

THE BASIN

The Basin is a flat, valley-like dip, backed up against the highest stretch of riverbank. The centre of the Basin is layered thick with Creeper Moss, making the ground markedly soft and inviting, though incredibly dangerous, to lounge on for long periods. That said, the softness of the ground, and the shelter provided in rocky overhangs along the edges, may provide a safe area to spar, roughhouse, and take rest from poor weather. At the edges of the Basin are large, rocky steps, free of Creeper Moss, that might act as good lookout spots. These steps seem to absorb heat, and, though uncomfortable to rest on for long periods, may offer aching bones temporary reprieve during daylight hours. During the night, or periods of rainfall, the rocks become inhospitable. There are dangers lurking amongst the shadowy crags, and the smooth surface of the stones may prove slippery.

STATS

Current Time: **NIGHT**

Current Temp: 72°F / 22°C

Current Weather: **CLOUDY - FOG**

Current Events: N/A

FLORA

- Creeper Moss

FAUNA

- ???

OBSERVATIONS

- Ground slippery in RAIN.
- Dangerous at NIGHT.
- Creeper Moss dangerous to eat or rest in.

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

- Healing/Resting on Sun Rocks/Steps
- Sparring on Moss
- Building Stamina, Speed and Strength
- Exploring Rocky Overhangs

NIGHT 2

SUB-LOCATION: ABATTOIR

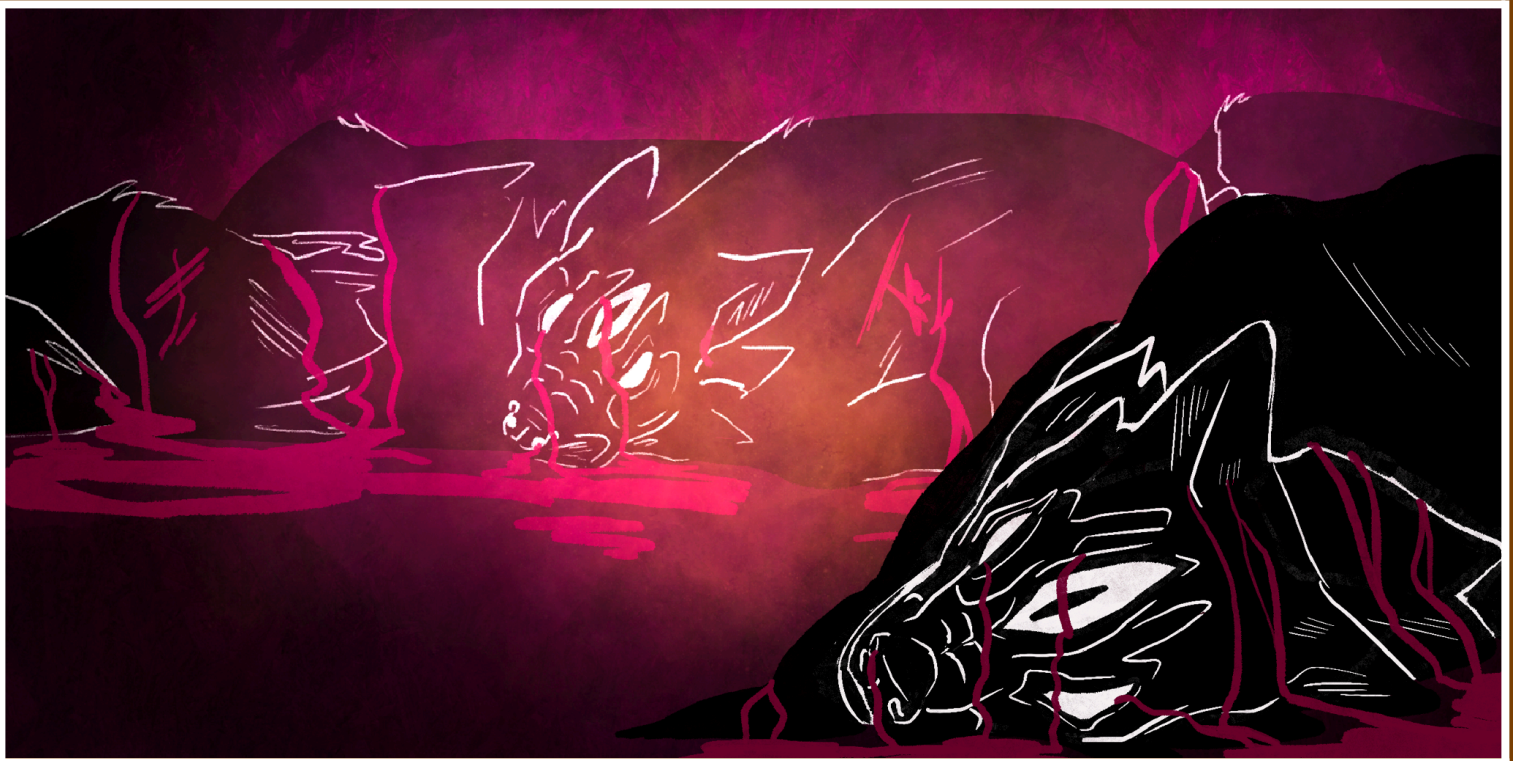
A dark, putrid hollow overlooking the steepest riverbank, hidden from plain sight by the steps, and surrounded by loose rubble - as if a huge creature dug straight through the rock.

The blood leading the way marks the entrance in great, wide paw prints and very carefully painted lines. All cats present at the entrance will taste a fizzles on their tongue, sharp and biting, and a faint rumble through the fine hairs on their paws.

An echo of some deep, roaring voice lingers there, as if resonating through the ground, trapped in the stone itself. Carved into permanence, just like this deep, dark tunnel. The voice speaks no words that they understand, but the message seems clear. Their hackles will rise, and bile will bite at their throats.

There is death in this place, and something worse beneath the ground.

Dare you enter?



NIGHT 2 EVENT:

THE FOG

The shift is devastatingly sudden.

The air hisses and pops as the temperature within the Basin rises, sweltering and breath-stealing. From within the opening of the Abattoir, the stink of death blossoms into an acrid burn.

With the Above drained of colour, and the Basin illuminating with a million tiny blue Creeper Moss flowers, it seems it should be beautiful.... But it isn't.

There is something else here, lurking below the ground, just waiting to come out and drag all of those remaining within the Basin down into the Abattoir, to gut and eat them.

Whatever is here stirs, and the tiny flowers brighten into sharp pin pricks. A thick fog rolls in from the river, obscuring the Basin into a lightshow, and turning the flowers into a blinding minefield, as the moss surges up into more eager life, tendrils climbing, reaching, *wrapping* around paws, to try and drag any who remain still too long down, where it can strangle and bury them alive.

Anyone brave enough to remain here must *keep moving*, and do so *quietly*, in order not to get hurt.

EVENT RULES

- You may be part of this Event, and all others on Side 1 of the River, provided that your protagonist has not crossed the river in the Beach Group doc during Day 2. You *cannot* be in any docs on Side 2 if this is the case.
- All protags within the Event **MUST** use an action roll every single post, in order to safely evade all of the dangers of the Basin. Be warned: awaken the beast within the Abattoir, and it **will fight back to the death**.
- All who write 3 or more posts in this location by morning will earn a commemorative Stamp (yes, yes, they *are* on their way).

Eclipse

[he / him / they / them]

[Reply 1 — WC: 331 — [App](#) — [Stat Sheet](#)]

[IW: x — M: x]

Eclipse noticed a paw print. Bigger than his own. Bigger than two of his paws really.

Something *big* was out here.

But what *is* it?

It had to be larger than any of them as Cats.

Perhaps it could be a huge cat? But that would not make sense. He was not sure what to make of the giant print. Maybe someone else had noticed it too?

And then a very sudden shift in the area. And the Above drained of color so suddenly he had to blink to make sure it had actually *happened*, and the plants illuminated the area with a soft glowing blue. It should be pretty, but for him, here? It was not. The air seemed to hiss and pop as heat rose.

It felt like, for whatever reason, that something was lurking here. And the giant paw print did not help with this creeping feeling. But what could it possibly *be*? It could not be the Foul Terror-Beast....

...But could it really not be? It possibly *could* be. But he doubted it.

But he was not going to throw out the possibility of it. Or it could be a different kind of Beast or Being. Being Beast. He quickly started to make his way to the edge of the Basin, towards where he thought a foul smell was coming from, but tried to do it **quietly**. A thick gloom had settled over the area, making the lights bright, and obscuring one's Vision. He was not curious about the soft ground any longer, as it seemed to grow, to reach out to lazily standing paws.

He did not want to find out what would happen if he stood still for longer than a Drip Drip of water like back in Rip's Cave. **So he scurried over to where the rocks were and tried to quickly and quietly climb them.** He was curious, but he was going to be cautious about what was lurking here.

: roll type: Climbing

-- protagon stat: 14 (-1 debuff) = 13

: roll result: 19 & 9

: roll proof: [Link!](#)

: description of action: Eclipse scurries over to the rocks and tries to quickly and quietly climb them.

And he is successful in his attempt to climb off of the ground! And he spotted Others now.

[Eclipse is curious, but trying to be cautious in climbing the rocks to get away from the Creeper Moss (wtf creeper moss).]



Orli • She/Her

Orli was unprepared for the sudden descent of night. Though she'd seen it before, it still came swift, without warning.

This night brought its own surprises as well. Inconsistent, as in the nature of the Unknown, the air got hot around her. A strange sizzle spread through it, and the darkness itself was thicker than before. Like the white space, the area grew clouded, obscuring her surroundings.

Orli stood close by Hineni, nervously looking out at the changes the night brought. They'd run out of time. If Hineni's plan was to be executed, they'd need to do it quickly. But in the night, Orli was more concerned with leaving safely.

"Almost?" She raised her voice to carry to the crevice she'd directed Almost to, but restrained from shouting. She paused, listening for any sounds of distress. It was probably still safer to remain hidden. But, if Almost need return to them before they finished, she could follow her voice.

"I can hardly see..." Orli complained to Hineni, voice once again lowered. "Some stones around here are loose, maybe we can slide one over if for a door. I'll check for ones we can push in."

Orli took a careful step around the edge of the hollow, and as she moved forward, she nearly tripped. Something was yanking on her paw. Little glowing flowers revealed the culprit. Moss, she now saw it curling towards her other feet. **"Watch your step, the moss is clinging."**

Heeding her own advice, Orli moved forward in slow, steady steps. She pulled herself away from the clinging moss and climbed across the rocks which surrounded the hollow's entrance. Most rock was solid, part of the ground. But, as she pulled herself across them, she tested them, searching for loose ones and exploring their dimensions with her paws.

She searched for one flat and wide to block the entrance, like the Locksmith door, but kept note of any loose rocks they might be able to use.

[1 post • 329 words]

Climbing: 11 • Orli climbs away from the moss and works her way around the edges of the hollow. As she pulls herself across the rocks, she explores them with her paws, checking their dimension and stability. She takes note of any rocks that are loose enough to be pushed, and specifically feels around for any which are wide and flat like a door as she climbs.

Orli calls out to Almost when night descends, pausing to listen for sounds of distress. She decides to try to proceed with Hineni's plan and try to quickly seal off the hollow before leaving. She notices the clinging moss, and warns Hineni to watch her step before climbing around the hollow's edge in search of usable rocks.



He/him ♦♦♦ Post: 1/? ♦♦♦ Word Count: 312

Simon didn't hear anything that would direct him to the search party, no. But he DID hear something that rattled him down to his very Being. Deep, foreboding, ominous and terrifying, it was a Voice of magnitude and unexplainable severity. Simon couldn't even start trying to comprehend it, or how it had seemed to resonate both around and in him, physically. Fur on end, the older cat leapt to his paws as he looked around him in a jarred circle. Where had that come from? What even was that, in any case? It was nothing he recognized as the Voice of a Here-- or even the noises of the Shadow cats! But the longer he waited for any sign or repeat of the unknown Noise, the less certain he was of anything.

Deep breaths, Simon. Deep breaths. He was sitting there, focusing on ridding himself of his new case of the jigglepaws, when night came.

Sensing the shift of light behind his eyelids, Simon peeked them open and felt his fur fluff up all over again. The night cycle was speeding up the crawling moss around him, and he watched as it began to climb and consume the rock slab he'd stationed himself on. Thinking of Evelyn and Red, he hopped clear to another patch of rock, but he knew it was a matter of time before it reached here, too. He knew he could walk on it, and had no issues

normally, but the rate it was eating the spaces around him and growing... It was unnerving. Or maybe he was just still frazzled by the unknown Noise.

Either way, Simon decided it didn't matter. Noise or moss, there was no point in staying here any longer. He only hoped, as he loped across the moss with surprising speed for his usual gait, that any Other Heres would also vacate soon.

♥♥♥♥♥♥

Summary: Simon is spooked, and races away and out of the Basin as night falls with surprising haste.

Interacting w/: N/A

Mentioning: Hineni and her group

Roll: (Agility: 11) 19

[SIMON HAS LEFT THE BASIN???

HINENI | application | stat sheet | she/her

HINENI tries her best to memorise the sounds, but they are so entirely alien to her, that she has no hope at all. What she will be able to recall, however, is the deep, rumbling effect of it, and the unnatural, two-tone cadence as the voice - or perhaps, voices - shift.

They ran out of light. Her mind still was working on how to process the voice - voices? *How can one be two like that? Is that why it is so deep within the ground?* - when night came and every thought stilled to nothingness. She remembered what happened last time here, what she heard - and now she *knew* what they were trying to avoid.

And she was standing at its entrance.

Run.

The sensations of night caressed her container till it tightened with *danger*. Hot air piled onto the cloying scent of blood and death from the Deep till it burned as the water had when it forced its way in. Hineni inhaled and exhaled low and heavy, willing her beat to **slow down** so she could focus. It didn't particularly work but it gave her mind time to sort through the fear creeping in.

They would get out, she had said that already. She wouldn't endanger her companions, these two brave Truths who only wanted to make the unknown known too.

What is the point of searching out the unknown if it leads to danger, huh? She thought, glaring down into the dark Deep as if it would answer her without the danger it teased. *I want to know, to keep them safe. I refuse to hide away from you. We will put a door here.*

"Some stones around here are loose, maybe we can slide one over if for a door. I'll check for ones we can push in."

“**Good idea,**” Hineni whispered back, gaze turning from the dark to examine the stones as well. She remembered what the loose stones looked like on the statue - or rather knew more by touch, since she had to climb up it in a similar sort of dark as this night was becoming.

"Watch your step, the moss is clinging."

Moss? She examined the moss curiously, paws suddenly creeping to whatever stone was available before stepping with heavier steps over whatever moss had climbed up here with renewed purpose.

No, I won't be afraid of this either, Hineni thought, we have to keep the rest safe here. Cackling shadows and two-part voices are worse than moss.

Her paws tested the stones closest to the Deep, using little pushes as if to climb them; the climbing had seemed to use the most of her strength, and this would have to as well. She wanted ones like those tails were, fragile but still large enough to keep anything from the Deep from pushing it aside.

When she finds one suitable, Hineni whispers a shout as quiet as she can to Orli and Almost, "I'm trying this one," and gives a shove, attempting to block up the hole.

post & word count: 1 & 453

dice rolls: Strength 15 [\[here\]](#)

summary: Frustrated by night coming so quickly, Hineni sorts her thoughts as quick as she can. She recognizes they need to go, but refuses to let this danger hole continue to threaten their existence here. She starts to test the rocks for one to push in, and when finding one she thinks will work, lets Orli and Almost know what she's doing, and pushes on the rock.

✂ Almost - - -
{ She/her - 434 Words - post 1 }

It seemed, just as she found herself nestled in between the rocks, the world grew dark. Despite the ebbing warmth around her, there was no comfort here. The pale molly turned her head towards the ground, her eyes brimming with thoughtless tears. Her body was so restless. It yearned to burst free from this crevice and steal the two she-cats away. To rip them away from anything that may harm them. To bury her teeth in their scruffs and tug, to pull them apart, to stash their forms within her own. These intrusive thoughts overtook her, dawning on her as all light drained from the surrounding area. It seemed to dwindle on the petals of tiny flowers, blooming within the same moss that had threatened to consume her. Almost's eyes centered carefully on those blooms, marveling at the sea of lights, a blessing to draw her mind away from other dangers.

As those lights twinkled in her vision, reflecting in beautiful hues that saturated her sallow gaze- a thought dawned on her. *Perhaps, dangerous things can be soft and beautiful too.* A bubble of hope pulsed through her heart, her cheeks growing warm. *It is bad and it is wrong.. but it can be good.* Satisfied with such an idea, she perched her head on her shoulders. 13 didn't know- she couldn't see this garden like she could- "Almost?"

Her entire body jolted in attention to the voice. Were they in trouble? Did they need her? She lurched to her paws with all the speed she could muster, only to find tendrils of moss grasping around her paws. Instinctively, she ripped her dainty paw away, clutching it close to her chest. Those blue flowers that she had been watching earlier- they looked sharp- until the fog consumed them whole. Quickly, she moved forward, stumbling out from her hole and glancing towards the cavernous gap. Almost felt as if the world was slowing as the urgency of the situation materialized before her very eyes. "Hineni- Orli- Please..."

She watched as the two she-cats grabbed around the stones, threatening to push them in and fill the hole. It was an honorable endeavor- but it wasn't worth their lives. If a pebble fell in and happened upon the beast inside... Surely, they would be ripped and scattered and reduced to nothing but cores. Her voice was oh-so quiet, but moved through the air with great urgency. "We must go, we must run- This place is not safe-" Images of her teammates, broken and battered from the Locksmith, haunted her mind. "The unknown can wait until the light returns."

Rolls: - Action { Reaction Time = 12 - [Proof](#) }

Summary: Almost contemplates duality from the comfort of her crevice while her companions face the unknown. At Orli's call, she gets up, only to notice the dangerous moss and looming fog. She tries to persuade them to leave with her.

Orli • She/Her

[ORLI climbs, pat-pat-patting at every rock as she goes, trying to staying moving while searching out a way of blocking off the Abattoir. In the first endeavour, she is successful, insomuch as she doesn't slip off the steps and straight down the tunnel of doom. In the second endeavour, she is... less successful. Somehow, she struggles to find loose rocks large enough to cover the hole. But then, ORLI supposes, that should be a given, considering the sheer size of the hole. It's big enough that even the Locksmith would find it a spacious enough fit! And, hey... there's an idea! What if this has something to do with the Locksmith?!]

Orli turned away from the best rock she'd found. It just wouldn't do. She looked over to see Hineni, who was trying to move her own rock. That one looked large, it might even be big enough to cover the massive hole. But it seemed perhaps, too big to move.

Thinking of doors and the Locksmith, Orli remembered how the Locksmith was trapped behind a door too small. But the Locksmith was large, and strong, had *she* carved out the ground? Made her own path out?

Orli paused. **"...I don't think this is going to work."** She approached Hineni, placing her own paw on the big and sturdy rock. **"Whatever was strong enough to break through the ground could shift our door just as easily."**

She frowned at the hole, unsure what else to do. The thought of the Locksmith entering the garden made Orli uneasy. Despite their deal, she did not truly trust the Locksmith. What if she stole the other cats limbs? What if they had to fight again?

Orli was tired of fighting.

"Hineni- Orli- Please..."

She turned to see Almost appear from the fog, stumbling towards them.

"We must go, we must run- This place is *not safe*-" "The unknown can wait until the light returns."

The door would not work. Orli had little reason to stay, and both instinct and Almost urging her to go.

Yet, she paused a moment longer. There were no fast approaching bellows across the river, nothing besides themselves. And the hole, certainly dangerous, but unchanged since day. She would leave, but did not feel the same urgency. At least... she had to know.

"A moment longer .. Almost ... look at the size of this hole. Do you think it was dug out by the Locksmith?"

She dared draw close to its lip again, using elevation to draw away from the blood which clouded her senses. Each paw was carefully placed to keep her movements controlled, steady, and quiet. She drew close enough to get a better picture.

[2 posts • 447 words]

Dexterity: 13 • Orli uses dexterity to carefully draw close to the lip again in search of any clues.

Orli realizes the door isn't practical and tells Hineni. She's inclined to follow Almost, but steals another moment to investigate the hollow, wanting answers. Could the Locksmith really be here?

Eclipse

[he / him / they / them]

[Reply 2 — WC: 373 — [App](#) — [Stat Sheet](#)]

[IW: Hineni, Orli, Almost — M: x]

He was successful in his attempt to run and climb away from the soft grounds below, climbing up the rocks, towards where Other Cats were, though that was unknown to him that there were Others here, besides Simon who he had seen run out. What had the Other experienced? Either way, he sped up the rock, eager to get away from the grabbing bunches of the soft ground. Why did it want them?

He did not like the thick white gloom that hung over this place now either. It was too much of something that was not a comfort. And it made the plant's lights much too bright.

And then he saw Others, gathered around a deeply dark opening in the rocks. Th'Orli, *or Orli*, Hieni, the leader of the five together? He thought he remember her name as, and one of the cat's who he knew touched a Marking, but did not know their name, but she had a sharp looking foot. And it looked like they were searching for rocks? Searching for rocks near the Opening? Are they trying to cover the Opening hole? And some of the Others were alittle bit inside of it.


Eclipse.... was not sure what to make of this Unknown Place. He was not sure why he felt the need to keep quiet, but he felt it should be acknowledged, of importance. Whatever it was, had to be within that Opening that everyone now was near. **“What do you think is inside?”** he asked, quietly, as he slowly approached, He was not sure what he thought of the Unknown that must reside within, **“Could it be the source of big paw prints?”** He thought that could be a reasonable assumption, since whatever it was had to be nearby. Or had been nearby.

He tried to climb a little bit around the opening, he felt like something could have watched others from the Opening, but without being seen. Was there a spot like that here?

<p>roll type: Climbing</p> <p>-- protag stat: 14 (-1 debuff) = 13</p> <p>roll result: 20 8-10</p> <p>roll proof: Link!</p> <p>description of action: Eclipse tries to find any little hiding spot from near or Above the Opening, where something or Someone could have watched others from in the area.</p>	
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And then there is a larger space, set as if it were meant to look over the river beyond, as well as the tunnel down into the darkness. It's a sharp drop down and it is unsettling, how could *anything* settle here?

[Eclipse finds the Others in the area, near or Above the Opening, and asks a thing. He then tries to find any little hiding spot from above the Opening, where something or Someone could have watched others from in the area.]

 **HINENI** | [application](#) | [stat sheet](#) | she/her

HINENI gives a rock she thinks might suffice a mighty shove. It... barely shifts, mostly because its about twenty times larger than her.

Her chosen rock certainly felt right for the task, her paws and then even her shoulder pushing against it to force it to move for her. Instead of it moving though, Hineni's own back paws skidded backwards. Before she could give another attempt, Orli's voice piped up, staring at the rock Hineni had found.

"...I don't think this is going to work. Whatever was strong enough to break through the ground could shift our door just as easily."

Then Almost added her thoughts, voice far shakier than Orli's. The dark, it seemed, held more fear for the light one.

"This place is not safe [...] The unknown can wait until the light returns."

Hineni scowled. A deep brightness pushed at her chest in place of the fears her Others were sharing. She glared up at the stone, and past it to the entrance with every piece of frustration that wanted to boil over. Orli was right. If a creature could carve the earth like this, it *would* move any door they could place and the effort would be wasted. The temper flared stronger as she kept thinking. They were so... so **small** against the forces of this world. The Many Hunters had gathered to be larger than the cats; the Riddler was larger, the Locksmith was larger. The waters, Wallow, were larger than them too.

I want to be large, she thought, purposefully exhaling each piece of temper till she couldn't taste its red on her tongue anymore. She gave that back - and it wouldn't help here anyways if she hadn't. *Bigger than Halo-lota. I want to move stones with ease, protect these Truths, take away their fears of things larger than us wanting to harm us.*

I will be. Hineni decided. *For them, I will be large.*

"Okay," She agreed, gaze looking at the gathered two - three?

"What do you think is inside? Could it be the source of big paw prints?"

When did he appear? She didn't recognize whoever it was, but he had recognized to be quiet of this strange place at least, voice as low as the rest of them spoke in.

"A large creature certainly," Hineni agreed, quick to fill in this newcomer on what they had found. **"A Hunter, going by the blood Orli and Almost found leading us up here. It speaks with a ground-deep voice that has two different tones to it. But it is only one hunter we believe."** *And it's trying to scare us, but we won't let it succeed.*

"I do not want to leave without attempting to keep it down there." Her frown returned, trying to think of what else they could use. Scanning the area, there was nothing but rock and that moss - which, since she had been standing still again, started to curl over her toes once more. Hineni started to shake her paws free, then stopped.

Oh, would that work?

Aware they had to move quickly, **Hineni extended her sharps, tearing out chunks of moss around her while she shared her plan, and questions, to the gathered cats.** **"Does the moss still creep when separated from the ground? We could throw some down there. Maybe it will eat that instead of us - or it will creep all over the shadows down there and make a moss door."**

Maybe it could eat through the moss, but the moss was far easier for them to move. She wasn't going to leave without causing *some* sort of issue for this Hunter. It scared her friends. It scared her Together. Would this be enough to scare what was down there too? Maybe. She had to try at least.

post & word count: 2 & 608

dice rolls: Hunting 10 [[here](#)][[here](#)]

summary: The lack of movement in the rock, and her friend's fear makes Hineni grumpy over how small the cats were compared to everything else in their world. She agrees to give up on the rock door plan, but before trying to figure out another idea, a newcomer distracts her. She answers Eclipse's questions, then as she's freeing herself from the moss, a new idea springs up. She's unwilling to leave without trying *something* and decides chucking some moss down there could maybe work.

✂ Almost - - -
{ She/her - 655 Words - post 2 }

"A moment longer... Almost... look at the size of this hole. Do you think it was dug out by the Locksmith?"

A chill ran down the entirety of Almost's body. Her eyes danced anxiously over Orli's face, her maw growing slack as she considered the possibility. Was it possible? She glanced around the jagged, rough edges of the orifice and found herself picturing that slithering form. Her maw withdrew in a thousand wrinkles, her eyes squinting at the thought, her whole body tensing up. Oh, how she'd come to despise thieves most of all- and it started with *her*. This hole was certainly sizable enough to hold the many-legged fiend, but the overwhelming sense of dread told her otherwise. Despite their differing viewpoints, they had left the Locksmith's chamber in somewhat-amicable conditions. Surely, if the beast laid inside, this overwhelming fear would not be present? They'd already ripped her to pieces afterall- she was as close to death as any of them. They could conquer her- yes, absolutely- the Locksmith was nothing to them. **"P-perhaps- I-"**

She tip-toed a step or two closer, peering down into the depths. If that wicked-thief did lay within, she would have no problem with reclaiming her rightful limb. But inside, the notion reverberated; The Locksmith was not the one crying within. That piercing and ringing voice was one that she would never forget. Suddenly, another voice cut through, one that wasn't familiar at all. Her hackles raised, her entire body being flung back a step as she swung her head around. A tall dark tom stood, one that she hadn't particularly noticed before. His hues were darker than she'd seen before on any cat, but his eyes cut through so strikingly. The pale molly stood at attention, her features relaxing as she wrote him off as harmless. Or at least- harmless in comparison to whatever rumbled from beneath.

"Dark-one, you shan't have came- There is danger here- *absolution beneath*." She muttered in warning, the desperation in her tone clear. Quickly, she turned back to Orli, her eyes widening into two pleading globes. **"Please Orli, I do not wish- I do not wish to bury you- you are precious to me!"** Almost felt tears stinging, but she held back the impulse to blink them away. She couldn't spare a single glance from her companions lest she lose them to the ravenous hole. **"Hineni, Dark-one-"** Her anxious voice was quickly cut short by their leader's bold tone. It was just a quiet as before but carried a resolution that halted her shaking entirely. **"I do not want to leave without attempting to keep it down there."**

Genius. Although her heart hammered so erratically that she could barely think, she nodded her head. Hineni always seemed to have her core in the best place. She knew what decisions to make and how to protect them- to protect them *all*. She was "good" and "right", perhaps the first that she'd ever witnessed in fullness. Less also shared that title. He carried ingenuity and compassion for everyone. This 13 would adore these ones, surely, she would fill her gaze with their virtuous forms and take them in so deeply. Her claws instinctively rasped against the stone beneath her. But as Hineni began to swing at the moss, a hint of relief flashed in her temperate gaze. Even their best leader had a sharp, dangerous side- she watched with bated breath as the other tore into the moss. She could watch this for a long time, perhaps in the absence of time, outside of all conceivable measures.

Flustered once more, she batted her eyes, a few tears dribbling down her cheeks before she moved back. **She lifted her unsightly talon and swung towards the moss underfoot, aiming to rip it from the ground.** This had to work- it absolutely must. They didn't have any other options. Something within the frail-she cried out; They were running out of time.

Rolls: - Fighting { 17,4 - [Proof](#) }

Summary: Almost considers how powerful they were in comparison to the Locksmith, but has her doubts that she currently inhabits this hole. She tries one more time to convince the others to leave before giving into Hineni's plan.

It's probably because she's so pretty, not going to lie.



Orli • She/Her

Orli glanced behind her when she heard a new voice. Eclipse.

A friend, hopefully, but someone else to worry about. She turned back to the hole, stepping closer to peer inside.

[ORLI tries to judge the hole from an angle, but is not dexterous enough to avoid slipping, and catching her nose in a thick, rancid smear of blood. It is sticky, as if it's been drying for a long time, and it smothers ORLI's sense of smell and taste. She will wish to spit furiously in order to get any tiny traces from her mouth. Her mind will scream: *Do not eat! Do not eat!*]

Orli squeezed her eyes shut, jerking her head back. She restrained herself, her whole body tensing, to prevent a more dramatic reaction. She needed to be careful, controlled.

Eyes squinting open, she righted herself to a crouch. She wiped her nose off across the fur on her chest and shoulder. It wasn't ideal, but it cleared away the blood.

Behind her, Hineni discussed a new plan. To toss the moss into the hole? She missed some of her words, reeling from the blood.

"Please Orli, I do not wish- I do not wish to bury you- you are precious to me!"

Orli looked at Almost with wide eyes. The feeling of being... *precious*. It rushed up within her, tugging her-

A shimmer of light flew past her.

She froze, watching. Moss, torn from the ground by Almost. Flung forth into the dark depths. It went down, down, down. Then, it disappeared, leaving only darkness. *"It's... so deep."*

Orli stood at the ledge. Terribly close to the unseen depths which tumbled deep into the Unknown. She drew back hastily, towards Almost.

"I am Here. Do not worry, no one will be buried." She wasn't sure if a little flicker of moss could do anything in that expanse of darkness. But Almost was right, they should run. She wanted to get far away from this place.

"Hineni, Eclipse, let's return to the Ferns and warn the others of this."

She jerked her paws away from the clinging moss and began her descent, away from the hollow. She paused to check if the others were following, then broke into a run, staying close to Almost.

[3 posts • 378 words]

Stamina: 9 • Orli flees the Basin.

Orli watches the light from the moss fall deep into the hollow. She pulls back from it and reassured Almost. She suggests the group return to the Fern Grove to warn others of this discovery, and sets off. [Exit]

Eclipse

[Wordy Other]

[he / him / they / them]

[Reply 3 — WC: 309 — [App](#) — [Stat Sheet](#)]

[**IW:** Hineni — **M:** Almost, Orli]

His ears perked up as the Gray Other spoke, responding to his question. A Hunter, going by blood they found.

“A Hunter, going by the blood Orli and Almost found leading us up here. It speaks with a ground-deep voice that has two different tones to it. But it is only one hunter we believe.” Interesting, how something could have different tones, sounds to one Voice, if it even was one. Hopefully it was just one as the Gray Other believed. And nodded at her mention of not wanting to leave until they attempted to keep whatever was down there, from coming up *Here*. As the Gray Other started digging up the soft ground, and the one with the sharp paw spoke too, saying that *he shan't have came*. Perhaps there was danger here, but where was there *not* really danger? Besides where Red and Cream, Evelyn, were buried beneath the ground with glowing Markings signifying their resting place. And then she pleaded at Orli to leave, saying she was precious to her.

And the soft ground that was thrown into the tunnel lit it up, and it went down *down down*. Until it seemed to sizzle brighter and *brighter* until it fizzled out. Leaving only darkness in its end. And as he looked back, the soft ground seemed to be trying to hold onto the Gray Other. He almost shouted, but he held it back, due to how this place seemed to need *silence*.

He cautiously and quickly approached the Gray Other and extended his sharps and tried to carefully slash at the soft ground, hoping to free the Other. She did not deserve to be *eaten* by the soft ground, no no *no*. She seemed a capable Cat if she was a Leader. He remembered she had mentioned being a leader previously in the burial grounds, right?

roll type:	Strength Base
-- protag stat:	7 (-1 debuff) = 6
roll result:	13
roll proof:	Link!
description of action: Eclipse tries to slash at the soft glowing ground moss with his claws, to try to free the Gray Other (Hineni).	

[Words!]

[Eclipse watches the soft glowing ground go into the tunnel, down down down, and then tries to free the Gray Other from the soft glowing ground moss.]

HINENI | [application](#) | [stat sheet](#) | she/her

Her sharps latch into the moss as Almost extends her own - using that new limb of hers to tear pieces free - and Hineni's gaze turns to watch with subconscious curiosity. It flies free, expanding the darkness that felt so dangerous before into a tangible proof of yes it was in fact that dangerous. A shudder rippled down her spine at the confirmation. Even the moss and its light couldn't banish all that darkness.

Oh, but it certainly tried.

She watched as it grew brighter, and brighter despite getting further and further away, some sort of sizzle to its edges when it was at the very cusp of what they could see. Then it went out. Had it reached a depth they could not see to? Did

the two-toned Hunter find their attempt? Or was it really just... that *dark*. The last one felt most likely - though, perhaps with her moss, they could confirm -

HINENI tries to claw the Moss up to throw into the hole, but is deeply unsettled to find that instead, it turns on her! It clings to and writhes around her paws, weighing down her forelegs. She must shake it off, or risk being swallowed whole!

Ah! Hineni jolted, her weight ready to flee suddenly clamped down to the ground, the moss moving and curling and holding her down. *No!* Her beat doubled, tripled, till it was the only thing worth listening to. **All her sharps came out, slashing and pulling upwards to get free.**

No, no, no I refuse! A low hiss escaped her bared teeth as she glared down at the moss. *Get off! You will not hold me for the Two-Toned Hunter. Nor for your own use. We have to warn the others of this! I have to keep them safe!*

Only did her panic wane when the new other - Eclipse, is that what Orli said before she left? - joined in freeing her, their sharps hitting where hers flailed.

Together, her breath whispered to her beat, attempting to calm it with short puffs of air in and out. *Together we will be okay. You're not being left behind, see? Eclipse is here.*

I'll believe it when the moss is off of me, her beat answered.

post & word count: 3 & 371

dice rolls: Strength 19 [[here](#)][[here](#)]

summary: Hineni watches the moss Almost throws with interest, but is disappointed when it doesn't seem to do anything that they can see. Before she can throw her own moss in, it clamps around her, and panics her in a new fun way! Eclipse helping her settles some fears, but not enough. She scrambles to get free.

*✂ Almost - - -
{ She/her - 613 Words - post 3 }*

"I am Here. Do not worry, no one will be buried."

Almost leaned into that sweet reassurance, a flicker of relief crossing her expression. Orli had given way. As the weight of the fog settled between her ears, her eyes drooped, daring to flicker shut right then and there. But even though she wobbled, her beacon was brazen and beautiful. The frail-she watched as the striped-leader-- no, there were two here- *her* precious-one- began moving away from the chasm. Joy doubled and tripled in her chest, drawing circles within her core, as they made their escape. Her paws were moving without thought. Almost's eyes were faithfully trained on Orli's back as they started to run.

The she-cat had given her so much. A light, a warmth, a companion, a savior, a leader- her cheeks grew flushed. Her breathlessness, in part, could be attributed to her pace. But it was also the overwhelming *awe* that she felt as she gazed at Orli's form. In the face of the Locksmith, she had been a force unbridled. Here too, she reigned victorious, guiding the pale molly's weak steps like no other. It was a beauty unmatched. Wait- she blinked her eyes in a frenzy, drawn out of her trance. Wasn't 13 her most beheld? The most beautiful creature? How did she compare to Orli- how could she possibly place the two together? She quickly turned her head away, her thoughts frantically dancing between the two ladies. But then, out of the corner of her gaze, a struggling form.

Almost felt her entire body shudder to a halt. Her head craned over her shoulders, eyes growing wider with each heartbeat. The world slowed to a stop. She didn't feel as Orli continued forward. She didn't feel anything at all. Not as she witnessed Hineni in her panic. What had she done? Pain pulsed onto Almost's expression, tears begging to spill, her teeth gritting in regret. Something's spotted form, dashing forward into the expansive unknown- *without her*. The pale-she turned and threw her *everything* towards Hineni, her core open and vulnerable for all to see. **"HINENI!"** She screeched, the air wiping her tears away effortlessly. She had abandoned someone. She left them in the same, terrible, agonizing state that she'd come to

know so well. ***"HINENI, I AM-"*** She couldn't find the words. Not as exhaustion raked through, not as her lungs struggled to heave.

Her body was so *tired*, unnaturally so, and it grew heavier with every step. But she refused to give in. Not yet, not when she'd left someone behind.

*You gave yourselves to death's embrace, you sacrificed your chance
to babble on and save yourself.. why now act so askance?
I took from you what was free to take; these consequences earned.
If you wish for a new deal to make, you must give first in return.*

The Locksmith's wretched voice thrummed within. Perhaps, she was returning again to death's embrace. It was as if the Locksmith's body was coiling around her once more, consuming her more, grappling at her with hundreds of touches. This weight was not foreign to her. But she continued on, rapturous determination on her features, as she trudged through fog and moss. **"We will be brave!"** She warbled, her voice ringing high, just as before in the cave. Even when impending doom loomed over her. Not a single one of them was to be sacrificed. **Bearing her talon high, she brought it down once more at the moss climbing Hineni's limbs.** Hineni, too, was fighting it with a ferocity unmatched.

Whatever consequence she would have to face, it was worth it. To see this striped-leader, to see her triumph in all her beauty- she would suffer again and again and again.

Rolls: - Fighting { 16, ~~12~~- Proof }

Summary: Almost oogles at Orli as they make their escape, only to realize she's condemning a companion to her greatest agony. She turns around and runs back towards Hineni and Eclipse, recalling the bitter words of the Locksmith, before **striking the moss around Hineni's paws with her talon.**