

These samples are all from RPs I've done in the past few years. (2021-2022)

Sample 1

The whole thing had been... bizarre, to put it lightly. It was not so strange to see a towering, older version of herself in the room, or Jade's grandfather passing a hilariously oversized rifle to them as if they were school children needing permission to speak; but instead, her focus had narrowed down to the alternate version of her ectobrother. Since he'd sat down beside her, she could feel the burn of his red eyes on the back of her neck, sizing her up for some reason she's yet to discern. It's... irritating.

He is her Dave if her Dave had been given an opportunity to flourish in an environment devoid of older brothers with violence in their veins; self-important, cocky to a fault, perceptive in ways that rub others wrong. If she had been able to see into her own Dave's seams, were to squint just so, trace the cracks of light into his futures, she would have seen the shattered possibilities of a future like this older Dave had. When the meeting ended, her mother had immediately vacated the room, claiming to need the restroom, but Rose had the impression that she was simply shaken seeing Rose grown.

This is already getting messy in her head.

Rose sits in the farthest corner of the room from the door, plush armchair dwarfing her; her hands trace motions not unlike purling into the air, invisible knitting needles held between freshly painted nails. They're from Roxy and Dirk's timeline, she knows— so they are the *alphas*. The differentiation helps immensely as soon as the thought solidifies; she leans back, eyes closed, doing her best to ignore the feel of eyes on her skin.

Whatever fascination the alpha Dave has with her, she wishes he'd buck up and get it over with. *Ask your questions*, she thinks, hands moving, light bright behind her eyelids. If he would have taken moments more to approach her, she would have called him over herself. As it stands, he stands in front of her (*the air shifts; she smells his cologne*) and begins with the cheesiest line he could've said. Her eyes lock on his face, picking out the pieces of him that are the same as beta Dave's were and marking where they differed. The nose, the jaw, the eyes; the lips, the ears, the chin. She takes the bottle of water, slightly cold, and gestures to the adjacent armchair. *Let's get this over with.*

"I assume you have questions, since you've deigned to pay attention to little else but me since you walked into the room," she starts, blunt. "Though I'm often a font of knowledge, I

haven't had the patience for inane or otherwise obtuse lines of questioning for several years now. So, get your interrogation over with, Dave, and leave me be."

Sample 2

It was no easy feat, constructing a human brain from nothing but circuits and numbers. Thankfully, all Rose herself had to do was take bits and pieces of memories from interviews, film clips, articles, and make them into a person; Dirk is handling the mechanical aspects that she simply cannot wrap her head around. Several videos had been sent to her over the course of the past few months courtesy of Dirk, her partner in this bold and frankly foolish endeavor, for her study of the psyche of one Dave Strider of the far off future. In an alternate universe. Where he was a film director and apparently a revolutionary.

It was all a bit silly, but then again, wasn't everything? Rose puts her headphones back on, adjusting a few last-minute memory files she'd constructed for the first testing phase on the Davebot. Currently, it's slumped over on her bed, a marvel of sharp steel and sleek lines, brought to her world bit-by-bit as the pieces were completed. With care, Rose takes the flash drive she'd pumped full of the last updates and shuffled over to her bed. Up to this point, everything has been an exercise in wish fulfillment, a practice in absurdities. Rose throws a leg over the bot, straddling what passes as its hips, and slots the drive into the side of its head.

Rummaging around, she reaches behind its neck to find the nearly-flush power button, pressing it gently until she hears a *click*. Patiently, she waits for the boot-up sequence to commence, the machine below her slowly whirring to life. Closely, she watches as each finger on its hands move, first in twitches and then into fists, until each limb was moving and its head was turning. Rose quickly snatches her phone, sending a message to Dirk about the startup— that it seems to be going smoothly, as well as it had on his end, at least.

— **tentacleTherapist [TT]** began pestering **timaeusTestified [TT]** ! —

TT: Boot-up is going well.

TT: All limbs are functioning properly, though it seems to be taking a while to fully download the memories I'd made for it.

TT: I'll keep you posted.

— **tentacleTherapist [TT]** ceased pestering **timaeusTestified [TT]** ! —

Now she just has to wait until those fluttering memories she'd painstakingly crafted for him kicked in. Rose looks into the lenses of his eyes, checking the LEDs to see if they were working or not— slowly, the red of them blinked into existence. Looking down at her phone, she navigates to her notes app, tapping in all the things she's noticing as they come up. Being meticulous here is paramount, and she knows it. Half-curved up on its lap, Rose loses herself to documentation for the moment.

Sample 3

Soggy, of all words? Rose arcs an eyebrow at his word choice, but otherwise shows no outward reaction to his strange jabs. "As endearing as it is to hear about your fall into reading kinky, deprived smut about your chosen medias, I'm sad to tell you that they no longer exist, and neither do your movies. Might be prudent to seek out new wank material, in that case. Though Jade might find your bestial insight intriguing and enthralling, should you decide to peruse other little girls who have nothing better to do."

He won't look her in the eyes. Fear, maybe, or anxiety seeps from his pores, and she resists the urge to look for his cracks. It was normal to be afraid of that which you do not comprehend. John himself was frightened, initially, of all their powers; though he quickly realized that was a silly thing when he himself could call upon the wind to level cities, should he wish it. He doesn't in this timeline, and he still doesn't when she looks into the futures of him that he'd never get to know.

"Please, I wasn't a *Heart* player. That's your brotherson you'll have to worry about altering the fabric of reality to serve his shipping purposes." Rose spares a glance one more time to the alpha Rose by the door, seeing how her back is ramrod straight, her expression tight around the eyes. They hold each other's gaze for but a moment before her older counterpart looks away, leaving the room. "My scope of power is a bit more limited than that."

"As a *Seer of Light*," she begins, hands moving, invisibly knitting nothing. "I pick apart the choices the future brings, seeing into the souls of those I choose and discerning the best course of action that can assist them in achieving their goals. The probabilities of them occurring, too, are visible to me, and I can see just how lucky they are overall. If I was a Thief, I'd have the capability to steal that Luck. As a Seer, I stockpile it. No matter how many fanfics I read, I will never be able to weave my ships into the fabric of canon. I prefer doing things the old-fashioned way."

There is, of course, the lingering touch of the horrorterrors on her, the darkness that clings to the meat of her and seeps out in her weakest moments. But she never needed that, her magic, *or* her godhood to be a formidable fighter; all she ever needed was her needles and adrenaline.

"Is there a point to your line of questioning, Dave, or do you simply like to hear me speak?"