

This might be me at my most intense, horrible and murderous. Enjoy?

Summary of what's happened so far:

A wave of energy, helpfully nicknamed 'The Wave' went over the earth, killing most it touched but mutating the survivors, who began to call themselves affected humans. Society has collapsed. Affected humans Theodore Allred and Cassidy "Cass" Luong made their way to the relative safe haven of New York, but didn't exactly mesh well. Now they and their allies are on the run, trying to get out of the country before they all die.

**Chapter Twenty-Five
Week Eighteen**

The truck pulled up to the university, and Bee ran in front of it, flashing a series of hand symbols at Cass.

"Fuck. They're four hours behind us. We can't stay here too long."

Diego Parks ran up to them, panting, "What's happening in New York? You don't often see somebody come down the road this way."

Theodore said, "New York is an unwelcome environment and we decided to get out."

"Of New York?"

"The country. Whatever new balance of power is coming, it's going to be worse. If you want to come, pack quickly."

"This is a secret, don't tell anyone, but we have a boat."

"I can't imagine who I could tell. We already have a way out. It's being prepared for passage as we speak. You guys could meet us there."

"We're gonna need to pack up a lot of stuff, yeah. Where is it?"

Cass interrupted, "We're leaving through Marilyn Dixon's cruise ship. Once we board, it'll start heading down the coast. You should be able to find us. And if you tell the Pigeon Queen's people anything about this, they'll just kill you. None of this is information they don't already know."

Diego gulped, and Theodore said, "Apologies. It is an intense message no matter how it is phrased, but it needed to be said."

"I guess so. See you guys soon."

The truck drove off, everyone hoping Diego would listen.

**Chapter Thirty
Week Nineteen**

They parked the truck for the night deep in an overgrown path. Sarah, Bee, Theodore, Cass, Jordan, and Audrey were having a meeting.

"The kids are alright for now, but we better get on the boat soon. We need to get them out of harm's way," Audrey looked at the canned meal in front of her, "We have to pull this off."

Theodore put his arm around her, and said, "I know. Are there any shortcuts we can take?"

Jordan pulled out one of the maps from The Gazette, "If we stick to the main roads and don't talk to the senior citizens at all, we can get to Hector Regal in time."

"It's not like we're missing much," Cass added, "They're senile cannibals."

"I said probably cannibals. There's a window of doubt. If we do this, we aren't even giving them a choice to get out before things get bad."

"I mean, they probably don't want to leave," Audrey said, "If there's a small chance they want to leave, and there's a large chance they're cannibals, I support leaving them behind. Because you know, keeping the children out of harm's way."

"Did you play the 'Won't somebody think of the children?' card knowing that would end the discussion?" Sarah raised an eyebrow.

"Well, yeah. I did that because I was thinking of the children."

Jordan laughed, "Well played. We're all for abandoning the seniors?"

Everyone said yes.

Interlude Four

Week Nineteen

The four trucks pulled up to the mutant hunter base in the morning. Twenty-two men in rorschach blot masks leapt out, armed.

Hector and Marcus went up to them, "So you're the replacements?"

"Yep! General Flagg's orders."

"Yeah," Hector said, "We got the orders, too. The Veterans are to swap camps with The Rorschachs. Didn't expect the name to be so literal, though."

"What do you mean? Best character in all of Watchmen. You read Watchmen?"

"Yeah. We can talk about it later. Right now, we'll start packing up, and leave in the morning. We'll get our stuff out of the barracks first."

"Isn't it just crazy?"

"What?"

"Us working with the mutants. I guess it's okay, because we still get to kill some."

Hector and Marcus started gathering their men, and they loaded up their trucks.

"They're busy getting drunk. Everything's going as planned," Ariel whispered to Hector as she passed.

"Tell the troops to stay up. We'll have to wait for the right moment."

The right moment came at 22:00. Three Rorschachs were drinking outside of the barracks, most of them sleeping inside.

Hector went up to them, and started asking them about why Rorschach was the best character in Watchmen. Hector worked on getting them as far away from the bunkers as possible. While they were talking, the rest of the troops crept by in the darkness, carrying huge metal plates.

“Ey, where are those guys going?” one of them slurred.

“They have their own tasks,” Hector said, pulling out two machetes.

“What are those for?” Another asked, pointing at the blades.

Hector slashed at two of their faces with the machetes, ripping through the masks, while he kicked the third in the groin.

The troops put the metal plates up against the door to each barrack, and began to work on chaining them up.

One of the Rorschachs fell to the ground, dead. The second that had been slashed staggered backwards, coughing blood. The third fell to the ground and grabbed for his holstered pistol, but couldn’t unclasp it.

The metal plates were chained up, and Nico pressed a button. The sprinkler systems in the barracks turned on, spraying gasoline.

Hector stabbed the coughing Rorschach in the neck, and pulled the machete out. He stared at the final Rorschach.

A soldier scrambled up to both roofs, and lit a match, dropping it in a small hole in the ceiling. As the third Rorschach got up to run, he heard the screams.

“You fuckin’ bastards! What are you doing?!?”

Marcus shot him in the head.

Everyone looked at each other, and waited for the screams to die down. Unlike the smell, that would stop.

They left the camp as soon as possible.

Chapter Thirty-One

Week Twenty

The truck met with Hector and Marcus’s groups halfway to Hector’s camp.

“Hello, Hector. We were just about to meet you guys to ask you something.”

“You’re going to ask us if we want to leave the continental United States with you. The Pigeon Queen made her peace treaty with General Flagg, and part of it includes taking you guys down.”

“Shit,” Cass said, “This really complicates the plan if the mutant hunters know. Wait. Are you guys about to kill us?”

“No. We’re joining with you guys. We need to get out of here.”

“Could you guys take some of us on your trucks?” Theodore asked.

“Sure. We’ll wait until you guys stop for the night.”

“Do you have a radio?”

“Yeah.”

“Then there’s no reason to wait to get going.”

As they drove down the road, Cass asked into the radio, “Is it safe to stay at your base?”

“Probably, but we shouldn’t risk it.”

“Did something happen?”

“You don’t really need to know that.”

“Cool. Great.”

Further conversation was brief and awkward.