

You want to go after the flying saucers. You saw them flying around from your window earlier in the day and their boldness to invade your airspace is intolerable.

You fly about the city and it does not take you long for you to locate one of the saucers. It hovers above a crowd of fleeing people, shooting at them. You mew with furry and charge.

You burst through the hull of the ship with ease and are inside. You fly through, slitting throats and severing limbs of any spaceman you come across. You hack and slash until your paws grow tired.

You fly straight up and burst through the top of the spacecraft. You hang in the air and watch the ship plummet to the ground.

It crashes through a building, causing explosions and walls of fire, none of which harms you.

You wait until the ship has come to a stop. It lies useless and burning on the ground. You fly down and land on top of it. The metal is so nice and warm from all the internal fires. You walk around in a circle, twice, and then curl up in a fluffy ball. You are sleepy from all this activity. Your eyelids close and you dream of all the horror and destruction you will cause since fate has dealt you a new hand.

Because you are no longer just Mr. McWhiskers You are now Mr. McWhiskers – the Super-Cat!

THE END