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By
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Twister swore the Men would wish they had never killed his loved ones.

The cage was pitch dark the entire journey, so when he felt it being moved he did not know what to expect. All he could hear was a roar of many, many voices.

When the door buzzed open, Twister was ready. He burst from the cage then stopped cold.

As he stood in the center of the hundred-story arena his jaw dropped.

Then the three strange, massive creatures before him charged and Twister clenched his fists. They would have to die first.

The Men would die next.