

You turn from the punk massacre and let out a war cry that would make even Henry Rollins proud.

You brandish fresh spikes and charge the massive thing.

It sees you coming and thrashes tentacles into buildings, sending glass and concrete flying through the air and down upon its attackers. A guy with a shaved head, massive gauged ears, and a torn Fucked Up shirt runs next to you. A chunk of building the size of a small car lands right on him, grinding him into the street and splattering you with gore.

You get to it and start stabbing at the massive pink tentacles. Your spikes sink easily into the beast's flesh. Thick and creamy green ooze leaks from the wounds and the creature roars. The air stinks of eggs and infection.

Another tentacle shoots out from behind you and snatches you up. You try stabbing at it but you are stuffed into the creature's mouth too quickly – you don't even have a chance to react.

It takes a lot of chewing for you to die.

THE END