

GRUDGE MATCH #4 - 8/27/04



ISD VANGUARD TOP DOG COMPETITION
VS
THE OLYMPICS

Airyu: In honor of the Olympics being nearly over, I'm going to match them up against the Top Dog competition.

Serovich: I don't think this is such a good idea, Daisuke...

Airyu: Why not?

Serovich: Don't you think your "archery" thing is a little unbalanced?

Ginji's T/I swoops into the picture at breakneck speed. He lines up a little guy with a bow and arrow in his targeting reticule, and mercilessly vaporizes him.

Ginji: Point :)

Airyu: Okay, okay. He never had a chance. But the pistol sharpshooting one should be-

Serovich: NO! Stop killing the Olympians! They train a long time for this!

Paco stands at one end of a long, dusty corridor in the Vanguard, holster slung to the side. He awaits his opponent, who has a similar holster, but instead has an old-fashioned .22 pistol.

Paco: Draw.

Before the words are out of his mouth, several small pops ring out in the air. His gunbelt, blasted on both sides, falls off. So do his pants.

Airyu: Man, he never had a chance.

Serovich: Does *anyone* have a chance when you're running the Grudge Match?

Airyu: Of course! Bran Onathes does, he's a 100m high hurdler!

A starting gun sounds, and Bran takes off out of the starting blocks. He's neck-in-neck with the funny-looking Kenyan guy for about the first 8 meters, and then comes the first hurdle. Bran tries to leap over it, but he's not used to the weight of a *real* rank insignia yet. He falls flat on his face, onto the hurdle, and does a faceplant on the track.

Airyu: He never had a-

Serovich: *tackles Daisuke*

Announcer: Next up, in football, Airyu's Penguins vs. Brazil!

The small black-and-white birds take to the pitch. The game starts however it's supposed to (I'm american and never watch it. be happy that i called it FOOTBALL and not soccer), but in short seconds, all hell breaks loose. The penguins to begin Brazil's best and brightest footballers relentlessly.

Referee: Tweeeet!!!! *holds up a stack of red cards*

Penguins: WARK!!!! *rush*

The entire team of penguins pounces on the referee, and tear him limb from limb

Airyu: mmf mmf mmf mmf (He never had a chance. Could you please take this sock out of my mouth? It's time for my event!)

Serovich: *nods* I suppose so.

Airyu: Yes, it's now time for the bathing suit competition. Everyone's seen Michael Phelps' speedo, which is cut so you can see his buttcrack. Well, I think it looks better on me! *pulls down his uniform pants*

Deck officer: Drax, I've got an unidentified object on the scopes...

Drax: It's Friday.

Deck officer: Excuse me?

Drax: It's Friday. That's Daisuke Airyu. Commence firing.

MORAL: If you have a beer belly, you should probably leave the skimpy swimsuits to the pros. And the women.