

A PASSIVES REVENGE

A corporate bully falls to the thoughts and wishes of one of his victims.

Tiffany Arnold

“CARA” I looked up to see Byron, a co-worker who swore he was my boss approaching. “What is this?” He threw a stack of papers on my desk, looking over it looked like the report I was told to look over.

“Why do you have that?” I was told to look over the report by my boss and fix any holes or any glitches before it was sent to our client for their approval. Please don’t tell me this was Byron’s report; everyone knows he hates me.

“What the hell do you mean what I am I doing with this? The question is why did you mess this up?” Great just what I need an argument. Where’s the boss when he does this? Does no one in here follow office ethics? I really wish he would just stop talking to me. “CARA! Are you paying any attention to anything I am saying?” I look up to see the few items I had on my desk flying to the floor.

“Is that really necessary Byron?” Said a voice behind my cubicle. I knew Melissa must have just snuck in. She hates confrontation just as much as I do, but at least she opens her mouth and stands up for herself. I wish I had guts like her, but I am too scared that someone is going to hurt me. “All she did was what was asked of her. So what, she changed some items on your report. If you look at them without prejudice you may find that they make it better.” I looked up at Byron’s face. He was beet red and fuming. If I looked close enough I swear I could see smoke coming out of his ears. “Its about the company Byron, not about you. Calm down and go back to your desk before you make a scene and lose your job.” Melissa finally stood up and looked over the cubicle wall. Byron snatches the report off my desk knocking over the remaining items he missed the first time.

As I began picking up my things from off the ground I could feel someone staring at me. “What is it Melissa?” I looked up to see pity in her eyes.

“You really have to start standing up for yourself.” She slowly came from around her desk and picked up a coffee mug that had rolled past her side. As she handed it to me she let her hand brush my arm gently. “Seriously Cara, you are better than that. Show him that he can’t talk to you like that.” As she walked back to her cubicle, she turns and winks her eye at me as her phone begins to ring.

I know she’s right, but I wouldn’t know how to stick up for myself if I tried. I hated people like Byron, ugh. I wish he would get side swiped by a car. Maybe with a near death experience he could change. Yeah right, I don’t know why I think someone like Byron would change because of a car accident. He’d have to be damn near on his deathbed and he would probably still be himself. The world would be so much better without people like him.

After I finish cleaning up my desk I try to finish out the rest of my day without incident. I plug in my headphones and begin on the marketing strategy plan packet for Carpon Automotives, our newest client. Looking at the clock I notice several hours have gone past and it’s almost time to head out to lunch.

“Hey Melissa,” I yell over the wall. “What are doing for lunch?” As I look at her I see her eyes are blood red with tears flowing down her face. “What’s going on?” I get up and notice several people crying or looking distant. I walk over to my supervisor and notice him shaking hands with a police officer.

“Hey Mr. Jenkins, what’s going on? Why is everyone so upset?” Mr. Jenkins looks at me with wide eyes and grabs my arm pulling me towards his office. Closing the door behind us he ushers me to have a seat on his couch.

“Cara,” he takes a deep breath. “I take it you didn’t hear the announcement that was given a few minutes ago.” I shook my head no. “Byron was struck and killed by a car. He left out for lunch early because he was still upset about his presentation being edited. Unfortunately he never made it back to the office.” My mind began spinning. This cannot be real. I didn’t do this, did I? “Cara, are you alright?” I looked up at him. I tried standing up as I nodded my head and fell to the ground.

As my eyes started blinking in and I noticed I was lying on the ground looking up at about seven co-workers with looks of confusion on their faces. I heard several whispers of ‘Is she ok?’, to ‘Does anyone know what happened?’ I kept trying to answer to respond but it seemed as if my throat was closed and my eyes wouldn’t open. I tried to relax and begin feeling my fingers move. It felt as if someone’s hand was rubbing on my forehead.

I opened my eyes to find Melissa rubbing a cold towel on my forehead. She was whispering “Cara wake up.”

“Her eyes are open.” I heard Mr. Jenkins yell out.

“Cara are you ok?” I nodded my head and tried to sit up. “Take it easy honey.” Melissa whispered. “Don’t try to move too quick.” I slowly sat up and took a deep breath. She handed me a glass of cold water. “Here take a sip.” As I sipped from the glass I looked around as several people started dwindling off. “She’s fine, you all can leave now.”

“I’m ok.” I said as I slowly stood up. I just need some air. What was going on? This had to be a coincidence, but man... how could exactly what I imagined happen to

him. I mean I despised him, and I know I wished it on him, but I didn't really mean it.

Did I?