

You watch what's left of the White House smolder on the view screen.

You look back at Mr. McWhiskers. His head is cocked sideways looking at you, "Oi?"

You smile, "Where next?"

"Oi!"

He hits a few buttons and the ship takes off to a new target.

You walk around the bridge, stepping over bodies and eyeballing your bizarre pet. The music gets louder and Mr. McWhiskers starts thrashing about on the control panel – creating a one-cat mosh pit.

You smile and go over to the captain's chair and sit down to relax. Once your body touches the chair, the music cuts out and loud sirens start going off. Red lights flash on the bridge while dozens of thin metal wires shoot out of the chair and wrap around you. You struggle but the wires have you bound to the chair.

"Mr. McWhiskers, help!"

But Mr. McWhiskers is undergoing a similar struggle. Dozens of wires have him pressed flat against the control panel, "Oi..."

The wires get tighter and tighter and start to break your skin, thin lines of blood spreading out all over your body. You scream. They sink painfully slow into your flesh. One wire is wrapped around your head, across the bridge of your nose. When it gets to your eyes, the world goes black with pain. You can feel fluid from your mangled eyes running down your cheeks.

Mr. McWhiskers howls behind you.

The wires shoot straight through you, and your body flops down around the captain's chair in dozens of wet lumps.

THE END