“AHHHHHHH!” I screamed, the regenerator was eating me alive!

“AHHHHHHH! Huff\* Huff\*” I woke up from my nightmare, 3rd night in a row I’ve had that nightmare, ever since I first saw the regenerator in Dead Space.

Suddenly Kuma rushed into my room and turned the lights on. He was carrying a bat, probably thought someone had broke in. He calmed down, and then began to calm me down.

“You okay?” he said.

“Y-yeah,” I said.

“That nightmare again?”

“Yeah, s-so?”

“I think you aren’t old enough to play that game yet, I’m tired of you screaming in the middle of the night making me afraid you’re in trouble, only to find it’s that game again. This is the 3rd time this week!”

“But-But,”

“No Buts! I don’t think you are ready, you are way too young.” As he said that he grabbed Dead Space out of the Xbox and left.

“It’s not fair! I want to play Dead Space! I’m plenty mature, let me prove it. I can play any game and beat it with ease! Give me any game challenge and if I beat it, let me keep Dead Space.” I started muttering to myself.

Apparently he heard me outside my room, and came back in.

“Hmm,” he thought, “alright, I’ve got an idea. Have you ever heard of the Super Mario Bros. 3 challenge?”

“No...”

“Well it’s a several part challenge, first you have to beat the game Super Mario Bros. 3, without getting a game over screen. Next, you must go to and beat every level in every world. You are also in a warm room the entire time, you can’t pause it on a level, and you can’t save and turn off. Also, you only have three lives, no extra ones, you get an extra life, it doesn’t count. You can have someone bring you food and soda, but you can’t leave the room until you win or lose. The only way to win is to beat the game in one day. You lose by losing all your lives or leaving the room. If you win, I’ll let you keep Dead Space, if you lose, then you don’t get Dead Space again until you are 16.”

16, I’m twelve now, 4 years without Dead Space?! But I had no choice. “Okay. I’ll do it.”

“Good, we will begin in the morning, for now go back to sleep.”

I went back to sleep, but the morning came too quick, I found myself awake again in just a few hours. I could barely contain myself, and could hardly sleep, half due to the nightmares, the other do to the challenge, I began to make a plan.

“Morning Froz, lets get some breakfast and we can start your challenge.”

“Okay.” we ate, and Kuma took me to the game room. It was hot outside, and there was no breeze, so he opened a window and turned off the AC.

“Alright Froz, you may begin when ready, let me know if you need anything.” he said, as he sat in the chair behind me with a large glass of water.

The game was already in our NES, and up on the TV. I would need a lot of luck if I want to beat this game.

I began playing, world 1 was easy, simple grasslands, I made my way to the castle with ease. World two came, the dessert, it was so hot in the room, I asked Kuma for some soda, he smiled, and left.

He came back a moment later with a glass of soda, “Here you go Froz.” he said.

 I downed it all in ten seconds flat. I proceeded to world 3, the ocean. It was noon already, and I ate lunch. I just got the frog suit and started swimming. All that water...

I had to go to the bathroom. I felt the pressure build up between my legs, I really had to go! But I couldn’t, I decided to ignore it and continue on, if I didn’t I wouldn’t be able to keep Dead Space! World 3 complete. World four, everything was so big. I lost a life there, 2 left. World five, the sky. It took me forever to get to the sky half, and then even longer to get to fly. It was amazing to fly around though. The sun was so bright at this point. I was thirsty again. I asked for another drink.

“No problem bro.” he said, and came back with another cup of cola. I downed it in ten seconds again, and proceeded onward. Roy, I can never beat Roy! I beat him, but it cost me my second life.

“One left Froz.” said Kuma.

I got nervous now, one wrong move, and I could kiss Dead Space goodbye. I arrived at world six. The ice level. It looked so cold, it felt good to be there, except for the fact I was fire Mario, and accidentally made the level harder than it normally would be. I stayed there longer than I should have, and had to eat dinner before heading to world seven.

The pipe maze. I couldn’t get the airship to stand still. I could barely focus, I really had to go to the bathroom now. I decided to ignore it and look for the anchor. I eventually found the anchor and finally got the ship to stop so I could beat the level.

“Onto world 8.” I said.

Hell. Thats what it was. A giant army of tanks and warships surrounded by fire and skulls. I got thirsty again and had a third drink. I was hit by all five hand traps before I somehow made it all the way to Bowser’s castle. I made my way all the way to Bowser. By now I was standing up, barely able to hold it. Night had fallen.

“Something wrong Froz? You haven’t entered the room yet.” said Kuma.

“N-nothing’s wrong!” I said.

If I could beat Bowser I would win! I could keep Dead Space. Just had to keep my cool and kick some koopa butt! I entered the room. Bowser jumped on me, I could only take one more hit. One more jump however would send him to his doom!

He wound up his attack, but before he could move, I felt something. a warm sensation in my pants. I tried to jump out of the way. Alas, he hit me, and I died.

GAME OVER. Those words were on the screen. But I wasn’t looking. I was looking down.

I had wet my pants. There wasn’t a dry spot to be seen. I just wasn’t able to hold it anymore. It was all over, even in the back. Some was dripping down my leg even.

“Well Froz, it looks like you lose.” said Kuma.

I began to cry, not only because I lost Dead Space, but because I wet my pants too. I was embarrassed. I knew I would never live this down. I just stood there and cried for half a minute. I could only imagine what Kuma thought.

“Well don’t cry Froz, lets go get you cleaned up, I am very disappointed in you. Not only did you fail the challenge, but you also wet yourself, and got urine stains on the carpet. I think you are going to need something more than just losing your game as punishment for this.”

He took me down the hall to the bathroom, tears still in my eyes. He made me take a shower, and then dried me. He had brought a spare pair of shorts, but no underwear.

“Where is my underwear?” I asked.

“You aren’t mature enough to wear underwear anymore. For the next month you will be wearing these.”

He pulled out a large box of diapers. They were white and thick.

“Bu-But!”

“No buts! Except yours which is going to be in one of those for the next month. That’s what you get for peeing on the floor, and wetting your pants.”

He layed me down on the floor, slid a diaper under me, and taped it up. It was soft, but I didn’t want to wear it.

“Now then,” he said after he finished, “you’re probably hungry, lets go out and get some grub.”

I nodded in agreement, and we left.