

“At the monster,” you yell and point.

The punks charge forward, chanting, “Oi! Oi! Oi!”

They swarm at the thing’s tentacles as it thrashes about, crushing many attackers. Scores of people are smashed but even more take their place. The people cling to its fleshy tentacles and begin to climb. The thing shakes its massive bulk, sending punks flying through the air, but it is not able to repel them all.

More punks attack and climb until the thing is people-coated up to its torso.

You turn back to the spacemen and see that they are marching steadily. Some in the front are shooting off their rifles. These space-guns shoot green beams that tear through flesh. Dozens of punks fall dead on the first volley of shots.

“Get them too!” you yell.

The punks closest to the spacemen turn and charge them. The spacemen’s beams cut them down.

You turn back to the monster and see that it is now completely covered with people. The punks swarm over it like a human sheet. The thing lifts its arms but the people are just too much. It sways back and forth and then falls to the ground under the weight of the punks and their metal-studded jackets.

You turn back to the spacemen just in time to see the green beam coming at you. Your new Mohawk powers can’t stop your body from being bisected at the waist. You have the strange experience of falling over but seeing your legs unmoving and standing upright.

You hit the ground and feel your insides rush onto the dirty concrete. You feel very light and hollow and then feel nothing.

THE END