Airsoft

Thud! Thud! Pellets hit the tree in rapid succession where I was taking cover. I quickly reloaded my gun, and fired back. "Get down!" my friend Roshan yelled, as a torrent of bullets flew over our heads.

We were playing a game of Airsoft. Roshan and I were up against two other teams of two. The rules were if you got hit five times, you were out.

"Have you been hit?" I asked.

"Yeah, once, you?

"Not yet."

Looking to my left, I saw dust kick up from pellets hitting the ground. I quickly turned around and saw an enemy player. Two pellets from another team ricocheted off of his shirt, and he quickly dove behind a bush. A pair of players dashed from their cover in front of us and started sprinting away for no reason. As they ran, Roshan and I charged at them. Like a pair of lions moving in on their prey, we shot at them as we closed in and took them down

Now, it was two on two, but the other team still had an advantage over us. Roshan and I had been shot three times apiece, and we had no idea where they were

The two of us stalked slowly through the forest, eyes wide open and fingers nervously twitching on the trigger. Unfortunately, everyone was wearing camouflage, and the forest was a blanket of green. Actually finding anyone was easier said than done. CRACK! A twig broke behind us, we spun around and saw one of the other players. He tried to lose us, and sprinted as fast as he could. I fired repeatedly at him, but nothing came out. *What the heck?* I thought.

The other player managed to get away so I sat down to looked at the magazine of my gun. It was completely jammed with pellets. I quickly cleaned it and reloaded. We slowly walked several paces, and a bullet flew out of a bush and struck Roshan in the face.

"Ouch!" he yelled.

"Stay down. I'll take him out." I said.

"Okay." Roshan dove to the ground, trying to avoid a fifth disqualifying hit. Soon, I found where the shooter was, and returned fire. We continued to exchange pellets and after a long, tedious firefight, I neutralized the player. But, the last enemy was nowhere to be found. We ran through the whole forest looking for him but he managed to evade us. The two of us were just about to rest, when a blur of green suddenly streaked past some trees. The chase was on. Firing and charging, we followed him, until he leaped over a fallen log, and turned to fire at us. Pellets threw dust into the air, broke twigs and glanced off the bark of trees. I rolled behind a bush, and distracted him with some cover fire.

"Roshan, go around and get him. I'll cover you."

"Gotcha," he replied.

I fired and reloaded, fired and reloaded. *Where are you, Roshan?* I thought to myself. In that same instant, the other player yelled, "Woah!" flabbergasted from getting hit from behind. Roshan got him.

After an entire hour of continuous running and fighting, we had finally come out on top. Roshan and I high-fived each other to celebrate our victory.