

*Give it up for Braecen in our Dad corner!*

The crowd roared as the Galeres Quaestor entered the ring.

*Braecen slaughtered his way through the preliminaries making short meat of all his opponents. Better hope he is prepared for his title contender today!*

*In our Step-Dad corner we have Ernordeth!*

Once again, the crowd exploded in cheers.

*Error here is a true veteran of Dad joking, has never won the title though. Will he finally do it tonight?*

*Okay gentlemen, you both know how this works but let's go over it one more time. Turnwise, both of you will have to make your best dad joke directed at each other. No subjects are off limits, but if you hesitate or take too long, it's all over and you lose!*

*PEOPLE!?! ARE YOU READY!?!?*

The crowd once more roared, panties, bras and boxershorts flew into the ring as the judge motioned for silence.

Braecen and Ernordeth took their seats in the middle of the ring, both rested their elbows on the table facing their respective microphones.

*As is custom our Dad corner will go first, there will be no further announcements or breaks until it's over!*

Braecen repositioned himself and stared Ernordeth straight in the eyes as he started with his first dad joke.

"You look like a fake noodle, you're just an impasta!"

The joke wasn't answered with any physical reaction from Ernordeth, his steel nerves simply preparing to deliver his counter joke.

"You're just like a german sausage, the wurst!"

*Weak, Braecen thought to himself, time to turn up the pressure a bit.*

"Last night when I was with your sister she said I'll call you later, I told her, don't call me later, call me dad!"

The crowd sang a single note of incredulity in unison. Ernordeth knew he had to step up his game.

“To your mother I’m just like her dislike for facial hair, I grew on her.”

Once again the crowd let out that very same sound. So far both sides were doing equally well or bad, depending on your point of view.

Braecen, not missing a beat, knew it wasn’t a good choice to continue on the family-centered jokes and replied instead with a joke to put his opponent down.

“Your jokes are like a can-crusher, soda pressing.”

It seemed the two were evenly matched as Ernordeth had the same thoughts and effortlessly threw his joke at Braecen.

“It’s time for you to be like the p in pterodactyl, silent.”

That was a joke Braecen hadn’t heard before, he made a mental note about it and decided it was time to end this.

“Ernordeth, it’s time to see what I’ve done to your mind. It’s blown up like a cheese factory, there’s nothing left but de brie!”

The crowd started cheering and applauding, only to suddenly return to complete silence. Silence, just like the p in Ernordeth’s last joke. His joked seemingly backfired as he sat at the table, seemingly dazed. Braecen’s joke caught him off guard, his mind scrambled.

It was at that moment the speakers exploded.

*WE HAVE A WINNER! CONGRATULATIONS BRAECEN, OUR NEW DAD-JOKE CHAMPION!*

The crowd once more exploded in roars and cheers as the judge handed Braecen his Dad-joke champion cap.