

"Laaadies aaaaand Gentlemeeeeen! Are you ready for the biggest fighting event in history? 16 of the toughest, most fierce animals, all scaled to the size of a tiger, are here to fight, but only one of them can be crowned the champion!" The announcer's voice booms out over the packed stadium and the crowd cheers wildly.

"Jim, let's have a look at how the bracket turned out, shall we?" The screen hanging high in the air above the ring in the center of the stadium all change from the announcer to the commentator.

"Alright, folks, here we have [the bracket](#) and it looks like it's going to be a tough one indeed. The first round matches are looking incredible though, with matches like Spider vs. Tortoise, Human vs Gorilla, and, of course, Honey Badger vs. Poison Frog.

"Excellent Jim! So who do you predict will win this tournament?"

"Hard to say, Tom, hard to say. There's many excellent fighters in this pool, but personally I'm rooting for the Tortoise, since I'd rather not have to watch multiple rounds of a 670 pound spider. Stay tuned for the first round match, Spider vs. Tortoise!"

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#### **Round of 16, Spider vs. Tortoise**

"Welcome to the first fight of the evening! You know the rules, I know the rules, two enter the ring, only one comes out, anything goes. Are you ready to meet the first contestants?" The roar of the crowd is deafening as a skittering and hissing 11 feet long spider is lowered into the huge soccer stadium.

"Will Jim's nemesis, the web slinging, eight-legged beast be victorious tonight? Give it up for the spiiidddeeeer!"

Next comes the enormous, armored Tortoise, each of its slow steps shaking the very ground. It lets out a bellowing roar that booms across the stadium.

"The Tortoise sounds like he is ready for a fight! Give it up for this immovable object!" For a moment the entire arena goes silent, anticipating the spectacle that is about to break loose. A bald man in a striped black and white shirt in the middle of the arena glances nervously at the spider, wiping sweat off his forehead before he lets out a loud, sharp whistle. The animals are released from their bindings and the silence is once again drowned in an eruption of cheers. The spider immediately went on the attack, its eight legs thundering across the ground, closing the distance between the two fighters quickly. The giant tortoise takes a few slow and awkward steps, trying to keep the spider in sight. The hairy beast pokes and prod at the thick armor of the tortoise with its long legs, pulling them back in a flash to avoid thick jaws snapping around wildly, trying to catch a leg in its iron grip.

"I don't know how well this is going to work out for the spider, there is no way his legs are going to penetrate that thick armor." The spider seems to realise this as well and decides to change up its strategy, the tortoise still struggling to keep up. The spider begins to deftly pull a thick rope of web from its behind with its hind legs, its other legs keeping it well out of harm's way.

"That web looks incredibly thick, you all know how strong a tiny spider's web is, just imagine how strong a spider of this size can make its web!" Now the spider is starting to circle the tortoise, narrowly avoiding the jaws snapping shut behind it, while enveloping the tortoise in a thick web. The spider takes a step back and simply watches, perhaps thinking it had already won as it sees the tortoise struggle with the sticky strands of white goo.

Suddenly, with a fierce growl, the tortoise breaks free, and it is not happy. It finally begins to work up some speed, shaking off the last piece of web and charges at the spider, growling and snapping. The spider is still much too quick though and makes its way around the tortoise, mounting it from behind. Long hairy legs hammer and squeeze the thick shell from behind, the tortoise roaring wildly, trying to shake the pest off its back. *Crack*. Jaws finally find their target, closing in an iron grip around a leg that ventured too close. With a mighty swing of its neck, the tortoise hurls the spider by its leg, sending it flying through the air and snapping the leg clean off.

The spider's broken body barely has time to hit the ground before its opponent is on him, snapping angrily. The spider tries to skitter away, but it limps awkwardly, stumbling as it tries to take a step on its missing leg. Soon hairy limbs are flying through the air, spattering the ground with gooey remains.

"Tortoise wins!"

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#### **Round of 16, Squirrel vs Grizzly Bear**

"Can the agility of the squirrel beat the raw strength of the grizzly bear? We're about to find out!" Huge muscles bulge on the bear's thick neck as it lets out a bellowing roar. Across the stadium is the squirrel skittering around its cage, waving its tail.

A whistle splits the tension in the air and the beasts are released. The bear charges, baring its teeth.

"Oh no, what is the squirrel doing? Does he not realise what's about to happen?" The squirrel is sniffing the ground and waving its tail about without a care in the world, as if it was just out in the forest, like any other day. The bear smells blood and lowers his head, charging even faster, no more than a few strides away now.

With a mighty leap the squirrel suddenly springs into motion, swinging itself over the bear and dragging its sharp claws along the bear's back while doing so. A rippling "Ooooh!" spreads through the crowd when they realise it was a trick. The squirrel turns into a blur as it circles the bear, dodging and ducking the heavy, sweeping paws, meanwhile dealing scratches and bites to the bear's back and sides.

"The bear seems to be struggling, could it be that the squirrel can win this? That would be a huge upset, sure to make a lot of money change hands!" The bear retreats, panting heavily and bleeding from a few wounds, but by no means defeated.

The squirrel goes on the attack again, clawing viciously at any weak spot it can find. A sudden lash from the bear catches the squirrel square in the chest, knocking the air out of it as it hits the ground. The bear charges, but the

squirrel is back on its feet quickly, whipping its tail in the bears face and spinning around behind him. He bites deep into the bears back and the bear lets out a great roar of pain, but in the same instance it sees its chance and chomps down on the bushy tail, waving in front of its face. The tail is ripped clean off and the squirrel retreats, blood dripping heavily from its tail end.

The squirrel tries to keep up the attacks, but without its tail he is caught off balance, no longer moving with the same grace. A claw gashes the squirrel across the face and in the next instant the bear is all digging its maw deep into the throat of the squirrel.

"Grizzly bear wins!"

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#### **Round of 16, Llama vs Platypus**

"Next up, Llama vs Platypus. Can the sea-dweller compete out of its element? Can the Llama do anything at all, or is it as useless as it seems?" The llama is idly chewing some grass, staring around with a blank expression, while the platypus moves around its cage with surprising speed and vigor for something of its size. The whistle blows and the battle begins. The llama simply stays where it was, chewing away at some more grass, no doubt wondering what everyone is cheering at. The platypus approaches cautiously, but the llama pays him no mind.

"Look at him, he doesn't know what to do! The llama won't fight and the platypus has no idea what to do!" The platypus circles around the llama, watching it closely. It tries poking the llama with its paddle like hand, but the llama simply ignores him, chewing away happily. The platypus gets more and more bold, finally snatching away the grass from the llamas teeth.

This seems to, finally, have gotten the llamas attending. It turns its head slowly and stares the platypus into the windows of its soul and with a deep gurgling it spits out a massive glob of drool, hitting the platypus in its face. Furiously hissing, the platypus waddled up to the llama, who is looking at it with a bored expression, stabs the llama furiously with its beak-like mouth. The llama topples over in surprise, squealing with pain, his opponent takes the opportunity to stick his spur deep into the llamas side, sending waves of poison coursing through the veins of the llama.

"Platypus wins!"

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#### **Round of 16, Lion vs Vietnamese Centipede**

"Can the classic, the crowd favorite, the lion, stand up versus the seemingly endless legs and scales of the vietnamese centipede?" Slimy, black scales glint in the sun as the centipede slithers across its cage, its many legs working together, like the cogs of some great machine. On the other end is a fierce lion, roaring proudly, showing its razor-sharp teeth.

A whistle, a roar and a hiss, and the fight begins. This looks nothing like the last couple of fights, this time both contestants are charging each other with murder in their eyes. They clash together and roll, the legs of the centipede wriggly desperately for a foothold while the clawed antennae on its head clash with the sharp teeth of the lion. They roll around and around, clawing and

stabbing, blocking and evading until they finally break free from each other with a final roll.

The tumbling and turning leaves the centipede fumbling, disoriented by the spins. The lion seizes the opportunity and pounces, trying to sink its fangs into the centipedes head. The centipede manages to slither forwards just in time, making the fangs catch it in the side, tearing a deep gash. The insect presses on, ignoring the pain and slithers between the legs of the majestic beast towering on top of it, wrapping it tight with its long body, clutch with its legs.

The lion flails its limbs wildly, trying to find something to bite into, but it can hardly move from the immense pressure pressing in from all sides. With a final thrust the centipede sinks its clawed antennae into the lion's side, pumping venom into its victim. The lion lets out a final, weak roar and falls to the ground, lifeless.

"Centipede wins!"

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#### **Round of 16, Poison dart frog vs Honey Badger**

"All the way from the rainforests of south america, we have a golden poison dart frog! A regular golden poison dart frog is said to have enough venom in them to kill ten grown men, and they are no more than two inches long! Lets see if the honey badger can withstand that!"

The frogs colorful hide gleams in the sun, coated in a thick layer of poison. At the other end is the honey badger, pacing back and forth in its cage, looking for something to eat. The whistle sounds and the cages are lowered. Instantly the honey badger looks eyes with its prey and goes on the offensive.

The frog waits patiently for the attack to come, before leaping out of the way at the last second, giving the honey badger a cheeky kick in the side as it bounces away. The frog leaps away again, leading the snarling badger on a chase through the arena, narrowly dodging the badger's attacks, but not making any efforts at dealing damage itself.

Finally, the badger is too tired to chase and has to take a moment to breath. The frog tries to get close, but the badger is back on its feet again, snarling and taking up the chase again. Eventually, they reach the end of the stadium and the frog seems to be trapped with nowhere to run. With a quick leap it moves out of the way of the badgers lunge and rubs itself up against the back of the beast, coating it with poison.

"Oh no! The badger is positively drowning in poison, this can't be good!" The badger shrugs, shaking most of the poison off, and lunges again, his fangs sinking deep into the surprised frog's soft belly.

"But what's this! The honey badger simply doesn't give a shit, shrugging off the poison as if it was nothing!"

"Honey badger wins!"

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#### **Round of 16, Gorilla vs Human**

"Now... what you've all been waiting for. Can humans compete in a bracket like this? Are we predator or are we prey? Let's find out!" In one cage is a huge hulk

of a man, lean with bulging muscles, stretching his legs and taking deep breaths while staring across at his opponent. The gorilla's arms are like tree trunks, thick and heavy, flexing dangerously.

The whistle blows and the cages are lowered. The gorilla belows badly, swinging his fists like hammers while charging the giant of a man. The man had no doubt prepared for this for a long time and he wasn't going to let a charging gorilla, trying to smash him into a bloody pulp, scare him. He looks around, calmly analysing his surroundings, looking for something to use as a weapon. He sees something and an idea seems to form in his mind.

The man takes off running to the end of the stadium, the roaring gorilla charging after him, flailing his arms. The man dodges in between the goal posts and the crowd holds their breath in anticipation as two huge, hairy arms sweep through the air where the man's head had been a second earlier and with a loud *crash*, the gorilla's arms split the goal post in half, sending pieces of scrap metal flying through the air.

The man runs off, picking up the largest piece of the splintered pole and holds it up like a sword, facing the gorilla. Angrier than ever, the gorilla charges, but the man's new weapon is proving to be a problem for him. He is using the added range of the pole to poke and prod and the gorilla from a safe distance, sending it into a maddening frenzy.

The gorilla lunges desperately forwards, riddled with cuts and bruises, and the human easily dodges the attack of his tired opponent, stabbing him deep in the side with the piece of metal. The hairy beast is stumbling around, unable to stand straight, but his huge fists are still flailing dangerously. Stab, stab, stab. The gorilla stumbles down on one knee, bleeding from dozens of cuts, too tired to fight. With a final thrust, the man pierces the gorilla clean through with his weapon.

"Man wins!"

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#### **Round of 16, Ant vs Black Mamba**

"Round of 16 is nearing its end. Up next is Ant vs Black Mamba. Will the famous strength of the ant be enough, or will the snake slither away with the victory?"

A huge reddish, brown fire ant is on one end, probing its surroundings with the overgrown antennae on its head. On the other side of the arena is the long, whitesnake, slithering in its cage, its tongue darting in and out, taking in the smell of its opponent.

The whistle blows and the fight begins. The snake rises up, watching the ant move closer, its tongue darting in and out with a low hissing. The ant circles cautiously, trying to find an opening to attack while the snake still waits, tongue darting in and out. With a sudden lunge the ant attacks, but the snake seems to move at an impossible speed, almost too fast for the eye to see it dodges out of the way.

The ant lunges aggressively again, but the snake is much too quick, moving out of the way and biting into the side of the huge ant. The effect is immediate, the ant looks drowsy from the poison, but continues the attack.

Perhaps it was the flailing unpredictability of the ants attack that caused the snake to miscalculate, because somehow the ant managed to catch the snake in its fangs on the third attempt, holding it firm in its jaws. Hissing viciously the snake tries to break free, wriggling its entire body, trying to avoid the approaching stinger. The venom causes the ant to drunkenly miss thrust after thrust while the snake wriggles and hisses. Finally, the ant slumps to the ground, the poison doing its job, killing the beast.

"Black mamba wins!"

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#### **Round of 16, Rhinoceros Beetle vs Komodo Dragon**

"Alright, it's time for the final contestants to prove their strength in the arena, give it up for the rhinoceros beetle and the komodo dragon!" In one cage is a huge insect covered in heavy black scales, its long, deadly horn gleaming in the sun. At the other end is the lizard, armor-like scales reflecting the sun, like a mirror, tongue darting in and out like a snake.

Once again, the whistle breaks the tension and the cages are lowered. Both start out on the offensive, the beetle charges, clicking dangerously, while the lizard hisses. They smash together with a *crash*, armor clashing with scales. The lizard narrowly manages to avoid a quick defeat by turning away from the horn at the last second, but he still struggles. The beetle seems to be much stronger, so the lizard has no choice but to break away from the fight.

The beetle unfolds a pair of wings from underneath its thick armor and takes to a clumsy flight, charging down through the air at the lizard who has to throw himself to the ground to avoid being pierced by the horn. The second time the beetle passes, the komodo dragon is prepared, dodging ahead of time and managing to snatch hold of a leg in passing. The lizard bites down hard, forcing the beetle to awkwardly crash land into the grass.

The lizard takes a great leap, trying to crush the beetle underneath him, but it rolls off its back just in time, causing the lizard to fall on the horn, sinking through its belly and piercing out the other side.

"Rhinoceros beetle wins!"

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#### **Quarterfinals, Tortoise vs Grizzly Bear**

"It's time for the second round of fights. The tortoises thick armor could withstand the attacks of the spider, but can it do the same vs the ferocious mauls of the bear? Give it up for your returning winners!" The tortoise gives a slight shrug in its cage, loosening up for the fight. Meanwhile, the bear sniffs the air, staring hungrily over at its next opponent.

The bear bear-ly waits for the whistle to blow before he breaks free from the cage, growling angrily. The turtle walks up to meet the bear fearlessly, although much slower. The bear attacks, without pausing to shake hands or exchange greetings. Paws pound on hard shell, while the steel-like jaws of the tortoise desperately snap around trying to catch a stray piece of fur in its grip.

The bears fists hammer down hard on the thick shell of the tortoise, struggling to get a foothold in the fight. Unable to catch the bear in its jaws, the

tortoise retreats into its hard shell. The bear, smelling victory, pounds heavily on the shell, making a loud *boom* with every blow. The bear takes the shell in its arms, throwing it to the ground again. It lands with a resounding *crash* on its back.

Unable to penetrate the thick defenses, the bear tries to reach a paw into its dark depths. With a roar of pain the bear retracts its paw, now bleeding heavily from a bite. Growling angrily the bear takes a few steps back and sprints at the shell, pressing all its weight down upon it. Again and again, until finally the tortoise's last defense cracks, leaving it defenseless on its back. The bear rips into the soft flesh, tearing it apart, strip by strip.

"Grizzly bear wins!"

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#### **Quarterfinals, Platypus vs Vietnamese Centipede**

"Last round the platypus barely broke a sweat, easily defeating the llama. Will it be as easy this time, versus the vietnamese centipede, who managed to squeeze the lion into submission, before injecting it with venom? One thing is for sure, this is a fight you don't want to miss!" Two low, sleek bodies oppose each other. One shiny with scales, the other with wet fur. One with paddle-like, webbed feet, the other with more creeping and crawling feet than one creature should have, some might say.

The whistle blows and the fight begins. The platypus waddled forth, while the centipede skitters across the ground, legs and scaly body making a sickening crunching as it moves. The platypus swings its beak aggressively, trying to broadside the creeping creature opposite. The blows are avoided and the claw like antennae of the centipede swing dangerously close by.

With a sort of whimper, the platypus decides it's time to plunge into the deep end. It lunges forwards, grappling the centipede, rolling around on the ground while swinging its beak angrily. The centipede is an expert wrestler though, and soon gains control of the situation, wrapping its slithering body around its prey, rendering the platypus almost unable to move.

Venomous stingers glint dangerously in the sun, prepared to strike. Just when they are about to strike a kick from the platypus sends the venomous spur on its hind legs deep into the soft underside of the centipede. It loosens its grip, writhing in pain on the ground and the platypus puts it out of its misery with a series of jabs to the head with its beak.

"Platypus wins!"

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#### **Quarter finals, Honey Badger vs Human**

"We saw the human beat a gorilla by cleverly procuring a weapon. Can he do it again? The honey badger has already proven it is both utterly without fear and simply does not give a shit about anything. One one can win." The black and white badger hisses out through the cage at the cheering crowd, pacing impatiently back and forth. In the other cage is the human, stretching and loosening his muscles with a confident smile on his face.



The whistle sounds and the cages lower. The man's smile instantly drops when he looks behind himself and sees the debris from the shattered goal post has been cleaned up, leaving him without a weapon. Paws pound across the grass as the badger gallops towards the man. He backs away, looking around desperately, trying to come up with a plan. He runs back to the goal post and tries to tear off a chunk of metal, but it won't give. Seconds later the snarling beast is on him, knocking him to the ground.

They touble around, jaws snapping dangerously close to the man's neck, arms locked with arms. Finally, the man manages to throw his attacker off with a kick and roll away. He tries to run, to buy himself time, but he barely makes it two steps before a set of fangs sink deep into his heel, throwing him screaming to the ground. The badger leaps after, but the man's good leg catches it in the stomach, mid air, sending it flying.

Limping, he gets back on his feet and stumbles over to the goalpost. With a powerful jerk he manages to rip off a good chunk of the goals net, and just in time. A second later the badger is charging him again. The man swings around just in time to see it, jumps aside clumsily, landing on his wounded foot with a scream of pain, but still managing to catch his opponent in the net, throwing himself on top of the badger with all his weight.

Kicking and squealing, the badger struggles to break free, but the man sits firmly on top of it, pinning all limbs, one knee on the badger's neck, slowly choking it out. With a few spluttering last breaths, the badger dies.

"Man wins!"

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#### **Quarterfinals, Black Mamba vs Rhinoceros Beetle**

"It's time for the final quarter finals fight, the deadly snake facing off against the ferocious beetle. Can the venomous fang pierce the thick shell of the beetle? Is the beetle fast enough to catch the snake?" The pale snake waits patiently in its cage, while the beetle rears on its hind legs, making the shadow of its longhorn stretch all the way across the arena, casting the snake into darkness.

Once again, the whistle blows. Scaly legs stampede across the ground, closing the gap quickly. With a mighty swing of its head, the beetle tries to crush the snake with its horn, but when the horn hits the ground the snake is long gone, slithering away, biting into the beetles' side, unable to pierce the armor.

There's a steady rhythm to the fight. First comes a *boom*, as the ground shakes when the gigantic beetle tries to crush the snake, then comes a *hiss* as the snake slithers away, and finally a *crunch* as it bites into the thick armor, unable to pierce it. The snake crawls in and out, trying to find a weakness, but without success.

Eventually, the beetle seems to catch on to the rhythm, the pattern of the fight. When the snake slithers to the side again, the huge beetle topples over, crushing the snake's head with a sickening *crunch*.

"Rhinoceros Beetle wins!"

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### **Semifinals, Grizzly Bear vs Platypus**

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are nearing the end of this spectacular tournament. Four fighters and three battles remain before we have our champion. We have seen the bear best the squirrel and the tortoise, showing no mercy towards his victims. Its opponent will be the platypus, having already beaten the llama and the vietnamese centipede with its deadly venom. Who will win this round? Let's find out!" The bear growls hungrily, licking its lips while staring at its prey. On the other side is the platypus, waddling around the cage, mentally preparing for the impending battle.

The whistle sounds and so it begins. The platypus shows no fear, trying to attack the snarling grizzly, but his beak is not long or sharp enough to pose a threat to the huge bear. It swipes with razor sharp claws at the platypus, who is forced to keep its distance. Without thick scales to protect it or sharp claws to attack with, the platypus seems to struggle to seize control of the fight.

The bear manages to keep its opponent at a comfortable distance with his long paws, sweeping dangerously close to the probing beak, trying to find an opening. The bear presses closer and closer and the platypus has no choice but to back away. When they reach the end of the arena the platypus is trapped. With no choice left but to fight, it plunges in, under the bears sweeping paws and gets up close.

For a moment they are locked in struggle, limbs wrestling limbs, but the bear's superior strength allows it to take control of the situation. Meanwhile, the platypus is trying desperately to pierce the bear with its venomous spur, but the bear narrowly avoids it. With a great chomp, the bear's jaws close on its enemies shoulder, ripping away a large strand of glistening red flesh. The jaws sink again, furiously working the meat, tearing it apart with a hunger.

"Grizzly bear wins!"

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### **Semifinals, Human vs Rhinoceros Beetle**

"Only two fights remain, who will go up against the mighty grizzly bear in the finals? Will it be the human, able to beat the gorilla and the honey badger by adapting to his surroundings? Or will it be the rhinoceros beetle, piercing the Komodo Dragon on its horn and then, literally, crushing the black mamba under its armored body?" Despite his giant size and his lean muscles, the human looks small and weak compared to the armored tank of an animal opposite him.

The whistle rings and the cage is lowered, letting the fighters into the arena. Immediately, the beetle comes charging with its horn lowered. The man jumps aside and lands a punch on the armored side of the beetle, but it seems to hurt his hand more than the beetle. They dance for a minute, the man dodging and ducking, trying to avoid the razor sharp horn, while pounding on the heavy armor whenever he gets the chance.

The man is getting worn out, his breath coming quick and shallow, but the beetle doesn't seem to have broken a sweat. Drastic situations call for drastic solutions, so when the beetle passes with its horn lowered again, the man swings

onto the beetle's back, clinging on for dear life. The beetle rears wildly, shaking and spinning, trying to reach the man with its horn. Suddenly, the beetle's wings unfold and it takes to the air, swinging wildly back and forth, until the man finally loses his grip, falling to the ground with a *crunch* as bones break. The beetle swoops down to the ground, piercing his long horn through the man's chest and lifts him high into the air in triumph for all the world to see.

"Rhinoceros Beetle wins!"

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### **Grand Finals, Bear vs Rhinoceros Beetle**

"We started out with sixteen of the fiercest fighters in all the world, now we are down to two. Are you ready for the greatest fight you have ever seen? It's the one, the only, the grizzly bear! Slayer of squirrels, crusher of tortoises, torti? And, of course, the only one to beat the platypus in tonight's fights." Excited murmurs spread through the crowd like wildfire.

On the other side we have the ferocious, the armored, the feared, the rhinoceros beetle. With its near impenetrable defense and its deadly horn it has squashed its way through dragons, snakes and men. The only challenge left is the bear. Can the bear crush the defenses of the beetle? Will the horn put an end to the bear? Let's see as we get ready to crown the supreme fighter of the universe!" The night is closing in now, but two large spotlights light up the ground.

In one cage is the bear, feared by all by now, having proven how ruthless and dangerous it is. Its sleek black fur reflects the light from the spotlight, revealing the shapes of strong, hard muscles as the bear moves around the cage. Opposite is the plated dread. The beetle with the horn, seemingly unstoppable throughout the tournament. Everything is silent as the grave, only the snarling breath of the bear and the click-clack of the beetle's shells can be heard. And then the whistle, the final whistle, rings and the spell is broken. Cheers and jeers break out, drowning out all other noise as the combatants charge each other. Paw meets horn, turning it away forcefully as they stumble past each other. They charge again, crashing into each other without dealing fatal damage. The beetle swings his horn violently, trying to catch the bear off guard, but the bear is prepared. It dodges and swipes, cutting a scratch into the armor. Not enough to pierce it, but it's a start. The bear keeps scratching and clawing, avoiding the horn as best it can while pressing the attack. Stumbling backwards, the beetle swings its horn, trying to force the bear to a safer distance where it can use the horn to its advantage.

The bear stuck close, mauling with a burning hatred, scratching the armor of the beetle further and further. Desperately the beetle stumbles backwards, eventually hitting a large metal pole. The huge spotlights topple over, crashing to the ground, sending glass flying across the stadium, plunging half the arena into darkness.

The crash gives the beetle some time to recover and now it's his turn to press the attack. Swinging its horn like a huge sword, it approaches aggressively, pressing the bear further and further back until they reach the opposite side of

the stadium. When a heavy swing misses, the bear grabs hold of the beetle's horn, tugging it hard, causing the beetle to stumble and yet again crash into the pole of a spotlight.

The last spotlight crashes to the ground, but a few of the lights survive the fall, casting an eerie light on the fighters from below as the battle rages on. Hugely magnified shadows sweep across the stands, the bear and the beetle, locked in a deadly dance, every onlooker following the sweep of the horn and the mauling paws of the bear.

Back and forth they press each other, both dealing and receiving blows, when suddenly the bear lets out a yelp of pain. A huge shard of glass from the spotlights had sunk deep into the soft underside of the bear's foot. It stumbled backwards, defending desperately, but the beetle smelled victory. Blow after blow from the huge horn swept down, until the bear could no longer defend itself. With a final *crunch*, the mighty weapon pierces the bear's hide, putting an early end to its life.

"(You're not reading this before the story are you? Nah... you wouldn't do that. Alright then, you read the whole thing? Okay, good.) Rhinoceros Beetle wins!"