

You walk down the hall clutching the staple gun, but you know with the experiments on the loose, the weapon will be no help.

Hall after hall you journey through until, finally, you make it to the one that leads to the control room. You look down at the door, almost unwilling to believe you actually made it this far.

The door to the control room opens and one of those spacemen walks out. It raises its raygun and fires at you. You duck to the left and narrowly avoid the black beam. The spaceman takes a few steps forward, aims, and fires again. Once again you manage to dodge the blast. This lucky streak can't keep up.

The spaceman is now ten feet from you. He raises the gun. You know he will not miss this time and you do not have the strength to attack and overpower him.

A door slides open in the wall next to the spaceman where there should not be one. The spaceman does not notice the hand with the gun reaching out from the passageway. The weapon is level with the visor on the spaceman's helmet. The gun fires and the visor shatters away.

The creature within the helmet has a vaguely human face but looks like a severe burn victim. The thing opens its mouth but no sound comes out. Its eyes are bulging out of their sockets and then with a *POP*, the spaceman's head explodes, splattering thick, creamy green goo across the walls and floor.

The holder of the gun steps from the secret doorway. It's Alfred P. Farnsworth, the super-secret scientist who was supposedly in charge of the whole facility. No one you know has ever actually met him. Many even speculated that he was not even real, that he was a figment of the government's overactive imagination.

His wall-sized portrait decorates the cafeteria, so you recognize his round squat body, pig nose, crew cut, and coke-bottle glasses.