

There must have been something messed up with that spaceman's gun. When the beam hits you, you suddenly sprout a cowboy hat on your head. Your clothes change to jeans and a brown vest.

The spaceman cocks his head at you, puzzled over your transformation.

He fires the gun again as you spit out some chewing tobacco.

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Roll the die again and you become...



A dirty, drunken street punk, turn to page 25.



A muscle-bound skinhead, turn to page 140.



A political anarcho punk, turn to page 82.



A vegan and edge kid, turn to page 114.



A sensitive emo kid, turn to page 50.



Roll again.