

“Into the saucers!”

The punks swarm up the boarding platforms and into the spaceships.

You lead one group into the closest saucer. Two spacemen rush you with rifles raised but you are too quick and stab them both in the throat with your spikes. Punks rush past you, swarming into the ship and seeking out spacemen to massacre.

In moments, your forces have taken complete control of the ship. You sit on the bridge of the spacecraft and punks are at all the controls around you. You have no idea what any of the strange buttons do. The punks however, seem to understand it all. In addition to improving their sense of fashion and taste in music, the ray guns also seemed to have installed the knowledge of how to fly intergalactic spaceships.

On the wall-encompassing view screen you can see the other commandeered spaceships taking formation behind you.

“Incoming enemy,” says a pierced man with a torn and sleeveless Liberty shirt behind you.

The screen shifts to an image of several saucers flying at your squadron.

“Attack,” you say with confidence.

Beams shoot out of your saucers and they cut down the enemy in no time at all. You smile at the smoldering image on the view screen.

Suddenly, the ship rocks about, almost throwing you from your chair.

“What was that?” you yell.

A voice answers from behind you, “Something, one of the monsters, has latched onto the ship.”

There is a terrible screech of tearing metal and then the ceiling above you splits open. A giant beak tears through and snatches up one of the punks.

You can feel the ship shifting course and speeding for the ground.