

You run to the cabinet and in a moment of insanity-induced brilliance, you down all the vials of blue liquid. You use your sleeve to wipe the stuff from your lips and turn around. Just like before, you feel nothing new or different.

You stare at the chair you were just sitting in and concentrate. Suddenly, the chair lifts into the air, flies across the room, and smashes into the far wall.

Holy shit, it worked.

You turn and face the cabinets. You raise your hands to your temples and concentrate as hard as you can. The whole wall in front of you bursts and crumbles to the ground. You are overlooking open jungle from three stories up. You walk along the ledge and survey the scenes of war before you.

Flying saucers are soaring through the air and monsters roam free, attacking soldiers armed with machine guns. The air is thick with the stench of smoke and death.

But now you can change it all.

You decide to take out the flying saucers first. You place your hands to your temples just like before and concentrate on all the saucers at once. Your whole body shakes as you charge your psychic attack.

You hear a sound like boiling water, but it's coming from inside your own skull, and then you collapse to the ground – dead even before your knees buckle. Your brain, now hot steaming muck, leaks out of your nostrils. On a countertop nearby, a spoon bends.

That was pretty fucked up.

THE END