

**There are only three of us left - the only three left alive in the world.**

Spencer taps the joystick aggressively.

“Come on, guys! We can still make it!” he says, grinding his teeth.

“But it’s been hours,” Donna groans. “My fingers hurt and I’m starving.”

“I can get you some snacks,” Davey offers. He died in the game about three levels ago and has been reading comics since.

“Oh, that would be great, thanks!”

Davey leaves the basement as I bite my lip, navigating a character on the screen. We have never been so close to finishing the game. I watch Donna’s character fight a goblin while mine is eating an apple to restore her energy. Spencer’s side of the screen is so chaotic that it hurts my eyes to even look at it, therefore I just let him do his part.

Davey comes back with a bag of chips, some low-sugar sweets mom always buys and bottles of water. We thank him and he laughs, opening the drink and putting it to Donna’s mouth, so she doesn’t have to stop the game.

“You’re an angel,” she tells him.

“So they’ve been telling me,” he replies with a grin.

I look away from the screen for just a second and out of nowhere there’s a huge dragon attacking me. I try to use one of my skills but it’s too late. My life bar drops to zero. I groan and throw my pad on the couch half-heartedly, deciding to accept my failure.

“Sorry, sis,” Davey says with a look of compassion on his face. “I guess it runs in the family.”

I give him a smile and get up, wishing Donna and Spencer luck. They are going to win this game and I know it. I stretch, sigh and grab my water before leaving the room.

“Good game, guys!” I say as I reach the top of the stairs. They all agree with me, though still focused on the screen.

Well. Mom asked me to do the laundry anyway.

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