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Try This 10.7
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Lunch Break at the Office

Fred rested his belly quietly on the bed of the lake. It was shallow here, and he sat silently under the midday sun, with nothing but his bald spot and the upper rim of his glasses showing. He was hungry, and looking for a quick meal to satiate his mounting hunger.

His waterproof watch beeped a muffle three o'clock tune when she came into sight, past the shore, inside the tree line. Her cotton-polyester blend caught on branches as she went. It was Maude, from Human Resources, no doubt out again for her midday drink from the stream. Slender in leg but meaty in torso, Fred knew she would be the perfect fit for his midday snack. A young marsh bird landed on his exposed head, and he took every opportunity to appear still as rock, while his prey approached.

By all accounts, the young receptionist was unaware of the innocent rock's intentions. She approached the water, and knelt down by the shore to drink from the Lord's goodness. Fred let the ripples from her unknowing hands flow over him. They sent a thrill up his spine, a thrill only further intensified as Maude threw off her shoes and stepped her dainty feet into the water, first one, and then the other. She hiked up her skirt and waded around, her bare ankles tingling in the warm air, feet soaking in the soothing, cool water.

Fred knew better than to waste his time. He shot forth from the water like a ball from its cannon, and quickly grabbed Maude by the bare neck with his teeth. Jerking and rolling, he slammed her defenseless body against the ground, over and over again. Poor

Maude barely had time to realize what had happened, before Fred was dragging her limp body backwards into the water, jaws quivering with the expectations of what was to come.