

The body slumps down and slides off your hand.

You turn back to Mr. McWhiskers, who raises a paw at you and says, “Oi!”

“Right...”

Mr. McWhiskers dashes across the room and hops up on one of the many control panels. He jumps about hitting buttons with his paws. You can feel the ship begin to move and change direction.

“Uhhh...Mr. McWhiskers, where are we going?”

“Oi!”

“Yeah...”

Mr. McWhiskers hits a few more buttons and suddenly loud punk rock fills the ship.

You flinch at the harsh sounds while Mr. McWhiskers shuts his eyes in kitty pleasure and head-bangs to the beat.

On the view screen a blur of burning buildings and wasted terrain flash by as the ship accelerates. Then the images freezes as the ship comes to a stop. It’s the White House.

“Oi!” meows Mr. McWhiskers as he hits a button. On the screen a red beam hits the White House and the building explodes – instantly reduced to burning rubble.



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Do you try to stop your anarchist cat from causing any more damage, turn to page 84.

Fuck it, go with it, turn to page 47.