

I was toiling away at a heavy block of stone for the pyramids, when my eyes riveted on an unattended jar of blue paint. A lone brush stuck out the top. I noticed my hated commander, bossing everyone around as usual. His back was turned to me. I wondered to myself, how would that snob like some of his own medicine back at him?

I stealthily grabbed the paintbrush and flicked it at my commander. Blue paint spattered his ^{clean} white garment. My fellow worker sniggered. Encouraged, I flicked the brush again. This time, a drop caught him on the arm. He whirled upon me and glared. "What in Pharaoh's name are you doing?" he screamed. "Why are you not attending your duties?" "I-i-it was a m-m-m-mistake!" I stammered unconvincingly.



I was just standing here, minding my own business, when all of a sudden something hit me in the head. How rude of somebody, I thought to myself. Shouldn't this guy be working instead of just standing there? I know that the Pharaoh is nearby, but that doesn't mean he can just blow off his job. He can't be working because what kind of job involves knocking ~~knocking~~ ^{knocking} coconuts off people? "Hey, You!" I shouted. "Get back to work before we all get in trouble!" And with that, I folded my arms and turned away.