He gave her a bonus and a private office, hoping the worst was over.

It wasn't.

Now the whole office knew the truth.

Mason was a coward.

He never dared question her again. His nerves and his business were too precious to risk a second dose of her anger.

After this brief skirmish (in which she had claimed complete victory), Miss Whelks resumed her ironhanded approach as office manager.

But she reserved her special torments for Wendall.

Each day, upon arriving at work, Wendall would peer over at Miss Whelks' parking space, wishing and praying she'd taken-off sick.

He'd yet to be rewarded, but there was always hope.

This particular day held no such luck.

Wendall shuffled slowly to the employee's entrance (Miss Whelks had decided the lobby-entrance was for customers only), and entered the building.

He trudged the brief hallway leading to his cubicle, nodding absently at the few fellow workers who offered their greetings.

"Morning, good morning" he mumbled as he dropped his coat onto his well-worn swivel-chair.

His paper-strewn desk greeted him smugly, an instant reminder of the million things he'd left neglected over the weekend. Fear struck him immediately.

Christ! He'd forgotten to give an updated statement of the Watkins account to Miss Whelks!

Undoubtably, there'd be some hell to pay over his forgetfulness.

Thrown on top of the paper-pile was a handwritten note.

It read "YOU MUST REPORT TO MY OFFICE AT ONCE. MISS W."

Wendall sighed.

Even her notes demeaned him.

Although he was an accomplished accountant and a CPA, Miss Whelks never appreciated his efforts.

She always treats me like shit, he thought. Nothing pleases her.

Wendall set his briefcase down, adjusted his tie, and dutifully headed for her office.

Miss Whelks sat fuming in her chair, squirming and grinding her teeth.

"That wimpy little bastard better show up in the next five minutes, or I'll have his ass for breakfast" she wickedly murmured to herself.

Her overburdened chair squeaked its approval.

Calling Miss Whelks a big woman was an understatement.

She was monstrous.

She hadn't seen two hundred pounds since her last year at business school.

Now, standing six-foot two and a hundred and twenty pounds heavier, she took up a considerable amount of her spacious twelve by twelve-foot office.

She elbowed her way forward in her chair and knocked her pencil-cup onto the floor.

"Fuck!" she snarled, cursing her clumsiness.

With gigantic buttocks flenching, she shoved her chair back and groped under her desk, seeking the accursed pencils.

Wendall arrived at Miss Whelks' office and peeked around the door-jamb.

He hoped the horrid cow wasn't in.

The room was empty, but he could smell her sickeningly-sweet perfume.

It filled his nostrils with her rancid scent, making his head swim.

"Thank God, she isn't here" he mumbled.

"THANK GOD I DON'T COME OVER AND WRING YOUR FUCKING NECK!" a voice boomed from under the desk.

Wendall's stomach dropped into his shoes.

He peered over her desk, trembling.

The twin globes of a mountainous ass greeted his eyes.

They were slowly replaced by pair of rounded shoulders, hamhocks of flesh that should have been hanging in a butcher shop.

The shoulders disappeared, and were replaced by a thick neck and huge head that belonged on a football player.

The head swiveled up and regarded Wendall coldly.

Two close-set and beady eyes studied their prey.

"SIT DOWN, Wendall" she barked.

Wendall dropped into the small chair across from her desk, wringing his girlish hands.

He didn't dare look her in the eyes.

He knew better.

Miss Whelks was pissed.

Miss Whelks screamed at Wendall for perhaps fifteen minutes, berating him about the Watkins account.

No part of his manhood was left unscathed.

She mentally and emotionally emasculated him until he scrambled out of her office, sobbing.

Satisfied that he'd learned his lesson, she left her office and proceeded to rain some abuse onto the rest of the staff.

All in a days work.

The inept peons that shirked their daily responsibilities needed motivation.

Miss Whelks enjoyed providing it.

Wendall exited his boss's office with head down and shoulders slumped.

He had to get some air and clear his aching head.

He'd go anywhere, do anything to get out from under her thumb.

An idea popped into his head.

Quietly and unobserved, he stepped down the hall and entered the supply-room.

The door silently latched behind him.

The interior of the supply-room was plain enough, stocked with the usual things that an office full of accountants might keep.

In one corner, four plastic five-gallon bottles of drinking water waited to replenish the office-cooler. In another, several cases of soda stood ready for the vending machine.

Reams of computer-paper, tax forms, office stationary, and the like dominated the back wall. The other three walls were lined by metal shelving, straining under a load of past closing statements and receipts. Six filing cabinets filled the center-space of the room, and contained a complete file of customer records and payments.

The cabinets were topped by a couple of moving blankets.

Wendall flipped on the light-switch, then lurched his butt up onto the cabinets and leaned back, letting his calves and feet dangle off the end.

He locked his hands behind his head and closed his eyes.

His head throbbed dully, with the beginnings of a migraine.

The bitch really laid one on me this time, he thought.  
Thinking of wonderful accidents that somehow might befall Miss Whelks, Wendall fell asleep.

Miss Whelk's lumbered down the hall.  
A sliver of light under the supply-room's door caught her eye.  
"Some dilly-dallying bastard's in there wasting company time, no doubt" she muttered.  
She cautiously approached the door, and leaned close to listen.  
She heard nothing.  
"Hummmph" she mumbled.  
She silently turned the knob and peeked in.  
Her eyes widened, then narrowed as an evil smile crept onto her face.  
The slumbering Wendall dreamt on, undisturbed.  
Miss Whelks slid into the room, then quietly closed and locked the door behind her.  
She tiptoed over to Wendall's makeshift bed and stuck her mouth an inch from his ear.  
She took an exceedingly deep breath.  
"WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING!" she screamed.  
Wendall's reflexes took charge immediately.  
Instinctively, his body sprang off the cabinets.  
By the time his eyes snapped open, he was a foot above the file-cabinets and coming down fast.  
His head slammed down hard, bringing dancing twinkles of light to his eyes.  
Behind the twinkles, an overpowering figure blasted his ears with an incredible roar. A familiar feeling of dread crept over his numbed senses.  
Caught!!! She caught you fucking-off!! his mind screamed.  
He struggled for words.  
"M-Miss Whelks? I g-guess I nodded off and-"  
"Don't even think of trying to explain this, you-you-YOU SHIRKER! she wailed. You've pushed too far this time-Wendall, this-this wasting the company's time and money is bad enough, but SLEEPING! IN OUR SUPPLY-ROOM!"  
Her voice had risen to shrilling screech.  
"But Miss Whelks-"  
"ENOUGH!!! ENOUGH OF YOUR DAMNED NONSENSE! she shrieked.  
Wendall hoisted his butt off the cabinets, and with bowed head, made for the door.  
"NOT SO FUCKING FAST!" shrilled Miss Whelks as she maneuvered her overlarge bulk in front of the door.  
Wendall slowly raised his head and looked up at Miss Whelks' face.  
A malevolent, leering smirk met his gaze.  
"I'm going to teach you a lesson, Wendall" Miss Whelks purred softly.  
"W-What?" he stammered, feeling like a mouse in a trap.  
"A little lesson. For a puny little man who was stupid enough to fuck with me. Trust me Wendall, it's for your own good" she cooed.  
Fear gripped Wendall in it's uncompromising hold, and his knees began to knock together.  
This lady's lost her marbles, he thought.  
"But Miss Whel-" he began.  
"SHUT UP! she screamed, so loud that Wendall's ears hurt.  
With a sudden blur of speed, she grabbed his shoulders and spun him around like a rag doll. Then she shoved him forward so forcefully that he sprawled onto his knees, banging his still-pounding head on the floor in the process. She grabbed the back of his trousers, and with a sudden jerk, exposed his small and quivering buttocks.  
"AHA!" she snorted. "Time for a little motivation-training. I assure you, this won't hurt you as much as

it hurts me, my scrawny little man."

Grabbing the back of his dress-shirt to stop him from squirming away, she drew back an enormous hand of a hand to spank him.

"Wait! Miss Whelks no, I beg you, please don't hit-" he squawked, but the massive hand and forearm had already started their downswing.

A thunderclap of a smack rang out in the cramped room.

The smack's provider grunted, and it's recipient squealed.

Wendall wrenched his booming head around and looked back at his attacker, begging for mercy.

"Please, dear God, please don't, I'm begging you Miss W-"

The second slap knocked him headlong into the file cabinets, drawing blood. Dazed, he reached for his forehead and stared numbly at the crimson liquid that stained his palm.

"My God" he whispered.

"EVEN HE CAN'T HELP YOU! YOUR ASS IS MINE! I'LL TEACH YOU TO SLEEP ON COMPANY TIME, YOU INEPT LITTLE BASTARD!" the obese demon in woman's clothing shrieked.

Wendall's already overburdened senses could take no more abuse. His booming head felt ready to explode, his ears rang like a dozen churchbells, and his ass was on fire.

The dancing stars of light grew in intensity, and suddenly the supply-room and his tormentor seemed to be fading away.

He fainted.

Miss Whelks stood over her victim, savoring the puny man's complete and total degradation.

That was wonderful, she thought. Just grand.

"Too bad the little bastard fainted", she whispered to herself.

She sighed.

"I was just getting warmed up" she said, chuckling quietly.

She turned on her heel and prepared to leave the storeroom.

She hesitated.

"Might as well get some Xerox paper" she announced brightly, the unconscious form on the floor already forgotten.

Humming softly, she lumbered over to the back wall's shelf to grab a few reams.

With her back turned, she didn't see Wendall's still body stiffen and begin it's metamorphosis.

She didn't notice the faint clicking as ten razor-sharp talons sprang from Wendall's lifeless fingers.

She was too absorbed to hear the Wendall-thing's facial flesh tearing as a mouthfull of shark's teeth pushed themselves from his jaw.

Her soft humming covered the faint scrabbling of his ten needle-tipped toenails as the slavering creature made it's stealthy approach.

Some sixth sense warned her, and for the first time in her life, she felt fear.

She whirled around.

Two red and glaring eyes stared at her.

The massive Wendall-creature stood drooling expectantly, appraising his abnormally large meal.

A single tear ran from it's eye.

"I guess it's time for your lesson, Miss Whelks" it said sadly.

Her mouth opened, but only a terrified squeak issued forth.

In a blinding blur of motion, the creature beheaded Miss Whelks. Her head thumped to the floor and rolled to a stop beside the water-bottles.

Blood began to drip from it's severed neck.

The creature gazed down at the still-opened eyes on her face, then turned his attention to the teetering corpse.

He nodded approvingly.

The beast that was Wendall would feast well.

Better yet, his headache had completely disappeared.

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