

Fabulous Flamboyant Fury: Tania Johnson

She'd been stuck in that meeting seemingly forever, just like all the other meetings since she started working here. Always the endless talking going around and around in circles. Everyone big noting themselves about how their idea was the best and would save the day.

Occasionally, in some meetings, she tried to speak up, to explain that a fact on which they were basing a hugely impactful decision was wrong. Or to try to promote a collaborative approach by explaining that two parties were largely on the same page and could benefit by listening, really listening to each other. She was largely ignored, talked over or her point was taken and skewed to meet the agenda of the person talking.

Nothing was accomplished, no decisions were ever made or if they were they were overturned soon after in the next meeting or the one after that. The fat-headed arrogant power mongers patted themselves on the back for not backing down, their view was obviously the right one and all would recognise that soon. Every so often the power dynamic changed and those on the way up used their newfound power to railroad those with less.

She knew this was wrong for her but felt powerless to change it. She continued to behave "professionally" as her soul was sucked from her body and she became a passive lifeless shell of her former self. Until that moment at least. She leapt up out of her seat and screamed.

*"F*ing listen to me you arrogant a*holes! Stop interrupting me and mansplaining exactly what I've just explained to you, let go of your bloody egos and see the bigger picture. It's not actually about you and you're not the ones affected by your crappy decisions and powerplays."*

A tiny, infinitesimal part of her brain that was still thinking rationally told her to apologise and back down, but apparently, she wasn't taking anymore crap and this brief wonderful moment of pure, flamboyant fury felt so incredibly justified, worthwhile and freeing. She jumped on the table, yelled a rebel war cry, threw her laptop through the meeting room window, punched her boss in the face, grabbed her bag and left the building.

No people were harmed in the creation of this story.