

DIARY of a Wimpy Kid

THE GREAT WESTMORE NERF® WAR

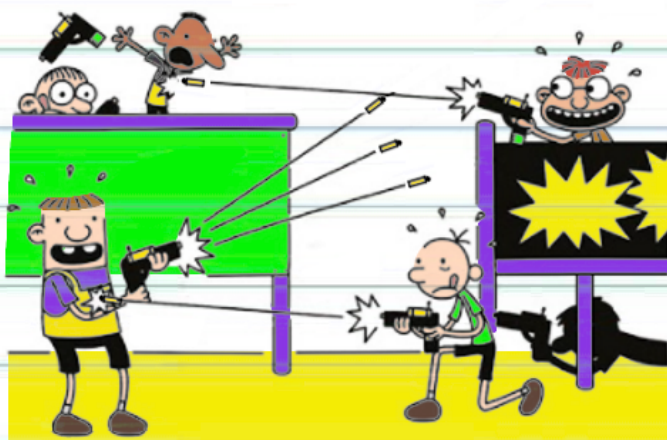


u/CorporalPig22

MAY

Wednesday

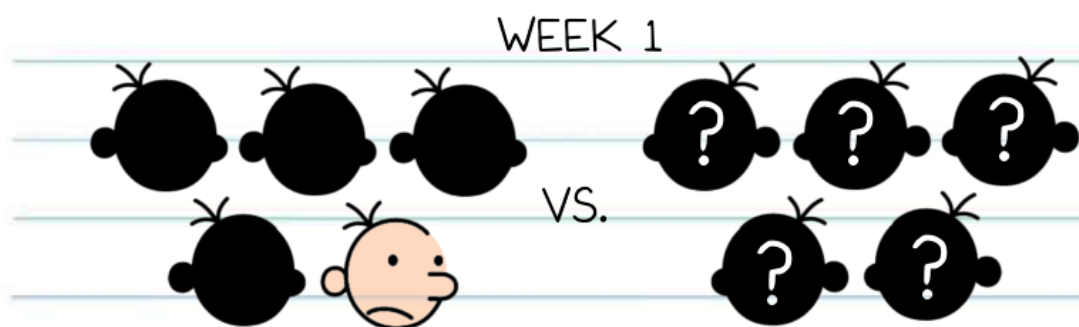
Every year at Westmore High School, the entire school holds a "Nerf War" that spans about 4 weeks near the end of the year. There's about 800 people attending Westmore High, with about 200 of them in my grade, so it was a pretty freaking big deal.



*Dramatization. Not actual Nerf War footage.

Now, a Nerf war may not seem like a very popular high school tradition, but I think there's a few other high schools in my area who have a similar tradition, and I'm pretty sure one of them is Crossland High School. Here at Westmore High, however, we take this whole Nerf War thing pretty seriously. The winning team receives a cash prize of \$1,000, which is a pretty sweet deal if you ask me. Plus, you even have to sign a freaking waiver, which is kinda surprising because the whole thing was organized by a bunch of students who just wanted to shoot Nerf guns at each other.

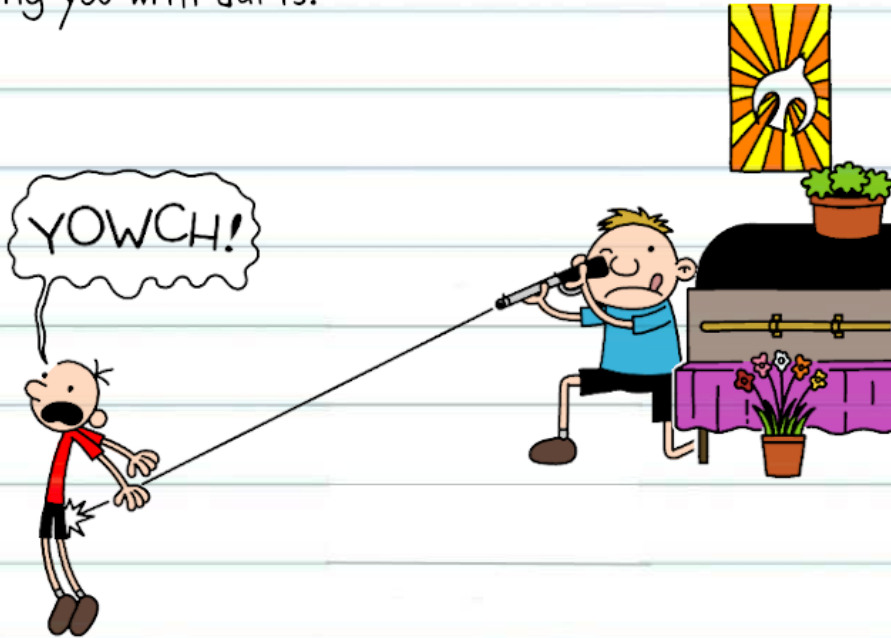
The rules are simple: you and four other people register yourselves as a team to the Nerf Club's official "Nerf War moderators", who then assign you a random team to face off against for the first week.



If an opponent hits you with a dart, you're eliminated, which means you can't shoot anyone else for the remainder of the week. At the end of the week, the team with the most remaining members are the winners and get to move on to the next week. In the case of a tie, the Nerf War moderators will organize a "Sunday Shootout" to decide the winner.

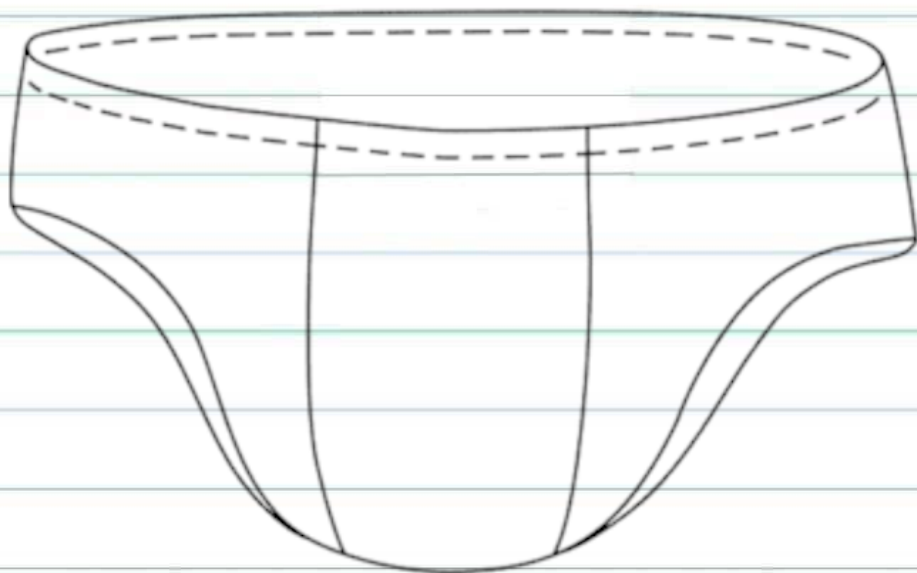
So the whole thing is basically just "Assassin," but it's a week-by-week tournament, you're playing in teams of 5, and your only weapons are Nerf guns. Now, the Nerf War is off-limits on school grounds, school events, workplaces, and you also can't be shot in your own home unless someone who lives there grants that person access. So that pretty much means you can't break and enter, because, well, that's illegal.

Anywhere else is completely fair game, so like, for example, you can be shot on your way to your car to go somewhere (school, work, etc.), buying groceries, soccer practice (well, at least if it's not school-related); heck, you can even be at your grandma's funeral and someone could be hiding behind the casket and start pelting you with darts!



Oh, yeah, there's also some other rules involved. You can't use your gun to shield you from darts; basically, if someone else's dart hit your gun, you were eliminated. You can't throw darts, either; you must fire them from a contraption as a projectile. There's also some other things that are clearly illegal. For one, you can't block someone's car with yours when they're trying to back out of their driveway. And no, you are NOT allowed to physically restrain anyone to shoot them with a Nerf dart, because why would anyone do that, anyway?

Now, this last rule has gotta be my personal favorite: the invincibility rule. If you strip down to nothing but your underwear, you're basically impervious to the Nerf dart. Only problem is, you can't shoot other people. It may seem a little inappropriate, but it's a good last resort to get yourself out of a sticky situation. Boys had to wear tighty-whities (in varying colors) and girls had to wear a bra and underwear (no sports bras). In order to become invincible, you had to be wearing nothing but that. That means no socks or shoes or anything other than your underwear.



If you had a backpack, it must be carried in the left hand at all times. Not the right hand, as that was clearly against the rules of the Nerf War. I mean, who in their right mind would strip down to their underwear and carry their backpack in their right hand?

Now, I believe there's some other high schools in my area who take this rule a step further, to where if you strip completely naked, not only are you immune to darts, but you can also shoot other people. Of course, my school does not apply this rule, because there isn't actually much further they can go without raising this LLB's age rating.

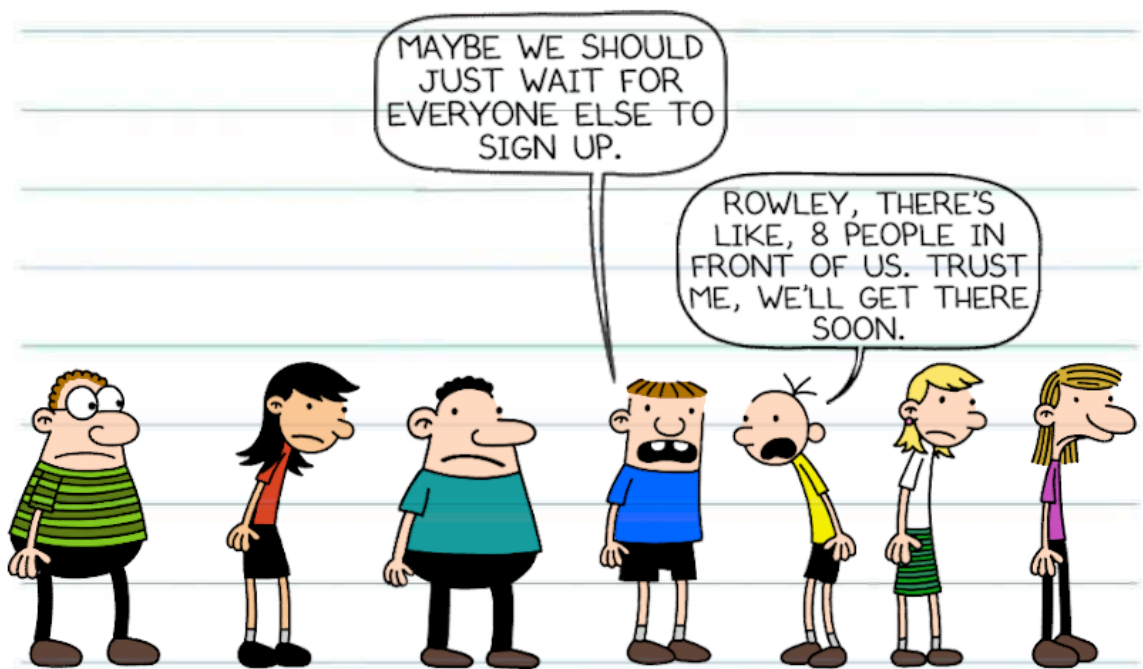
The entire layout of the Nerf War is basically a 16-team elimination tournament. 8 pairs of two teams face off against each other each week until there's only two teams left, and the last team standing is declared the winner.

NERF[®] WAR

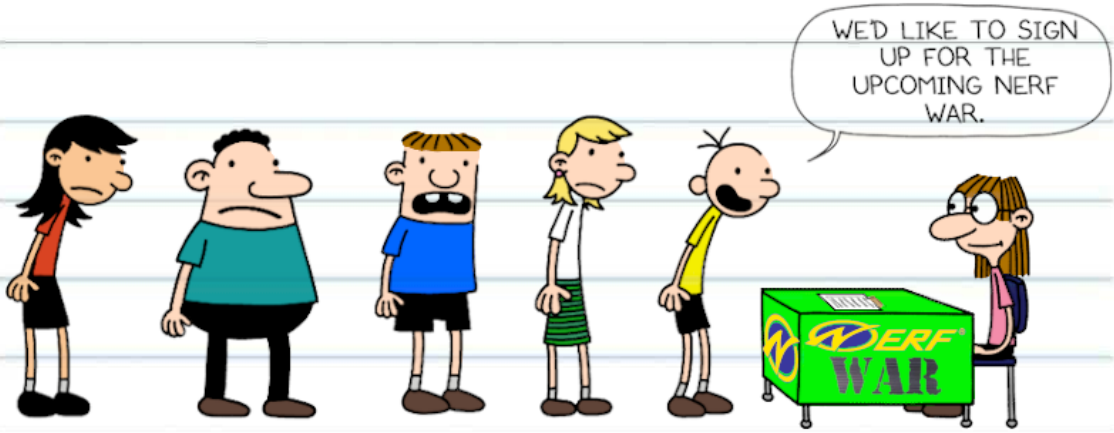


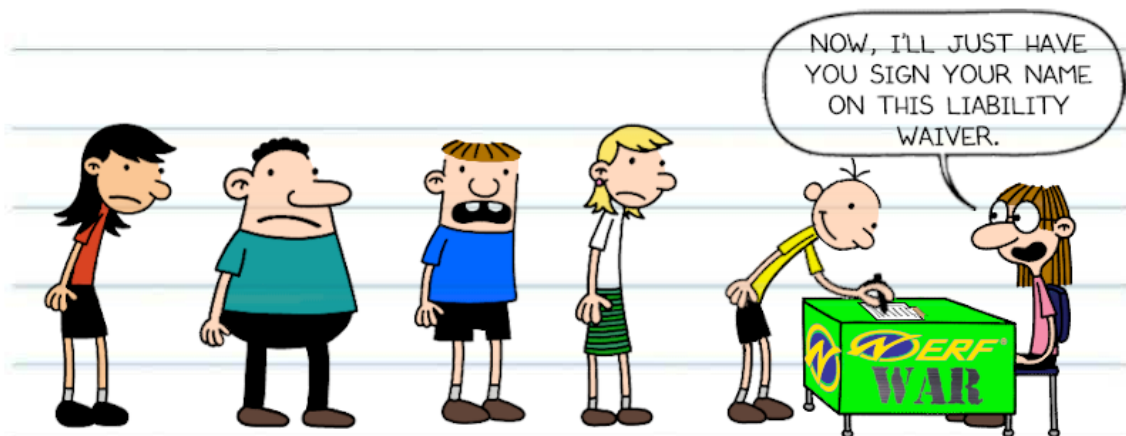
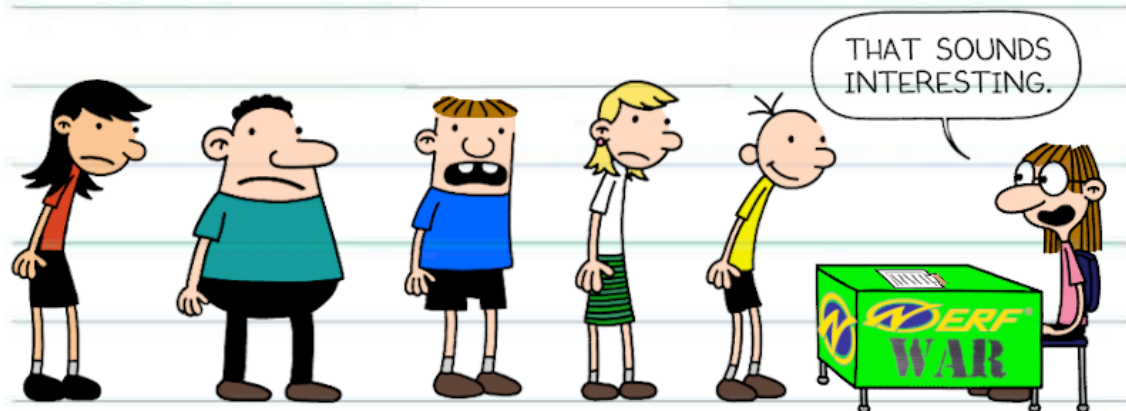
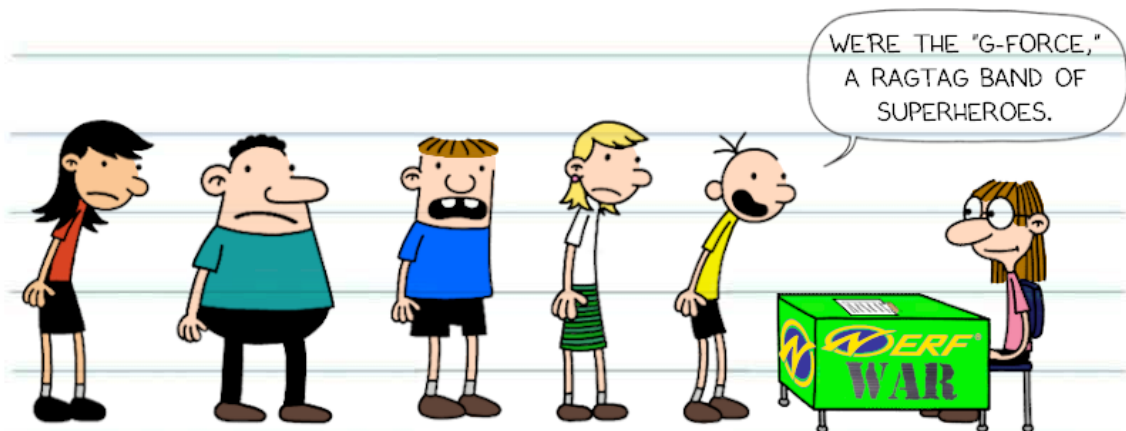
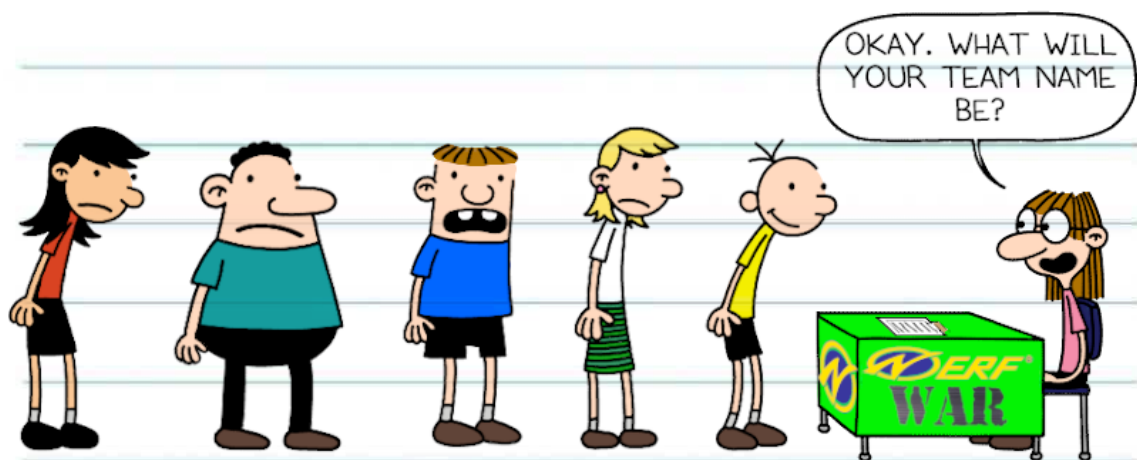
I decided to team up with my four best friends: Rowley Jefferson, Collin Lee, Holly Hills, and Trista Stewart. Around lunchtime, we headed to the cafeteria to sign ourselves up for the Nerf War. Only problem was, the line was REALLY long, and there were WAY too many people waiting to sign their teams up.

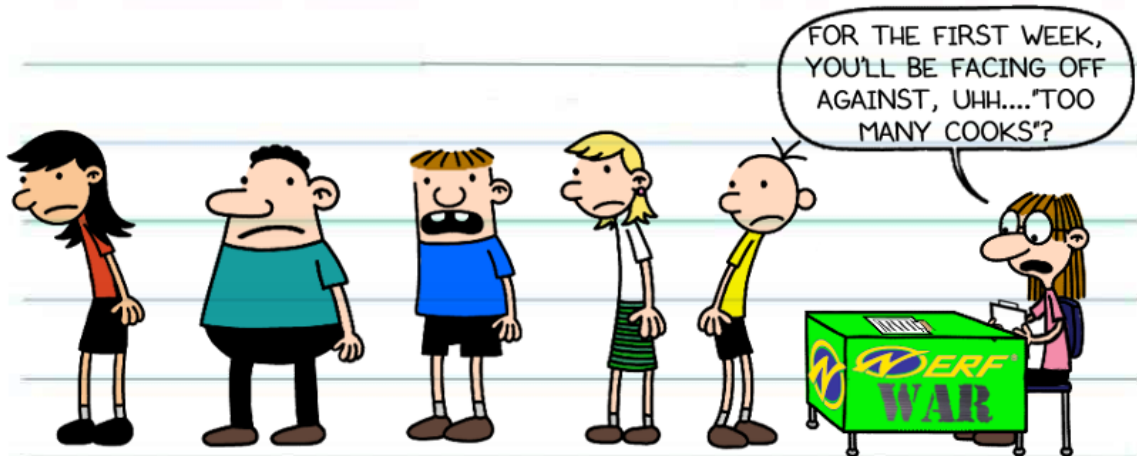
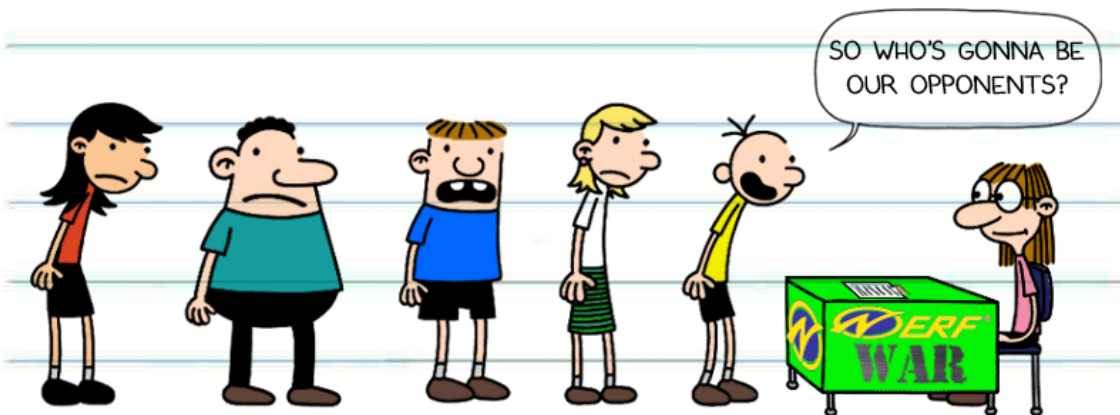
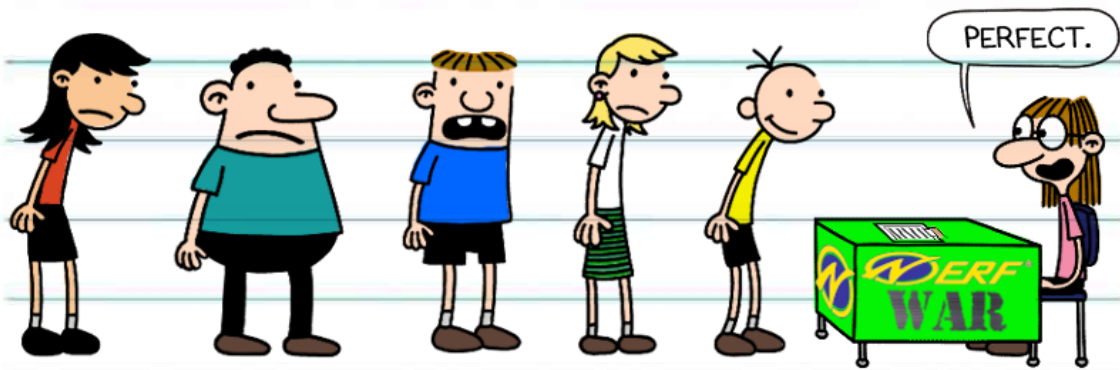
Rowley suggested that we should just wait everyone out, but I was determined to get us signed up, no matter how long it took for us to get to the front of the line.



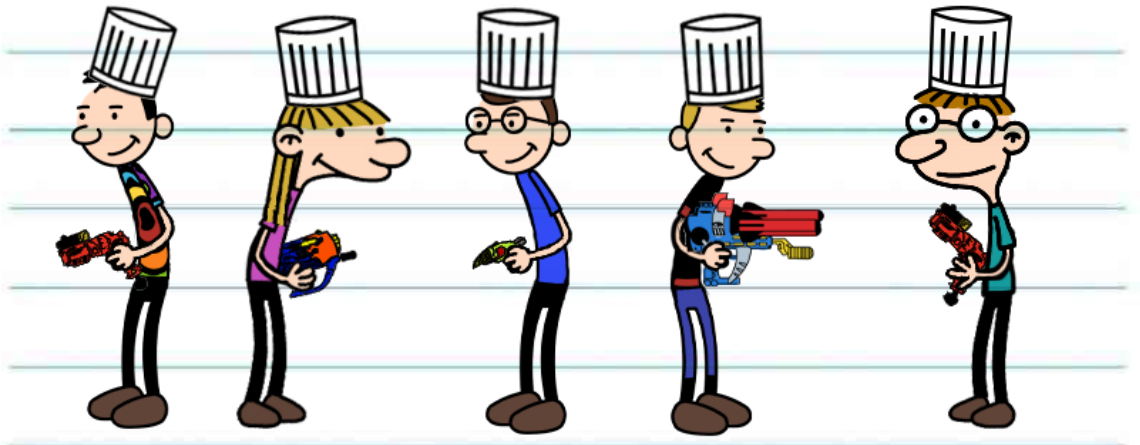
Eventually, we got to the front of the line, and I signed us up under the team name, "G-Force", a name and gimmick we all agreed on yesterday over AOL Instant Messenger.







So basically, these "Too Many Cooks" guys were just a group of these Home Economics nerds wearing chef hats like it was 2027.



Now, I've gotta give some credit to a lot of the other creative team names, such as "Who Darted?" and "Men with Large Darts". I think there were also some other teams who were forced to change their names because they were too inappropriate. For example, the "STD's" had to make their name stand for "Scrumptious Teacake Devourers", and the "Franklin Police Department" had to change their name to the "Flock of Popular Ducklings".

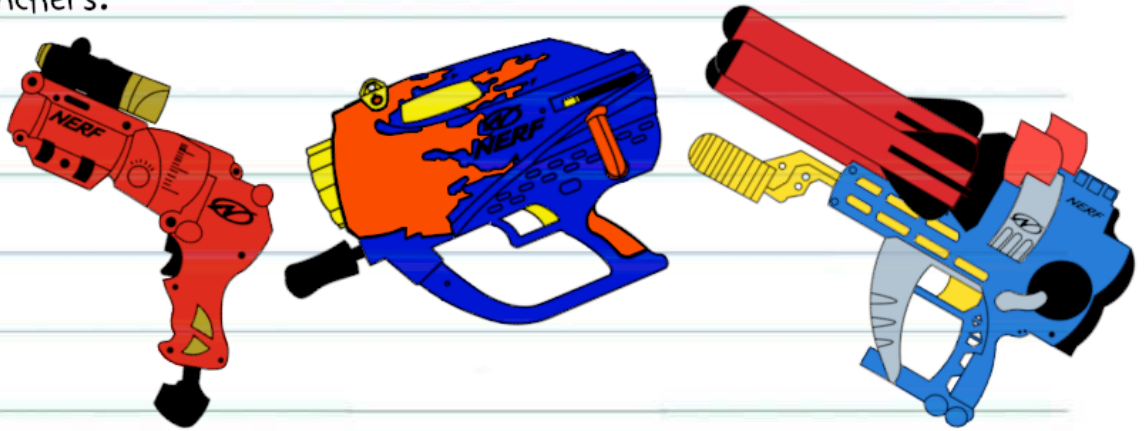
For the next four weeks, the Nerf War wasn't just a game to us. It was our top priority in life, above eating, sleeping, and school. Not that that last one mattered, I mean, it was almost the end of the school year anyway.

Saturday

We're supposed to face off against those Too Many Cooks guys tomorrow, so we gotta get PREPARED.

First order of business: we needed to get lotsa guns.

This is America, so you can literally just run to your local Wal-Mart and pick up handguns, assault rifles, and even rocket launchers.

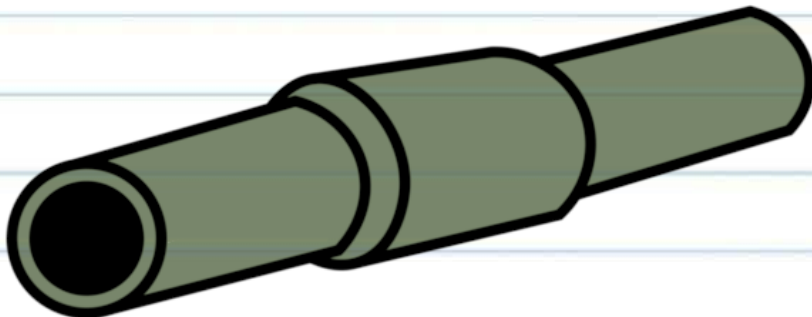


I am absolutely appalled by this country's lack of regulation on such dangerous airsoft weaponry.

So anyway, I bought a compact, easily concealable, close-range weapon, the Secret Shot II, that I kept on me at all times.

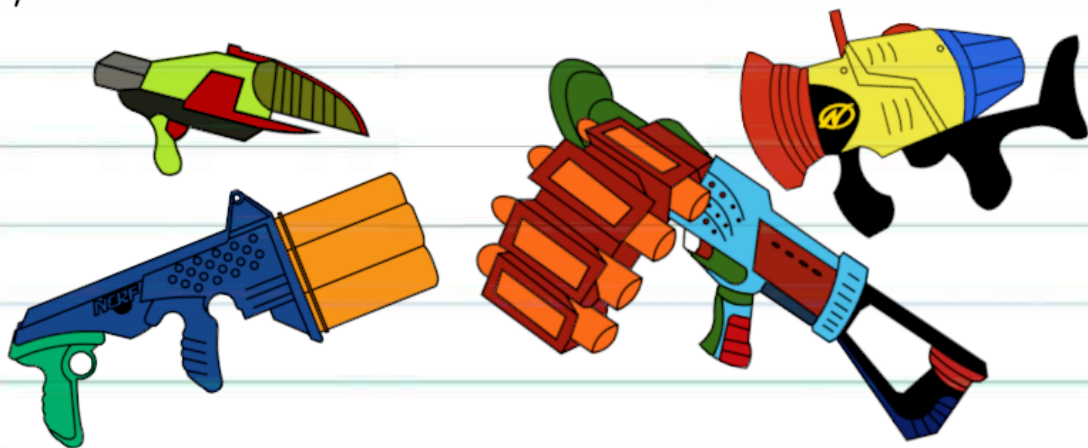
I also got a WildFire with a pretty good amount of darts.

In addition to that, I also made myself a long-range sniper rifle with some of Dad's leftover PVC pipes.



It may seem like your average makeshift blowgun, but this thing was a monster. If you shot anyone from less than 15 yards away with it, it would leave welts. I only ever got to test it out on some cardboard box targets before Dad needed the pipes to fix our water heater, so I just bought a Hyperstrike instead.

Rowley and Collin are our heavy artillery specialists, so they each got a Ballzooka, a Nerf Cannon, a Scattershot, and a Pulsator. Holly and Trista each bought a Secret Shot II, a Hyperstrike, a Sidewinder, a WildFire, and a Triple Strike.



But we didn't stop there. We had to get the most we could out of our guns. Basically, Nerf guns have this air compression chamber that lessens the blow of firing a dart so it's not so loud. To me, this meant, "Nerf gun is weak, but it can be stronger." So we drilled holes in the compression chambers of our guns. While it made our guns sound like nailguns, it also made them work a thousand times better than before.

Thursday

So far, this week's been going pretty smoothly. We've already taken out two of our opponents, and none of us have been taken out yet, so it's safe to say we're pretty much moving on to the next round. Those fools were weak, anyway, so we had to dispose of them.

We knew one of them worked part-time at Corny's, so when we went there for lunch, we ambushed him before he could even get inside to safety.

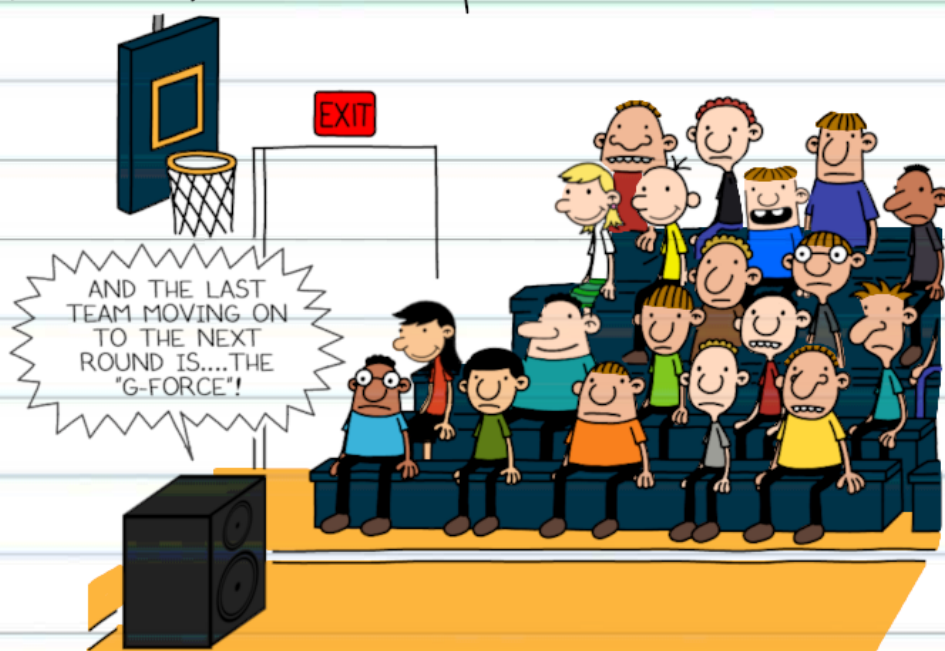


In order to gain an edge over our opponents, we had to find out all the essential information about them: where they lived, where they worked, where their relatives lived, the color of their car, EVERYTHING. So we did a bunch of online stalking. From skulking around on their AOL profiles to looking up their relatives' phone numbers in the phone books to calling their aunts to see how the kids were doing, we were basically Hackermen....erm, Hackerpeople.

You know how in most crime shows like Law and Order, there's always this computer geek who finds the suspect's personal information, so, like, the FBI would want to know something like what age the suspect lost a certain tooth as a kid, and the computer geek would hack into the suspect's memories and then let them know when they find the info they need? That was kinda what we were doing, except we were just lurking around in their AIM chat rooms and getting the info we needed.

Sunday

It's not even a school day, but we headed there anyway because that's when they call an assembly to announce the Nerf War results for the week. The Nerf War moderators announced which teams were moving on to the next round. Of course, we were one of those teams, so we kinda expected our names to be called.



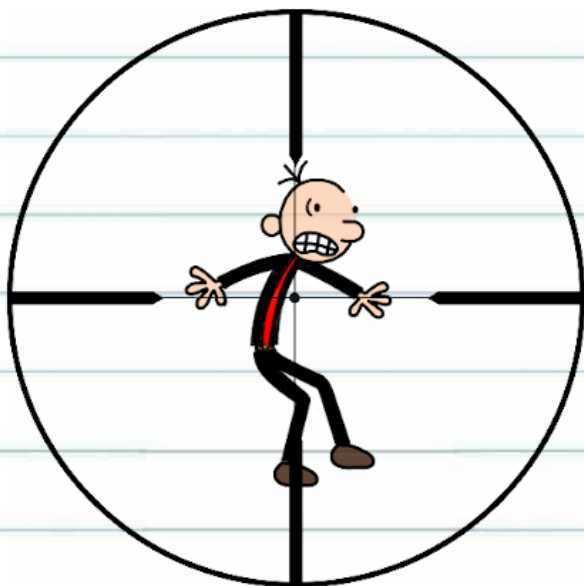
The Nerf War moderators put up this huge bracket on the projector screen to show which of the winning teams would be facing off against each other this week.



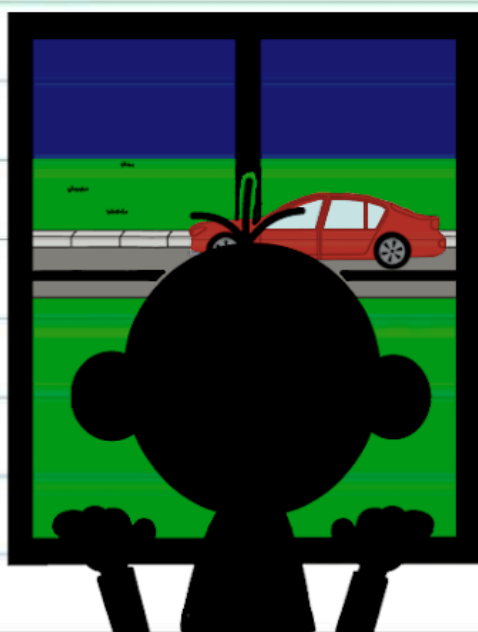
So apparently, we're facing off against "Who Darted?" Now, I'm pretty sure I talked a little bit about them earlier, but this team consisted of Fregley, Ruby Bird, and a few of the other dweebs in our school.

After the assembly, we all headed back to my house to discuss our strategy for the week.

We decided that we'd do what we did with our last opponents; you know, AIM stalking and whatnot. But it wasn't long before Fregley and his team went on the offensive. And their first target? ME.



Just as I was logging in to AIM, I heard the doorbell ring. I looked out the window and saw a car parked in the middle of the street.



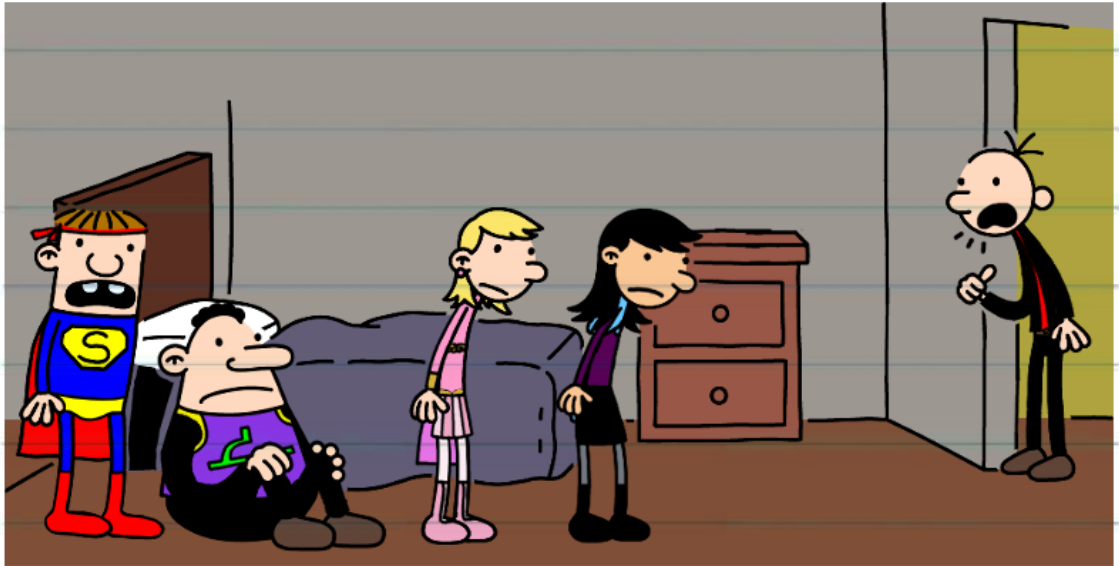
I ran downstairs and opened the door. It was one of the other team's members, Jimothy. Apparently, he told me that his car was out of gas and he was wondering if I had any to spare.



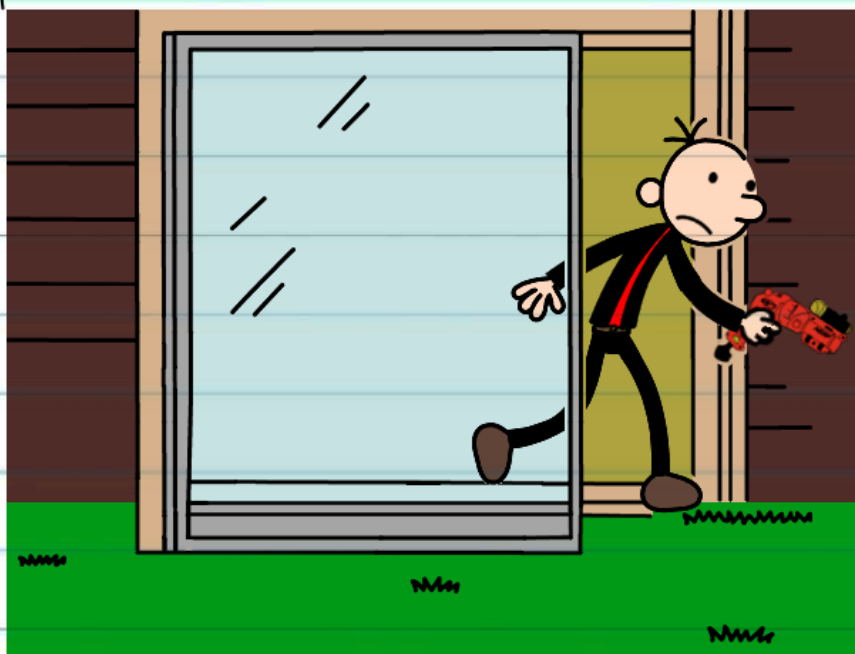
Of course, I knew he was just trying to lure me out of my house so the rest of his team could take me out, and I was NOT about to fall for that crap. So I told him—



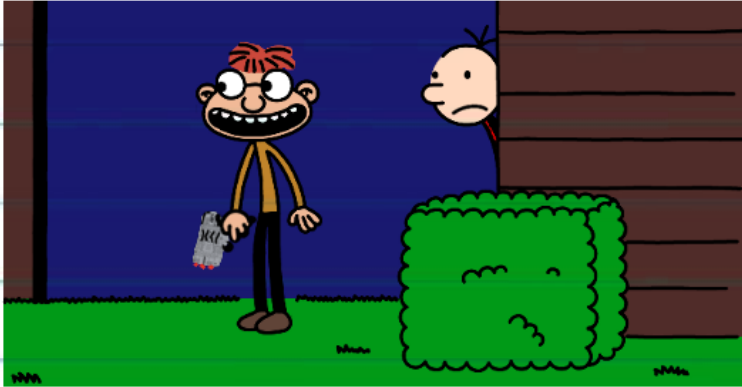
I went back upstairs and told everyone that we needed to plan a counterattack on the other team ASAP. If those guys were trying to eliminate ME, they were most likely gonna go for the rest of us next.



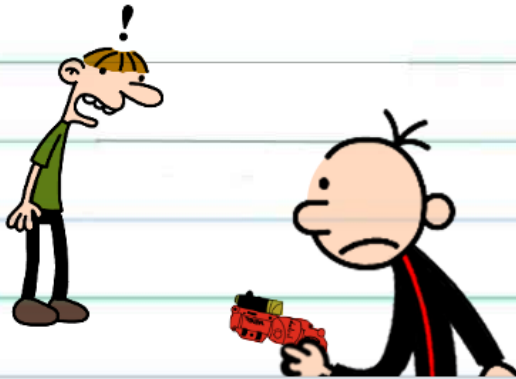
I grabbed my trusty Secret Shot II since it was the lightest out of my arsenal, and went out from the sliding glass door to scan the premises.



And sure enough, I saw Fregley sneaking around the side of my house. So I went around to the other side, hoping to take him by surprise.



As I made my way across the front yard, I noticed that Jimothy had been scanning the area, and he started alerting the others to my presence.

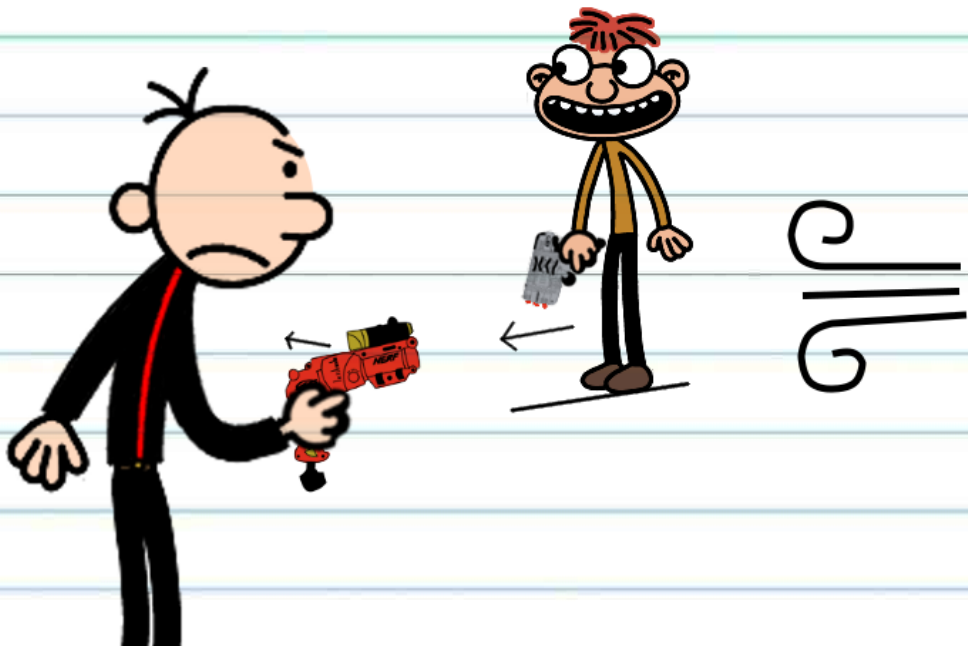


Fregley then turned around to face me, and the stand-off began.



I had a fully-loaded Secret Shot II. Two darts, one in each barrel, ready to fire, and two more darts on the holsters on either side of my gun. Fregley's gun, a shiny Lightnin' Blitz, held a little more darts than what I had, and packed quite a punch.

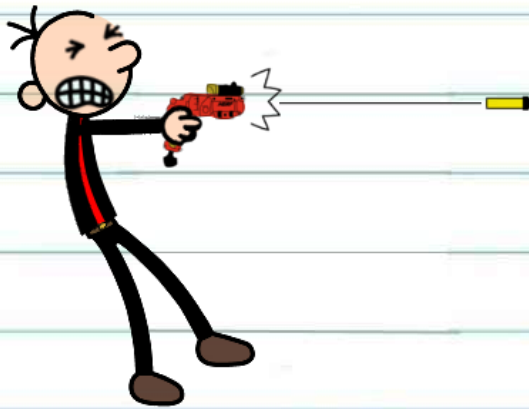
I readied my gun. It was slightly windy, so I had to aim a little more to the right, There was also an air humidity of about 70% that would slightly deter my range. Fregley started shifting to the right a little bit, so I aimed a little bit more to his right. We were on uneven ground, though, and Fregley was about to move to a lowered area that would increase his acceleration and decrease his height, so I had to make sure not to fire too high.



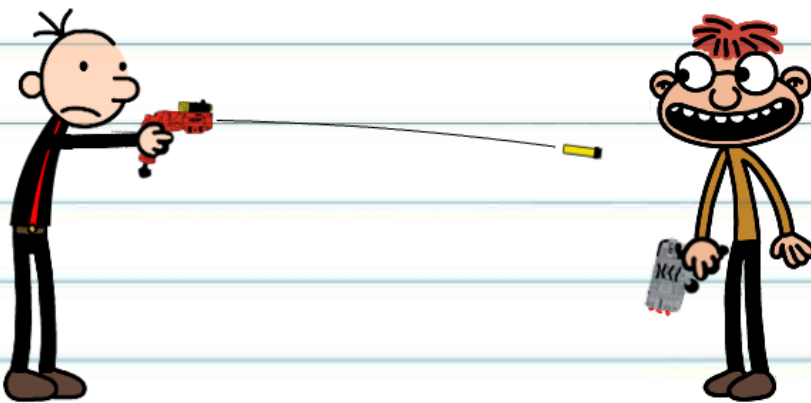
At that moment, the world around me seemed to stop moving.

I knew exactly where I was gonna aim. I had taken everything into account, and I knew I was going to land the perfect shot to take Fregley out once and for all. It was Nerf or nothing.

And so, I pulled the trigger.

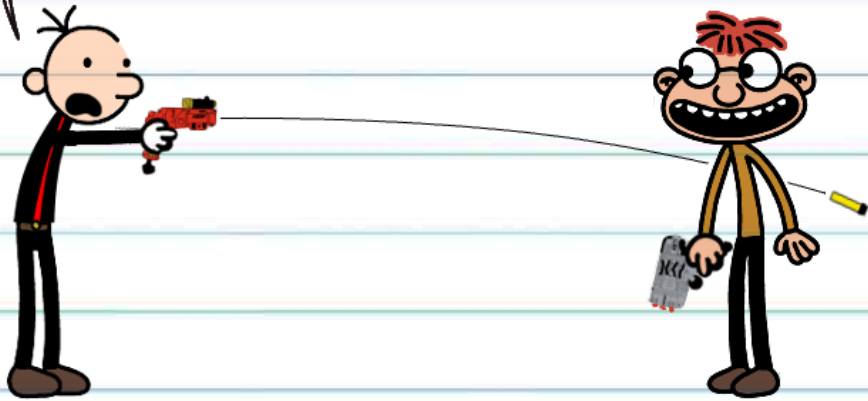


I watched as my dart sailed gracefully....



....over his shoulder.

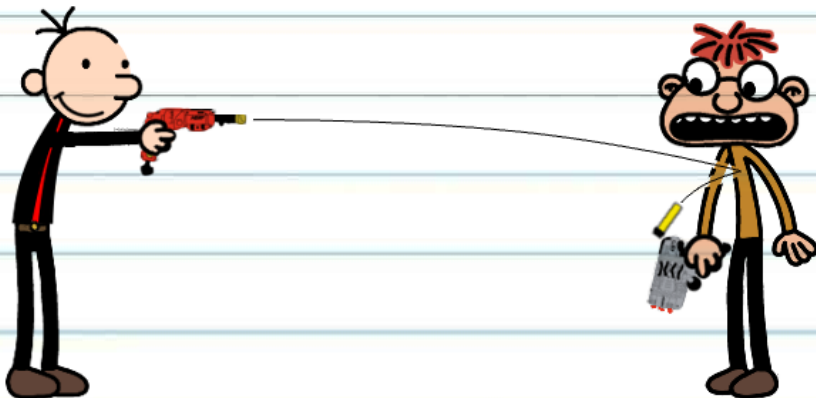
AH CRAP.



Fortunately, I had another dart in the top barrel of my gun. I pulled the top trigger to switch to that barrel, and pulled the trigger again.

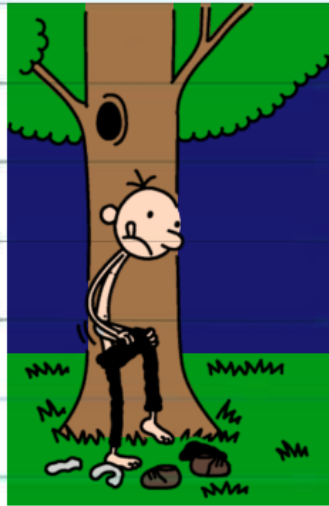
And this time, I watched as my dart sailed gracefully through the air....

....and bounced off Fregley's chest.

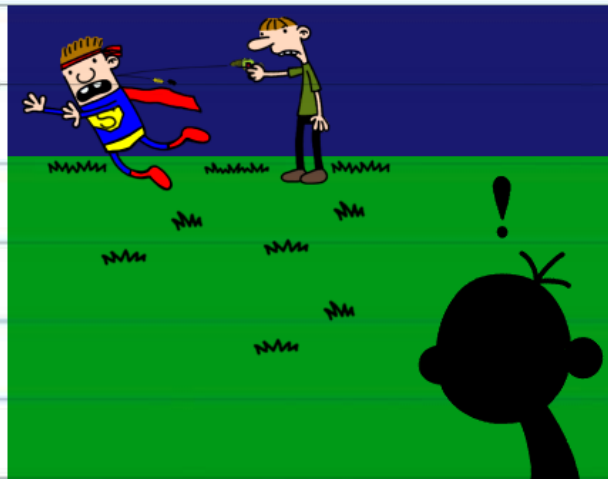


I turned around and ran in the opposite direction as fast as I could. I was faster than him, though, so I was able to get some ground between us before making the smartest decision I could think of when I'm in a pinch like this: strip.

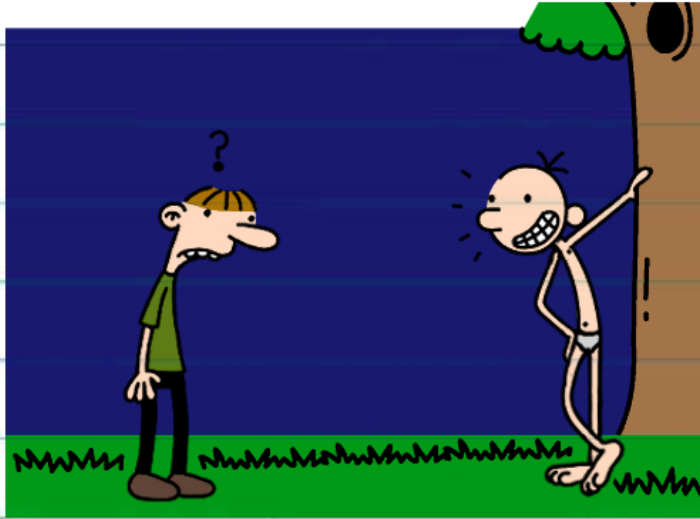
So, I ducked behind a tree and stripped down to my tighty-whities, meaning I couldn't be shot, but I also couldn't shoot anyone else back. This also bought me some time to reload my gun with the other two darts.



I peeked out from behind the tree and saw Jimothy take Rowley out.

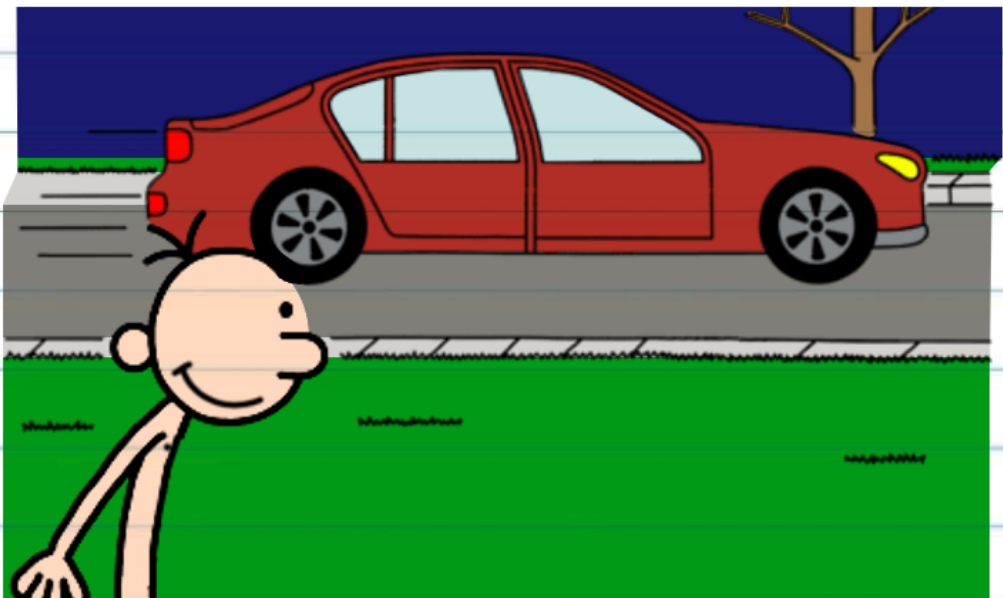


And that's when he noticed me behind the tree and started running towards me. But by the time he got there, all he saw was a naked guy wearing nothing but his underwear.



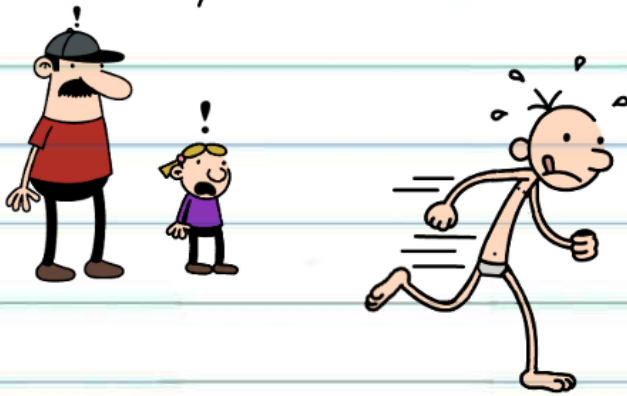
When Jimothy saw me in my tighty-whities, he told the others to retreat since I was scantily-clad but invulnerable.

The other team ran back to Jimothy's car (which actually had plenty of gas in it) to go home.



And that was when I found myself in an awkward situation.

You see, I live in a suburban neighborhood mostly consisting of families with young children. I didn't want to head back to my house at the risk of a neighbor, let alone their 8-year-old daughter, seeing me in my underwear.



So I ducked behind the tree again and put my clothes back on.

But then I saw that Jimothy had literally just driven his car around the corner so the others could jump me when I was fully clothed and vulnerable. When he saw me back in my clothes, he sent Ruby Bird after me. I made a mad dash towards the backyard and jumped the fence to safety.

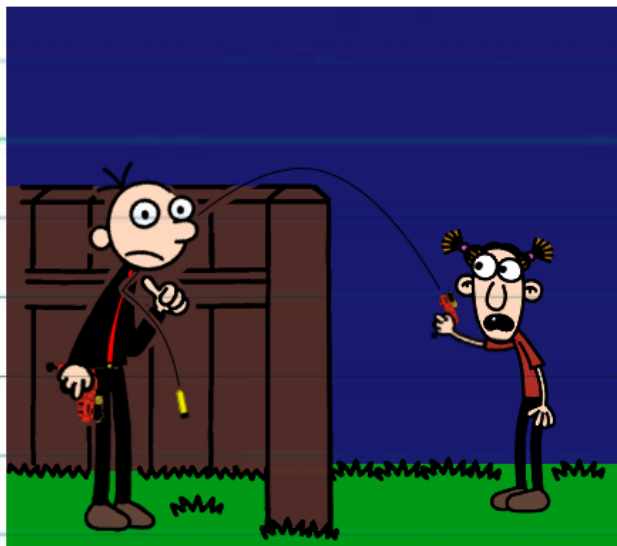


At least, what I THOUGHT was safety.

When Ruby eventually caught up to me, I started bragging about how I was on my own property and she couldn't shoot me.



But then she fired a dart that landed right on my chest.



So what happened was, I thought the "no shooting anyone on their own property" rule meant that you couldn't be shot anywhere within the bounds of your house or fenced-off yard.

When I went up to the Nerf War moderators the next day, they told me that I was wrong, and had been eliminated.



I felt so dumb. I misunderstood the rules and mocked my opponent when I could've easily made my way back inside my house to safety.

Let's hope Holly, Collin, and Trista can help us make a comeback somehow.

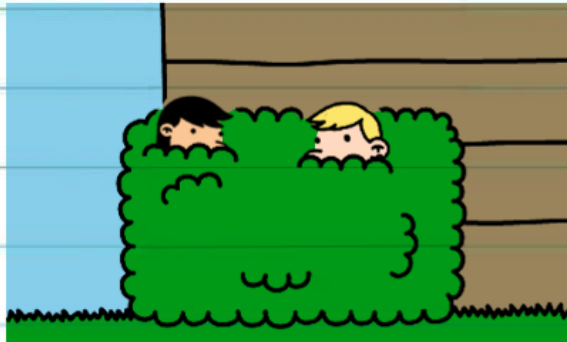
Friday

So far, things are looking pretty bad for us. Greg and Rowley are out from our team, and we've only taken out Fregley from the other team. If we want to move on, we need to do something about Jimothy and Ruby. Fortunately, me and Trista knew where Ruby lived. The other day, Patty Farrell told us that Ruby's family lived on the corner of Surrey and Pleasant Street.

After school today, Greg told us that he had also received the same intel from Patty. Huh. Never thought I'd see the day she helped him out for once.

He drove us to the corner of Surrey and Pleasant, and told us to hide somewhere until we see Ruby, then jump her the first chance we get.

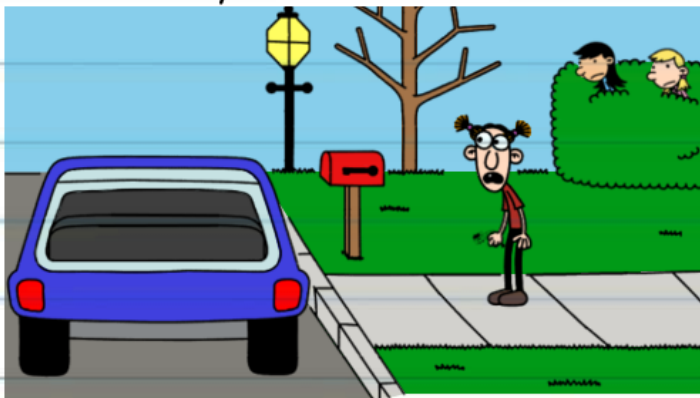
We got out of the van and ducked behind a bush on the side of her house.



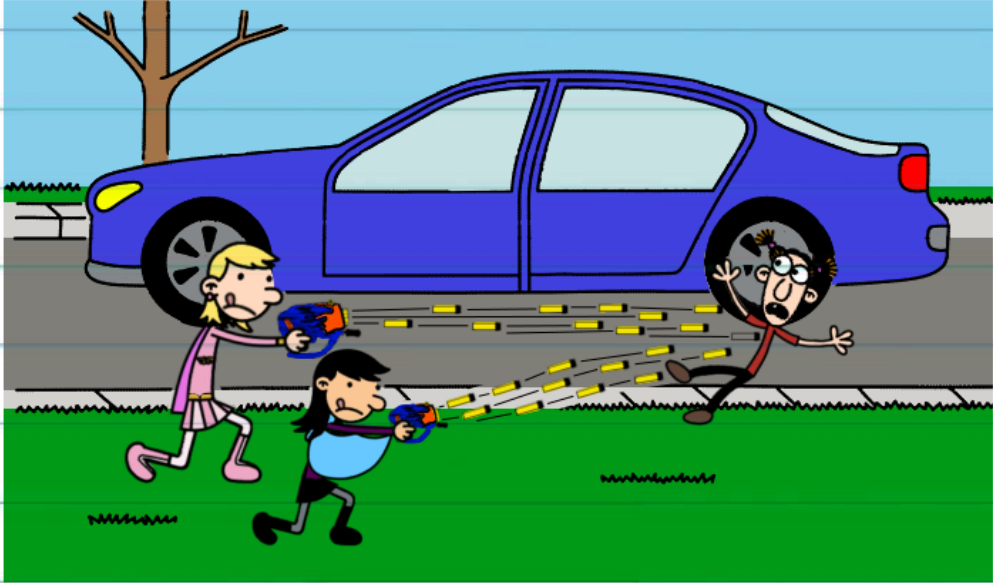
While we waited for our target, we loaded our WildFires.

Eventually, we heard footsteps coming from the front yard.

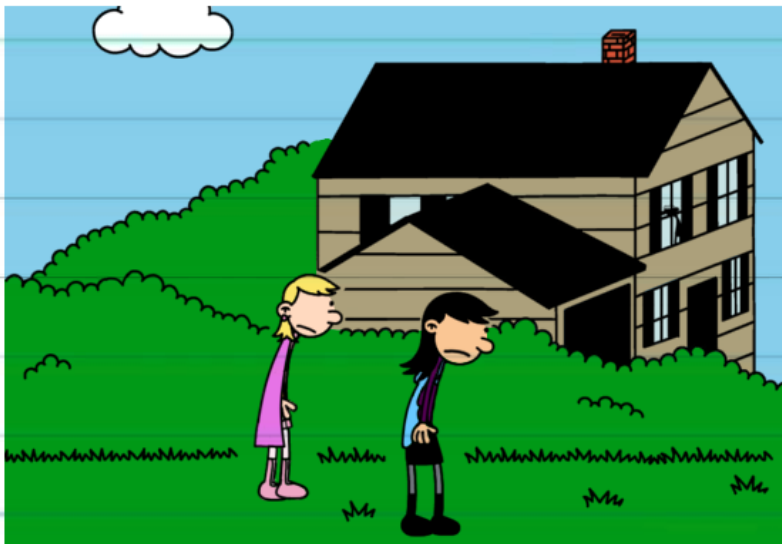
Trista and I peeked out of the bushes to see who it was. And sure enough, we saw Ruby Bird heading to her car.



We immediately jumped out of the bushes, headed over to where her car was parked, and unleashed a barrage of darts on her. Greg, you have been avenged.

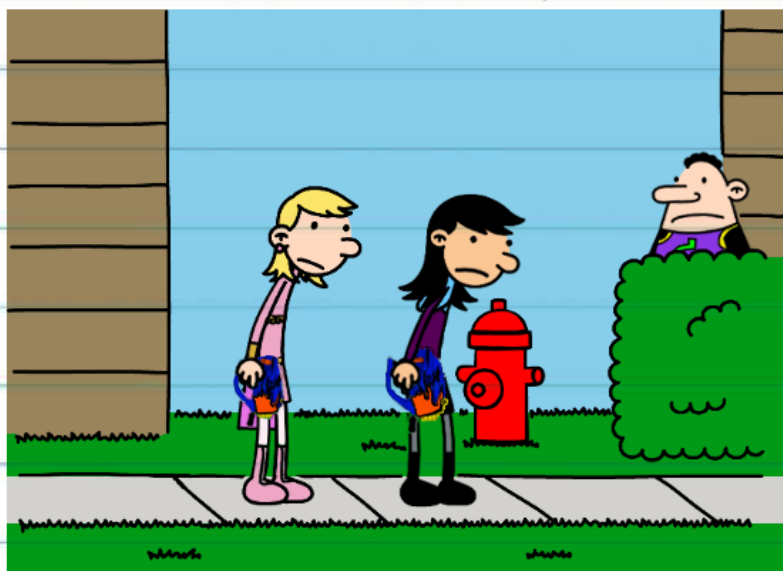


Our next target was Jimothy. We looked over to where Greg and his family lived, and saw movement from within Fregley's house (no, I did NOT call Greg "Fregley" again).

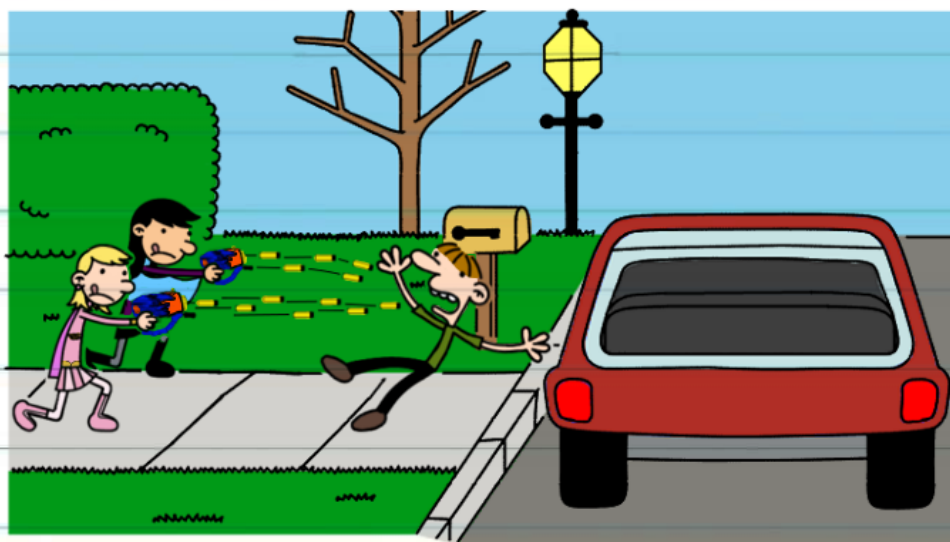


We picked up our darts, reloaded, and ran over to Greg's place, hoping to ambush Jimothy.

We made it across the street and found Collin hiding in the bushes. It looks like he was looking to join in on our plan.



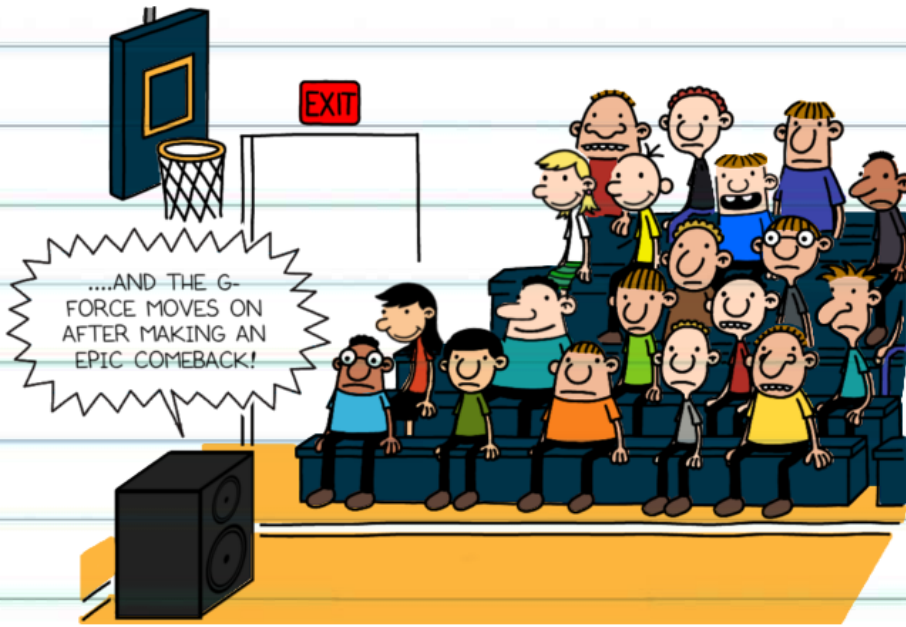
Collin saw Jimothy walk out the front door of Fregley's place. The second we saw Jimothy, we opened fire on him before he could even get to his car. Rowley, that one was for you.



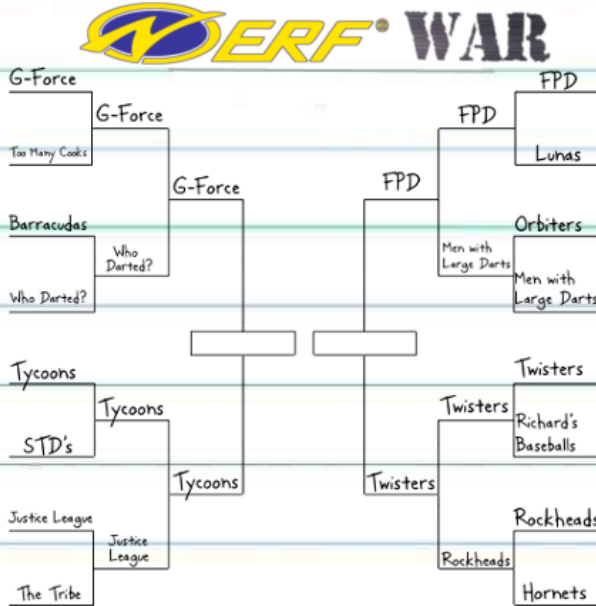
At this point, there's practically no way those "Who Darted?" dweebs are moving on to the next week.

Sunday

Today was the assembly for the Week 2 results.



I looked at the bracket to see who we were gonna go up against this week

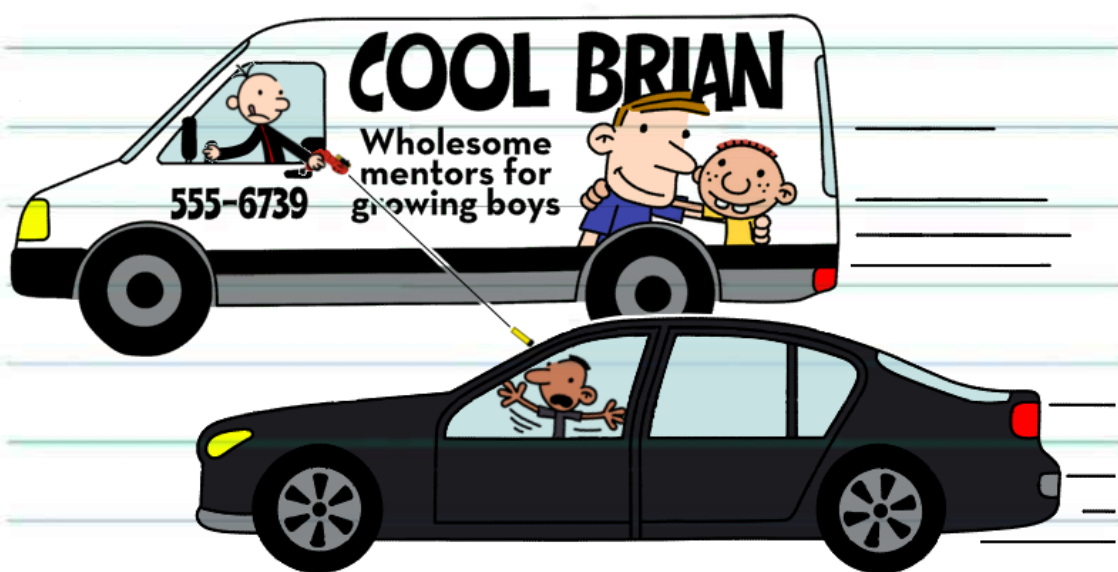


So our next opponents are these Future City geeks known as the "Tycoons." Apparently, they went for a business gimmick, and I gotta say, I'm impressed.

The team consists of Chirag Gupta, Patty Farrell, Alex Aruda, and a couple of other people. And they were determined to take us down by any means necessary.

Friday

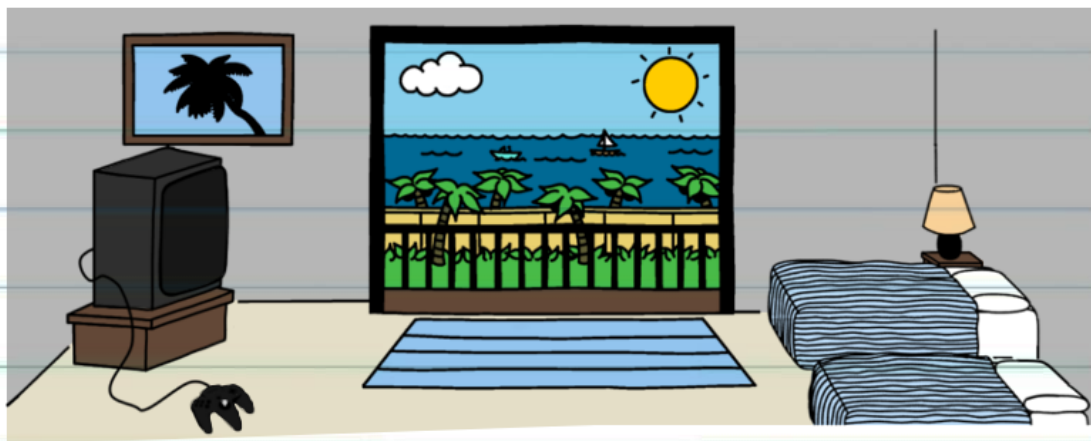
So far, we've already taken out one of the enemy team's members. The other day, we were able to eliminate Chirag in a drive-by Nerf shootout.



After school, we drove to the Plainview Hotel, and I reserved a room for us for the night.

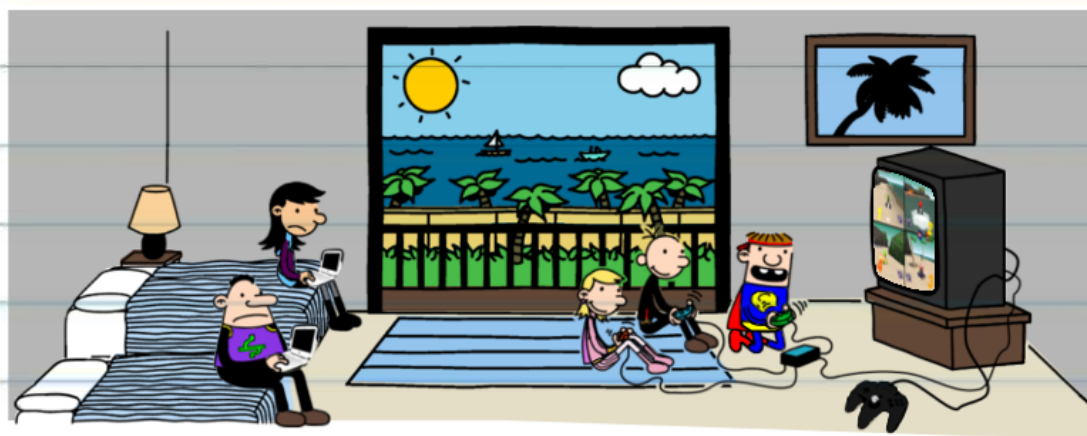
And it looks like the Tycoons had the same idea, because they rented the room two doors down the hall from us.

I gotta say, we really hit the jackpot on the room we chose as our base of operations for the week. Like, this place had a mini-fridge, two queen-sized beds, a balcony view, and even one of those Nintendo 64 controllers hard-wired into the TV to play games on.



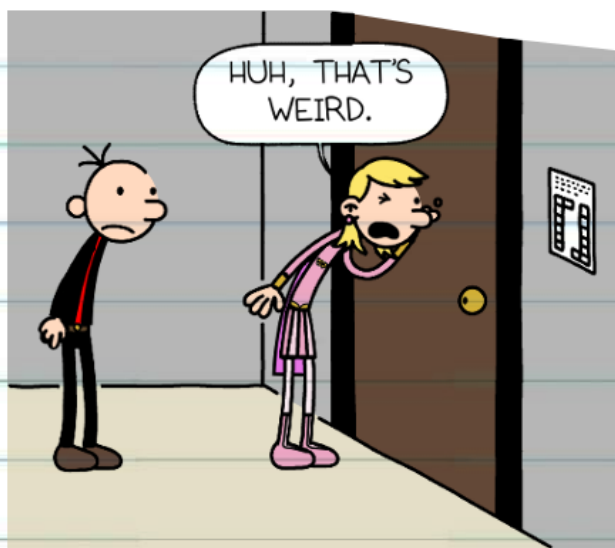
Well, I actually brought my own N64 because I've heard that the hard-wired controllers charge you for your hotel bill, and they can be REALLY expensive.

Me, Rowley, and Holly played a few rounds of Mario Kart while Collin and Trista collected some intel on the other team.

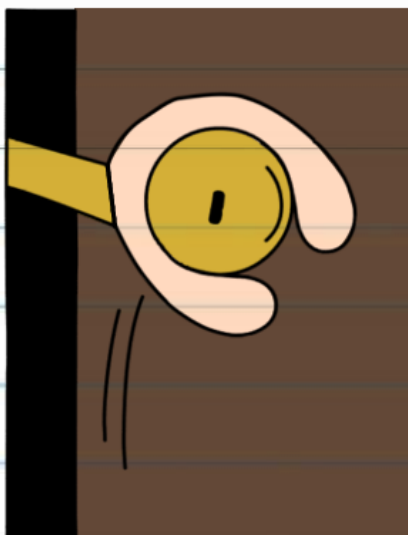


A few minutes later, we heard a knock on our door.

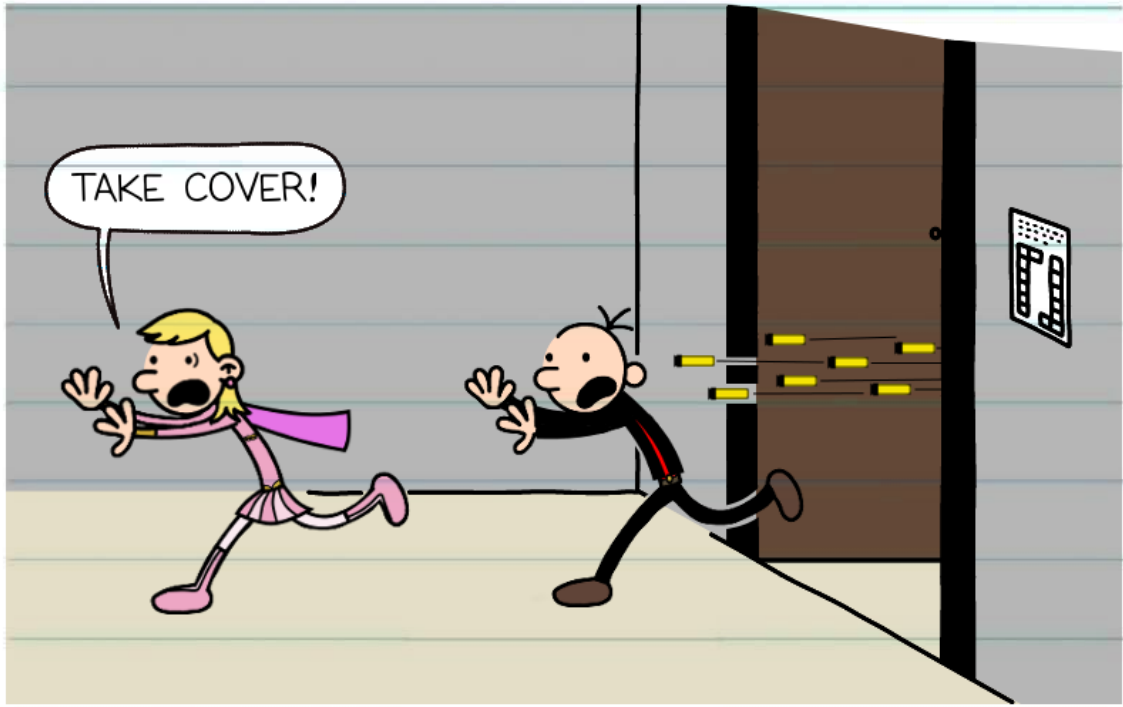
Holly and I put our controllers down and went to check the door. She looked through the peephole and saw someone who looked like they were from the hotel's room service staff.



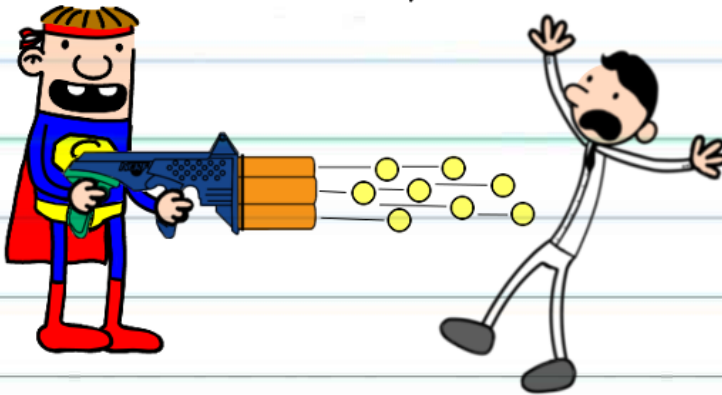
I was pretty sure we didn't even order room service at all, and that this was just a trap that the other team set up to take us out. So, just to make sure this wasn't some kind of trick, we gently opened the door....



....and the room service employee OPENED FIRE on us.



Rowley whipped out his Ballzooka and unleashed a barrage of foam balls on the room service employee.



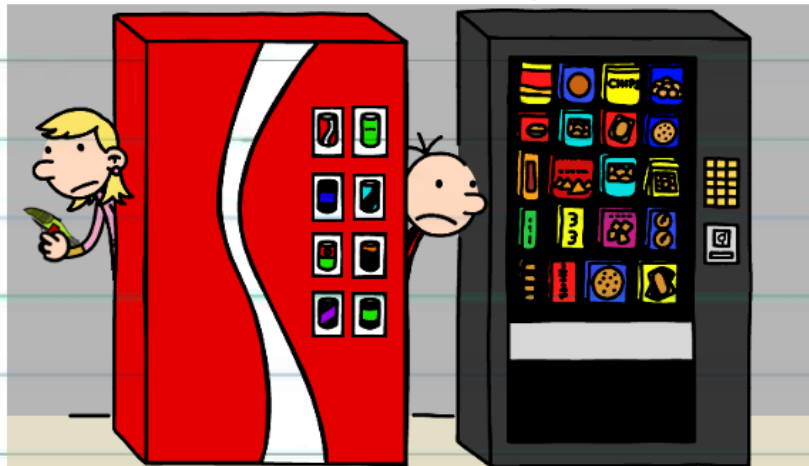
But then the rest of the enemy team ran into our room and quickly disposed of him.

Collin grabbed his Nerf Cannon and fired a giant foam ball that wiped out one of the other team members.

The one that attacked us (the room service employee that turned out to be an enemy team member) signaled for the others to retreat.

That night, we all discussed our strategy to get the other team back. We all decided to stage a campout in the hallway and jump them the next morning.

Now, this plan was sort of a "divide and conquer" type of strategy. Holly and I hid behind the vending machines, while Collin and Trista stood outside the enemy team's hotel door.



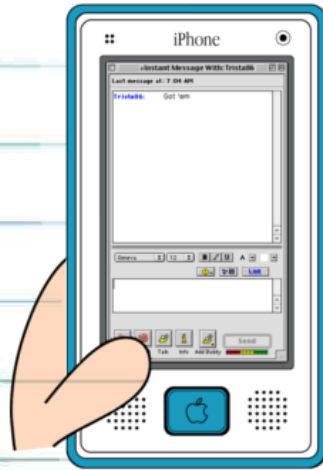
You know, at least there aren't any Scientologists lurking around here.

Saturday

I looked out towards the hall from behind one of the vending machines, and saw the door to the other team's hotel room open.

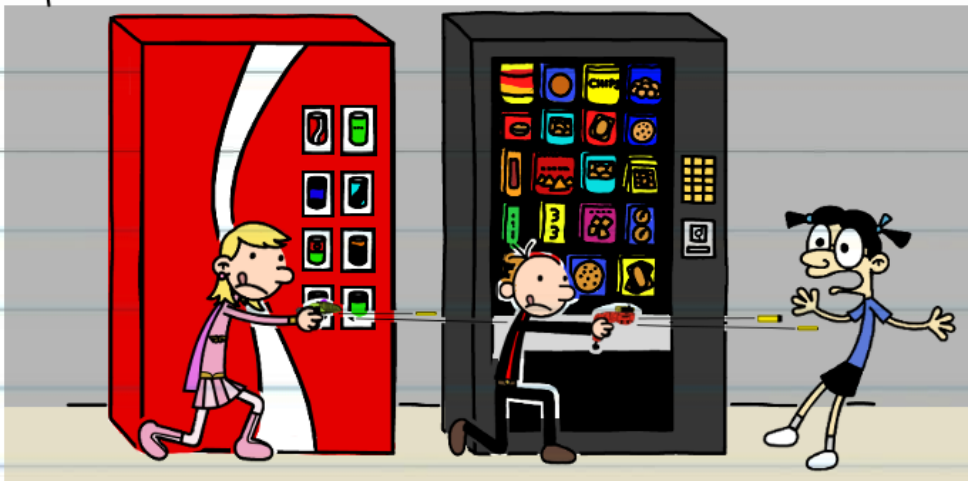
And that's when I heard the sound of Nerf gunfire in the distance.

A few moments later, I got an Instant Message on my phone from Trista saying that Alex had been taken care of.



The Tycoons were down to only one team member. We saw Patty walking towards the vending machine.

And then me and Holly jumped out from behind our hiding spots and pelted her with darts.

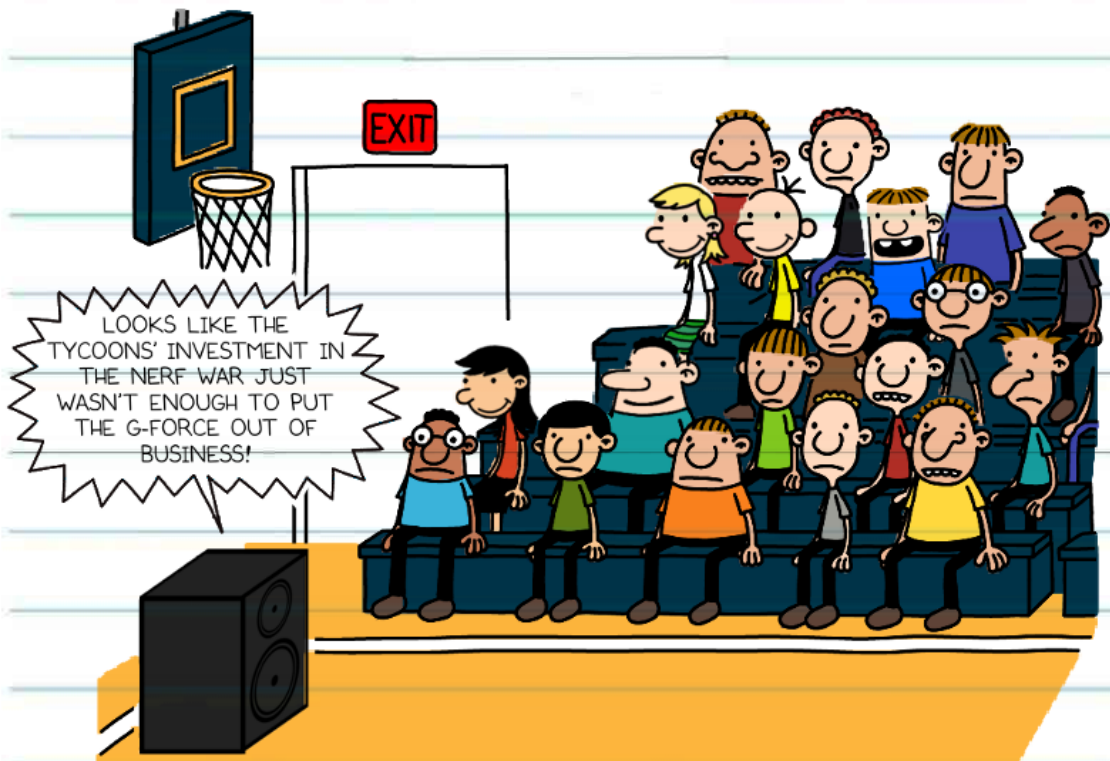


It was over. The G-Force had put the Tycoons out of business.

Sunday

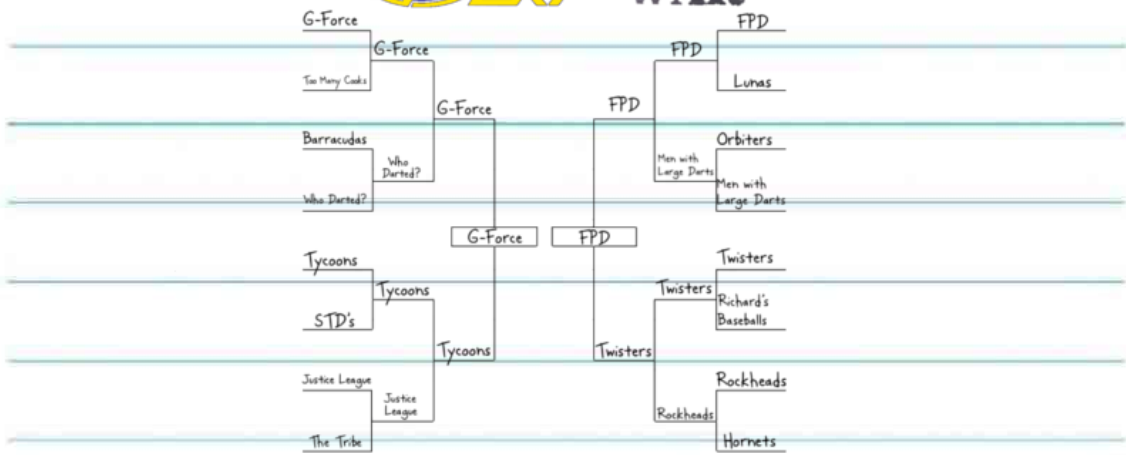
Okay, so here's a quick recap of what's happened so far. For the first week, we took on "Too Many Cooks". Thanks to our strategy of AIM chat stalking, we won after eliminating two of their team members. The next week, we faced off against "Who Darted?", and despite me and Rowley getting eliminated, the rest of our team managed to carry us to victory after an epic comeback. The following week, we took on the "Tycoons", and despite being ambushed by them thanks to their little room service play, we still managed to quickly dispose of them.

And so today, we had another assembly for Week 3's results.

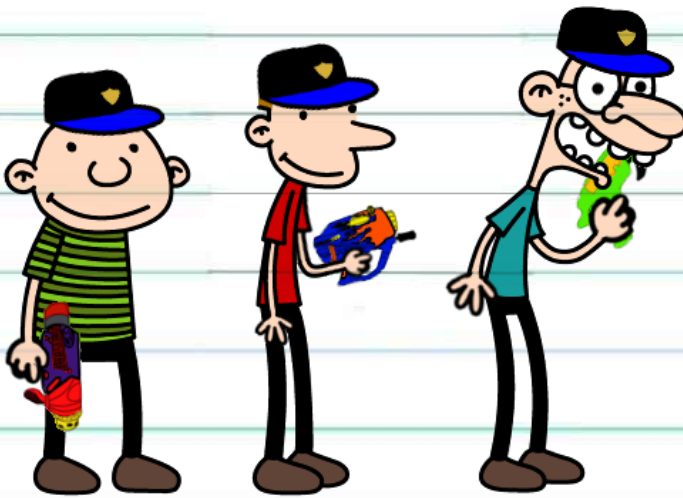


Well. This is it. Our last opponent for the Nerf War is....

NERF WAR



...the Flock of Popular Ducklings. Formerly known as the Franklin Police Department. Despite the name change, they still kept their police gimmick.



This team is made up of Bryce Anderson and his cronies, and they were just as dedicated to the Nerf War as we were. This is gonna be interesting.

Wednesday

We weren't too sure of the best strategy for these guys, until today at school when I received some intel from Holly.

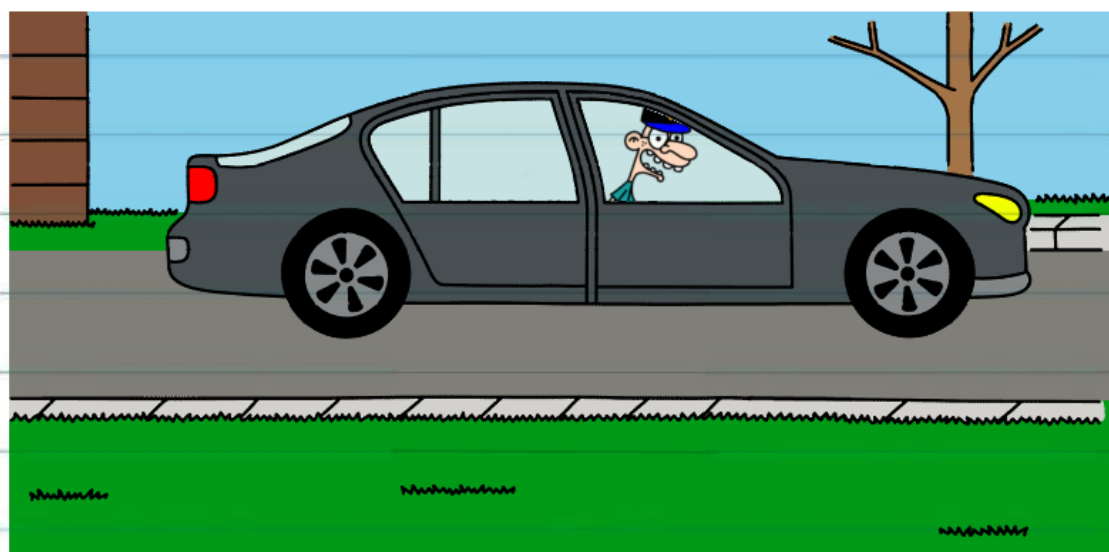
Through a series of information networking, Collin told Rowley, who then told Holly, who then told me that she had found out where one of the enemy team members, Jeffrey Laffley, lived, and that he normally parked on the street. This would leave Jeffrey in a vulnerable position as he walked from his car to his house after school, giving us a chance to take him out.



I was the first one out of class, so I had to make it to Jeffrey's house before he did.

I got into my van, drove to his house, and parked about two blocks away from him so as not to arouse any suspicion in case he knew what my van looked like. I then stealthily headed towards another house to hide behind it.

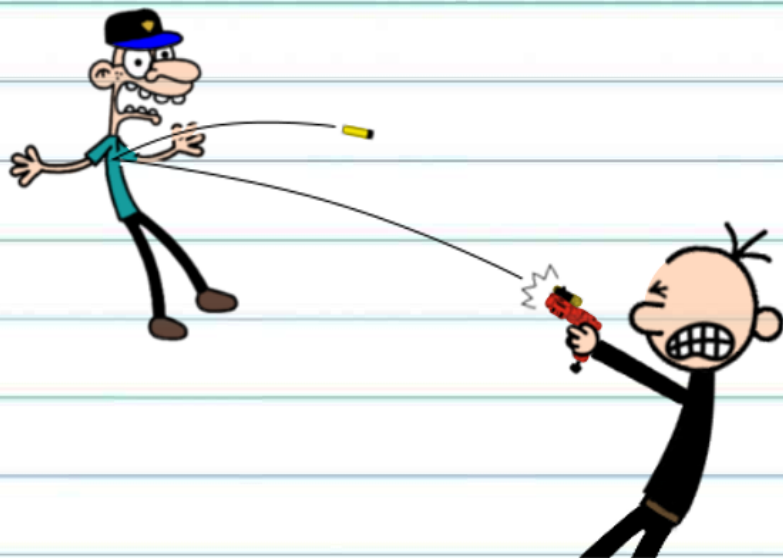
I had no idea what time Jeffrey was supposed to get home from school. If anything, he was probably headed to his job after school, which probably meant I'd be waiting for about a few hours, but it was worth it. I waited for about 45 minutes, until a car drove up. I poked my head out from behind my hiding spot and saw Jeffrey's stupid, naive face through the window of the car.



That fool didn't suspect a thing.

But when he stepped out of the car, I noticed that he wasn't as unprepared as I thought he would be. In his hand was a Nerf AirJet Power Plus Splitfire(TM). He started walking across the lawn to his door. I had one chance. I waited until he wasn't facing me to take my shot. I ran towards him, Secret Shot II in hand. When I was about 5 yards away, I pulled the trigger....

....and NAILED him right in the stomach. Jeffrey Laffley was eliminated.



He told me I scared him almost half to death, but accepted defeat shortly after.

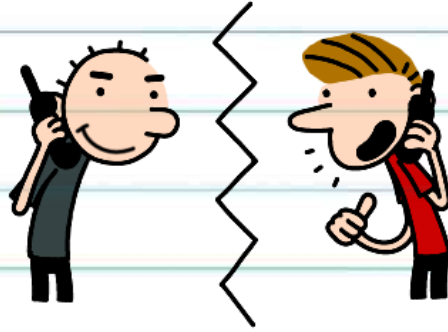
As I walked back to my van, I felt this strange feeling wash over me. Like I was some kind of....rabid animal.



I WANTED MORE ENEMY BLOOD.

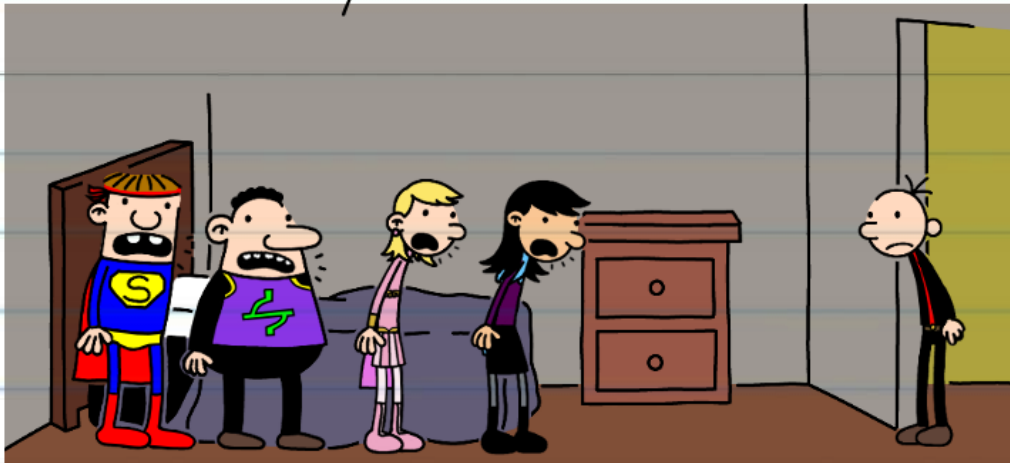
Thursday

So yesterday, Bryce and his minions contacted my brother, Rodrick, asking him if they could spend the night at my house.



Obviously, this was some kind of ploy to launch a surprise attack on me. Now, I'm sure Rodrick almost always has my back; I mean, he can be pretty annoying at times, but still. When he told me about what they said, I agreed to let him grant them access. But here's the thing: I was actually EXPECTING them to come in so I could reverse their surprise attack on THEM.

But when I went to tell my teammates about my plan, they told me it was too risky and that I shouldn't do it.



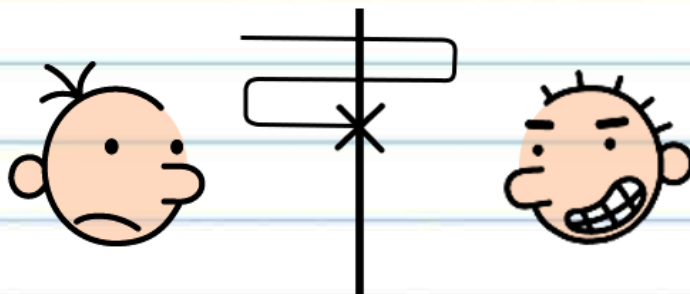
But of course, I didn't listen. The feeling of bloodlust I had harbored from taking out Jeffrey had overwhelmed me. My thirst could not be quenched by one measly kill. No.

I CRAVED MORE.



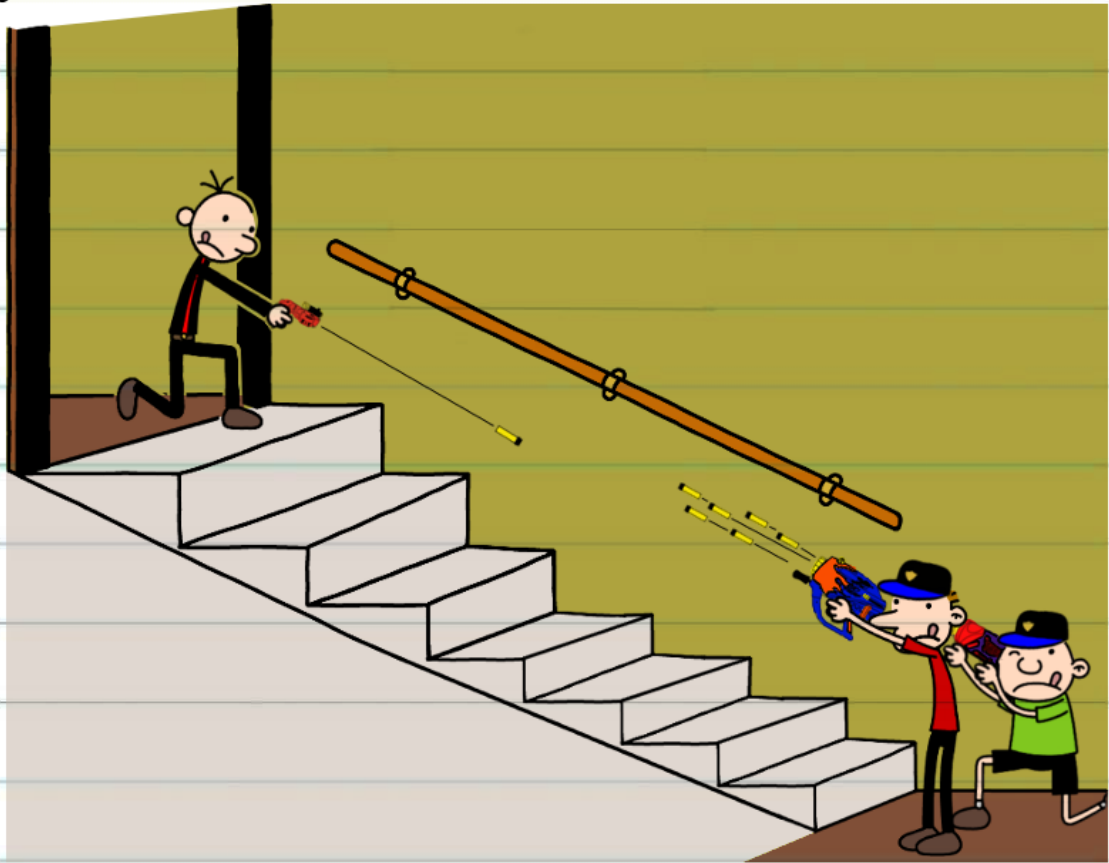
Rodrick agreed to let them come over today, and that's where things started to go downhill. See, Rodrick said that he HAD to let the other team know that I was expecting them, so that they would be expecting ME, and it would be "fair sportsmanship." I tried to change his mind, but it was no use. My brother had semi-double-crossed me. Not quite TRIPLE-crossed, but almost.

LINE OF CROSSING



When I heard the doorbell ringing, I quickly hid behind the top of the stairs. The high ground would certainly give me an advantage here. Rodrick brought in Jeffrey Laffley first. I gotta say, that was a pretty smart move on their part, having the one who was already out go in and scan the premises.

Jeffrey noticed me at the top of the stairs, and alerted the other guys to my location. The rest of them ran inside, and an epic shootout ensued. It was me against Bryce and two of his goons.

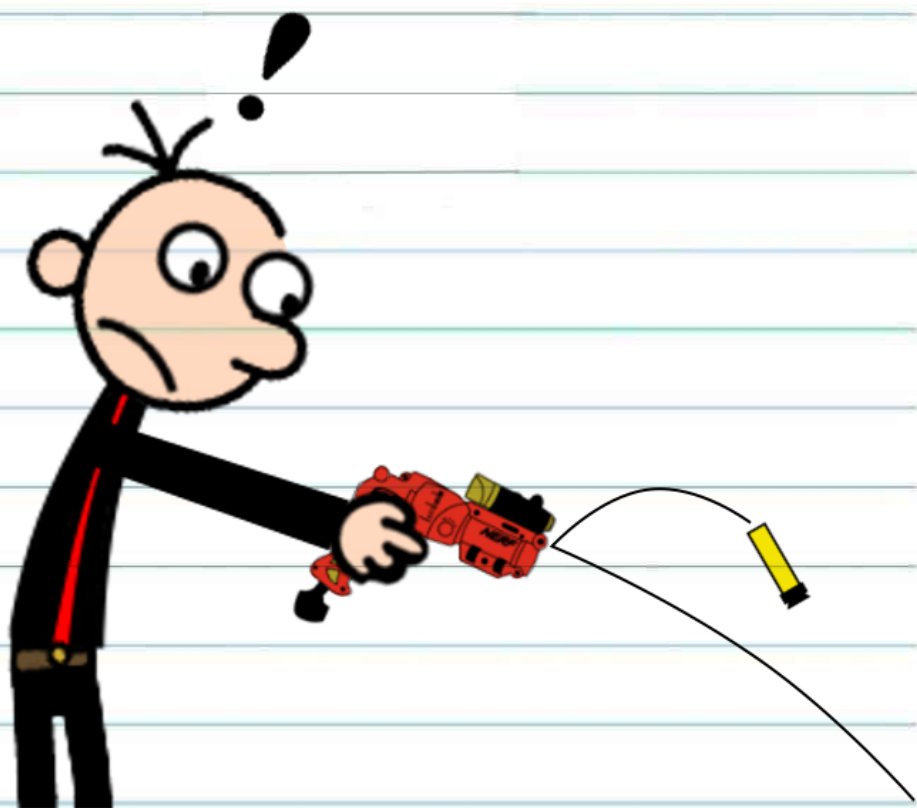


Really, all I did was peek out from behind my hiding spot and try to hit one of the other guys, and then quickly duck back to take cover.

It kinda felt like a shootout between a bunch of Imperial stormtroopers. None of my shots were really landing, but neither were theirs.

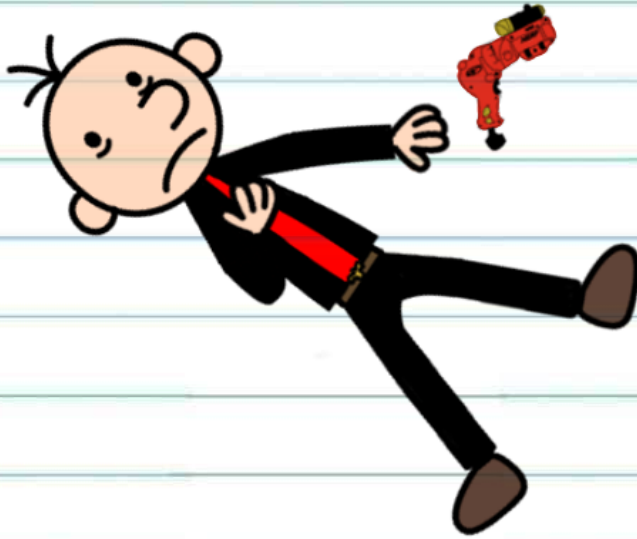
The shootout continued for about another five minutes until I peeked around the corner again to take another shot. And that's when I felt it.

A DART BOUNCED RIGHT OFF THE MUZZLE OF MY GUN.

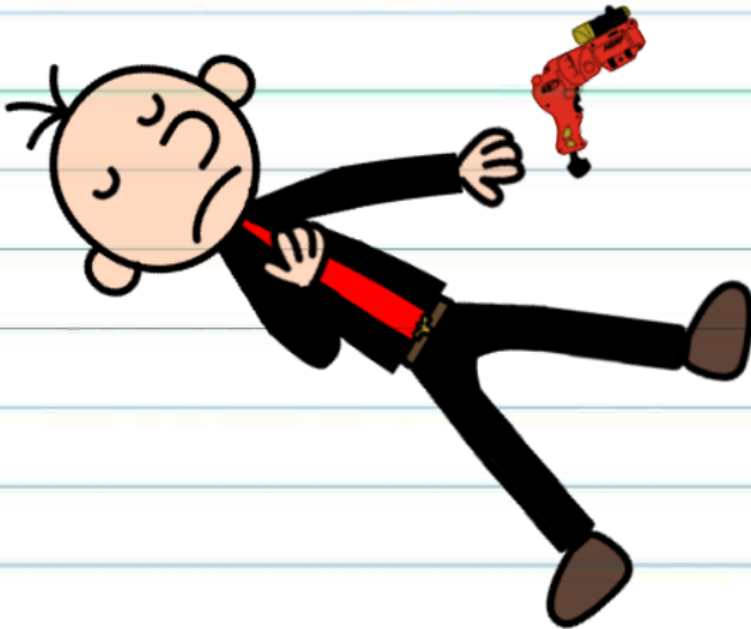


Like I said before, the rules state that if your gun is hit by a dart, you're out.

I fell to my knees. I clutched at my chest. I lay down in the middle of the floor. I felt the ceiling start to spin. I felt the feeling of dread fill me to the very core of my soul. I felt my vision clouding up in my eyes.



And then....I blacked out.



I had been eliminated.

Was this real life? Was it just fantasy? Caught in this landslide....no escape from reality?

Bryce and his cronies left in triumph, and when I went to tell my teammates the news, I was met with a heckfire of "Told ya so."



Stabbed in the back by my older brother. Struck down in my prime. Ridiculed by my own teammates. I was a broken man. This craving of enemy blood that had quickly consumed me had been my downfall.

But now, none of that mattered. We were still in this fight. And we were gonna finish it, one way or another. We may have lost our leader, but now both teams were on equal grounds.

We're gonna make things right. The G-Force WILL survive to see the light of day, even without their righteous leader.

Friday

Last night, after my brutal defeat at the hands of Bryce Anderson and his goons, me, Trista, Holly, Rowley, and Collin planned an ambush at Bryce's house.

At about 5:00 in the morning, we all got up and I drove us to his place, hoping to intercept him on his way to school. We had no idea where he usually parks his car, or if he'd even leave his house at all, but this has gotta be the best plan we've ever come up with. I decided to go with the others as an extra set of eyes. Even if I was eliminated, I could still serve as a lookout. I took up a position in his neighbors' backyard. There wasn't really anything I could duck behind around his area, but his neighbors had one of those little mini-playgrounds, so I took cover in there.



Now, I know that's technically trespassing, but you know what they say:

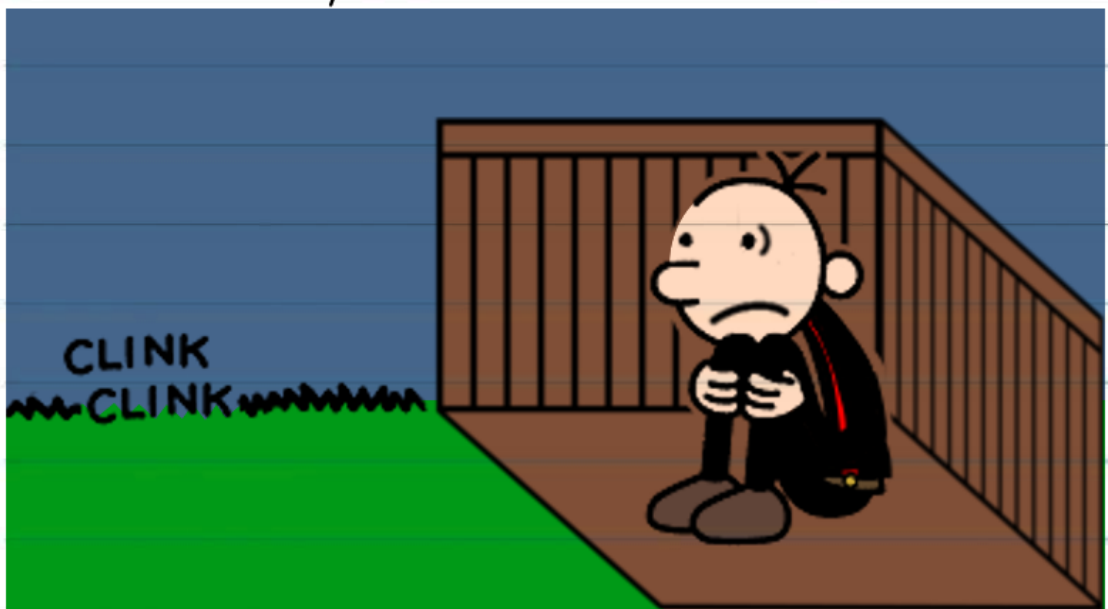


"It's not illegal if you don't get caught."

– Sun Tzu, *The Art of War*

As I was scanning the premises of Bryce's yard, I heard his neighbors open the back door, so I quickly ducked for cover.

And then, I heard the dreaded sound of collar tags clinking in the distance as they let their dog out.



This was a big problem. If the dog saw me, it would most likely start barking like crazy and alert its owners. You know what would be worse? If the neighbors saw a 16-year-old high schooler making a run for it from their backyard playground. Now THAT's a way for them to call the cops on you.



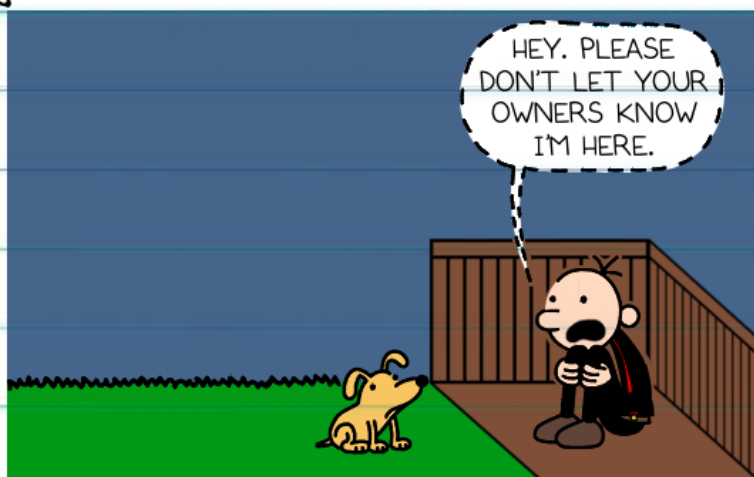
But I just stayed where I was. If they found me, I could just tell them that I was an abandoned orphan looking for a place to spend the night.

I peeked over the railing and saw the dog sniffing around the yard and going to the bathroom. Then it started walking towards me. That thing knew where I was. It walked around the side and stared right into my eyes.

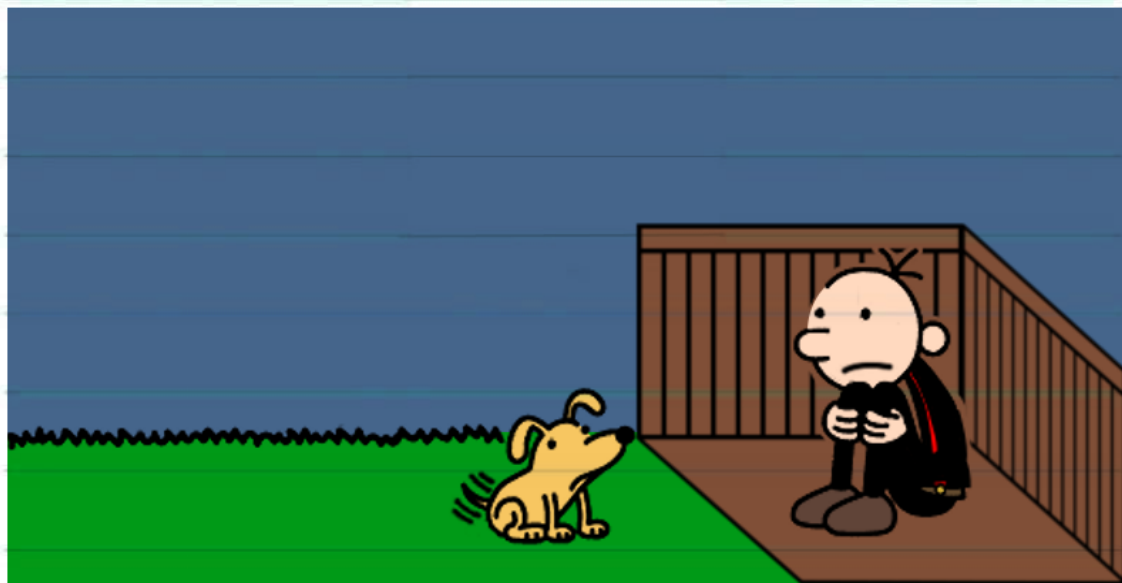


It sniffed around for a little bit and then stared at me again.

I whispered—



Then it just started wagging its tail, so at least it didn't think I was a threat.



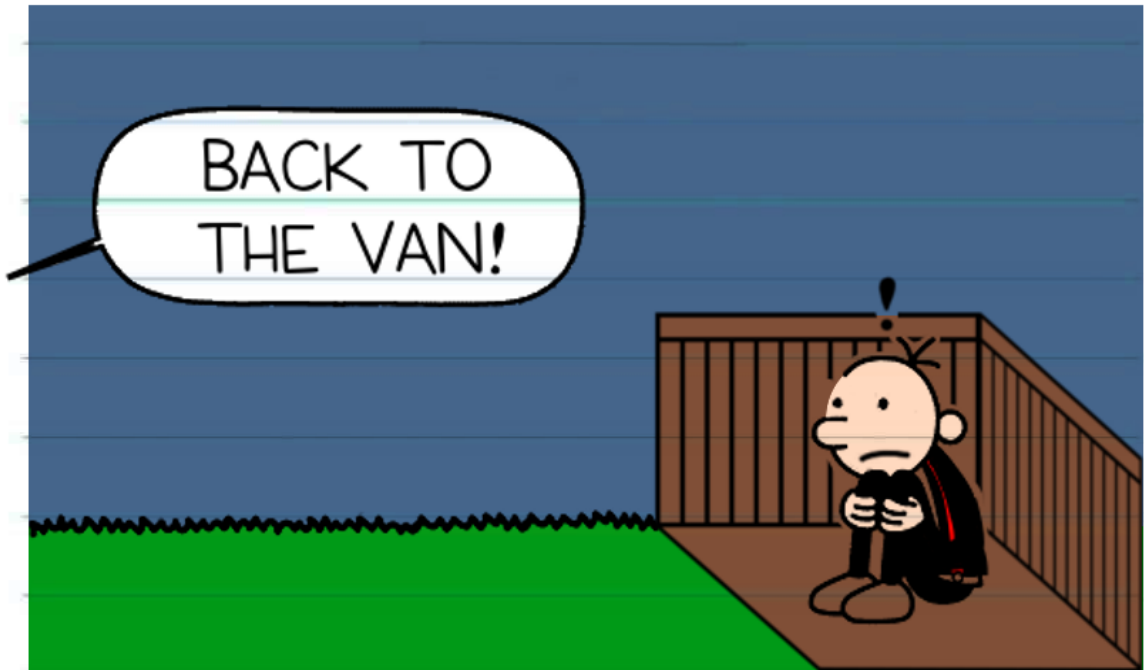
Eventually, it lost interest in me and went back to inspecting the yard before the neighbors called it back inside.

I looked back at Bryce's house and started seeing movement from within.

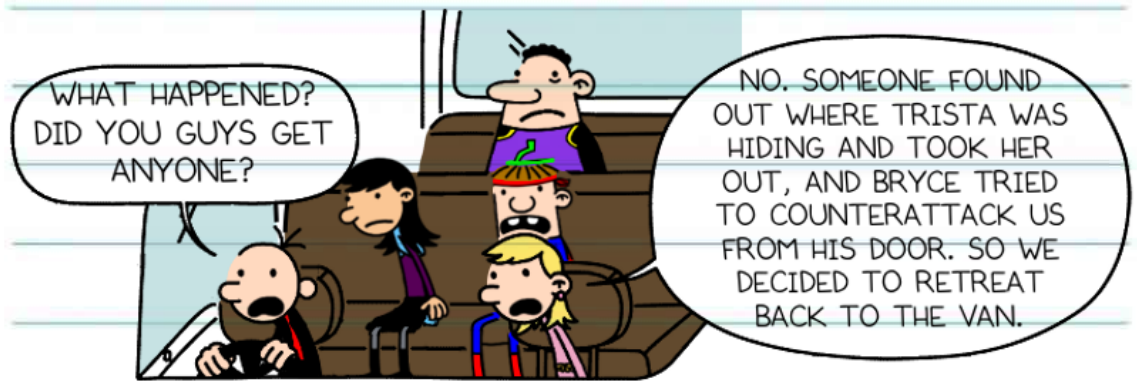
And that's when I saw Trista get sniped by one of Bryce's goons.



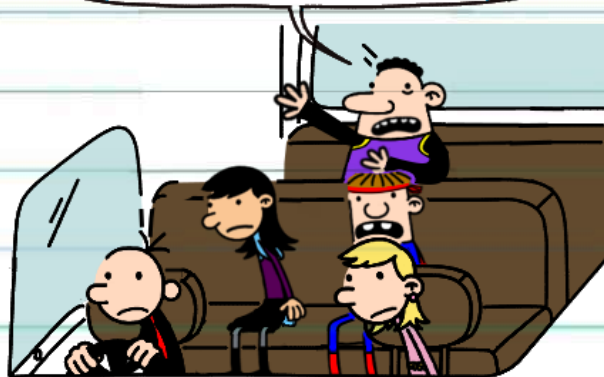
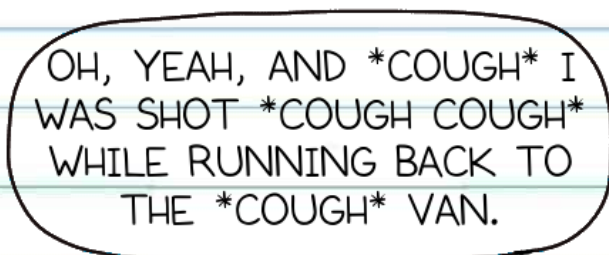
A few minutes later, I heard some shots from a WildFire, and then I heard Holly's voice shouting—



I immediately grabbed my gun and we all headed towards my van, which was parked on the side of the road, and got back in.



And then Collin told us the devastating news.



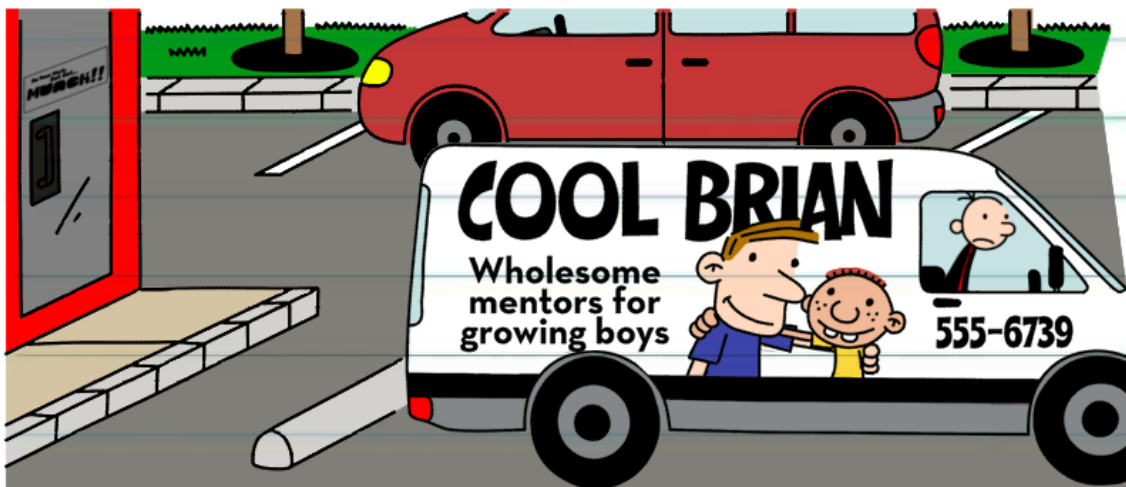
Things were looking grim for the G-Force at this point. Three of us were down. The other team had the advantage.



Saturday

The odds were stacked against us. It was the final round. We had only taken out one member of the enemy team, while they had taken out three of our members. And there was only one day left to go.

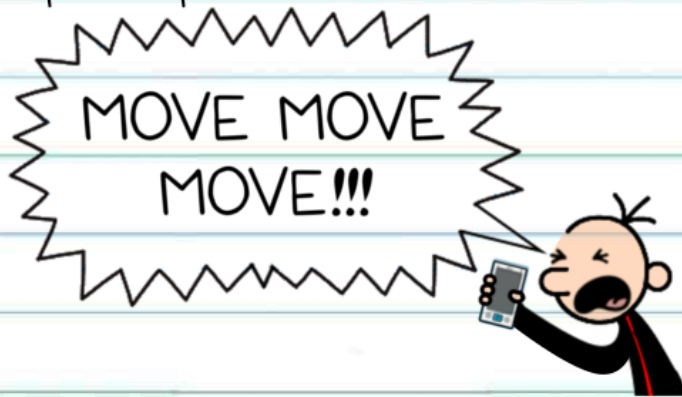
Even with yesterday morning's fiasco, we staged another campout at Bryce's place around 2:00 PM, but we weren't able to take him out. So we decided to switch up our tactics a little bit and track one of the other members. I was assigned to keep reconnaissance on him. We knew where he lived, so I set up a lookout spot in the parking lot of an On Your Mark, Get Set....Munch!! near the entrance to his neighborhood.



I kept watch to see if he left his house at all. If he did, he'd drive past me, and I'd let my teammates know to drive to his house to ambush him when he got there.

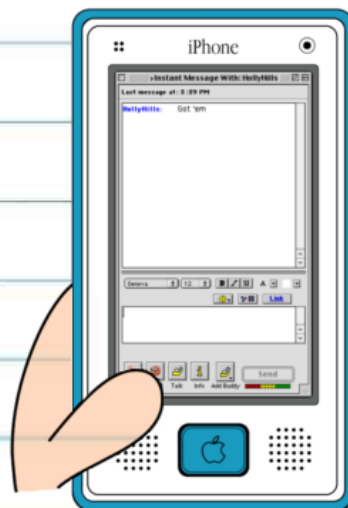
I'm pretty sure he also had to go to some kind of school event, which meant he'd have to leave his house again.

Sure enough, I saw his car go by, and gave my friends the go-ahead to take up their positions near his house.



About 45 minutes later, I saw him drive by again and warned my teammates of his arrival.

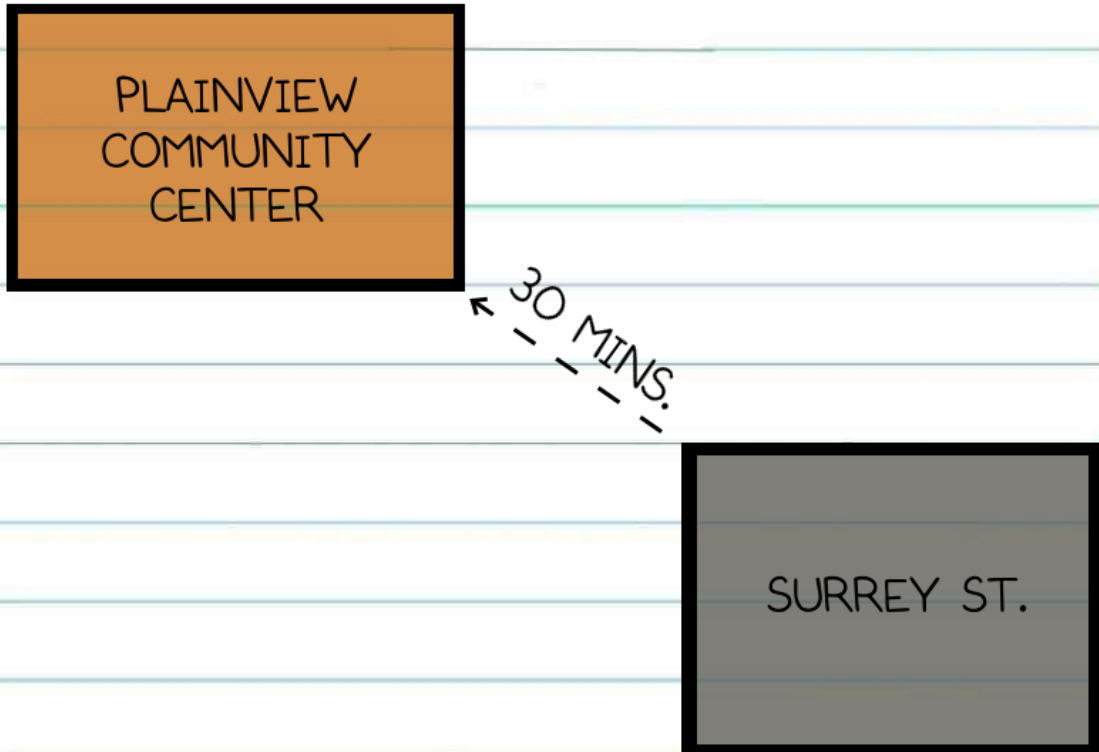
And then five minutes later, I felt my phone buzzing. It was an Instant Message from Holly saying that they took him out.



The G-Force was back in the game.

The FPD still had the advantage, but we had to make some power moves to finish this.

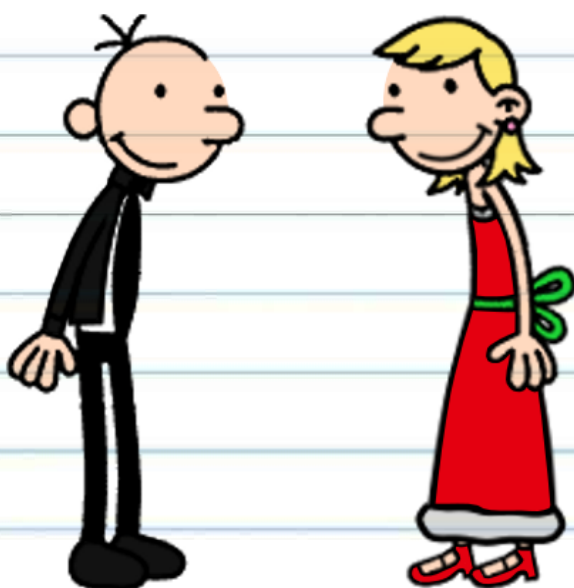
At school yesterday, we got some information on one of the enemy team members. So this guy, named Belvin, was going to Crossland High School's prom tonight. Not Westmore High's prom, since that was last Saturday, and we wouldn't have been able to shoot him there anyway. But since it was Crossland's prom, and not ours, he was perfectly legal. Through some AIM stalking, we learned that the prom was being held at the Plainview Community Center, which was about 30 minutes from my neighborhood.



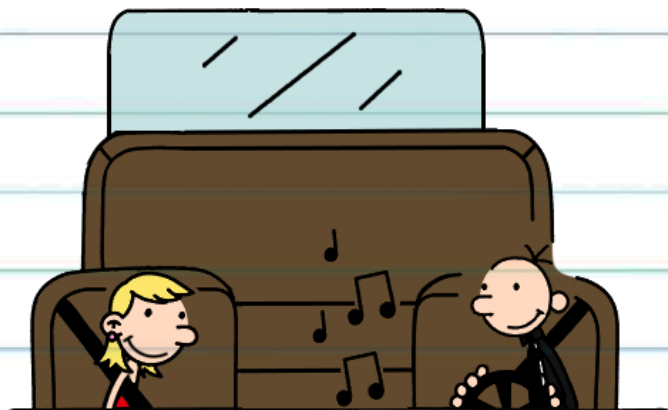
We had to go to the prom and take him out with a Nerf gun. It was our only chance. This had officially turned into a covert, undercover, James Bond-type mission. Cue the guitar riff!



In order to blend in with the prom-goers, I wore my suit and tie (which by the way, kinda made me look like a secret agent, which was pretty cool) and Holly wore her dress from the Christmas dance last year.



We drove to the Community Center while I played the Mission: Impossible theme song in the van. When we arrived, I parked in a spot where I could see the entrance and waited.



Like any good secret agent would, I lowered the seat all the way so that my presence was almost completely undetectable by anyone. Well, except for those who walked by my van and saw some random guy in a suit with the seat fully reclined and the Mission: Impossible theme playing.



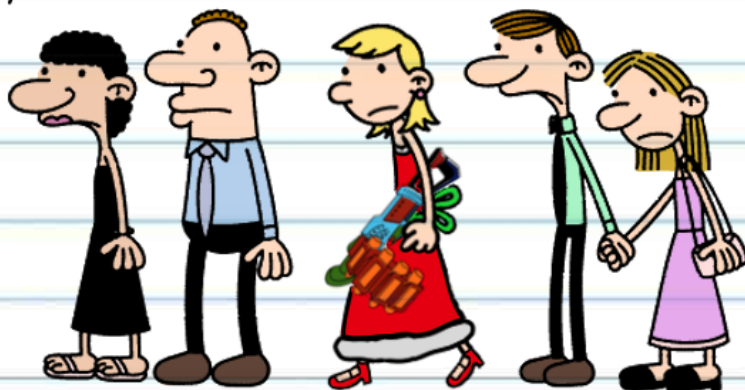
Whoever said being an undercover agent wasn't easy has obviously never met me.

A few minutes later, the others arrived to commence the operation. Lots of people were entering the building at this point, but still no sign of Belvin. We had to watch the entrance like hawks or else we'd miss him. For a second, I saw him walk by before he disappeared behind a car.

I didn't even need to give my teammates the go-ahead because Holly immediately got out of the van, Hyperstrike in hand, and pursued him.



I followed a crowd of prom-goers into the Community Center, keeping an eye out for Belvin and his date.

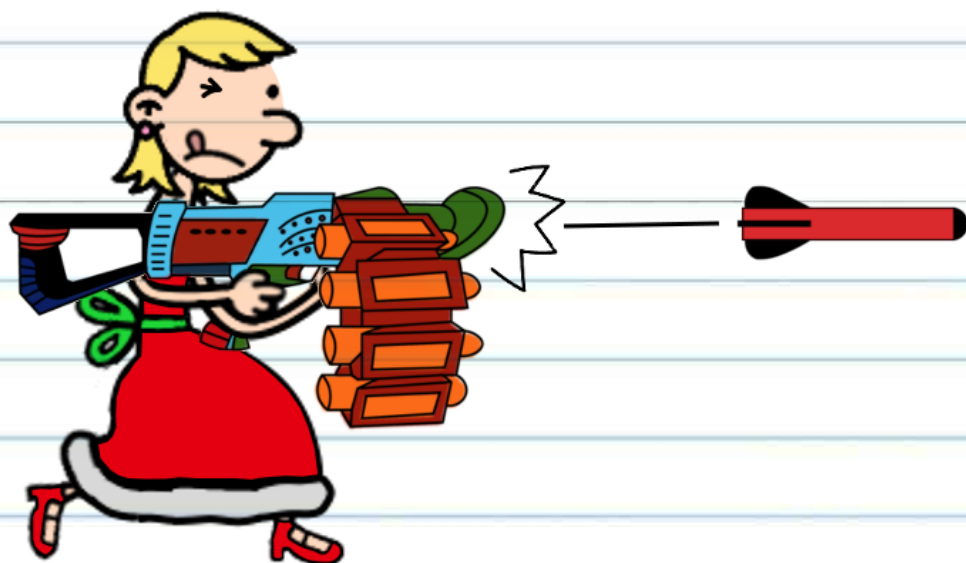


After ducking behind the entrance to the main hall, I peered around the corner and found them on the dance floor.

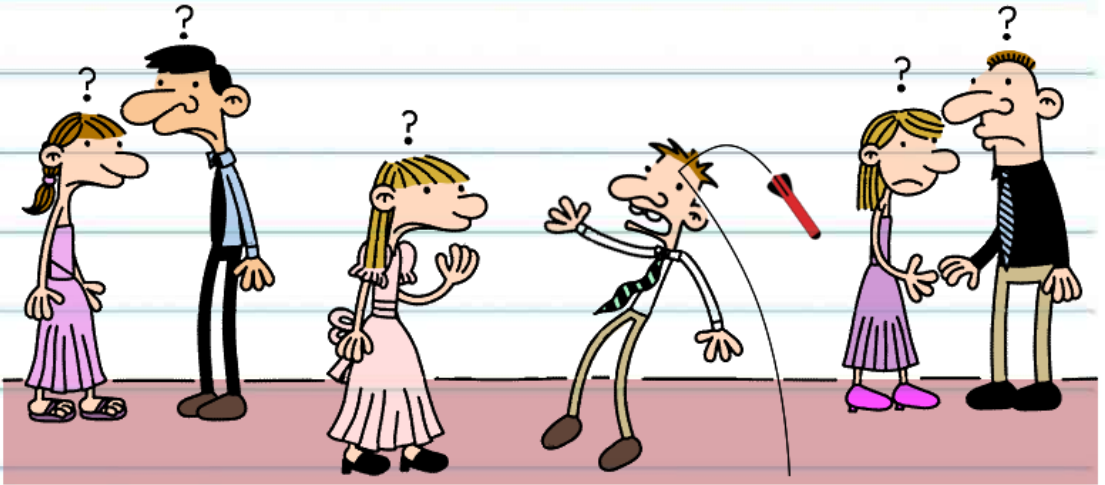


I loaded my Hyperstrike and took aim. This was my one shot. If I missed, he would know I was trying to take him out and our cover would be blown.

I pulled the trigger....

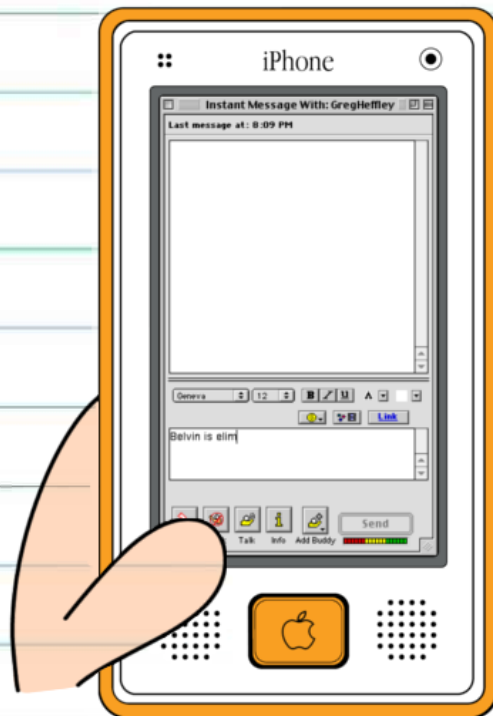


....and watched as the rocket sailed gracefully through the air and beamed him on the head.



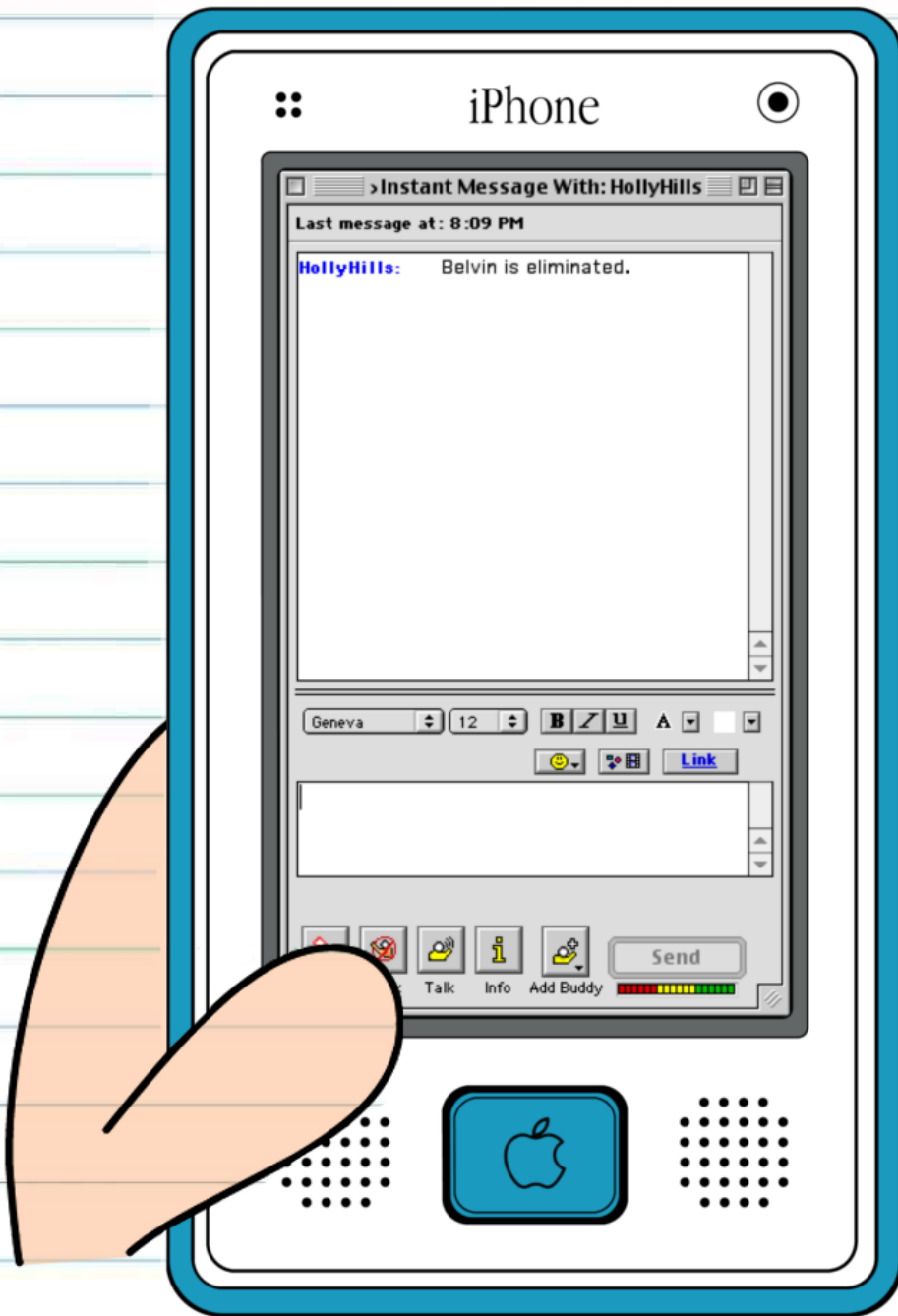
And then I BOLTED.

I ran outside, opened up AIM on my phone, and messaged Greg.



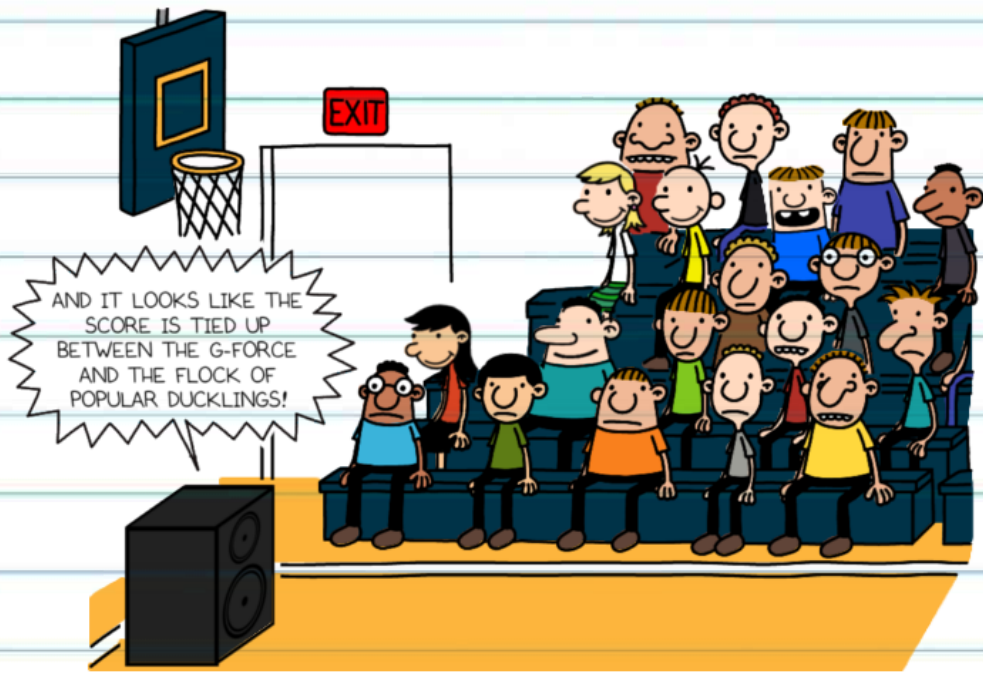
I felt my phone vibrating and pulled it out of my coat pocket.

The next thing I saw was an Instant Message from Holly saying that Belvin had been taken out. The deed was done.



Sunday

This is it. The final results assembly for the Great Westmore High School Nerf War of 2000.



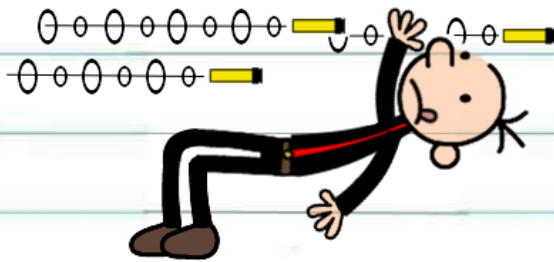
For our round, it was a tie. And according to the rules, this meant that we had to square off against Bryce Anderson and his minions in a final Sunday Shootout.

So for the Sunday Shootout, the Nerf War moderators set up this big arena outside on the football field. Now, I know that's technically on school grounds, which is usually against the rules, but here, and only here, it's considered fair game. The two teams who tied scores in their rounds will face off against each other, but all five members from each team will participate, regardless if they were eliminated or not. So that meant me, Collin, and Trista were back in the game, but so were Jeffrey, Belvin, and that other guy we ambushed the other day. The first team to have all of their members eliminated loses.

We all went into the bathrooms, changed into our costumes, grabbed our guns, and headed outside for the final battle.

We all headed over to our starting positions, and the Nerf War moderator gave the signal for the battle to begin.

Both teams rushed towards each other, and the first thing I was met with was a barrage of micro-darts from Bryce's WildFire, which I dodged like that one scene in The Matrix.

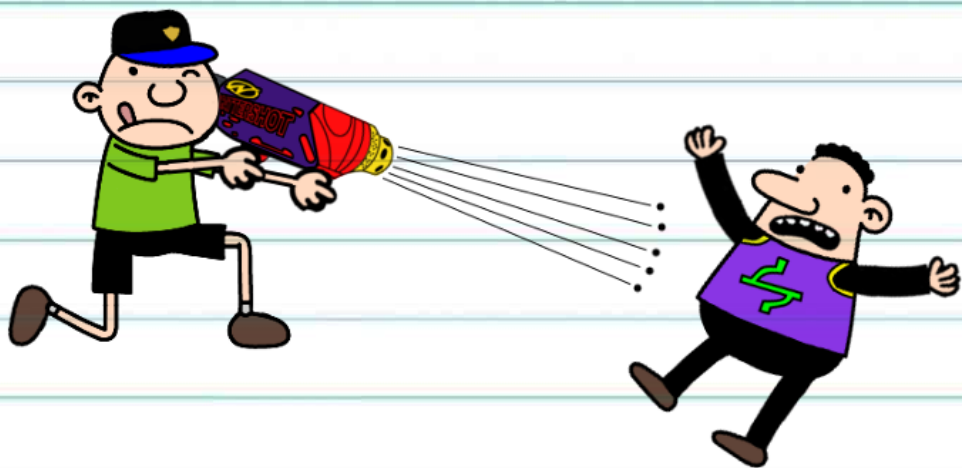


Collin fired his Nerf Cannon at one of the goons and took him out of the match.

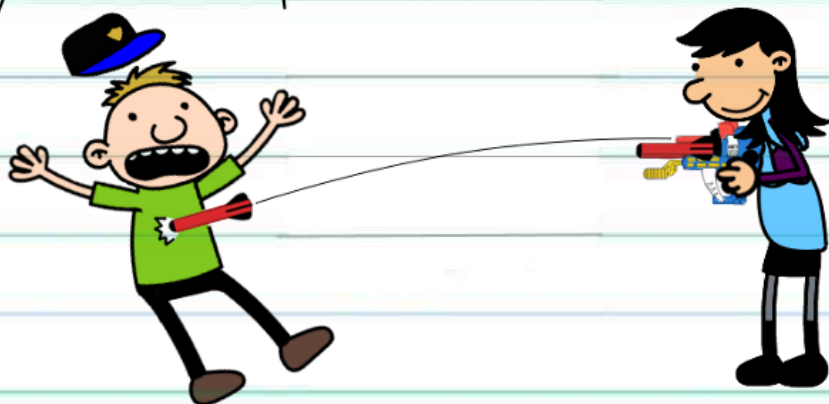


I mean, what better way to get eliminated than being hit square in the stomach with a giant foam ball?

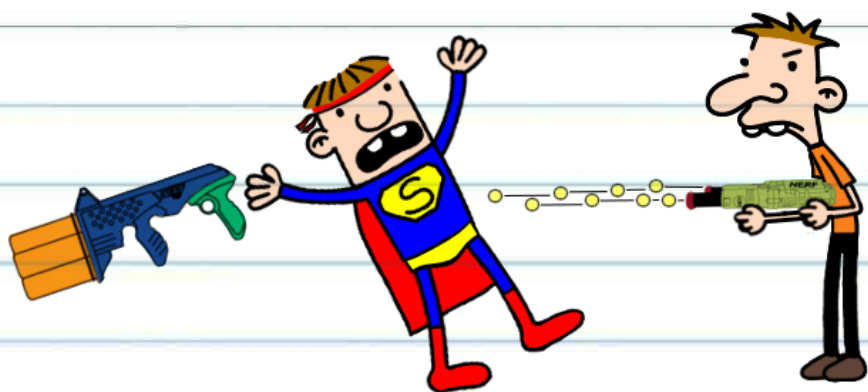
But then one of the other goons sniped him with their
Scattershot....



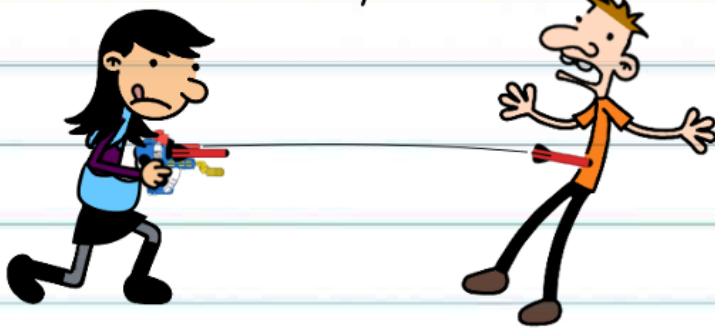
....only to then get taken out himself by a Screamin' Arrow,
courtesy of Trista's Triple Strike.



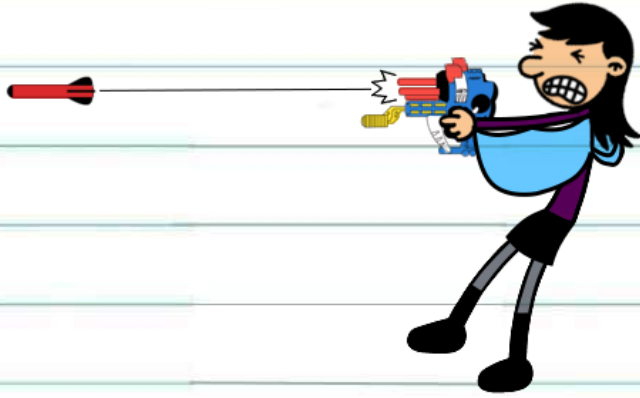
Rowley fired his Ballzooka at Belvin, but he missed and was
taken out by a barrage of foam balls from Belvin's Pulsator.



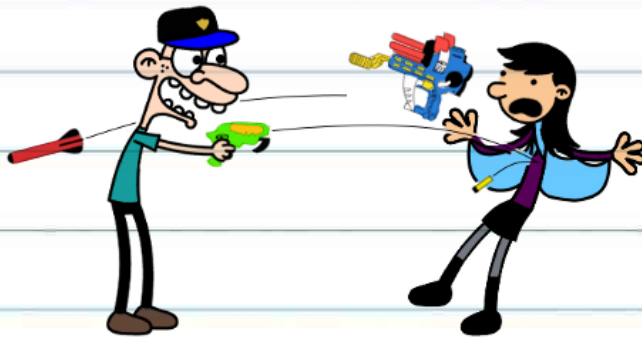
And that's when Trista fired another Screamin' Arrow at Belvin to take him out and avenge Rowley.



Trista then set her sights on Jeffrey Laffley. She fired her last Screamin' Arrow....



....but missed as Jeffrey fired a dart from his trusty SplitFire (TM) and eliminated her.

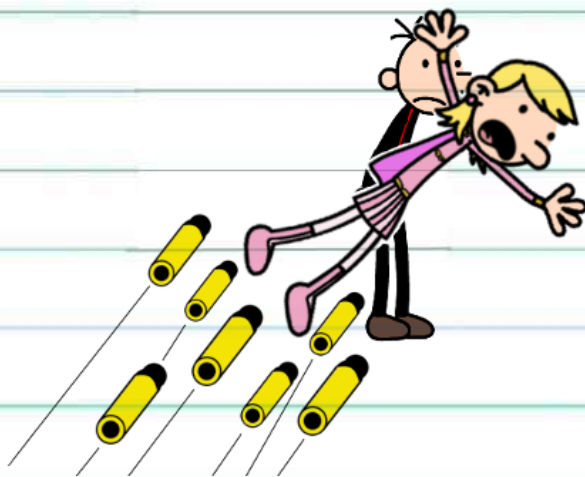


I aimed at Jeffrey and took him out with a dart from my Secret Shot II. At the same time, Holly fired a few discs from her Sidewinder that hit him at about the same time as my dart did.

Meanwhile, Bryce was loading another round of darts into his WildFire, getting ready to take me out.

I looked over and saw Bryce aiming at me. He pulled the trigger. Suddenly, everything around me seemed to be in slow motion. I looked over and saw Holly running towards me. The darts were flying ever closer towards my body.

And then Holly jumped in front of me, letting the darts hit her instead.



She fell over onto the ground, and I went up to her and held her in my arms.



GREG....I'M
SORRY.

DON'T BE. YOU JUST
SACRIFICED YOURSELF
TO SAVE ME FROM
ELIMINATION.

YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I
LOVE YOU. JUST....*COUGH*
TAKE BRYCE OUT. DO IT
FOR ME.

I PROMISE, I
WON'T FAIL YOU.
I'LL DO THIS FOR
YOU AND THE REST
OF THE TEAM.

THANKS....



She kissed me on the cheek before blacking out.



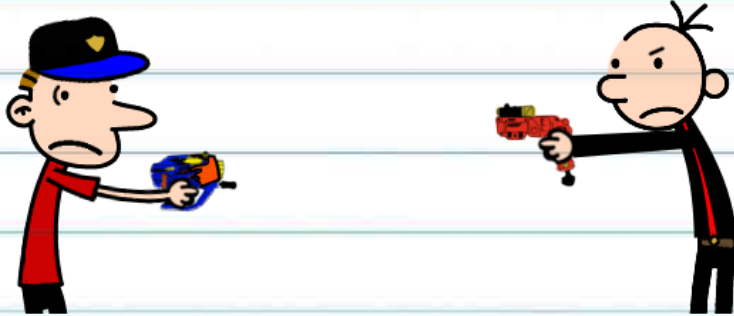
All of a sudden, I felt determined. Determined to take down Bryce Anderson once and for all. Determined to avenge my fallen teammates.

But it looked like Bryce wasn't giving up so easily. He still had one more round of darts left. I watched as he loaded them into his gun, primed it, and took aim at me once more.



And again, he pressed his finger hard on the trigger and let the darts fly, but I quickly dodged them again the same way I did the first round.

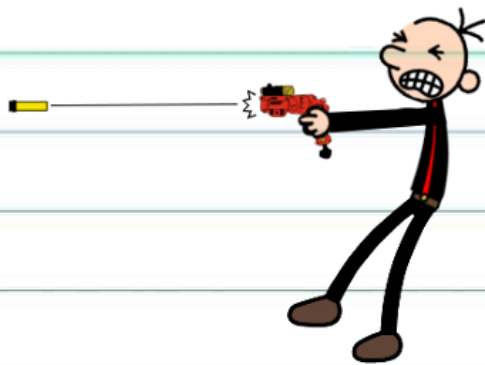
Bryce Anderson was now in a very vulnerable position. I primed my gun and took aim.



And in that moment, everything felt like it was in slow motion again.

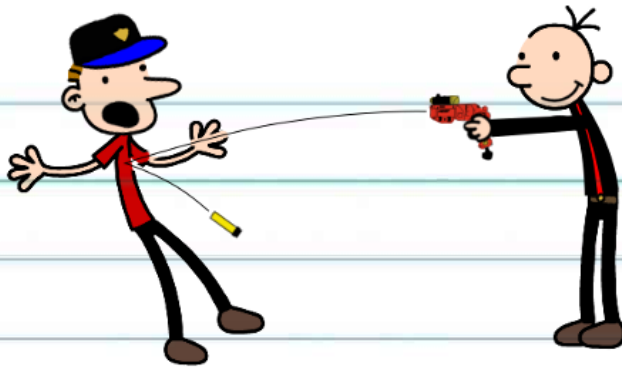
The winner takes all. It was the thrill of one more kill. I was potentially the last one to fall, but I never sacrificed my will.

As I pulled the trigger, I didn't ever look back on the world closing in. I was beyond the attack, with my wings on the wind.

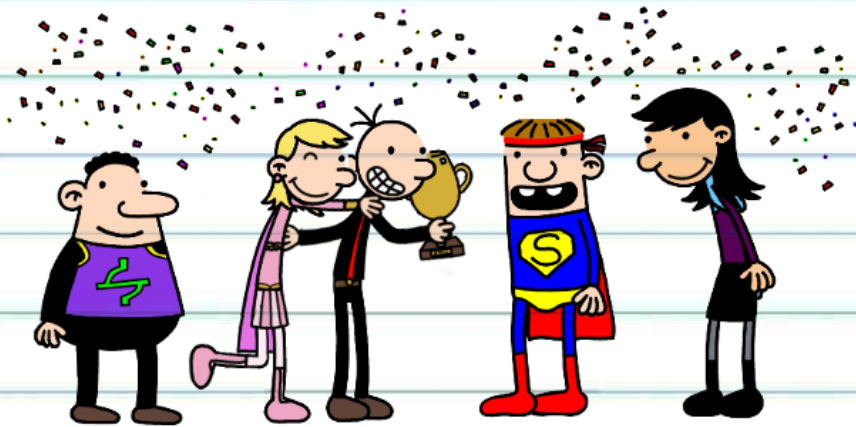


And the games would begin.

I watched as the dart sailed gracefully through the air and nailed Bryce Anderson square in the chest.

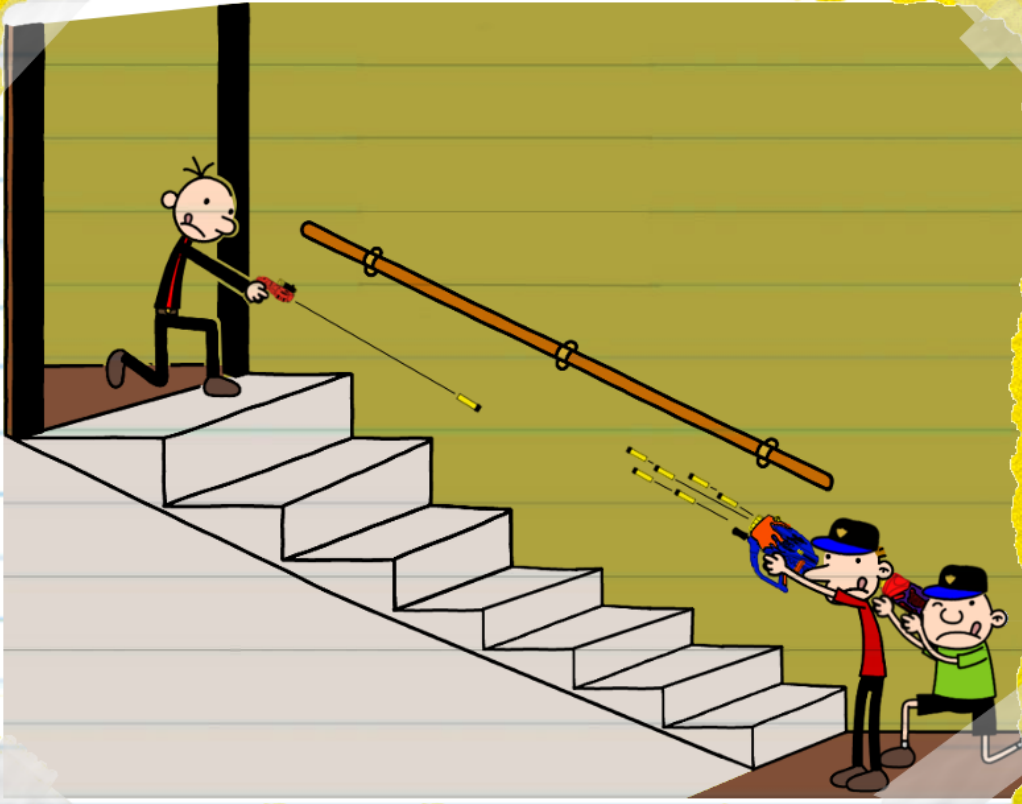


And it was sweet, sweet victory. Ours for the taking, ours for the fight.



I celebrated with my teammates as we were presented with our \$1000 cash prize. It was just \$200 for each team member, but we happily accepted it nonetheless.

The last four weeks of our lives were one of the most chaotic periods of time for us, but at the same time they were one of the most iconic ones. Online stalking, early-morning campouts, an epic comeback after almost being defeated by a group of dweebs, and prom nights. Through it all, the ragtag team of heroes known as the G-Force prevailed, and when the dust settled, they were declared the first Westmore High School Nerf War winners of the new millennium.



It's almost the end of the year at Westmore High School, and that's when the annual Nerf War tournament turns the school (and pretty much the entirety of Plainview) into a warzone. With 32 teams facing off against each other in five rounds, only one winner can shine. And it seems like the tradition has caught the interest of Greg Heffley and his friends.

But when Greg signs his name on the liability waiver, he doesn't know what kind of chaos he's in for. Can this ragtag team of good-doers survive the next five weeks in the crossfire? Or will they even live to see the light of day?

"Really well done!"
- u/mcmeaningoflife42

"Nice editing, pretty good
LLB all the way through :)"
- u/Shindiee

"why doesn't this LLB get
more attention"
- u/Wimpy_Lover

"Dude, you're getting
pretty good at editing"
- u/ins3rt_namehere

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