

“Hey,” you say, stepping within a foot of the spaceman,
“what’s the big fucking idea?”

He ignores you and starts pushing buttons on the front of
his spacesuit.

You are ready to punch him in his stupid helmet when
you get the feeling you two are no longer alone.

You look around and see at least fifty punks. Most are
holding weapons of some kind. All are staring at you with
murder in their eyes.

You are completely surrounded.

Make a run for it, turn to page 36.

Stand your ground and fight, turn to page 136.