

You want to feel the blood of this feeble race for yourself, or at least see it splattered on your spacesuit.

The ship lands in the center of a street and you exit.

The unnatural pressure of the Earth afflicts you. Moving your limbs feels heavy, like you're underwater.

You look around and see the human structures burning brightly. Screams and roars are a song to your glorious triumph over such an unworthy enemy.

You see a human male run across the street about fifty meters away. You pull out your standard-issue ray gun. You take aim and fire. He is immediately turned into another agent of the empire. You laugh at the pathetic creature, now absurdly adorned with dried animal flesh and multicolored spikes for hair.

You see a human female approaching from a side street. Something about her appearance strikes you as immediately wrong. There is no fear in her body language like you expect from humans. There is something wrong with her physical appearance as well. She looks like one of the empire's agents, clad in black with a single row of large spikes on her head.

The sensors in your visor are telling you that she is an unchanged human so you raise your gun and fire. The beam hits her but has no effect. She continues to advance.

You fire again but nothing happens to her.

She is running at you now. She grabs hold of two of the spikes in her head and pulls them out. Two more spikes jut out to replace them. She brandishes the weapons and you can see the fire glinting off them.

You shoot again but it doesn't even slow her down. You hit the emergency buttons on your spacesuit, calling for help. It's too late. She is already on top of you.

She hits the visor on your helmet with the spikes. Smashing your helmet open, letting in the dangerous atmosphere. The vacuum of Earth sucks your eyes out of their sockets. The pressure yanks your beautiful, pure green blood from the holes in your head, your mouth, and ears.