

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: 61°F / 16°C

Current Weather: **CLEAR**

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

[RETURN TO THE FIRST DAY]

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THE FIRST NIGHT

There is a beat of silence, after the darkness falls.

And then, from somewhere on the other side of the River, at their backs, a sharp, high sound warbles through the air, splitting the night in two.

A second cry, further away, in answer.

A third.

A fourth.

There is something on the other side of the river. What if it finds a way across? What if it catches all of the cats, while they are out here, trapped in the Basin?

It is not safe. *It is not safe.*

The protagonists must decide, now, whether to run for safety... or whether to stay, and risk their own hides, to remain out at night.

THIS 13

she/her | post 1

There was no shame in admitting that, when the day flickered away into night, 13 was at all displeased. The spongy moss below, soft and dull, glittered and shone, precious in a way that reminded her, almost feverishly, of her *dream*, her *vision*. Around her neck, her precious, dream-returning pendant swung, weighing her down in reality, even as thoughts of ‘stars, those are stars, and they were once up in the Above,’ echoed through her head.

Distracted from the raised voices, and the upset - the fighting and that bitter taste of tears lingering in the back of her throat where she had forced herself to cry, 13 stumbled out into the moss on her broken paw, breathless with each stab of pain. She could feel the pebbled beneath her toes, shifting and cold. She could hear the crash of waves. Alone on her beach, just her and the stars and that pale, glowing blue beast before her.

Swaying with the force of the memory, she tilted her head back, turned her eyes up to the expanse of the Above, and-

Nothing. No stars. Just a bare expanse, oily and crawling. The imprint of the moss-flowers layered itself over her vision, and still, she stared, willing them to split through the inkiness and to form into bright white spots. She thought of Here Abram, and her ears flicked. Her eyes watered. Was he seeing this too? Was he remembering? Why had she not asked him about their pendants, *why*-

And then, a high, warbling shriek split the night. And a second. A third. A fourth. 13's fur rose on end at that unnatural cry. Memories of the Island shifted into memories of the Riddler's maze. Snow, and white-hot agony, moving shadows, gnashing teeth.

Her Heres. Some creature out there, it was hunting them. No. No. She would not allow it.

Raising her broken left forepaw, 13 spun on the spot, her eyes searching out the only pair in this place that she knew and trusted. Here Solomon. She knew he would understand, for they had been here together before. They must urge the Heres away, prioritise their safety. *UsAllHeres above the Theres. And the Precious Few above the Heres.*

“Here Voiceful is right! WeAll must leave this now! Put inner hurts behind! Leave the wailing and the fighting, leave it all! We protect the AllHeres, or we are dirt.” And in case that was not enough incentive, 13 curled her upper lip, flattened her ears, and hissed, **“This 13 says find shelter! Move!”**

With that, she sucked in a breath, and ran as best she could to Perhaps-Allmine Here Solomon's side. Made breathless by the short distance, and lightheaded besides, she brushed her crown to his shoulder. **“WeTwo together in this, Allmine Here Solomon. You have This 13's backing, yes. In this place as in There Eyeful's Maze.”**

WORD COUNT:

477

ROLLS:

SUMMARY:

13 is lost momentarily in memories of her Vision (thanks vision pendant), but is snapped out of it upon hearing the cries, and understanding Hineni's words. Recalling the Maze, she turns to Solomon, knowing he is her greatest ally in keeping all of the Here's safe. She does what she can to direct them all to safety.

**Orli • She/Her**

Orli listened intently to Hineni. It seemed at first, she hoped for what could not be had. Orli too, longed for the Riddler's chamber, or something alike. But they were in this vast place, in which she suddenly felt very exposed.

"We could try the areas over there perhaps."

Hineni gestured in the direction of the Grove of tall greens. Yes, Orli remembered, that was the way to the place they'd first rested. She hoped it would offer safety once again.

The She then confirmed that the others were not yet informed. To Orli's relief, she solved that problem herself. With a powerful voice and confidence Orli realized she envied... or admired?

"Others!"

"Above us is darkening, and the shadows will return when all the light is gone. It is not safe to stay here. There are no places for cats to hide from the shadows. Find somewhere else."

Warning spoken, Orli would realize what exactly night was when it descended upon them in full force. This had happened before, she realized, when they first arrived. Then, she was not attuned to the norm of this place. Then, she was safe among many, resting in the Grove. But here, cries in the distance sent chills through her. Here, she stared beyond the river, certain of the danger which drew closer.

"I must ensure the safety of my Heres." Orli said. **"Thank you for waking me."** She paused her urge to run, offering acknowledgement to the other.

With that, she hurried forward. She navigated down the rocks which were already cooling in this new dark, entering the crowd below. She would leave, as Hineni and the dark one below urged, but she had someone else she did not wish to leave behind.

"Almost!" Orli shouted, approaching her friend on swift feet. **"Come with me, I will take you to safety!"** She urged, wishing to watch over the she, who like Lethe, was left fragile from injury. **"I will not let the Unknown reach my Heres."** She promised.

[1 post • 336 words]

Persuasion: 14 • Friends flee together :3

Orli watches Hineni to the Fern Grove as possible safety and decides that's a good idea. She thanks Hineni for waking her, and runs into the crowd to gather Almost, not wanting to leave a Here behind.



SOMETHING

Post 4 | 304 words | she/her | IW: Everyone | M: Halo-Iota, Hineni, 13

With a gentleness Something took for granted, Halo-Iota placed her carefully upon the earth. Following him agreeing to her suggestion, he strode forward in efforts to break the growing tension, and those who nurtured it, apart. She watched them bare their teeth, demand civility— but Something found herself unphased by the display. Actually, no, *unphased* was not the word. In place of fear, of which did not arrive, came *awe*. How mighty her friend was! How brave! Perhaps she would have used her Voice to cheer their efforts on if not for darkness's entrance. It swallowed her surroundings in its gloom. All too quickly, what could be seen could no longer as visibility shrank.

Her gaze was thrown to the side at the sound of a recognized Voice. *Hineni! Hineni is here!*

Darkness was dangerous, her friend claimed, and it was best they sought shelter elsewhere. Hineni's passionate words were quick to earn Something's compliance even before the gray Other spoke.

“Yes! Hineni is smart, and if she feels danger, then it must be true! Gray Other agrees!”

It is at the end of her curt nod, when she lifts her paws to begin moving, that it all rushes over her, dreadful and familiar.

This is too similar.

Round ears pressed back against her skull. Dark, dark and *red, red, Red*. For a moment she must clamp her eyes shut. Something retreated into herself, into her mind, where all was safe and uniform.

*Why must I, we, always run? Why must **they** always chase? Why, why, why?*

With a whimper dying in her throat as soon as it began, the marbled cat forced herself to move. She glanced behind her. Would her cherished friends follow? Would they follow her and her running limbs away from the shadows? As they had from the Hunting Red?

[Something agrees with Hineni and 13 that they all must flee. She reflects on the similarity between this situation and the Pit, wonders why everything is trying to chase and get them, before she runs away. **Something exits the basin.**]

♥ Almost ♥

{ she/her - fourth post - 790 words }

“But I do not wish for past and future friends to fight in this place. There are worse threats out here, waiting to strike in a moment of our weakness....This place is warm and comforting but it can quickly turn into hurt and cold and darkness...”

Tolya's words resonated to her core, her eyes flitting uncertainly between the dark tom and the red tom. He was right. She felt her talons curl together, sliding off the stone and tucking it underneath her chest. What was she doing? Her head spun, regret gnawing at her innards like an incessant scavenger. There was no lingering fire, no bitter anger, no exhausting sadness. There was absolutely nothing in her chest. Just that growing void, the one that grew larger and hungrier every time she saw that 13. Perhaps, she resolved, she shouldn't be looking at that 13 at all. Obviously, she didn't care for her presence anymore. It would be better this way. Safer, calmer-- but so much colder. Regardless, her shame wore heavy in her eyes. Tired wrinkles pulled at the corners of her gaze, the exhaustion drifting over her like a heavy blanket.

“I think you should LEAVE.”

That awful, grating voice. It cut through her, striking her but falling short of convincing her. She whipped her head around to face the masked-tom, her tail lashing, lip curling into a small snarl. But when she met his gaze, she found *fear*. Almost's expression slipped away, her ears pinning back, and heart dropping. She had never seen such a feeling poised at *her*. No, no, no, this was all wrong. She didn't want this. She didn't want to inspire such an awful, wretched feeling. She was becoming just as she imagined that 13. The one who stirred pain within. Her brow crinkled as the conflict ensued. And then, a *shove*. It caught her off guard, her stance wobbling for a moment, but ultimately standing straight once more. The place where his paw made contact pulsed with warmth. But this was a bitter, sour warmth, unlike any touch she'd received before.

In her mind, a flash of his claws making contact with her cheek. But it wasn't real, no, it never happened, did it? She took a step back, confusion ripe in her body language. She was so unsure. Unsure of every single thing.

"And what does love look like, Broken Bitter, for you to think she does not? What is her love to you that would make you want it?"

Broken Bitter. That was her. She'd awoken out of nothingness broken, this was not to blame on 13. She flickered her eyes, peeking up through her eyelashes, onto to gaze upon the pale fur of a chest. It was the beast-cat. He spoke so truthfully, as if he'd seen all the way through her, into her bitter, splintered core.

"What makes you another body? To think that only you, only Special One who cannot accept herself as Singular, throwing flesh to become one with Her, has right to be loved?"

What right to be loved? She looked back down to her paws. How could she not be beloved by all? She was beautiful and she could sing and charm (and win the heart of even the Locksmith)! She loved all she came across and shared her loveliness with them. Except for that Lethe, and that Solomon-- Wait, no, that Lethe, that Lethe, she had loved them too. Disbelief crossed her features as she shook her head, cowering away from all three toms. How awful, awful, awful. She was made to be loved. It wasn't just her right, it was her *purpose*.

They didn't understand. She couldn't look at them any longer, her stomach was turning, surely it would fly right out of her maw if she opened it again. They *couldn't* understand. Hadn't they listened to her cries?

Thankfully, an angel descended from heaven itself to steal her away. A beautiful shout in the distance, *Hineni-Hineni-Hineni*, the wonderful name filled her head. It took the place of all the uncomfortable thoughts that populated it. Now, she only thought of the beautiful ladies that accompanied her here. She called of danger, of uncertain safety--

"Almost!" Another welcomed voice rang in her ears. She eagerly turned her head, her eyes shimmering with fresh tears. Someone was coming for her, to save her from such an awful spot. *"Come with me, I will take you to safety!"* Her heart soared, eyes lighting up so brightly that it seemed dawn had arrived in her mind. **"Please..."** She cooed softly, watching her leader with such affection. Orli, the sweet Orli, her hero. With her mind full of beautiful figures and wonderful names, she dipped her head and departed at Orli's beckoning.

{ roll type: physical endurance

-- protagon stat: 11

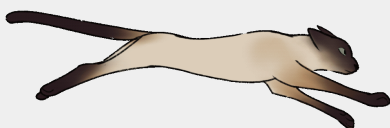
roll result: 17

roll proof: ([click here](#))

description of action: Almost does not lose any HP as a result of Solomon's attack}

Summary: Almost is swayed by Tolya's words and Solomon's attack puts some distance between them. Halo's words strike a bit too hard, and she ignores them in favor of thinking about more beautiful things- such as Hineni and Orli. She quickly slips away at Orli's call.

Halo-lota
Post#01 | he/they



A shattered look came upon his face, as the darkness came. As they began to *leave, unheeding of his words, and yet they would so-listen to The Hineni with ease*. We-they-he could only grit their teeth, a choked hiss falling from bitten tongue and tightened vocal cords.

Natural, it was, wasn't it? For them to try and protect, and fail, in the sight of bigger fears.

Fears that we-they-he too felt in cold bone, pulse thump thump thumping to the tune of old words and long-gone cries, distant echoes of what once was filling their ears like the soft feathers that Bitter Broken had. No, they were not a leader. They could not lead. It seems, even, they could not intervene, without such things being for nothing.

They watched, circling, as one by one they began to leave. Leave, leave this awful place, this horrible place, which they wanted to leave too, but if they couldn't be useful then they would at least make sure most had gone, gone safely into elsewhere of the night, before they too could go.

Ears twitched to the sound of The Hineni, guiding paw leading through Pit and now Here, guiding paw far from shadows, escape from danger that was all-too-familiar and all-too-unkind.

Be afraid, their pulse roared, thumping, pounding, stuttering as they looked to her. Scared. Angry. Upset. Watching from the corner of their vision as Something departed. *Unwanted. Abandoned. Useless. Left with the sounds, left afraid.*

Staying any longer invited further danger. They could not wait. Not wait for others to leave, to be the last, or their pulse would burst.

"I don't want to die. Hineni. Hineni please-"

They held their head low, hiding the twist in their dark-furred face, the wobbliness that grew within their irises, wetness dripping down their muzzle, and left.

Alone.

Word Count: 304

Interacting W/: Hineni

Summary/Action: Halo-lota feels as though he's failed in helping stop a conflict, being overshadowed by the new dangers night brings. He blames his poor leadership skills and fearfulness, and exits the Basin.



Orli • She/Her

Around her, cats began to move. Orli's paws itched to join them and get far away from this place.

Thankfully, Almost wasted no time. With a gentle **"Please..."** she accepted Orli's invitation. Relief cleared away other emotions, leaving a focused mind. Orli would deliver Almost to safety. She was determined to fulfill that promise.

Paws free to run, she shot forth, paving the way over moss and rock. Fleeing the caterwauls which rang beyond the river.

Despite her nap, her body ached from injuries and exercise prior. Her left leg was especially worn out from doing the work her right shied away from. Perhaps she should not have wasted the energy, but

there was no opportunity to correct the past. Orli pushed on, ignoring the ache and tired and focusing on the task. She would keep up the pace, and take Almost far from the wailing danger, but she would not outpace the other, not straying too far from this fragile Here.

As she looked at Almost, ensuring she stayed close, Orli noticed something. Though she bore no flaw on her pelt, no outer wounds, it was clear she was not whole. Still so battered, it filled Orli with concern, she truly looked no better than she had when they passed through the door.

Was Orli to blame for this lack of improvement? It was Lethe who she'd fussed over, guiding to the blood pool, checking over their injuries. But two in their Four were gravely hurt, and Orli had not addressed the other. Had Almost drank? Perhaps not. At least... Orli was here now.

Focusing on navigating through the dark, and avoiding the dangerous. Orli continued to lead the way to the Grove. She'd correct this, she had to. She would not lose any Heres. ...One was too many.

[2 post • 300 words]

Stamina: 20 • Fleeing the basin w/ Almost

Orli exits the Basin. As she sticks close by Almost, she notices the deceptively unmarred cat still appears weak and unhealed. She regrets not paying attention earlier, and makes a personal commitment to amend this.

SOLOMON

HERE UNSEEN, THE LITTLE BITE

REPLY 1 | HE/HIM | STAT SHEET | BIOGRAPHY

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

His paw sliced across the cheek of the Not-Quite-But-Almost. The act was satisfying, though perhaps awkward due to his inexperience, but as he pulled back, afraid that she would disappear like she had before - had she? How does he remember that? Was she supposed to disappear? - but alas nothing happened, nothing but-

"ENOUGH!"

Solomon flinched back, away, ears flat against his head and preparing for another strike. No, no, there were Others, Others here to protect and defend this Lying Other, Not-Quite-But-Almost? His lip curled into a snarl, mouth open to bare his teeth up and up and up at the Tall Other, who now bore down upon them both. Solomon's tail lashed fiercely, but he made no move. Not yet. He wasn't sure what this Tall Other was capable of, and the fear coiled tightly in his chest held his paws still.

"I think it is both of you that should be leaving. Drawing violence where it is *unneeded*." Unneeded? But the Not-Quite-but-Almost had started it! It wasn't *Solomon's* fault that she threatened her talons against him!

He'd almost opened his maw to bite back, to snarl. He did not want to fight this Other, most assuredly. But he would *not*, at least, leave without saying his piece. They must know, they *must*, this was not his nor 13's fault It was all *hers*.

However, before he could get a single word out, another's voice rose up from the din. *Hineni's* voice.

"Others!" *When had she gotten here? How long?* **"Above us is darkening, and the shadows will return when all the light is gone. It's not safe to stay here."**

Not safe? Of course it wasn't safe! But Hineni spoke of Others, of *Shadows*. When had her voice become so strong and directing?

Before his mind could fully process the change, his entire world *brightened*.

Many, many tiny lights began to open up from the Moss that had captured the Not-Quite-But-Almost. Sparkling, *glowing*, so bright that all the anger in him melted slowly but surely. A notion struck him, one he hadn't encountered before, that he was looking at something *beautiful*.

13 withdrew from his side, drawing away and towards the Moss. The flowers, so filled with light cradled her form just so, pendant gift from the Riddler brushing against them. Solomon found himself watching, intently-

Until there was a warble, sharp and high-pitched like a scream.

Ears flattened again on his head as he looked up and around. Another scream. And another. Something, and Unknown Other, screams from the other side of the basin. The instinct to *move* pressed against his thoughts. Yes, move, he had to move, they *all* needed to move and get away from this place.

Others echoed his thoughts, speaking them into the darkened air. One Other's gaze in particular met with his, the soft greens of 13's meeting his for a moment longer than they ever have. There was no fear - well, no fear greater than the current rippling down the spine - but instead a mere *understanding*. They knew what they must do. *We must leave. We must move and survive but must get everyone else OUT.*

"Here Voiceful is right! WeAll must leave this now! Put inner hurts behind!" 13's voice suddenly rose. Her lip curled into a snarl as she hissed. **"This 13 says find shelter! Move!"**

The Soft Other moved, pressed close to his side. A familiar *red* on *red* just like they had done within the maze. Their tactics, however accidental before, assuredly would help them now. Solomon didn't flinch as he felt her rub against his shoulder. It was growing to be familiar, her touch.

"WeTwo together in this, Allmine Here Solomon. You have This 13's backing, yes. In this place as in There Eyeful's Maze."

There was a solemn nod of his head to note that he had heard her, but nothing more. Not yet.

There were several voices that confirmed what 13 and Hineni has said. And they were moving, yes. This was good, though the few stragglers made a fluttering curl and sink in his stomach. This part, he knew, wasn't right. They *all* needed to go, they all needed to move. But they were moving in the right direction. Perhaps they just needed a push.

"Go. Whether you care of Mine's words!" he urged the remaining Others. Then, he raised his voice, unsure of where she was. **"Especially you, Clear Other! Go!"**

A pause in his personal din as Solomon's head turned to the Soft Other, gaze averting hers. He lowered his head to offer her a soft bump of his head against hers, lasting barely moments. A small reciprocation of the touch she had offered so many times he thought was *at least* deserved. Her desire to stay with him and offer good touches and better words *meant* something, and he hoped it was clear with his actions. Would 13 understand what he meant?

"WeTwo together, as in Eyeful's Maze," he affirmed. **"Remain until Heres gone, yes? The lingers, they will move, yes. The Mine will make them, if not."** A glance down showed him a twisted paw, of 13's own wounds she bore. All other chances it had been him first, then her. This time, perhaps, it should be the reverse? **"Then you. The Mine follows last. Less hurts- outers, mean - make for quick movings."**

Until such time, all they could do was urge the Others to return to where it was safe. Until then, however, they would wait. Wait for the moment to move. Use their heads and not their hearts.

In the interim, Solomon tossed his gaze outwards. Peering to where the calls were, into the shadows of the DarkNothing, where surely an Other crept and moved about. **Three eyes squinted, hoping to ascertain exactly lurked inside the dark.**

Word Count: 970 words

Interactions: Everyone remaining, Hineni and 13 especially

Rolls: 15 (Perception, Sight) (Roll Proof)

Summary: Solomon is surprised to see Almost still alive, and terrified when Halo tells him to leave. When Hineni shouts he is confused, until the creeper moss flowers open up and show him *beauty* for the first time. He readily accepts 13's touch and

offers her his own. He affirms that they'll stick together, and suggests they wait until all the other Heres have left. He tells 13 that she should leave first this time, because he can run faster than her. While he waits for the Others to escape, however, he tries to peer into the darkness to understand what's inside it.

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

The response was immediate, as if her words were what the Garden needed to express it's night in full. Above gasped, flickering to empty darkness, next, the shadows molted and grew with weight and pressure as if to spill into the rest of the space, while below in the moss came *light*. Even with the danger plucking at her container, the shift there was curious enough for Hineni to force her gaze to adjust to the flipped light sources, wanting to see the sight in full before departing. Little patches, little paths of white - not red - illuminated everyone from beneath. For a moment, she wondered if it would be enough.

Then the cries came and she knew, **no**, what was out there was more than the light.

Run, run, run.

The one she woke bid a farewell, racing to protect hers. As Hineni would for them all. Her beat picked up its familiar rhythm, paws shifting to grip the stone as if they were uneven and unstable bodies, gaze sweeping over the gathered cats for hurts, for pauses, for fear. *All of them needed to go*, voices rising in confirmation - a grey other she didn't recognize giving her a name, then Something with an understanding of what they shared in the Death Below - and bodies reacting. Her Together moved the fastest, familiar with this choice and hating it all the same as she saw plain on Halo-lota's features. They could not face what they could not see. There was no Red - not yet perhaps - but it was an unknown baying for their deaths. There was no shame in that decision. There would come a time to face the unknown, but here, after danger had only just missed biting at their back paws, it was better to scurry to safety once more.

Leader Hineni was proud of them for taking the clear action to live.

"Especially you, Clear Other! Go!"

In the dim, came Solomon's voice. She couldn't see him immediately, then it was like his bright pelt was the only thing worth looking at. His voice had been one of those raised in the conflict, now raised to what? Be the last here? Hineni shook her head at that idea, though the gesture was too small to translate across the distance. There was no reason to continue the conflict between them, not in this moment when Others could be hurt by their arguing. She knew though, she earned her title for a reason and would stand by it when their safety was in danger's grasp.

"I have no hurts to slow me. I will be last here to help every-other, as I was in Death Below." She answered, scanning again for anyone remaining beyond Solomon. The dark swept into her sight once leaving his bright color, but there was a glow different from the white, ready for her mind to latch onto.

There, a light-other. **"Light-Other, go!"** Hineni called to the cat, moving down from the stone towards them, **all the while looking around for the first sign of danger from that swelling black**. She recalled what the Red looked like, the pieces all surging and running together towards one goal. The earlier cries said they were not as many after them but they could still be running and charging in a way she was familiar with. And if they were moving as such, she knew how to avoid it and would help those remaining with that knowledge.

post & word count: 3 & 578

dice rolls: 11 Int to build up Streetwise [\[here\]](#)

summary: Hineni is proud of the Others for moving so fast, coming together with everyone's words to get everyone to safety. Solomon's cry for her to leave is answered in kind, the Leader in her returning. She moves to Toyla to help him get to safety, while scanning for dangers.

Pleading green eyes stared at Solomon as if begging for the red other to stop the fight between him, That 13 and Here Not-quite-but-almost for what felt like an eternity. When the other raised his paw, Anatoli was ready to jump in but to his relief, the pale other dodged in time followed by a tall shadow falling over all of them at the return of the huge one from before.

"ENOUGH, I think it is both of you that should be leaving. Drawing violence where it is *unnecessary*. Scaring the Others, you are, with your blows, your words. Bloodshed where we have no way to replenish it."

Despite not being the target of the tall one's harsh words, Anatoli felt its effect settle even within himself and he moved back a little, relief washing over him again as the others seemed to finally listen. As their discourse continued, darkness began enveloping the basin around them and with it came that disgusting thick fog bordering what little vision remained through the darkness. A metallic growl formed in Tolya's throat when the first warbling cry could be heard from across the river. Across from where they had originally come from on their first days here. More and more cries and yowls joined the first.

"This 13 says find shelter! Move!" That was right. Although the shadows had seemed intimidated by his previous displays of anger, Tolya knew not if his new friends would be able to hold themselves against these creatures. **"That 13 is right, we need to return to the grove before those foul beasts make their way here and dare hurt any of ourselves."** He voiced in agreement, watching some of the others already disappearing over the mossy hills of the basin. **"Go ahead"** he tries to assure the grey and cream striped other **"I know this place better than you. Noone will stay behind."**

"Come, new friends" he meowed before kicking his paws into the moss once more, quickly making his way back towards the fern grove.

roll type: Sprinting

protagon stat: 10

roll result: 16

description of action: Anatoli sprints away from the Basin.

result: 16-20 - success! something to be proud of for sure!!

🌀 Summary 🌀

Tolya reacts to Solomon's attack on Almost and Halo-Iota's intervention. When night falls he agrees to leave for the sake of the others. Anatoli leaves the Basin.

TH1S 13

she/her | post 2

That brief reciprocation of touch that Allmine Here Solomon offered 13 pleased her in a way that nothing else would have. When the touch retreated, as quickly as it had come, she allowed all of her tenseness to soften. Her smile to him came easily, and in the air, her tail perked up.

“This 13 will heed Allmine’s words, for Here Solomon is goodness and thought. But This 13 will wait for you to join - will look out and see you and be pleased.”

The moment was somewhat ruined when out from the darkness, 13 spotted a large, fluffy figure, who spoke with the commanding tone she had named ‘Here Voiceful’. The Here in question was puffed up, looking about and, 13 thought a little unkindly, seemed awfully pleased to rub in their faces that she was uninjured, despite the glint of a cut that 13 could see on her nose. She did not like this bragging sort of action. What next, a strutting? A braying about Good Work and Important Things? 13 did not trust that which she had not seen, and thus *here* only trust her Here Solomon.

But he had named the Other, and so he knew her. 13 would leave a reply up to him, as again *she* had been spoken over and ignored. No matter.

Measured and controlled, 13 straightened where she stood beside her Allmine, extending up onto her tiptoes and straightening her tail in the air, so that she was longer, and taller. Let the Other miss her now. With a smile, perfectly welcoming, and eye contact very pointed even in the dark, she addressed Here Voiceful, and Here Solomon at once.

“This 13 does not see why we are not all in leaving together, if WeAll cannot see reason with who leaves last. None Here is more important than the Other, and so it is we should move with care for wellbeing and each-of-the-Others. Let us work for survival. Together.”

The Here Not-Her of the glowing neck came closeby and spoke up, suggesting that all together, they could run. Now, 13 was relieved to find someone reasonable as she and Here Solomon - who at least had good purpose for seeing them all through first. What did Clear Other, Here Voiceful, have? Did 13 not know, and would not bow to that blind eye and that pressure until she *did*. Heres *earned* her trust and respect, as she had been forced to scrape and serve for theirs. 13 was not so easily controlled any more, oh no. This Clear Other would treat she and Here Solomon as equals, or she was not worthy.

“Here-of-the-Glowing-Neck is right. WeAll run together. That this how it should be. No one left behind when there is not need.” 13’s part spoken, she lowered her head to Here Solomon’s mask, and rasped her tongue against the smooth, chipped ceramic. A show of favour without, she hoped, overwhelming him.

Before That Clear Other had chance to show off some more, 13 turned on her three good paws, and trotted off, tail high. Perhaps as a clear spot for Here Solomon to follow, or perhaps as a subtle sign of disrespect to That

Clear Other. Who knew? (Mostly, it was because she did not fear for herself. To care for the Heres was out of duty - not out of emotions. She was their creator, after all. It was only right that she look after them.)

WORD COUNT:

???

ROLLS:

17 CHARISMA

SUMMARY:

13 agrees with Solomon's plan, then gets contrary when she is again ignored & Hineni tries to tell Solomon what to do. Who does she think she is? How dare she ignore 13? *How dare she flaunt her own health?* Pettily, 13 uses all the charisma she has to agree with Anatoli, love on Solomon, and flip Hineni a very clear 'you ain't the boss of me, sis.' She then flounces off into the night.

SOLOMON

HERE UNSEEN, THE LITTLE BITE

REPLY 2 | HE/HIM | STAT SHEET | BIOGRAPHY

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

The darkness was nothing but shifting coils. Bubbling and moving, splits that took all of the light and consumed it. Solomon's fur stood along his back, hackles rose as a distinct thought blared in his head. *Predator. A Predator looks upon the Others.*

His eyes glanced around. They all needed to get out of here. *Now.*

"I have no hurts to slow me. I will be last here to help every-other, as I was in Death Below." Hineni's voice was grating upon his ears. Hadn't she *heard* him? Why was she so intent on refusing his voice, his command? Surely the weight of his intentions was not so swiftly ignored?

Solomon scanned for any Others that lingered, and noted only himself, 13, and finally Hineni. The three left.

13 perked her tail up and a soft smile crossed her features once more.

"This 13 will head Allmine's words, for Here Solomon is goodness and thought."

There was a heavy note of relief that came with her words that was not expected, and yet occurred anyways. At least *someone* had been listening to his words. *Someone* knew that he just wanted them all to leave so that he could be sure that they were gone, that the shadows wouldn't take them. Upon the thought his gaze briefly flickered there and back again.

He had intended to linger, for just long enough to understand what they were looking at. But now he had gotten his answer. There was no further push for him to stay. Should he leave now, and allow Hineni her way, knowing she may potentially fall to the shadows? Solomon was reminded of the shadow creatures that had attacked the five within the labyrinth, their red spilling out across the cold snow beneath their paws. Then in a sick twist the shapes moved, replacing Hineni into their number. Could he resign her to that?

He thought of the Rising Tides. Of how she gathered the kitten up close to her paws. Insisted that he come with (stupid, so *stupid*), because they should be Together. Refused the Toothed Other, Here Evelyn, when they insisted that Smother be placed in the water for their interests. Tangled thoughts and voices lilted, hissed, whispered, spoke. Another's joined his thoughts, outside of his own, and he realized that he had missed a part of her words lost in his own thoughts, paws clawing at the moss below him.

“Here-of-the-Glowing-Neck is right. WeAll run together. That is how it should be. No one left behind when there is not need.” 13’s words were cool against his ears, smooth and soft. Then a quick scrape of a tongue upon his mask, before 13 moved again, this time to heed his words and move away from this place.

She was right as much as he was. They should *all* go. He had seen quite enough.

But *all* of them should go. And there was only one way for him to ensure that.

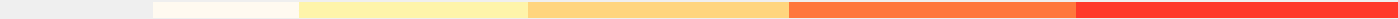
Solomon’s paws moved into action, walking him a short distance. He moved closer to Hineni and where she stood, closer together. That way if she stayed in her refusal to listen to him *or* 13, at least the shadows would contend with two instead of the one.

“Hineni.” He spoke in a low tone, soured and sharp. **“You go. Hurts don’t matter. The red, your red, will splatter if you stay. No more this ‘no hurts will slow’ if paws and claws. Then Clear *must* go, yes?”** Solomon kept his gaze firmly on her.

He couldn’t help but *feel* the warbling in his chest. A slight shake to his limbs, though nigh unnoticeable. Though his fear glinted in his eyes, wide and focused directly on Hineni. Would she understand, then? Would she *know* that they must leave, if he looked upon her cream and gray pelt and *kept* his eyes there?

“You go,” Solomon repeated. His paws tensed to allow slivers of white claws to show, ears flipped back as he tail lashed. **“Or the Mine makes you.”**

Get away from this place so the Mine sees not the Clear’s red upon the rocks.



Word Count: 689 words

Interactions: 13, Hineni

Rolls: 13 (Intimidation) [\(Roll Proof\)](#)

Summary: When Hineni insists that she’ll stay last, Solomon grows increasingly distressed. He wonders whether he should let her leave last and what the potential consequences might be of that, but when 13 tells them that they should leave together, he concludes that 13 is right. However, his worry over seeing Hineni hurt gets the best of him, and he insists that she leave first willingly, or he will make her.

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

The light-other quickly sprinted off, vocalizing their unhurts and familiarity with the place - the latter worth asking on when day returned. She too wished to find familiarity. Later though, only a few remained. The responses that came for her words here stopped Hineni short, leadership title slipping in her bafflement. They were not her Together, assistance extended only because they were all cats, so why use that word with those unknown? But more than that, did the grey other not see the importance of one left to watch? If they all turned and moved side by side, who would see what was behind?

That is how they moved in Death Below. How had they moved in the maze? Surely, not side by side - but... apparently so, if the words were accurate of the ‘lesson.’

Her gaze on the dark squinted in thought.

*HINENI will look for similarities between the Red Plague and the night, and will find herself realising, *both are unknown. we cannot fight something that we do not know.* She will have a spark of thought that, perhaps, they should learn more about what they’re up against, before any of them face these creatures off. When safety comes in the form of morning perhaps they could all begin to hunt for clues?*

Well. There was sort of a point there she could understand. She could only watch if she knew what it was. As it was, her beat reminded her, it was time to treat this like the Red and run, and escape without hurts. This unfamiliar Other spoke confusingly about self importance too, but Hineni would not get a chance to respond to that either, before the she followed her words - or perhaps her own self-import given the words she spoke - and left the space.

At least *she did go*. Hineni thought with a slow exhale. *One more*.

Then Solomon moved - the **wrong way, why?!** - to get in some sort of final word directly at her. Without the distance, her head was forced to tilt downward to match his gaze. It didn't flicker no, it pinned straight onto her and Hineni had to *hm* internally at the force of it.

Is this -?

What he spoke of dashed the rest of the thought away though, the grey other's words finding clarity within Solomon's words. Hurts *did* matter, she knew, unhurt needed to protect the hurt, to guide and lead in front or stay in back to watch for dangers. You moved together, each cat providing a piece to make the word whole.

"You go, or the Mine makes you."

Make me? Her eyes narrowed at him. *So I can be like **you**? Walking side by side, container torn, no eyes watching the unknown?*

Fine. Hineni decided, **all that frustration pouring into her gaze where the two were locked** before she swept around him, following her beat's creed and running to its rhythm. She didn't look back.

Lead yourself.

post & word count: 4 & 490

dice rolls: 14 Intimidation [\[here\]](#)

summary: Hineni gets baffled by the responses to her words, then remembers they're not Her Together so it doesn't really matter, she did her duty and got them out safer than they would've left without the warning. She does ponder why they think moving all as one is useful but Solomon's final threat seals the deal of WeAll being silly in her mind. She leaves him to that mindset without saying a thing, knowing she cannot change him after the failed attempts in the Riddler's Chamber. [Hineni has left the Basin]

SOLOMON

HERE UNSEEN, THE LITTLE BITE

REPLY 3 | HE/HIM | STAT SHEET | BIOGRAPHY

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

There was silence between them. Only the rustle of the plants filled the space, as if wanting it to be filled with *something*. Solomon was used to the air around him feeling so thick with warm-sharp, but with the shadows pressing in closer and closer it became unbearable. Hineni stood in front of him, and upon looking, upon *staring*, going against everything in his belly telling him *not to*, he could see the ways her eyes narrowed in warm-sharp.

Further, and further, until it pressed upon Solomon's own gaze, and he knew *displeasure*.

He took a step away as she moved. An involuntary flinch as the bulk of the Clear Other was silent. She moved as if she weren't even there. She offered no words in response to his own, no confirmation or lack thereof. Hineni just... went away. Larger paws stepped over the stone as she followed in the Other's footsteps, further and further, and Solomon was unable to force words out of his mouth. Hineni's look, eyes a stunning pale blue, so filled with that warm-sharp, had frozen his tongue.

But she was gone. He was alone now, just as he wanted. This was Good, right? Solomon had gotten the Others away and there was no one in danger than him. He could inspect this *predator* without worry of their red spilling across the basin rocks.

So why... *why did he...?*

The three of his eyes pricked. Then blurred as liquid wet bubbled up along his lower lids.

He'd never looked into the eyes of an Other before. Been *afraid* to. And now all of those fears consumed his thoughts, of *knowing* that Hineni had seen *something* she did not tell him about. What was it? What had she *known*? Did she see something of his and purposefully not told? Solomon knew that glare, those narrowed eyes, bespoke more than she had actually *said*. His thoughts were sent aflutter within, the mess of voices murmuring and whispering as they all tangled together, bubbling in his chest up and up and up-

Until he leaned over and let out a sob. Quiet and held back by his teeth, warm-sharp sinking deeper inside and making his limbs sluggish. Liquid wet, *tears*, dripped down his muzzle and chest, from his chin to the rocks below.

The moment was shortlived as another wave of thoughts loomed over his mind. *Predator. Predator. Move. Survive.*

With a quick sniff, Solomon looked up with blurry eyes. His sight wasn't worth much in this, but he knew what he had seen before. Shifting, moving shadows. Splitting, consuming. He needed to move and get away and return to the Others, return to 13.

Solomon found it nearly impossible to stifle the warm-sharp that pulsed with his beat. It was intense, was *burning*, and with no one else to direct it to, was unable to mitigate it. His gaze dropped, lowering to the creeper moss that grew not too far from here. In the moment he wondered if that was what the Not-Quite-But-Almost was doing. Relieving her anger against the moss. But unlike her, he was intent on *doing* something with it.

With sudden movement, Solomon let out a scream, a shriek of anger as he clamped his jaws around the Moss, and aimed to *tear*. He would throw it at the shadows, chase away their thickness. He would force upon them what they had chased away before in using the light.

Roll Result:

SOLOMON tries to throw a clump of Creeper Moss with his paw. On the plus side, he manages this. On the minus? it's not a very hefty clump... and it sort of flops on the ground 5 feet away, looking (to Solomon's eyes at least) vaguely unimpressed with him.

Word Count: 689 words
Interactions: The Shadows
Rolls: 12 (Strength) [\(Roll Proof\)](#)

Summary: Solomon is intimidated by Hineni, and finds confusion in her walking away. He is consumed with the fear that she saw something about him that she didn't mention before walking away. Overwhelmed by this and the threat of danger, Solomon cries. But in his anger and fear, he tries to rip up the moss and direct it towards the shadows.

SOLOMON

HERE UNSEEN, THE LITTLE BITE
REPLY 4 | HE/HIM | STAT SHEET | BIOGRAPHY

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

There was a *tear* as Solomon's intentions were made true, flinging the gathering of moss in his mouth away from him with a "rrRRAAAAAA!!"

It flew not very far and landed with little grace on the rocks. The shadows didn't move or react. An unimpressive move now, he realized, to the point of the warbling in his chest intensifying at the result. He gritted his teeth and ground at them in thought, fresh, hot tears rolling down his face. Why was he such a *failure*? What had he done to deserve this body, this tongue, this *name*? Presently, only the silence was present as his answer. It drew away his hearing. It *mocked* him.

If the silence and shadows would not give him an answer, he would *make it hear him*.

"The Mine fears not, shadows! It is *you* who will fear! Shake! I..." His voice cracked, chin trembling. Solomon curled his lips into a fierce snarl. No. *No*. He would not let his voice - wretched thing as it was - falter into nothing. Gathering himself, his breath, he belted out his threats. "I will KILL YOU. Every one! You will HEAR ME!! I AM THE MINE AND I WILL REND YOU IF YOU GO NEAR!"

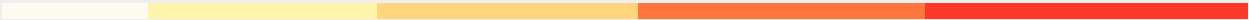
His tiny red body heaved with the weight of his words. His voice shook and his throat felt raw. Solomon let his tail flick, puffed up to as big as his thin fur would allow as he stared directly into the moving shadows. He let his words echo out into the NothingDark, and they rang and rang in his ears, slowly growing more faint until like the light they were consumed.

Then again silence fell. The shadow-predator pressed against his body in thick waves.

He was as alone as he could be.

Solomon’s bloodied nose flared in warm-sharp. His instincts knew that, with his part scattered into the Dark, he must leave. Must go join the Others, must find *safety*.

He gave the shadows one last threatening *snap* of his teeth before he turned on his heels, and began to pick up pace to leave the basin.



Word Count: 352 words

Interactions: The Shadows

Rolls: 20 (Intimidation) ([Roll Proof](#))

Summary: Solomon feels like a failure, and directs his frustration as screams and threats at the shadows. When he is done he knows he must move, and takes his leave of the basin.