

You charge at the punks, slashing and stabbing with your spikes. They quickly fall beneath your savage attack. Limbs and heads fly about you and, within moments, you are covered with hot sticky blood.

More punks throw themselves at you and you slice them down as well. You hack and slash until none are left. You stand in the center of a massive, gooey mound of limbs and organs. You have never felt more alive in your life.

You climb down from the viscera pile and catch your breath. Your heart pounds and your veins feel like they are pumping molten lead. You hear an explosion and yelling from somewhere close by. You pull two fresh spikes from your head and go off in the direction of the cry, hoping and hunting for more spacemen.