

Everyone laughed at you when you started building the ship. No one believed that you received the directions from the spirit of William Shatner. You know he's not dead but that made the apparition even weirder and more worthy of your attention. He gave you very detailed directions very slowly and warned you of an impending disaster that would threaten all of humanity.

They all called you crazy but you continued working, determined to fulfill your divine duty.

You completed the ship just one week ago.

When the aliens showed up you knew it had something to do with your mission, but the project did not make complete sense. When the giant monsters showed up, it all fell into place.

You rushed into the backyard where the ship was kept. You jumped into the cockpit and fired up the engines.

The ship rose several feet into the air, stretching and flexing its fingers. Building a flying ship to resemble a giant hand seemed really strange, but who are you to question Shatner? You followed the directions exactly, except for the fingernails. You made them purple because you think purple is pretty.

You set the coordinates for the city and fly off.

The city is a mess of rubble and flames. You never cared much for it, too much noise and too many people. The cause of all this devastation lumbers ahead of you.

The thing looks like a dragon walking upright. Instead of the classic monster head from western and eastern myth, the beast has a squid at the end of its neck.

Your ship circles the thing. It strikes at you with tentacles and claws but you are too fast and agile to be hit. You buzz around it, seeking the best spot to strike.

A hint of metal shines on the thing's back – there's your target. Discretely poking out from between the beast's scales, you see a zipper slider.

Your ship darts forward and the mechanical fingers