

El Fumo - Wreck Runner

"Good evening viewers. Welcome to the hottest thing in the SpaceNet™ Feed right now. It's *Wreck Runners!* I'm your host, Todd Johnson, and joining me as always is Bob Scoffield. How are you tonight, Bob?"

"Great thanks, Todd. I'm super excited to be here tonight, because we have a real treat in store for our viewers tonight."

"Bob, tell us what's in store for them in this episode."

"Thanks Todd. We have a new boy starting today. He's pretty brave, because he's going solo against a very experienced player."

"Tell us a bit about our fresh starter."

"He calls himself *El Fumo*. He hails from the Mexican colony on Córdoba, and belongs to the little known team the *Wild Mexican Baristas*. Hopefully, his name doesn't reflect his chances out there today. Among his claims to fame, he lists being able to out-tango anyone and anything. He'd better have some sharp moves up those *traje de charro* sleeves of his, if he wants to get ahead of his competitor."

"And who's he up against, Bob?"

"You will remember last season, the *Hawarden High Junior Girls' Netball Team*, and how they absolutely decimated the *Psycho Pitbull Maulers* in the finals, with a stunning display of synchronised elbows to the groin."

"Well I remember that one Bob."

"*El Fumo* will be going head to head with the Team's Captain, Ashley Kovacs."

"It was teamwork that got the *Hawarden High Junior Girls' Netball Team*, to the top of their league last year, let's see how Ashley goes slugging it out as an individual against *El Fumo*."

"I can see *El Fumo*'s black and silver trimmed breach pod approaching the wreck now. While they're getting themselves ready to start, Bob, tell us about the wreck they'll be running."

"This is partly why I'm so excited. We're incredible lucky to have the *USS Relentless Force*, as our wreck tonight. It is a capital class frigate that belonged to the US government. Apparently they installed an update to their ship's operating system and it went completely haywire. It may look intact, but when fundamental systems like that go bad, our competitors could be faced with anything."

"Hold up there Bob, I'm getting the feed from the cameras on the *Relentless Force*. *El Fumo* has just stepped out of the breach-pod into the airlock. There goes that signature *El Jarabe Tapatio* footwork. Ashley'd better watch out if that's the way he's going to play it. Oh, and now he's eating a *Mega Picante Tortilla Wrap*, that'll please his sponsor."

"Is *Mega Picante* one of his sponsors?"

"Not yet, but I'm sure they will be, if he does well with this run."

"As long as he doesn't end up flattened into a taco, or turned into fajitas, I'm sure they will, Todd. I'm sure they will."



"The airlock door has opened and, oh no! He's walked straight into a military crash investigation officer. Who would guess the military would investigate their own wreck."

"The officer's not looking happy. Did no one know the military would be here?"

"Well, obviously the producers did, but there was no way they were going to pass on *that* juicy little bit of intel to the runners, Bob."

"Can you pick up what the officer is saying, Todd?"

"Pretty much what you'd expect. Off limits, and forbidden to enter, blah blah blah. It looks like that's got *El Fumo*'s dander up though. Look at that body language."

"He's really laying it out to the officer."

"And the officer is going for his stunner, but *El Fumo* already has his multitool up, and ... wow! That's bright!"

"That's a good *Protostar™* flashlight on full charge, right in the eyes, Todd."

"Oh! Another bit of fancy *El Jarabe Tapatio*, and he's through the door casual as you please. That's a stylish move right there. Do you think we'll see the officer again any time soon, Bob?"

El Fumo - Wreck Runner

"Absolutely, Todd. And he's not going to be happy. Those flashlights are bright."

"It's zero-G in the next module. Is that a teddy bear floating across in front of the camera?"

"Hah! Sure looks like it, Todd. El Fumo has discovered a crew bunkroom by the looks of it."

"He wasn't expecting the Zero-G. He has some momentum, let's hope he has enough to get him to somewhere where he can get a grip."

"He should have been expecting that, Todd. If you're in a wreck, there's going to be places where the artificial gravity isn't working. That's a rookie mistake there."

"When you were running, was zero-G much of a problem, Bob?"

"It's easy to deal with, if you're ready for it, Todd. I remember one wreck I was running, the *Hägar Hägarsson*, where there was no artificial gravity at all across the entire ship. I had tired arms and plenty of bruises at the end of that run, I can tell you."

"Look at that! He'd almost slowed to a stop, but grabbed that teddy bear, and hurled it straight backwards."

"Equal and opposite reactions, Todd. That was one helluva throw. He's now moving steadily towards a nearby *Tickle Me Elmo*™ and the other side of the crew accommodation."

"Oh! There goes, the *Tickle Me Elmo*™, apparently it still works, and a big plushy bunny too. He's got a bit of speed on now."

"That's quite a few soft toys the crew had in there."

"Something to keep the crew happy on long voyagers, I suppose, Bob. El Fumo has gained the other side."

"Lucky for El Fumo, the gravity is still on here."

"It looks like he's found the conference and situation briefing room."

"How can you tell, Bob?"

"The drinks cabinet, and huge vision screens, are a give away. What is that, coming out of that cubby hole in the wall, Todd?"

"It looks like some sort of robot, covered in brushes."

"I was beginning to think it was a mechanical hedgehog."

"I guess the troops didn't need to shine their own shoes, Bob. Wait! Look at that thing go. It's making a beeline toward El Fumo, or his shoes at least."

"The question is, are his shoes shiny enough for the robot to be satisfied?"

"Apparently not. And he's down, the robot has knocked him to the ground and is attempting to polish his shoes."

"Is that what it's doing. I had wondered."

"Now Bob, this is a family show. El Fumo, is trying to get to his feet and fend off the robot, but the robot's not having any of that."

"That's one determined 'bot."

"He's over again, the bot has managed to remove one of El Fumo's shoes, and is attempting to get his other one. El Fumo is trying to kick it away, but the 'bot now has a firm hold on the other shoe."

"This isn't looking good for El Fumo."

"The 'bot is getting really angry now. It's released a cloud of footware deodorant at him. Look it's enough to distract El Fumo as he brushes the dust off his black trousers. And there goes the 'bot with the other shoe, back into it's cubby hole."

"There's no way El Fumo is getting his shoes back, Todd."

"Obviously El Fumo wasn't planning on loosing his shoes. Mismatched socks with holes in them. This is not a good look for El Fumo."

"Obviously Ashley can't miss an opportunity to have a dig. Look at this taunt from Ashley's feed - *Don't feel bad. A lot of other people are losers just like you.*"

"That was surprisingly tame, Bob. Is Ashley losing her touch?"

"I don't think she's feeling the pressure just yet, Todd."

"El Fumo is doing it hard on his bare feet. The way he's hobbling, you'd think he's never gone barefoot."

"I remember one of my runs; it was the *Sundowner*, a derelict colonist transport. I had run through an acid spill and my boot soles where paper thin. That would have been fine, except I then had to cross the cargo deck which was covered in a layer of shattered dehydrated protein balls. Boy, those things are sharp. My boots were shredded and so were my feet. But I didn't cry, Todd."

"El Fumo is pushing through the next portal into the ... ah, it looks like the forward weapons bay."

El Fumo - Wreck Runner

"Is that snow in there?"

"That puffy white stuff covering everything. It looks like snow but is coming from that grille there. Look it's still spilling out."

"It looks really thick, Todd."

"My word, Bob. Look at the way El Fumo's breath is freezing into a cloud. It must be cold there too."

"El Fumo, will be regretting losing his shoes now, Todd."

"Hold up Bob, I've just got the situation analysis team on the line. Yes. Yes. Well. They've looked at the schematics, and their best guess is that the white stuff is in fact mashed potato. There is some sort of malfunction that is pumping out masses of mashed spud throughout the wreck."

"I guess El Fumo won't need to worry about starving, Todd."

"So, El Fumo is up to his knees in the stuff as he wades around looking for any signs of anything of value to take."

"It looks like he's given up, Todd, and heading back for the portal."

"It's getting harder and harder for him to wade through the cooling mashed potato. Is he going to get stuck and freeze to death?"

"He is really having to force his way back toward the door, folks. Wow! He's fallen into it."

"He's really floundering, Bob. That was a complete face plant. He rises again, and staggers towards the door. He is just covered in mashed spud."

"He reminds me of that movie from the twenty third century, what was it called now?"

"Mashed Potato Monster vs Godzilla?"

"That's the one."

"He's made it to the door back into the conference and situation briefing room, Bob. No shoes, covered in mashed potato, he's not looking as sharp as he did in the first moments of his arrival."

"Ashley can't resist. Here's something from her feed – *El Fumo has so much glop on his face I can't tell which type of clown he's supposed to be.*"

"He's checking for the shoe polishing robot, but it looks like he's safe."

"It's probably busy digesting his shoes, or humping them in private."

"Bob, let's keep this just a little above the gutter."

"Oh yeah. We're a family show."

"There's only one other way from here, and that's through the bridge."

"Oh ho ho! And look who's here already, lounging at the captains console. Ashley, and she's just finished posting her latest taunt."

"Just look at El Fumo's face. He is smoking furious. Ashley had better watch out. ... Now if that isn't the extreme of coolness, I don't know what is."

"You're right, Bob. Ashley has that hair toss perfected, and the haughty look of disdain, would even impress a Siamese cat. She's egging him on. Is that gesture pure rudeness or what?"

"Ah, look see, the floor all around where she's sitting, is glowing red hot."

"Ha! El Fumo has seen it. He may be hot-headed but he's not going to fall for that one."

"That's a smug look on Ashley's face."

"El Fumo has turned his back and walking back into the conference room. Ashley, isn't going to let him get away with that. She's got her phone out now, and no doubt coming up with some scathingly catty statement to share with her followers. But what's this? El Fumo is sprinting back into the bridge. Surely, he doesn't think he can jump across that gap."

"..."

"..."

"That was magnificent!"

"Well, I didn't see that coming, Bob."

"And neither did Ashley. Let's watch that in slow motion."

"Here comes El Fumo. Look at that look of determination on his face. He means to make Ashley pay. There goes the multi-tool, and the telescoping three metre pole. He vaults across the gap as if it was nothing, kicks Ashley's phone out of her hand onto the deck, and bodily heaves her out of the captain's seat and onto one of the other consoles."

"The engineering console I think, Todd."

"When she collided with it, there were a lot of sparks. I think she activated something."

"Yes! Look, there's hoses spilling out of the console onto her almost as if they were alive."

"She's pinned. It's going to take her a while to escape from that lot. Meanwhile, El Fumo vaults across the remaining section of floor and does his signature El Jarabe Tapatio footwork, as he leaves."

El Fumo - Wreck Runner

"That was one for this year's best-of clips, I think, Todd. Even if El Fumo gets squished into jam, he will be remembered for that."

"Certainly by Ashley."

"Back with the action now, El Fumo has sauntered into the control room adjacent to the bridge and just found all the doors have slammed around him."

"He doesn't appear too concerned, Todd?"

"He's probably still riding on the high from so thoroughly trouncing Ashley, a moment ago, that he hasn't realised his predicament."

"No. He's deploying his multi-tool again."

"It looks like one of those universal hacking keyboards all the nerds have."

"Well, that's the third function we've seen on his multi-tool. They only have three functions, and he's used them all."

"It'll be interesting to see how he uses these functions later in the run with other challenges, Bob. But back with El Fumo, he's now got his hacking device hooked into the door controls. Luckily there is still power available."

"But with wacko ship-systems to deal with, is this going to be reliable?"

"I don't think he's expecting to solve this in a hurry, Bob. He's got out his flask of hacker's friend, coffee."

"Hopefully he doesn't take too long. I don't think the fans will be too keen to wait around, and there's only so many slow-mo re-plays we can watch."

"Look, Bob. He's inadvertently brought up a ship schematic. He's studying it carefully and looking to the door ahead of him. What's through that door, do we know?"

"Well, Todd. These old frigates followed a very standard plan, and so that will probably be another weapons bay."

"Is there likely to be anything of value to him there?"

"Could be. I think with the attention he's paying there, he's found some sweet loot."

"If he can get the door open."

"Quite right, Todd. If he can get the door open."

"There they go. Good hacking by El Fumo. Oh no! He's spilled his coffee right onto the universal hacking keyboard."

"That's going to be out of action for the rest of this run. I hope he doesn't need it later."

"He's into the next module, and good call Bob. It's another weapons bay."

"Is that what I think it is, Todd?"

"What do you think it is, Bob?"

"It looks like a prototype shield generator. El Fumo's got his eyes on it now too. That will be worth a good handful of creds if he can get that out in one piece."

"Hopefully, he's not too distracted to notice the security bot closing on him from behind the pile of ammunition crates."

"He knows now."

"The security bot is attempting to get a hold of him, but El Fumo ducks out of the way."

"My word, what was that? All those ammunition crates just started sliding across the floor."

"That looks like things on the ship have just gone critical. Yes, our other camera feeds have confirmed it - the artificial gravity over the entire ship is now rotating slowly."

"That's quite a thick fog forming too, Todd."

"That could be a problem for El Fumo, as he tries to find his way back to the airlock."

"El Fumo has stacked two ammunition crates on top of each-other and is trying to reach the shield generator which is now above him."

"And here comes the security bot, out of the fog. A tumbling ammunition crate has just blocked its way."

"El Fumo will be pleased about that, Todd. He's using the chance to make a lunge for the shield generator."

"Here goes another cascade of ammo-crates, as the gravity continues to rotate. El Fumo is now holding on to the shield generator."

"Here comes the security bot."

"No. It's having problems getting over some of the pipe runs across the ceiling. But if it just waits, it will soon be able to fall past the obstacle and land on El Fumo."

"What's he going to do, Todd? His options are running out."

El Fumo - Wreck Runner

"I don't know, Bob. It looks like he's focused on getting the shield generator's clamps released."

"He does *not* want to lose this opportunity."

"There goes one, and here comes the bot, and a rain of ammo-boxes."

"Let's hope there's nothing particularly explosive in those boxes, Todd."

"I think you spoke too soon, Bob. One of those boxes has ruptured and now there are shells everywhere."

"Say, is that one blinking?"

"I think you might be right, Bob. Meanwhile El Fumo has managed to get another clamp released, and dodges the bot again as it slides past, together with a piles of ammo-boxes and ammo-shells."

"There goes another clamp."

"The gravity is definitely making it easier for El Fumo now, Bob. Here comes the bot."

"Look at that. El Fumo has launched himself at the bot, and leaped off it's head. He's trying to get that ammo-crate that is wedged in the pipework above."

"It looks like a crate of warheads, Bob. This could get interesting real fast."

"There goes the crate, straight onto the bot."

"The Bot is pinned now, Bob."

"It won't be for long though, as that gravity direction changes."

"El Fumo is fighting with the last clamp, and he's got it. The bot is struggling with the crate, and, and now a warhead has fallen out. It's ... it's armed too. El Fumo can see the red flashing light through the fog. He's looking worried."

"I'd be worried too, Todd."

"He's got the shield generator on his back now, and the shifting gravity is making him stagger."

"Wow! That was quite a blast. Is he still in the game or did he need to activate his S.C.R.A.M Beacon?"

"He's still in the game, Bob. There he is coming through the fog in the control room. He's looking somewhat more tatty and blackened than he was a moment ago."

"While the gravity's almost in the normal direction, he's making the most of it and heading for the next module. It looks like life support."

"Yes, Todd. Those atmospheric scrubbers are pretty distinctive."

"Look at the rad count!"

"That place is *hot*. El Fumo, better not muck about in there."

"El Fumo doesn't miss a beat. He plunges into the thick mist, and, look at him go! Stepping, skipping even, from one bit of equipment to the next as the gravity rotates around him. Such style."

"That is beautiful to watch, Todd."

"Even with the shield generator on his back, he easily makes it to the exit on the other side."

"That was a quick time."

"Getting through that quickly, the radiation will only have given him a mild sunburn, and some suspicious moles a few years down the track."

"It looks like he's into another crew quarters, Todd."

"This must be the big kids. I'm not seeing any stuffed toys, this time. Oh! That'll upset him. The doors have all slammed shut and locked."

"This time he doesn't have his universal hacking keyboard available."

"Is that one of the original crew there, Bob?"

"It looks like it, Todd. I think he's asleep."

"No, no. He's just rolled over and waved out to El Fumo."

"They're deep in some sort of conversation, Todd."

"Whatever it is, El Fumo looks a bit grumpy."

"Is that a micro-drive he's handing over? Don't say he's had to trade his video collection."

"You know, I think it is. Didn't you say, El Fumo had a really good collection of video files?"

"That I did, Todd. He sent me the full eighth season of *Vampire Vixens: Nightfall on Station X*. That's a tough one to find."

"He's finding his way towards that ventilation duct."

"Oops, he's not getting in there with that shield generator on his back."

"Bob, isn't it amazing that space ships all have plenty of ducts that are big enough to crawl down?"

"That's a handy fact, Todd. Innumerable are the times I've had to crawl down a duct to save my bacon on some of my wreck runs."

El Fumo - Wreck Runner

"El Fumo has strapped the shield generator into a bunk as the gravity continues to rotate and make things difficult. Where do you think he's going, Bob?"

"You got me there, Todd. It's a well known fact that all spaceship ventilation systems connect to every other part of the ship, and never have heating coils, dampers, or turning vanes to get in the way. Although this one does appear to have a few drifts of mashed potato."

"Some of them have fans in them, too."

"That's right, Todd. Luckily they normally turn slowly enough to get through them, if you time it right."

"We'll just have to stay on the follow camera feed, and see where he goes."

"There he goes into the duct, Todd."

"Whoops, he slid down that one a bit quicker than he would have wanted, as the gravity rotates. The radiation sensor is a little high, so we must be over the life support module."

"Right, so he's making his way forward, Todd."

"Is that the weapons bay, Bob?"

"It looks like it. Ho! Look! There's the security bot, or what remains of it. This place is a bit of a mess."

"El Fumo has kicked off the duct cover and is clambering across the ceiling. There is still quite a bit of unexploded ammunition around in here despite the blast."

"I think I can see what he has in mind, Todd."

"El Fumo is gathering up ammunition rounds and stuffing them in his pockets. Now, he's sliding back down the ceiling and has made it back to the duct. All he has to do is get back to the bunkroom."

"Good luck to him on that one, Todd. Navigating ducts is never easy, especially when the gravity is all over the place."

"Does it get claustrophobic in those ducts, Bob?"

"They're not small enough for that, Todd."

"Where is he now, do you think?"

"The trailing camera looked down through one of the grilles a moment ago, and it looked like the room below was engineering."

"That's down the other end of the ship, Bob."

"He could be a bit lost."

"He's just popped another grille off."

"No. That's the Men's toilets. This could take a while."

"While El Fumo works this out, let's watch a selection of last season's best-of fails in ducts."

"This was a classic fail, Todd. You'll recall Tank Harvey had a pretty sweet run up until this point. His team, *The Arrghonuts* had collected enough creds to have quite a lead over the *Temperance Hillbillies*, and then *this* happened."

"Oooh! That was messy."

"If it wasn't for his S.C.R.A.M beacon, he would have been sushi."

"And of course the team had to forfeit half their creds, which put them behind the *Temperance Hillbillies*, and in the end, cost them their place in the league."

"Ah. A montage of other fails. I love these, they're always complete comedy ... Ooof! How did they manage to get stuck there?"

"Hah! I never knew underwear could stretch that far, Bob."

"He'll be a bit sore after that."

"Checking the feeds, I see El Fumo is starting to get to the right area."

"Nope, that's not the crew quarters, Todd. That looks like the crew galley."

"I see a few sheets of paper on the table and a satchel saying "Top Secret" hanging off that chair. The galley is just on the other side of the locked door from the crew quarters."

"That's right, Todd."

"Which begs the question: Why didn't he just use the ducts to get around the locked doors in the first place?"

"He'd have to leave the shield generator, and he knows what that would cost him. He really wants those creds, Todd."

"That rotating gravity is giving him a few bruises. Whoops, there he goes, unceremoniously dumped out of the duct, into the bunk room."

"Now, he's going to work with that ammo, he picked up."

"Can we move the camera around to see what he's doing?"

"That's better."

"El Fumo has opened a shell and is pouring the charge into a paper coffee cup."

El Fumo - Wreck Runner

"There goes another one."

"And another. That's quite a bit of explosive powder he's got there."

"You wouldn't want to mistake that for coffee, Todd."

"Definitely not, Bob. He's stuffing the coffee cups into the door hydraulic panel."

"That's a lot of powder in there. I don't see how he's going to set it off, though."

"Look! He's backing up and opening out the three metre pole function of the multitool."

"He's probing the cups of explosive with the pole. I don't know if that's ..."

"Wow! That was quite a blast."

"As if there wasn't enough smoke and mist making seeing difficult."

"Is he still there, Bob?"

"I think so, Todd ... Yes, there he is. A bit blackened."

"Ooooh! Look at the end of that pole."

"Well, if this were an art class, he'd get top marks for that, but he's sure not going to be using that again this run. ... Apparently it still makes a good lever for the door."

"With the gravity helping him, for the moment, El Fumo is slowly forcing the door open."

"He's through."

"Shield generator on his back again, he's stepping through into the crew galley."

"But no! It's not the crew galley any more, the servery is folding away and a conference table is rising out of the floor."

"And look who's on the table! Ashley looking smug."

"She has good reason to be smug. She has the secret document satchel we saw earlier."

"That's a lot of cred right there."

"Wow! That drinks cabinet that just popped out of the wall, has staggered El Fumo."

"Ow! Netball to the face! Ashley smacked that ball right at him."

"El Fumo, sprawls to the ground. That was quite a hit. Ashley must be pretty miffed about that last encounter with El Fumo."

"That is just too much. Ashley is posting a video of El Fumo carked out on the floor, to her social media network."

"That is a very unflattering look for El Fumo.... Oh! She's just pulled the shield generator away from El Fumo, and now has two more prize pieces of loot to add to her cred score."

"El Fumo will be laughing stock if Ashley makes it out to her breach pod with that lot."

"Ashley is busy working up a new social media post. This'll be viscous, I can tell you."

"What's happening, Todd?"

"The room is transforming again. The conference table is sinking into the floor, and the drinks cabinet and vision screens have all folded away. There is a mirrored globe dropping from the ceiling. It looks like a ... like a ... dance floor."

"Ashley is off balance."

"Yes. She was caught out by the table disappearing and the shifting gravity direction. But Look! El Fumo is on his feet. He brushes some dust off his sleeves and squares his shoulders. He has his tango face on. That look is *hard*."

"He has Ashley."

"Yes, Bob. El Fumo has taken Ashley in a close *Abrazo* hold. She is struggling against him, but can't move. El Fumo has left her no room to get those famous elbows into action."

"I can see what's coming, Todd."

"El Fumo pulls Ashley into a smooth *El Retroceso*."

"That's a classic start there, and put Ashley completely on the back foot."

"Front foot actually, Bob. It is a reverse move, after all. And, Oh! Straight into a very sharp *La Parada*."

"That stop has shocked Ashley. She's suddenly realised he has total control."

"*El Sandwich*, now. Ashley has nowhere to go but follow."

"Will you look at that *El Ocho*."

"Now *La Resolucion*, and Ashley is leaning in close, eyes closed."

"In spite of the shifting gravity, El Fumo has this mastered."

"*El Ocho Abierto* and into *La Parada*, and *La Llevada*, *La Salida*, *Los Ochos Largos*, and another *La Resolucion*."

"Did you see that, Todd? El Fumo just slipped the document satchel from Ashley's shoulder."

"She hasn't noticed yet."

"*A Los Tres Ochos*."

El Fumo - Wreck Runner

"And El Fumo smoothly exits, leaving a mesmerised Ashley standing in the middle of the dance floor, eye's closed, and a smile on her face."

"El Fumo has the shield generator and the secret documents. He's out of there!"

"El Fumo ducks around the crash investigation officer, and dives through the airlock."

"There goes the indicator. He's through into his breach-pod and home."

"Well, Bob, that was a fair run by El Fumo."

"He didn't end up looking like a fajita, so that is something to be said."

"He left a lot of the ship still unexplored, do you think he has enough cred to beat Ashley?"

"Hard to tell, Todd. We'll know soon when Ashley completes her run."



"Well folks, that was a close one. The final figures were, El Fumo on twenty one creds and Ashley Kovacs on twenty."

"Todd, I think El Fumo's tango saved him from a totally humiliating defeat."

"Yes, Bob. The floor change to a dance studio was a gift to El Fumo, allowing him to snatch a close victory from what looked like being a humiliating defeat.."

"I hear that Bashbro toys are in talks with El Fumo's manager about a new line of toys based on his likeness with a realistic sounding scream function."

"While Ashley only just lost out, her run was still a respectable score. The *Hawarden High Junior Girls' Netball Team*'s shuffle dance has taken their social media channels by storm."

"I suspect El Fumo's dance skills making Ashley look good probably had a hand in that, Todd"

"That brings us to the end of this wreck run. Thanks for joining us tonight. Link in next week when we'll have the *Mighty Dwarven Fireballs* take on the *LilHype Streetware Accountancy Department*.

"It'll be a no-holds barred, bare knuckle showdown all right, Todd. These two teams have met before and it wasn't pretty."

"Which wreck will they be running, Bob"

"You know I can't tell you that Todd, but I can say that, this time, it's a luxury liner."

"Sounds like a great event, Bob. That's us for tonight. Thank you, and good night from me, Todd Johnson."

"And it's good night from me, Bob Scoffield. Good night."