

You hold up your hands, signaling to the alien captain that you do not wish to fight at this moment. It would be great to get one of these things talking. Find out what's going on.

The captain's hand moves quickly. Before you have time to react, he whips out his ray gun and fires.

Suddenly a gray blur darts in the way of the beam. It's Mr. McWhiskers!

His furry body crumples to the floor and thrashes about. He screeches and howls and your heart breaks.

"What the fuck did you do to my cat?"

The alien is looking at Mr. McWhiskers with a cocked head, confused.

The cat is now sitting up looking unharmed but... different. He now wears a black leather collar with silver studs around his neck. Both his ears now have multiple piercings and each paw has a chain link bracelet. The oddest addition to Mr. McWhiskers' new wardrobe is the black leather jacket. Chains hang down all along it and on the back is a full color painting of a depressed-looking man sitting at a table, drink in hand. Gaudy green letters proclaim, "Too Drunk To Fuck."

Mr. McWhiskers looks up at you and says in a tiny little kitty voice, "Oi."

You scream at the alien, "What the fuck did you do to my cat!"

The alien raises the gun at you. Screaming, you charge. With one hand you knock the weapon away and with the other you deliver a vicious upper cut. Your fist hits the soft spot of flesh under the chin and breaks right through the skin. Your hand comes out in his mouth, tearing and breaking his jaw and tongue.

He flaps on your hand like a hooked fish but the bastard isn't dead.

You hit him with your other hand. Your new super-strength snaps and reshapes bones. Soon there is nothing more than a twitching red mess caught on your hand.