

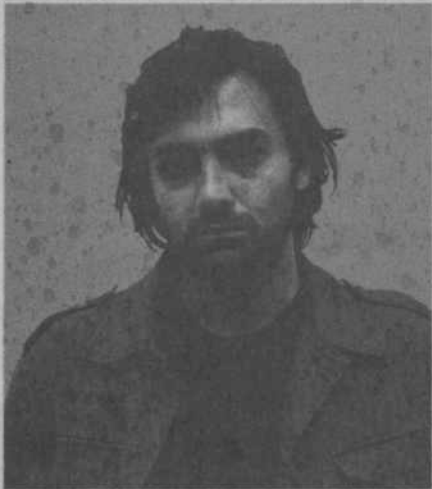
The Gamekillers **OBITUARIES** April 2006

Game Killed

Andre Massis
Fernando Nieves
Zack Danielson

Hanwey Shieh
Bharat Kumar

Eric Smith
Jon Fox
Chad Utsch



MASSIS Andre, São Paulo, BR

Was lured away from a pretty young thing and into a heated game of 'Foos' by his good friend Carl—more commonly known as "The Mayor of No Women's Land." While Andre made several attempts to step away and pack into contention with the said female, Carl's relentless pursuit for all things that don't involve getting some, was ultimately too much for the young Andre. He quickly found himself sweating it out over the air hockey table, from where he would catch a glimpse of his young beauty heading out the door with another suitor. Andre's game will be remembered by many, just not her.



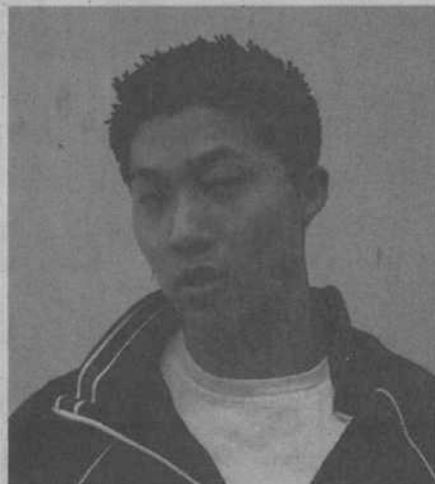
NIEVES Fernando, New York, NY

His game was alive and well on its way to a ten digit exchange with a hottie known as Britney, but was suddenly bushwhacked by a classic Gamekiller, The Drama Queen. She ran into the scene, tears streaming, and sobbed a story of having seen her ex from four years ago. "I, I, I just can't be alone tonight, Brit." Still a retrievable situation had Fernando kept his cool. But he didn't. "Four years seems like a long time ago," he said in all innocence. By the time The Drama Queen was done flipping the script, Fernando was re-cast in the role of "the villain" in front of a crowd of horrified on-lookers. No one hooks up with an insensitive pig. Rest in peace Fernando, but you sleep alone.

DANIELSON Zack, Atlanta, GA

It was early in the evening yesterday when Zack's game left us, and while it didn't go without a fight, Zack did have his arse unceremoniously handed to him.

Upon returning from the bathroom, Zack found the girl he was seeing had been surrounded by a beefy mesomorph, Early Man, who tried to use his abundant muscle to strong-arm him out of the picture. Zack did not keep his cool and accused his young lady friend of flirting with the first guy who came along. His girl, no doubt disgusted by Zack's over-the-top bravado, fled the scene when his far from attractive jealousy escalated into Zack throwing a punch, which was caught in mid-air by something that looked like a hand, but felt like a 20lb vice. By the time Zack regained consciousness, he was home alone and unable to console himself with his dominant hand.



SHIEH Hanwey, Los Angeles, CA

Hanwey was chatting up a Latin diva at an apartment complex barbecue and his game was hot enough to pose a fire hazard, that is until his friend and cocoon of horror known as The Mess entered the picture and snatched Hanwey up like a flash flood of distraction. Somewhat of a loose cannon, The Mess immediately engaged Hanwey in the age-old male bonding tradition of lighting one's own farts. Sure, there's little more enticing than the ignition of one's own combustible human gasses, but much like riding an electric scooter, you don't look that cool doing it. When the laughter subsided, Hanwey was left with nothing but a good laugh and the faint smell of old eggs, while his lady was snared by a new suitor. Man, talk about blowing it.



KUMAR Bharat, Jacksonville, FL

After kicking his game to a leggy redhead at a dorm mixer, Bharat was interrupted by Trevor, a.k.a. British Accent Guy. Women are

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drawn to men with British accents, so all it took was a single "pardon" to make his girl raise an eyebrow toward this game killing Redcoat. This prompted Bharat to get riled by calling out the guy's busted grill of yellowing bad teeth and comparing the merits of baseball over cricket. The British Accent Guy smiled and opened his mouth only to offer small bits of non-confrontational banter, allowing his accent to seep into the girl's brain like a piece of brilliant propaganda. In the end, the Brit would invade on Bharat's territory with ease, taking the girl, and leaving Bharat's game strewn on the road as a piece of collateral damage.

SMITH Eric, Washington, DC

His game came to its demise in the most unlikely of circumstances. While engaging in two of his most pleasurable pastimes: talking about boats, with his other passion, a beautiful girl who seemed genuinely interested. They were even planning to go out in his 15-foot dinghy, only to hit unseen rocks in the form of The One Upper, the classic Gamekiller who lives by the motto "Anything you can do I can do better." Sure enough, The One Upper claimed to not only know boats, but he also boasted of captaining his own 40-foot vessel. Eric tried to navigate to the calmer waters of car talk but was run over again by The One Upper's supposed vintage German roadster. The tension quickly mounted, and soon the two were engaged in a ruthless game of one-upmanship. On and on they went, seeing what the other guy just said and raising him. When the smoke cleared, Eric had won the gloat-fest, but the girl was nowhere to be found. No one likes a braggart. Eric's game was last seen drifting away towards the vast sea of loneliness in an undersized boat.

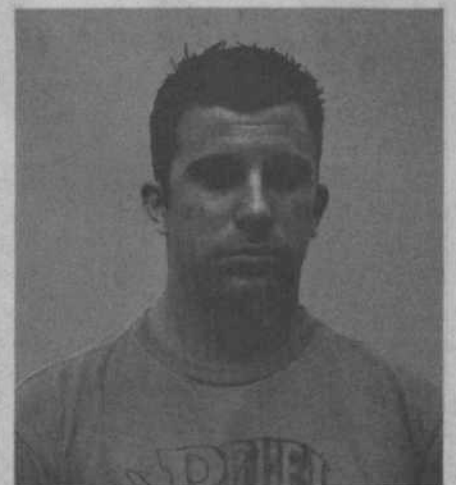


FOX Jon, London, UK

Jon's game, beloved to many a cheerleader and facilitator of the ménage of 2003, was fairing well at a Gold Coast club with a delightful pair of sisters. That is until the playboy predator and full time Gamekiller simply known as Kash Munni entered the picture. A well-endowed socialite famous for trashing 5-star hotel rooms, Kash had traveled in from oil rich lands

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wearing expensive Italian loafers and indoor sunglasses. Drinks were bought for willing and unwilling recipients alike with his family's fortune, which he shamelessly flaunted in the form of an array of high status plastic. This caused Jon to suddenly lose his cool and go on the defensive by opening a tab of his own. On his debit card. After three rounds, Jon's account was maxed. Shortly after he was dropped off alone would Jon learn the hard way that a woman's affection should never be for sale, and that many a man has gone broke trying to prove otherwise.



UTSCH Chad, New Brunswick, NJ

His game was faring nicely at the local coffee shop with a seemingly receptive latte drinker called Rita and he seemed well on his way to a little afternoon delight, that is until the corduroy-clad Gamekiller known as "IQ" entered picture. This pompous scholastic scavenger, famous for luring men into heated debates on subjects of which they know nothing, over-heard the conversation turning to art and pounced. Immediately he steered the dialogue into an area known as Out Of Chad's Depth where he would dish out ever increasing portions of intellectual emasculation. Chad reacted as anyone with a 20 point IQ deficit facing "IQ" would: the wrong way. No, the answer to "When do you feel Picasso peaked?" isn't to shove the questioner in the chest. Rita was left to apologize emphatically for Chad's actions and asked if she could make up for it in some way. Chad tried to recover, but it was too late. He had lost his cool, and his game would retire home, where it would begin its own blue period.

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