

You're not going down without a fight. The only chance you have is to take them by surprise.

You are just about to make your move when the sky above you starts to change. It turns from its natural light blue to a deep psychedelic purple.

You look back at the spaceman and the punks. They are staring into the sky as well. Then they turn as one to face you.

The world around you goes red as your mind is filled with rage. You roar and grab a spike from your Mohawk with each of your hands. You pull and they smoothly slide out of your scalp. You hold two sharp metal spikes in front of you. You can feel two new spikes quickly grow to replace the missing ones.

The natural color of the world comes back into focus and everything seems to go in slow motion. You run up to the spaceman and strike. He does not even have a chance to raise an arm in defense. You stab with your spikes and the visor on his helmet shatters.

You step back in disgust at the thing within the outfit. He looks like a human being but the face is red, cracked, and sore-riddled. The thing opens his mouth to scream but no noise comes out. He drops to his knees and raises his hands.

The skin starts to bubble out all over his head. A bubble on his cheek swells to the size of an orange and then bursts open, splattering you with chunky green pus. Then, with a loud pop – like someone uncorking a bottle of champagne – the thing's head explodes, sending flesh and thick puss-like blood splattering through the air and all over you.

A little bit gets in your mouth and surprisingly it tastes like cherry pie.

You turn away from the otherworldly corpse and devote your attention to the horde of punks, all staring silently at you.

---

Charge them and try taking them off guard, turn to page 138.  
Try talking to them, turn to page 69.