Two Writers play Modern Warfare

by Frank Hinton

I sign on to my Playstation account. I start a Bluetooth chat with my roommate Noel, who is up in his room on his Playstation. After a great deal of peer-pressure, Noel has convinced me to try a hand at online warfare. I decide to take a break from my Lego Star Wars addiction and play this grown up game.

Noel: Hey.

Frank: Yo.

Long silence. Clicking noises.

Noel: So what do you want to do?

Frank: I dunno. I've never played this before. I'm probably going to suck.

Noel: Team death?

Frank: What is team death?

Noel: It's where you are on a team and your team has to kill everyone on
the other team.

Frank: And we win if we kill everybody?

Noel: No. When they die they come back to life right away.

Frank: So it is an endless battle?

Noel: Well every kill gets points, whoever has the most points wins.

Frank: Ah.

Noel: Extra points if you shoot them in the face or the back of the head.

Frank: Okay, let's do that one.

Noel: Just let me get my weapons ready.

Frank: I'm recording this game. I think I'm going to write a story about it.

Noel: Don't record this.

Frank: Why?

Noel: Because sometimes I get really into the game. I say things I wouldn't normally say in life.

Frank: Well, just don't say them.

Noel: Fuck Frank, why do you have to ruin everything? If I can't get into a round I'm going to mess up. If I can't taunt or egg people on or call little 12 year olds demeaning things then I'm not going to get a good score.

Frank: So?

Noel: So if I get a bad score my standings on the international ranking boards goes down. And I am ranked 23,000. Do you know how long that took?

Frank: The game's only been out for two weeks and that doesn't sound like an achievement.

Noel: It's 23,000 out of 1, 250,000 people.

Frank: Oh.

Noel: Do not record this.

Frank: Okay, I won't. I was just trying this new thing where I transcribe conversations and then post them on fictionaut or something.

Noel: Why? Why would you do that?

Frank: So I could have something to write about, something to post.

Noel: Shh, just shut the fuck up. The game is starting.

Frank: What is the shoot button?

Noel: R1, shut the fuck up. And don't talk to me on here, I don't want people to think I'm friends with a noob.

Frank: Okay.

The game loads.

Mafukaz37, DharmaPolice, Deth666Rain, Worms34872 and *Dolon* sign on. My login name is *Dolon*. Noel is *DharmaPolice*. We are fighting in an arena called *Afghan*.

A dissected plane fuselage rests at the center of the map. We are surrounded by various desert mountains, caves and concrete

bunkers. I start to move when my screen fills with blood. A pop-up comes on:

Deth666Rain FIRST BLOOD. Deth666Rain has killed me.

Deth666Rain: Ahh Dolon. What a gay name.

Dolon (me): It's not gay.

Deth666Rain: Fuck you faggot.

Dolon: Dolon was a spy during the Trojan War. He disguised himself as a wolf in order to help Prince Hector. He was very fast and cunning.

Deth666Rain (Noel): Don't give a fuck.

DharmaPolice: Shut the fuck up Dolon.

I am killed again, this time by *Worms34872*. I have yet to shoot my rifle.

Worms34872: Noob.

Dolon: Worms34872- what? Was Worms34871 taken?

Worms34872: No that's my postal code you fucker.

Dolon: Why would you put your postal code up here? Someone could send you a letter bomb or a box full of snakes.

People laugh into their microphones.

Worms34872: Shut the fuck up noob.

As I am thinking about other postal delivery traps *Mafukaz37* stabs me in the back. I watch as my character falls lifelessly to the ground. I press the square button and I am instantly revived.

I see someone walking in the distance. A lone soldier crawls through a thick nest of grass. There is a small garden in the middle of this desert wasteland. I crouch my character and sneak up behind him. The soldier doesn't see me. I aim my weapon and pull the trigger.

Suddenly points appear on my screen, my gun recoils and the soldier lays dead at my feet.

DharmaPolice: Fuck you Frank.

Dolon: Oh hahaha! That was you.

From behind gunfire erupts. I run into a nearby building.

Deth666Rain: Almost had that fucker.

Dolon: Is this every man for himself? I thought we were playing on a team?

DharmaPolice: Yeah I decided to do free for all.

Dolon: I see.

I take a step and my foot triggers a claymore bomb. I fly backwards, dead. I press a button and I am alive once more. I start to feel a rush of energy. The thrill of killing someone, the lack of consequence for dying; this game is fun. I find two more soldiers running around the desert arena and make quick work of them. My reflexes begin to adapt. I die many times but I also kill many times.

Dolon: Fuck you mother fucker!

I press my finger hard onto the shoot button. I fill *Worms34872* and *Mafukaz37* with bullets. I run away.

Dolon: Who's a noob now? Fucking shit fuckers.

DharmaPolice: Wow. Not bad.

The game ends. I come in fourth out of five. Not bad. All in all I murdered fourteen times. I died twenty-five times. We play the game for two more hours. I feel immortal, I feel like a warrior for the first time in my life.

Noel: See what I mean? The game is sick.

Frank: Sick. The sickest.

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