

You back away from Solok, ready to attack if you have to.

The spaceman's ray gun has transformed Solok. He now has large gauged earlobes to go with the rubber points. There is one hoop through his lower left lip and two hoops through his right eyebrow. His previously tight, well-kept hair is now a jet-black, spiky mess.

His clothing has even changed. The Star Trek insignia on his uniform, that weird triangle thingy with a circle around it, has moved so it is now an A with a circle around it. Anarchy. Around the ends of his shirt sleeves and pants legs run rows of metal spikes.

He wipes his face with his hands. You see that his fingernails are now painted black.

"Whoah, what the fuck happened to me?"

He looks up and sees your defensive position.

"It's OK. I'm not going to attack you," he says.

You relax. His mind has not been turned into a murderer.

You walk over to him, "Damn, that really did a number on you." You look him up and down. "I think it's an improvement."

He sarcastically smiles at you and then looks confused. "Do you hear that?"

"Hear wh—" you stop when you feel the duel rhythmic thumps. Oh shit, you know what this means.

As if on cue, hordes of people spill out onto your street, fleeing and flying past. Many of them have been changed into some punk version of their former selves.

Quickly, the pounding becomes very loud. A few blocks down, a row of buildings crash to the ground. In the midst of the destruction, there is a great roar.

The smoke clears, revealing the biggest thing you have ever seen. In many ways it looks like a kind of giant crocodile. It's on all fours and covered with green scales that glisten in the daylight. Instead of lizard-like legs, the thing's legs are thick with knotty muscle. The front pair bends out