In this excerpt, I was also experimenting with writing about the characters in the game I currently work on, Phantasy Star Online 2. This excerpt was not published.

Supplemental information:

• There are 9 different classes available to play as in this game.

Ash stared into the roiling depths of the Telepool, the portal through which they would shortly be passing as they began their first assigned expedition of an uncharted area. Behind him, he heard Afin shift his weight, uncomfortable with the awkward silence.

Still facing the Telepool, Ash quietly said "What if this isn't the right class for me? What if using this weapon means my death, and a different weapon choice would have meant life? How do I know I chose correctly?"

Blowing out the breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding, Afin ran a hand through his shaggy hair and wondered how Ash had known he'd had the same terrifying thought ever since they boarded the Gateway Ship.

Hesitantly, he volunteered "I think we just have to do our best with what we have, mate. That's all anyone can expect of us." He took a breath, then said "I think you're a great Hunter. Neither of us would have passed Certification if the Council thought we weren't on the right track."

Ash turned, and his posture seemed to relax at hearing this. "Yeah, you're right. They're pretty quick to pick up on how the rookies move and what weapon might suit them best. Still..." his gaze seemed to linger on the weapons rack in the corner of their transport ship.

Afin smiled wanly, "I know, mate, I know..."

Tensing his muscles, Ash looked up and resolutely said "Well, I guess there's nothing for it but to give it a go."

He drew a deep breath and let it out slowly, then pivoted and jumped into the Telepool.

For a minute, Afin stood staring at where his partner had been, shocked he had moved so quickly. As he hastily took the few strides towards the Telepool, a smile slowly spread across his face as he realized that if Ash had skills like that, they'd be just fine.