

“Time to head back to your rooms!” Jack calls. “We’ll do this just like we did last night, and like we’ll be doing tomorrow night!” Well nothing to do but wait now, as you return to your room. It seems Jack has another ad read though. “Today’s fights are sponsored by: General Engines! Driving America Forward! Reliable cars like their reliable sponsorship of American Colosseum!”

Some time after that ad, the door unlocks, and you face the empty common room. There are lights above the three doors on the south side of the room, identifying each. The doors you entered from on the North Side had no lights illuminating them, and ropes in front of them, making clear where you need to go. You step forward, and make your choice, before the door opens and you climb up a dimly lit stairwell to the fifth floor.

You step onto the **Croquet Lawn**, a vast expanse of artificial green grass. It’s surprisingly well lit, and the spacious lawn almost convinces you you’re outdoors instead of up on a walled skyscraper. Various colored balls dot the lawn along with their little hoops. Mallets are discarded about, but instead of the small ones typical of croquet they’re massive and steel-tipped, glistening in the light.

A plywood castle stands at the head. It’s more for decoration than for living, which explains why it’s only one spacious open room. But it’s set up like a rest stop, with plastic reclining chairs, bedside tables, colorful sweet drinks in tall glasses, and towels strewn about.

You take a healthy bite of Ambrosia, feeling much better.

Just as planned, resting next to some goals, there’s **Jean’s Baguette**, as well as **Schni’s Dust**. Oddly enough, there’s some **Moonshine** too. You also find **\$12**. Someone must be making you luckier tonight. There’s also an apron and chainsaw... going for the leatherface look tonight? Well, your face is pretty leathery...

You eventually find the Twins, who both wave to you, and you meet up. Together you look around.

“I was really hoping Hachizaki wouldn’t be a no-show,” you grumble to the Twins. Thanks to the wide-open area, you quickly get a grasp of the participants here. “You guys don’t think I overdid it on the costume, did I? All dressed up and nowhere to go.”

“You did,” says Tui, as La simultaneously says “No”, as the pair, err, trio? of you walk up to the castle.

“A shame,” you say as you enter the plywood Castle. “A castle would be the perfect place for it!” you say, imagining great medieval showdowns, perhaps Hachizaki falling from a parapet – even though this castle is tiny and definitely has no parapets.

“This looked bigger from the out–” as you turn around back towards the entrance, you see, having simply stood unmoving by the door and so gone unnoticed, Rob. He’s holding one of those huge steel-tipped mallets, high above his head, eyes locked right on you.

Silently, Rob swings the mallet right down on your head, possibly a fatal blow!

But the twins are fast, quickly noticing your pause, and with a dash they tackle the businessman to barely disrupt his crushing swing. Before they can drag him to the ground though, he slips out of his grasp.

This is great! At least your costume wasn’t *totally* wasted like last night! “Aaaaalright! Let’s get it on!” you shout, yanking on the chainsaw’s cord, your heartbeat accelerating in preparation.

Kaputabrngbrngbrng.

Dammit why now!?! The chainsaw refuses to spin to life, and you step away backwards from Rob. You desperately pull on the cord again, as the Twins, managing to turn around with surprising speed, swing back towards Rob.

Kaputabrngbrngbrng.

Work, work, work! Rob backswings his mallet at the twins, trying to deal with them before going after you, and you hear a *crack!* as he connects with La’s chest, sending him crumpling down, dragging Tui down with him. *WORK!*

RRRRRRRRRNNNNNGHHHH

The chainsaw roars to life in your hands, shaking in raw power. Rob looks at it in surprise. Did he not realize what it was before? Doesn’t matter, time to get this show on the road!

With vicious forward momentum you swing your chainsaw wide – the Twins are very much staying down and out of the way, as La is still gasping and sputtering, so you don’t need to worry about them.

In a panic, Rob tries to parry your chainsaw with his mallet. Hah! You laugh, easily knocking it aside, and swing again! The blades catch on the wooden handle, sawing through it, leaving Rob with a headless stick. The steel head hits the ground with a *clunk*.

Now on the retreat, Rob throws the stick at you, trying to escape. “The show’s just getting started!” you shout as you swing at the unarmed man now. He dances backwards from your tree-cutting equipment, but it isn’t immediately enough.

The chainsaw’s spinning blades barely graze him, but they tear open his arms wherever they connect. Blood sprays over him, and you go in for the center of mass, catching him with a slice

across the chest. You shred his fancy suit in the process. It's shallow, but a hit with a chainsaw is a hit with a chainsaw.

"I hope you understand this was just business," he grumbles, taking the injuries in stride. Convenient thing to say now that he's losing though. Instead of trying to stick around, he immediately turns his back and sprints off out of the castle.

"Of course!" you call him from behind. "Just the pilot episode between us! Let's see if the viewers want a full season!" Rob doesn't even slow down.

Turning off the chainsaw, you walk back to the Twins. "Trying to steal my show?" you grin, extending a hand down to La, who takes it, coughing. You're confident that hammer swing will leave a bad bruise. "Just kidding, you two make great co-stars!"

"You alright?" Tui asks La.

"I'll be fine," he responds, inhaling deeply, but wincing as he does so.

You and the conjoined twins continue to search for the passageway up to the sixth floor. Eventually you find a door. Opening it, you make your way up another set of dimly lit stairs, into another room which looks very similar to yesterday's. You are guided to your room by a guard, who closes and locks the door behind you.

Engagements witnessed:

Rob v Nicolas (Meatshielded by the Twins)