

*PLOP. PLOP. PLOP*, is the sound of the wet hunks of flesh falling around you.

There's a loud *THUNK* at your feet you look down. It's Solok's head. He is even still wearing the pointy ears. On his face is a frozen a snarl of defiance.

You fall to your knees and pick up his head. You hold it up high in the air with one hand while the other flashes the devil horns.

"Ssssssoooollllllloooooookkk," you scream to the heavens.

You go silent and toss the head back to the ground.

You look at the street around you. It is covered with gore and hunks of monster flesh. Almost no building is left completely intact and dozens of fires are burning freely. There are small groups of people milling about the streets. Some are even flying through the air. Judging from the powers on display and the fact so many people are still alive, you assume they have all been changed as well.

Welcome to the rest of your life.