



Choking down a gasp of horror, I mumbled, "Antidotes are in the potions aisle."

"Thank you, sir," the man stuttered, teary. Suddenly, Bobby the snake lunged at me, biting down on my arm with pristine white chompers. With my flesh still in its mouth, Bobby looked up at me and grinned.

"AHHHH!" I screamed.

"AHHHH!" The snake man screamed.

"AHHHH!" Bobby screamed.

Leila dashed out of Storage Area 1-B, smashing a jar of mushrooms. "What's going on? Is that old frog from management back a- AHHHH!" She screamed.

"BOBBY! STOP!" The snake man tried to yank Bobby from my arm as I thrashed on the floor, screeching like a Mantalon. Finally, Bobby let out one last hiss and relinquished my aching appendages.

"I am so so sorry sir!" The snake-man sobbed.

"That's okay," I whimpered, staring at the bite marks on my forearm. "At least it was human teeth and not fangs."

After profusely apologizing, the snake-man retreated to the potions aisle and paid with a handful of moldy coppers. As for my wound, Leila treated it with some healshrooms, but it still took an entire three days for the mark to disappear.

Seriously, I don't get paid enough for this.

**Mar. 7:**

After nothing happening for five months, five months



