

You realize that you cannot stay here. That monster is getting too close and if Supervisor Nelson has his way you'll be trapped here until that beast violates the building and knocks it over.

You crouch down in the cubical and crawl out. You race from cubical to cubical keeping your eyes on Nelson's office door. Your coworkers pay you no mind as you rush from workspace to workspace. They are too involved with their individual projects.

You make it to the exit and go through.

You rush over to elevator and take it to the lobby. You run outside and the fresh air hits you.

Once out you are not sure what to do. Your apartment is on the other side of the city and you seriously doubt that the bus lines are running. You need to go there before you try escaping from the city, the giant monsters, attacking flying saucers. Someone has to rescue, Mr. McWhiskers, your wonderful gray long hair cat.

You see no choice but to walk. Hopefully you will be able to avoid painful death.

You head down the streets for home, the sound of gun shots and the smell of fire in the air.

You round a corner and pause when you see, in the center of the road, a person dressed in a full body white spacesuit and a helmet with a dark black visor. The spaceman is walking down the street holding what looks to be a cheesy raygun from an old Sci-Fi movie. The gun shoots black beams. One of those beams hits a middle age woman dressed in a blue flower-print dress and she changes into a spiky hair freak. Her clothing mutates to black leather and she runs off shouting.

The spaceman turns and aims his gun at you. You freeze, terrified, and have no chance to avoid the beam.

When it hits you can feel the very fabric of your reality being rewritten. No longer do you crave the soothing saxophone of Kenny G, you crave music with anger,