

HERE WE GOOOOO!!!


CRASH



Nicole's powerful leg broke the remains of the door in half and of course the door swung open (or rather what was left of it)





A man with dark hair, wearing a white tank top, blue jeans, and sandals, is running out of a room. He is looking back over his shoulder with a shocked expression. The room has a wooden door with ornate glass panels and a small wooden shelf on the wall. The floor is made of wooden planks and is littered with debris. A large window on the right is broken, with the man's reflection visible in the remaining glass.

Run!!! Everybody!!!
Save yourself!!!



AAAAA!!!! Fuuuuck!!! She's gone crazy!!!





WHAT'S IT??

OH MY GOD!

THIS CAN'T BE
HAPPENING!



GREETINGS LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN! AND WHY
WASN'T I INVITED TO THIS
PARTY??? THIS IS VERY
IMPOLITE...



WOOM


WOOM

WOOM

WELL... NOW WE'LL FIX IT.





A young man with dark hair and blue eyes is sitting on a wooden floor, leaning against a white beanbag chair. He is wearing a white tank top and blue jeans. He is looking up and to the right with a slight smile. To his left is a wooden side table with a red cooler, a dark blue bottle, and a green bag. A speech bubble originates from his head, containing text. The room has a wooden floor and a dark wooden door in the background.

FUCK, SHE'S HOT... I'M LUCKY SHE DIDN'T
SMEAR ME ON THE WALL! WHAT A WOMAN...
I THINK I'M IN LOVE!



WHAT WE HAVE HERE?

Nicole grabbed the speaker and swung it towards the window...

HEY HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?? STOP IT!!!

OH, NO!






WELL, GOODBYE MR. SPEAKER!

Nicole threw the speaker into the window, which of course did not become an obstacle for it and shattered into pieces.






HEEEY!!! WHAT THE FUCK?!!
IT WAS VINTAGE!

A woman with short brown hair and bangs, wearing a blue tube top and a black skirt with a lace hem, stands in a living room looking shocked with her mouth open and hands raised. She is positioned in front of a wooden cabinet with glass doors and a television. To her left is a wooden side table with a bottle and a green cup. A speech bubble points to her from the left.

MY BIRTHDAY!!! IT'S RUINED!!!
NO! NO! NO!



IT'S YOUR PARTY, AND YOU CAN CRY IF YOU WANT TO. BUT THE PARTY IS OVER. AND IF I HEAR SOMETHING LIKE THAT AGAIN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT... THEN I WON'T BE SO KIND ANYMORE! GOOD NIGHT.

