

## BATTLE

The countdown is up  
Six players rush to the middle,  
No damage can be done  
Not even with a fiddle

The invulnerability is off  
As they rush off with their kit,  
Most will sprint  
But that's only for the fit

## PEW

An arrow is shot from a bow,  
Within a second  
It hits a player that was slow

Five players are remaining  
All still tripping over their loot,  
Going up and down  
In their heavy iron boot

Every player in the fight  
Or what they call the brawl,  
running round sword in hand  
looking for someone to maul

By half time two more have fallen  
To a horrible fate,  
Meaning that he or she  
is certainly now late

Name tags are now enabled  
Every player can be seen,  
All of them ready  
To take out each others spleen

Two of them face each other  
Diamond swords in hands,  
But Oh no here comes a crowd  
Of Mariachi bands

This shouldn't have really happened  
In a normal battle game,  
Luckily with all confused  
the third snipes them all the same

Now the final battle  
can finally commence,  
the three warriors  
must use all common sense

Arrows and swords  
Flying everywhere,  
all of the weapons different  
making the fight anything but fair

But in the end  
Only one could win,  
and with two charged shots  
The archer put the swordees in the bin

So now we have a player  
That got the dub,  
So let him go outside  
To celebrate at the pub!