“Go Go Go,” said Dean “everkill,” Thomas, he slammed on the table as the adrenaline filled his veins. He was so over heated that he wanted to take off his shirt.

“Calm down B,” said Aaron, “Shroom,” Mario then he folded his legs into the chair after being fragged in the game.

Pinging was being mass produced by Everkill. He didn’t know how to stop seemed like. But the job was getting done. They were about to win the clutch battle. He used a Phoenix Down on Shroom and shroom came back to life, near him. It was an exciting battle.

“Let me rest, I just Fragged two of them before napsacking,”

“And now your back again,” Said Everkill. The two of them moved their fingers rapidly across the keyboard. It was like playing a symphony.

“I like being iced why didn’t you let me chill,” so after the battle Shroom bought some observers and explored the map for places to put them in. He wish he could veto coming back to life but he had no choice.

Everkill followed him and nothing fishy happened. It was like waiting for trouble to slam face down on the hood of your car and flip your car over.

“waiting waiting,” said Everkill

“Surprise,” said Shroom and they demolished some misplaced shadow lurking in the wrong woods. Everkill sat back after that kill and stretched. We have to get their throne thought Everkill. I just have no idea when it will be accomplished.