



# THE MEADOW

The Meadow rests upon the hill overlooking the Den and, beyond it, the Beach. The Meadow is a large, open space of grassy ground, filled with pastel pinks and soft greens. Large chunks of rocks rise up throughout the area, providing better vantage points and lookout spots. Around the edges of a few of these rocky outcroppings swarm the small, fast moving Hummingmice, ducking in and out of their complex colonies to feed on the juvenile Lamplighter flowers, which seem oddly disinterested in growing as large (or glowing as brightly) as their counterparts throughout the rest of the Garden. The Meadow is particularly dark at night, offering little safety or shelter to any foolish enough to stay out in it.

## STATS

Current Time: **NIGHT**

Current Temp: 45°F / 7°C

Current Weather: **CLOUDY - FOG**

Current Events: N/A

## FLORA

- Grass
- Juvenile Lamplighter Flowers

## FAUNA

- Hummingmice

## OBSERVATIONS

- Rocky outcroppings
- Hummingmouse Colonies

## RULES

- All posts must be over 300 words.
- Check spelling, punctuation, grammar.
- Rolls must be noted **IN SUMMARY AND ON DOC** to count.
- Stick to post formatting rules.
- Request new docs **FROM BEE** when needed.
- **DO NOT** change the banner.
- Protags can only be in **ONE** doc per location at any given time - though they may be in **ALL** locations at once.
- Protags are free to join or leave as they please.

## RECOMMENDED ACTIVITIES

- Practice hunting and tracking
- Collecting resources
- Practice sparring and climbing

# NIGHT 2 EVENT:

## THE FOG

As suddenly as it had on the first night, dusk sweeps over the Garden as if on an exhale, blotting out the daylight and awakening the plants and creatures. The stunted, juvenile Lamplighter flowers flicker a feeble pink, providing very little by the way of light.

Night follows suit, turning the Above to murky browns and drawing down a veil of thick, blinding fog. The air is cool and damp, but stifling. It masks noise, dampens scents and tastes, and numbs touch. Those wrapped up within it are made dangerously vulnerable, especially in the face of their recent discovery:

A predator of some kind was recently hunting two of their number here, and evidence shows that the creature will be stronger at night, when darkness blankets all.

And, indeed. There, from around the edges of the Meadow, comes the oddest senses: a humming, a flickering of some sort of energy. Hackles will rise and breathing will grow short in response to the presence.

As if sensing the inhabitants of the Meadow, it slowly begins drawing closer.

Best, perhaps, to move on - or otherwise be very, very quiet...

### EVENT RULES

- You may be part of this Event, and all others on Side 2 of the River, provided that your protagonist has crossed the river in the Beach Group doc during Day 2. You *cannot* be in any docs on Side 1 if this is the case.
- All protags within the Event MUST include 2 rolls (the first always being perception, and second of your choice) per post.
- All who write 3 or more posts in this location by morning will earn a commemorative Stamp (yes, yes, they *are* on their way).

# THIS 13

she/her | post 1

The arrival of Here Not-Her Of-the-Glow-Neck and Allmine Here First seemed fortuitous to 13, who was growing steadily more uncertain of her own ability to do enough good to please Here Solomon, and to successfully guard his back, should anything bad happen. She Did not enjoy the idea of them being attacked, or of her Allmine's neck snapping as the kitten's had, and when considering the adamance of this thought, she realised that her words, at the end of the Labyrinth, now rung truer than ever:

She would choose to save the few, by sacrificing the many. While she would care for and guard the Heres, always, to the best of her ability, her Precious few - Heres Solomon and Lethe - would always, *always* come first. She would put their survival above all else. And staring at the circle of flattened grass and the smears of blood, feeling the weight of Dark-and-Stripey Here's claw in her mouth, she knew that she would abandon them both, without regret, just so long as her Precious Few would be safe.

Of course... perhaps it would not come to that, with two more added to their number?

13 greeted both new members of their little team with high, soft trills around her mouthful of claw, a gentle sound to soothe the sharpness of Here Solomon's orders. She knew him at least well enough to understand he was guiding and feeling deeply, and that his words in times like these, where they were being tested, could be harsher. To 13, it was a sign of strength, that he was not cowed - equally as charming as Here Lethe's softness, and willingness to seek out comfort. Both were strengths that she admired, for they showed willingness to protect and care, in very unique ways.

Reeling in her wandering thoughts, 13 listened carefully to all that was said, and hummed in agreement when Here Lethe smartly said to watch out for the... the Thereblood. (Was it Thereblood?) It seemed... unnatural. A badness that they should not embrace.

Before she had a chance to react to Here Solomon's declaration of intent with a stubborn refusal to ever leave him unguarded, despite her knowledge of her own failing health, there was a *flick-flick-flickering* of the sky, and—

Darkness. The There Greenwings flashed as they darted through the dark, and the odd, stunted pink glow flowers slowly lit up from within, but... it was not enough. The Meadow was dark, and accommodating.

When the fog rolled in, burying even that which was closest to her in a masking shroud, 13 made a small cry of displeasure, which was stifled when she felt the odd *zipping* of energy up her spine. There was something out there. Was it hunting them, too? 13's lip curled back around the arch of Dark-and-Stripey's claw.

No. No. She had torn herself out from a beast's jaws once. This time, if it came down to it, that would not be *all* that she did. This beast would *not* harm her Heres.

Flooded with that numb, cold fury, 13 set her claw down upon the floor before her, planted her broken forepaw gently over the top so as not to lose it, and sank back onto her haunches to think about her next move. No rushing in. No blind acting. She would have to be *smart*.

13's mind swam and swirled, a vortex of ice-water which willed her only to attack. After some time, she thought of There Eyeful's warnings imploring her to *think* before acting, to use words cleverly. She thought of That Pale Here, singing out in her lovely voice, drawing 13 in without meaning to. She thought of Here Patched-of-the-Glow-Neck, singing his tunes.

The she-cats eyes narrowed, and she stared harder into the fog, as a plan slowly formed. Could the creature understand her? She was not sure. She *hoped* not. Could she distract it with her voice, perhaps, and give her companions a way of potentially escaping - or at least communication clearly?

13 composed herself for a moment, lightly breathing, curling her sore tail over her paws,... and then, she began to sing:

“Precious, good and true Heres,  
mark, make note, please hear  
**This 13** is *here*, dears,  
where There-blood was appeared.  
Inside, downhill, safety;  
outside, up here, not.  
Allone sings to distract  
beastie with this little plot.  
Ploying, toying, tricking,  
outwit, outplay, fun  
**This 13** will stay and sing  
If Others wish to run.  
But in words, we may hide things  
clever thoughts and games  
Beastie might be dumb, dears  
so with words smart, let us shame!  
Search clues to find the missing  
Within the fog and out  
let's call it here and there  
and tire There Beastie out!”

The words moved easily, familiarly, ones she began. They were not as smart as they had been within There Eyeful's Maze, where They had helped to shape them, but the flow felt natural, nonetheless. An old friend, returned after an absence. Warm and content, not at all concerned, 13 continued on with her pretty humming, peering sharply about for hints of the beast within the fog.

[13 looks about. At the edge of the Meadow, towards the dip on the far side, leading down into darkness, she will catch a flash of gold. (her singing is v charming. Awww)]

Looking about, 13 caught a flash of gold towards the far end of the meadow, closer to Allmine Here Solomon's last recalled location, and she bristled further, pressing the heel of her injured paw down sharply against the claw. Was that the There Beast?

Without a thought, she began to sing again, voice as smooth as her fur:

“Down far-ways is a gold-flash!  
Hark:  
a bright out in the dark!  
There Beastie is a-stalking  
is a-walking,  
with a spark!”

WORD COUNT:

???

ROLLS:

- 19 PERCEPTION (SCENT)
- 18 CHARISMA

SUMMARY:

13 decides to try communicating via song, in the hopes of confusing and distracting the beast, and inspiring her teammates to do whatever they feel necessary, whether that is retreating, hiding, or searching for further evidence.

SOLOMON

Here Unseen, The Little Bite

Reply 1 | He/Him | Stat Sheet | Biography

Narration | Thoughts | Solomon Speech | Other Speech | Action

His paws slowly took him to the edge of the meadow in seeking this darkness, where the Shadow Others would much prefer to drag their prey (ignoring the sickness in his stomach at the thought of Cat Others being prey, let alone Bandersnatch) and be content in consuming it. There, on the edge of the meadow, away from the den, was someplace much darker, sloping down and down and down into complete blackness. Yes, an Expanse that was truly dark. *This place must be, must be the draggings*

*away where took Bandersnatch and the Striped.* And yet, he couldn't help but feel further sick at the thought of traveling down there. His thoughts drifted away from his paw's eagerness to move forward. *Perhaps another place, another way, another dip, and therein find the place where the Heres lie? And there will be takings and not this deep and darker place which crawls up the spine...*

His fear flickered in his chest, tucked tightly against his pulse, thrumming it faster and faster. Solomon would have to make a decision one way or another.

In the interim, however, he could hear the glow-throat speak. Bodies black as the dark, they didn't like the light, but do not bleed. Furthermore, that because there was no body that it must have gone somewhere else, whatever it was. A similar conclusion that he had come to.

But upon the Glow-throat's warning of the dark coming suddenly, the little flowers by his feet flickered aglow, and the shroud of the Darkening descended on them all.

Solomon looked up, eyes wide as a looming fog rolled in. Was it from the NothingBoring? Had it come to them again? For a moment he wondered if it brought the gentle air of Nothing with it, where Nothing happened and there was no danger, lulling them all to a restful slumber. However, he quickly learned that this was much, *much* different. His mouth slightly gaping tasted the dampness of this fog, stifling in a way that made it feel like the air was thick, mulling his scents together. Noise, scents, tastes, everything felt more distant. Even the ground beneath Solomon found he had to focus on.

His spine crept in a way unnatural. He was vulnerable. They *all* were. Some sort of *thing* was out there, his instincts told him, and his short fur prickled at the thought. His breathing slowed. *We need to get out of here, we need to LEAVE*, his mind screamed at him.

**"Precious, good and true Heres, mark, make note, please hear, This 13 is *here*, dears, where There-blood was appeared."** he heard a familiar, lilting sound come from the Soft Other, and his head turned that way. 13 was hardly visible in the fog, but her voice was strong and true. She suggested confusing words to hide their information, while she sang to keep the beast distracted. Then, a small pause, before **"Hark: a bright out in the dark! There Beastie is a-stalking is a-walking, with a spark!"**

13 could see the shadow lurking within the fog, yes. Solomon swallowed and hunched, moving a ways away with quiet intent. His breathing came in quick but soft pants, mulling over the words, his surroundings. Surely if 13 was so loud, and his instincts wished for quiet, the shadow would snatch her up like Bandersnatch and the Striped? That would *not* do. Moreover, he still was not done with his investigation, he still had to find the Others like he set out to do. Though his heart flipped at the idea of delving into the darkness with a fog like this, perhaps he could garner a lead, somewhere?

Solomon crawled closer to the dip down beyond the meadow and parted his jaws to scent. Not for Bandersnatch's scent, this time, for his would mix near perfectly with the dampness of the fog, but for something *sharper*, like the Hereblood that was shed.

In that quick breath, **Solomon let out his own noises, in hopes to distract the beast away from 13.** Perhaps, together, their voices would force it back and forth so that it would catch neither of them. He pitched his voice high and lilting, mimicking the rhyming sounds the Riddler had forced upon them once.

**"L-lo! Over here!  
There lies a Here!  
Whose... whose smallness provides easy snaps,  
Where teeth and tongue - worthy traps!  
For the, the beastie tracks easy prey,  
Whose paws fear roots to stay!  
Though nowly, Mine says, not in fear of beast,  
But of Darkness downwards, um... creased!  
Darker than Darkening, deeper than river,  
Mine thinks, perhaps, Heres went hither!"**

His tail tucked against himself as eyes went wide. Though he drew attention to himself his body tensed, preparing to leap away should he need to. **Solomon ducked his head around in hopes of catching that sharpness of blood**, wherein he could provide more information than his own thoughts.



Word Count: 819 words

Interactions: Everyone, the beast

Rolls: 10 (Perception, Scent) (Roll proof), 14 (Persuasion) (Roll / proof)

Summary: Solomon finds a place of darkness and is uncomfortable about walking into it. He listens to Tolya, and feels night descend as he ponders what they should do next. It is 13 who moves to distract the creature, and Solomon makes his own rhymes to help confuse the creature of their whereabouts. Whilst he does that, he scents to perhaps pick up the trail of blood again.

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## Lethe

They/Them | Post: 1 | Words: 664

They had not been able to make much out through the glittering flickering flashings of the flying mice wings. The not-feather-but-wings flew hither and fro, darting, dashing, dancing. They were dazzled by the sight. So easy to forget for the moment what they were doing, what they were here for, and just watch. How did they stay in the air? How to move with no paws to carry?

So distracted, that it took the Dark-time descending with a heaving sputter to wake them. The flying mice darted away, each fleeing to a different spot in the waving grasses, the movement hiding the scuttles for safety. Lethe looked up, alarmed at the descent, seeking shelter in their Friends Heres, only to find rolling fog every which way.

This was not the White, nor White Two, as Something called it. There was still grass underpaws, and this was grayish, with undertones of murky purples and pinks. The fog in this Meadow, and colored by it. The heavy sense of danger descended like its cloudy counterpart, and Lethe shivered. Their paws twitched, aching to run back to safety - also which couldn't be seen.

It was all horribly like That Dealmaker's chamber. The sense of danger, of knowing but not seeing, where danger could strike first from the shadows. And where were their Heres?

**“Precious, good and true Heres,  
mark, make note, please hear  
This 13 is here, dears,  
where There-blood was appeared.**

There! Their 13's Voice, coming out of the Fog, as it had been thrice since now. That was something familiar, in a displaced situation. Lethe tried to listen to her lilting tones, to relax, to allow herself to think as she did. To perceive then, through the mental fog of fear, impeding as the one which obscured sight.

**“Down far-ways is a gold-flash!  
Hark:  
a bright out in the dark!  
There Beastie is a-stalking  
is a-walking,  
with a spark!”**

Lethe turned this over in their mind. Down where the danger was - they would move to higher ground then. They would watch for light, for light flashes. Golden, like the Anatoli-Tolya. Did the Beastie carry a spark like the glowing orb of the dark Not-They-One?

**“L-lo! Over here!  
There lies a Here!  
Whose... whose smallness provides easy snaps,  
Where teeth and tongue - worthy traps!  
For the, the beastie tracks easy prey,  
Whose paws fear roots to stay!**

There, where Here Solomon provided a reply to 13. Lethe swiveled their ears to catch his voice. Not so alone then, in this darkened swirling fog? Singing, it seemed, may that work on the Beastie where it hunted unseen, perhaps would be a likened to singing as That Locksmith had been. They felt again that smothering silencing fear, that wanted only to hold their jaws shut, prevent betraying sound to the Hunter. But for their Heres Friend, for Allmine 13, they would join. By their efforts, by their helping, AllHeres might be spared.

**“AllHeres singing, keep on stringing,  
Along the Beastie in the dark.  
Here Dark One hides away from eyes  
One place alone to shelter Marked.**

**This One does think, for fear to sink  
In claws of That Unseen  
It better to run, from dead and done  
Or buried beneath the green.**

**Come, Friends Heres, don't tempt those Fears,  
None direct in danger lie.  
Excepting Us, should we linger here,  
HereCats offered up to die.”**

Slowly, Lethe started to move between the two voices of their Friends Heres. Their own voice, deeper than they expected, and only shaking as much as their paws. The larger was the more steady of the two, the strong marked paw, the mark still glowing. They tried to always keep it hidden in the grass for fear that the Unseen Beastie would sense it. Moving and singing and telling Heres that yes, it was time to go. More than time. Stubborn Solomon who was not afraid of the dark - he had only not time to learn. Lethe hoped he wouldn't have to, here.

**Summary:** Lethe forms their own verses to persuade the others to return to the Den with them and be safe. They start moving through the meadow, trying not to stay in one place.

Roll Types: Perception and Persuasion

Persuasion Stat: 12

Perception Result: 12

Persuasion Result: 18, 10, using 18



As if on cue darkness enveloped them once more. The splatters of deep red bloodsap spread around the area merged with the darkness and the pinkly hued fog swirling in around him. Head held high, his dark body moved to where That 13 and That Solomon had previously been but the impenetrable thickness of the cloudy mist made it nigh impossible to see them. As he bound across the field to where he remembered coming from a cold sensation ran down his spine.

Senses overstimulated by the innate knowledge of danger, spiked fur standing up on instinct, he froze. Something was wrong. With short breaths he moved forward close to the ground, leaving the flattened clearing behind.

"Precious, good and true Heres,  
mark, make note, please hear  
**This 13** is here, dears,  
where There-blood was appeared.  
Inside, downhill, safety;  
outside, up here, not.

That voice.. That 13's voice! She was not were she had been when he left. Her voice echoed through the fog tempting the beast to follow them to each distract it from their others.

**"L-lo! Over here!  
There lies a Here!  
Whose... whose smallness provides easy snaps,  
Where teeth and tongue - worthy traps!**

"AllHeres singing, keep on stringing,  
Along the Beastie in the dark.  
Here Dark One hides away from eyes  
One place alone to shelter Marked.

This One does think, for fear to sink  
In claws of That Unseen  
It better to run, from dead and done  
Or buried beneath the green.

Come, Friends Heres, don't tempt those Fears,  
None direct in danger lie.  
Excepting Us, should we linger here,  
HereCats offered up to die."

More joined in, That Solomon and one he did not recognise. Perhaps the short cream and brown other or the pitch black other with the spotted limb? Whichever one it was, they were right, he concluded. They should leave, for now. The spotted pelt of Bayrull came to mind when he sang through their first encounter with the shadows as eh raised his voice as well, the usual gentle tone gone and replaced by a threatening one.

"Cruel beast don't dare come near,

for these Heres do not know fear!  
Faced your kind and far worse before  
but always prevailed with a roar!

With your shining claws drenched in red,  
you shall not escape without paid debt!  
You take and take and take and take,  
Unaware of what's at stake!"

The tone of his voice slightly shifting to a calmer tone as he addressed his Others.

"Oh friends from beyond the green,  
let's return and reconvene!  
What good are four dead Heres,  
if they can no longer help those in fear!"

roll type: Perception  
sense: Sight  
roll result: 2

roll type: Intimidation /Strength)  
protag stat: 32 (12 + 20)  
roll result: 13

description of action: Anatoli angrily tells the unseen beast to stay tf away.

result: ANATOLI is essentially blind. His eyes ache, and his head grows fuzzy, the longer he strains his eyes to see. He clamps his heavy eyes shut, fighting the discomfort.

ANATOLI scolds the beasts, and the one closest - the one approaching Lethe - seems to hesitate in its movements... But only to change its course. Now it is heading towards him, instead. It titters a laugh, but makes no move to actively intimidate or attack him for his cheek. That doesn't stop the rasping, crackling sound of its amusement from being creepy af, though.

## 📖 Summary 📖

Anatoli leaves the area of flat grass and gathers his resolve, joining the other's voices to try and threaten the beast. He also suggests returning to safety for they are no good at rescuing others if they're dead.

**SOLOMON**

HERE UNSEEN, THE LITTLE BITE

REPLY 2 | HE/HIM | STAT SHEET | BIOGRAPHY

Narration | *Thoughts* | **Solomon Speech** | **Other Speech** | **Action**

Breathing into the mist and searching for the sharpness he knew lurked so was met with his head growing fuzzy and light. Solomon swayed until he shook his head, a low growl rumbling his throat and making his third sight blur. Furthermore in the

din of calling words he hears the sound of strong footsteps coming closer towards him. Yes, just as he wanted, but now how to prevent it from hurting *him*?

**“This one does think, for fear to sink in claws of That Unseen. It better to run, from dead and done, or buried beneath the green.”** Lethe’s voice pierced through the fog. **“Come, Friends Heres, don’t tempt those Fears, none direct in danger lie. Excepting Us, should we linger here, HereCats offered up to die.”**

Solomon frowned. No, *no*, he did not want to leave this place without his task accomplished! Bandersnatch and the Striped Other were still out there and *they* were the only ones capable of following the trail! All of the Others had either stayed or lagged behind, and they needed to press forward, they had to follow the scent and find them. The thought of leaving them both behind tugged at his chest, his pulse, sickening flutters curling in his chest.

His ears flattened as the footsteps drew closer. The beast was slowly moving its way towards him and would snap and break just like he’d said. *Trapped in place of Bandersnatch and dragged away and snapped and broken...*

Another voice rose to to shout into the mist. At first to the creatures, then to their small group. **“Oh friends from beyond the green, let’s return and reconvene! What good are four dead Heres, if they can no longer help those in fear!”**

Finally Solomon’s jaws set. As much as he felt hot-sharp at the idea of abandoning their task so early on, there was no advancement to be had when they were ruthlessly stalked by predators. His ears perched flat against his head.

**“Lest the Heres become undone,  
The Mine decrees that we do run!  
For whence returns their so-feared light,  
Our paws will plod on in spite!**

**Go, Mine says, for I am used to this,  
I am quick, their claws will surely miss.”**

He made sure his voice carried loud enough for the beast to hear, to follow the trail that Solomon so carefully laid out. Then quite quickly and with little warning he turned on his heels and dashed, zig-zagging within the grasses of the meadow, attempting to keep his paws soft where they landed. Perhaps if he moved so suddenly they would not know where he was. They would think he was where he had been and confuse the creature further? He had to try.

Solomon’s gaze turned towards the creature and he squinted through the fog. What was following them so closely? What was hunting them every night? He was quite intent to find out.

### Roll Response

SOLOMON looks upon the nearest creature, and sees a pair of bright golden eyes, glimmering in a dark, oily face.

The beast is black as the night Above on the outside, but seems to glow with an inner light. It is easily 15” tall, maybe larger, and moves in a way that seems to parody a cat. It’s gaping mouth is full of huge, black teeth.

SOLOMON tries to move away from the creature, and succeeds. It seems to snap at the swirling of, mimicking closing its jaws around something that is no longer there.

A hideous creature was before him. Bigger than even Abram, than all of their current count. Its inner glow shone the most through the fog, from its eyes and insides that peeked beyond the black teeth. Catlike came to mind as it jutted forward and snapped its jaws where he once was, though only just. This was no Other that he knew, and it was no Here. Surely this must be what had hunted Bandersnatch and the Striped Other. This was their predator. Solomon committed their visage to memory as best he could. He would need to tell the Others later of this in better detail when they all escaped.

For now they needed to escape these *things*.

**Word Count:** 477 + 118 words

**Interactions:** Everyone, the beast

**Rolls:** 18 (Perception, Sight), 18 (Agility) (Roll / proof)

**Summary:** Solomon grows frustrated with the idea that they'll have to turn back, but knows it's foolish to continue forward when they're being hunted like this. So he tells them all to run away 'lest they all die, and attempts to gracefully move from his position so the creature can't follow them. A little ways off he turns and looks at the creature to get a clear picture of it.

**Summary:** Solomon sees the beast and commits it to memory.

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## Lethe

They/Them | Post: 2 | Words: 482

Soft steps and *hssssshhhhh hssssshhhh* where grass flattened nearby - that signalled the beast. Lethe's ears trembled, back and forth, while they paused in concentration. Yes, there was something moving, nearby to Here Solomon - that was Not Solomon. And another - the steps stopped suddenly as though they knew they'd been sensed. Lethe held a breath, *bah-buhps* within their chest so frantic and fierce it was painful -

The steps started up again, coming from behind in a wide circle. Circling them. They couldn't hold their Breath any longer, they huffed in and out, suddenly quick. There couldn't be two in one place, or one in two, unless many legs there were like the Locksmith. But no *hssssshhhhhh* sounds in between? So two Beasties hunted the Heres in this meadow. A cold claw of dread prickled at their spine.

From their side, somewhere out in the fog, Anatoli-Tolya's voice, in rhyming of his own rang out, sharp against the Beasties. Lethe wouldn't have wanted that anger directed at them, and they were bolstered to have such a brave teammate. Yes. They would all leave. All leaving together. Even as Anatoli-Tolya finished his verse, an eerie chittering choking laugh, some kind of thing with a throat very unlike a cat's. Lethe felt a prickling as all the hair on their back stood on end at the sound of it. The *hssssshhhh* sounds moved away - towards Anatoli.

**"Anatoli-Tolya, take care and move,  
The thing now in Beasties' sight is you.**

---- Oh but This One thinks they can understand our rhyming anyway. Here Solomon, Allmine 13, please, don't leave yourselves for us all, that the missing Heres are missing stands proof no one Here can stand alone when two are faced. There are two! An - and they still hunting growing closer, so if we all move as a group, quickly, we all will be stood by sides bravely, in Heres and unity, so we will per-persevere. Yes."

Lethe stopped speaking to move, trying to move their paws lightly over the turf. They wanted to be away from the sound and where they had stood before speaking again. The beasts hadn't caused hurts yet - They One thought maybe the things could not see them either.

**"All together, Heres are meant to be. Why would we come out here for lost Heres only more Heres to leave behind in defense? Come with us, quickly, where we move they can't follow into someplace smaller, and we wait? For light-above to come, where This One thinks they will not stay."**

That last said, Lethe took a few more steps closer, in the direction of where they thought 13's voice had last come from. Their Pulse was hammering with the effort of both speaking and moving with care, but that Here was the most important. No more hurts should she suffer - they would start with her safety, and the rest would come after.

**Summary:** Lethe warns Anatoli that the beast is coming for him, and tells the group there are two creatures. They tell 13 and Solomon that there's no point in leaving anyone behind, and suggest moving quickly as a group towards the cave. Trying to avoid detection, they move towards where they think 13 is.

Roll Types: Perception, Dexterity

Stat: (Dexterity) 15 + 2

Perception Result: 2

## SOLOMON

Here Unseen, The Little Bite

Reply 3 | He/Him | Stat Sheet | Biography

Narration | *Thoughts* | **Solomon Speech** | **Other Speech** | Action

His eyes remained fixed upon the creature that had just tried to snap him up. His mind, however, was someplace else. Lost in its thinking while his claws scraped up the ground in silence. Solomon knew they needed to go someplace and he knew *where*, but how to rally ThemAll Together and push them in that direction? He could call again, but that would bring the creature down upon him. Surely it anticipated his efforts to dodge and move - it would be able to, to... *anticipate*, yes, his movements, and chase him down. Would it be more effective to switch his choices?

Solomon knew he needed to act quickly. To be still is to be in Death. A snapping of their teeth and these Darkening Walkers would make him like however they had Bandersnatch and the Striped Other.

**"Here Solomon, Allmine 13, please, don't leave yourselves for us all, that the missing Heres are missing stands proof no one Here can stand alone when two are faced. There are two!"** Lethe called out into the fog. And though Solomon hated the idea of what they had suggested, they were right. This was not the time for paws and claws and vicious ripping teeth, not when caught suddenly and without a plan. He listened to them plead for them to go *together*, as they had in the orchard.

Solomon stilled his paws as he rose his voice to answer, making it loud enough for Here and Beast to hear. **"Other Heres, listen Mine! Go to back, to dip and bend, a den there you'll find!"** His voice couldn't quite shake the rhyming. But granted that it helped his crushed smushed words, Solomon was not so quick to abandon it. **"Together we go, Together we'll be, but move paws quickly! In finding Others if followed we make of more, of Many, and not be swallowed!"**

His claws rooted himself in the ground. Tail flicking behind him, Solomon held his ground as his eyes caught upon his creature. He flipped his head to try and spot the one near the Anatoli-Tolya, the Glow-throat, eyes squinting into the fog. Then his paws were moving once more, back and forth in order to continue dodging the creature. As much as he wanted to face these beasts, Solomon knew their best option was to go somewhere else. That included himself.

**Word Count:** 394 words**Interactions:** Everyone**Rolls:** 15 (Perception, Sight), 19 (Agility) ([Roll](#) / [Proof](#))**Summary:** Solomon watches the creatures further. He calls out to everyone that they should leave together and leave quickly, and head for the Den. There they can regroup and fight the creatures if they follow. Then he moves again to avoid being snapped up by the creature.

Anatoli

"Tolya"

He/Him | Post 4 | 460 Words

The rolling fog was too thick to even let a glimpse of his surroundings reach Tolya's eyes. Within seconds it had become worse and worse taking over everything around them. An uncomfortable sting reached his eyes forcing him to instinctively close them. Through barely open eyes he tried to perceive anything else, be it by sound or smell but even those senses seemed damped by the mist. "This sucks.." he growled deeply.

The fur along his spine stood on end as if knowing of dangers to come before he did. Heavy pawsteps, nearby, faint but unmistakable not feline rang nearby. Step back, away from the threat, body moving on its own. "Anatoli-Tolya, take care and move, The thing now in Beasties' sight is you." His head jerked in the direction of pitch black spotted-legged other's voice the second that uncomfortable sizzling in the air grew stronger. A menacing laughter echoed through the fog seemingly coming from all directions as if many many shadows trying to corner the blue tom. "Oh foul creature I shall not let you close your maw around my neck without struggle." He let out once more with a threatening voice, moving backwards. He felt his voice shake, nervousness over the lack of control in this situation overshadowing his confidence. The laughter crept closer but never close enough where he could spot anything amidst the fog.

**"Lest the Heres become undone,  
The Mine decrees that we do run!  
For whence returns their so-feared light,  
Our paws will plod on in spite!"**

A familiar voice pierced the fog from not far away, as far as Anatoli could tell. Bolstered by his allies' decision to retreat to the safety of the den nearby, he straightened his posture facing the direction that the distorted laughter had sounded most clear. "We can not lose when there are Heres to fight for and protect!" he hissed between clenched teeth accompanied by a deep growl as he stood tall, shining his light in the direction of the shadow. "Better stay away!"

"There are two! An - and they still hunting growing closer, so if we all move as a group, quickly, we all will be stood by sides bravely, in Heres and unity, so we will per-persevere. Yes." Yes. The other was right! They may not be able to stand tall against the foe all alone, their previous fight had shown that multiple Heres working together prevented much possible hurt.

In big leaps the blue feline moved towards where he last thought the spotted-legged other to be. "Dear friends, we need to find each other. Ensure all make it out and back to safety for if we all leave individually who is to know whether we all returned in one piece or not!"

roll type: Perception  
sense: x  
roll result: 6

roll type: Intimidation /Strength)  
protag stat: 32 (12 + 20)  
roll result: 16

description of action: He continued to threaten the shadow and shine his light at it.

result: x

## 📖 Summary 📖

Anatoli gets a little spooked by the creature approaching him but is quickly back confidently after hearing Solomon and Lethe. He shines his light in the direction of the beast and calls it mean things. He then tries to find his way back to Lethe (and the others).

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# Lethe

They/Them | Post: 3 | Words: 383

The fog rolled and thickened, curling in upon them like tangible weight. Trying to see through it was pointless, the harder they tried to find Allmine 13, a gray pelt amidst grey fog, realizing that was not possible as long as she remained silent. The thick obscuring stuff pressed on their eyes, and Lethe wondered if they had felt this tired when entering this place.

From back aways, They One could hear Anatoli, not yet beaten, calling against the stalking unseens. Here Solomon chimed in, farther lost in the fog.

**"Oh foul creature I shall not let you close your maw around my neck without struggle."**

**"Other Heres, listen Mine! Go to back, to dip and bend, a den there you'll find!"**

Yes, back and away towards the den, where Stalking Unseens did not go, the beasties, the hunters. But where was Their 13? All was still unhurt they thought. No cries of hurts inflicted, no sounds from Huntings of catchings any, for they would make noise, Lethe thought. They One was unseen by the Hunters too, in the fog. But also unseen by Friends Heres. The bah-buhps in their chest seemed to grow louder, faster. How could the Hunters not hear the pulse thumps?

To agree with other Heres on plans? The creatures might yet still come. Not wanting to find Anatoli, creature he would be bringing with him. Not finding Here Solomon, too far away. Only 13 could be, should be found. All 13, 13 over All they would find.

**"Here is Heard, agreement in words,"** They called out, rhyming again, trying to match up with Solomon. Or at least, until they got tired of the effort and trying to keep away from Unseen Huntings both.

**"We all Heres agree to move to safety, but maybe no more noise from cats. Quiet, that Huntings catch nothing!"**

With that last, They One turned back to the fog. The heavy clinging sensation was like a veil of cobwebs, almost catching onto their limbs. It was harder and harder to fight the sleepy feeling. But Fog didn't whisper in their ears like water did, like That Papa, so Lethe pushed on. Weary in eyes, they used their nose, not failing them yet. Searching, still for that sharp-sweet fresh scent. *Allmine 13. Where are you?*

**Summary:** Lethe agrees to go back to the Den with the Others, and suggests that they be quiet to avoid getting caught. They search for 13 in the fog.

Rolls: Perception (x2)

Creature Perception Result: 20

13 Perception Result: 4

Action: Lethe uses their eyes to try and keep a lookout for the beasts, and their nose to find 13.

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