



That's one down. How many are left ?" Drake asked. "Five" Johnathan answered shortly, "and they won't be as easy as this one was." "Cheer up John. This win wasn't a fluke you know!" Drake cheerfully remarked. "Why, before you know it we'll be at the top of the board and #1!"

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Sam took a quick peek up at the scoreboard. The opposing team were two points ahead and there were only a few minutes to go in the game. "Two up," she muttered to herself, "and only five minutes left in the game." She took a deep breath and waited for the whistle to blow.

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Mark silently crept down the stairs, trying to keep his breathing as quiet as his footsteps. He felt a sense of relief wash over him as he rounded one last corner and could see his escape mere feet in front of him. He knew it wasn't a good idea to break in to the so-called "Most Haunted House in Town," but he had reluctantly followed his best friend Peter up the side lawn, sliding between the two boards covering up broken window into the infamous home. What he would do to erase the memory of Peter's petrified face disappearing down the dark hall, dragged by four pale white hands. Three more steps to go, when Mark feels a cold touch on his left cheek, and sees a pale white hand out of the corner of his eye.

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The bugs had taken out his last ally, *his best friend*, with a simple press of the button.

Bruce knew his odds were zero. Five ships below him, four to the right and three above with only himself still in the battle. He took a deep breath and tried to think of how he could get out of there with his skin intact. He had to get out so he could have his revenge. Suddenly three of the ships to his right made a move towards him and he sprang into action.

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