

<uSeaGM> ***Group 4 Session 92***

<uSeaGM> Another hour has passed in the tunnel beneath the East Equestrian Ocean. The train goes along quite happily, moving even faster thanks to Artifica's spell. Two sets of tracks, side by side, continue off into the darkness. The only other path being an occasional pony-sized door on each side that probably led to maintenance tunnels of some kind.

<uSeaGM> Chrysalid sightings become fewer and fewer as you travel deeper. You seem to have left your pursuers behind and you haven't seen any ahead of you for a while.

<uSeaGM> What you /are/ starting to see is debris on the track. Small bits of metal and plastic at first, but some look like old bones. You get the feeling that you are very near to the tunnel blockage you were warned about.

* Whisper gulps and checks his weapon again.

<uSeaGM> *Session Begins*.

* DeadBerry since now the train is mostly a hole with wheels, tries looking outside with more enthusiasm than before!

* Prism operates the controls, with a certain paranoid state of mind.

* Prism slows the train a bit.

* Milia has been staring out the back window for the most part, keeping a worried eye out for the dreadful, dreadful bug monsters. After a while, even her heightened hearing can no longer perceive their presence. She'd be lying if she said she wasn't relieved. "Heh... guess even those things get tired." the zebra mutters, allowing herself just the tiniest smidge of cautious optimism.

* DeadBerry could scout the tunnel, asks if necessary "mom, can i go have a torch? so i can fly into the eternal darkness and make friends!"

* Artifica again wishes she could cast shield. It would do wonders as a makeshift pilot.

* Milia had also shoved their less animate passengers into a corner in the back, unable to help herself from checking them every few minutes. Despite being thoroughly demolished, for all she knew they'd spring to life again or that a swarm of miniature hell-babies would start crawling out from their bodies.

* DeadBerry also, tries taking off the armor to give it back to watch

<uSeaGM> Prism and Whisper both see something big looming up ahead of you, even before it gets lit up by your train's front lights.

* Milia glances back to Berry. "Berry, sweetie... don't fly off by yourself into an endless black

void, okay? You don't know where it's been!"

* Prism applies the brake.

* Artifica suggests, "Keep the armor on a while longer, Berrylove. You may need it until stripeymommy can save the day with her ancient stripeygolem."

<Whisper> "Do you see that Prism?"

<Prism> "Yes."

<Whisper> "Can you tell what it is?"

<uSeaGM> With the brake applied the train slows down gradually to a stop. In front of the train the way is blocked.

<uSeaGM> Several train carriages lie together across the tracks, forever locked in an embrace of warped metal. Some carriages are black and armoured, while others are khaki or a simple grey. The weaker cars have been telescoped in the crash. They form an imposing metal barrier but a closer look will likely find a way through.

* Milia sways as the train gently slows to a stop. She gently calls out to the front. "Yo! What's the hold-up? We here?"

<Prism> "Yeah...the rest we're gonna have to do on hoof."

* Whisper pokes his head into the passenger compartment and nods. "We're here. Kinda."

* Milia trots to the head of the train, observing their obstacle. She's struck with how... colossal it was. "Hoooooly shit. That's one hell of a wreck..." she mutters.

<uSeaGM> The tunnel hasn't escaped damage either. Cracks run along the walls and large chunks of the roof have fallen away above the right track.

* DeadBerry sighs. that silly armor is so clumsy! she wants to go fast! ebi! mom... also... wait, the train stopped! "yay! we arrived!" sprints for the exit "i want cake sammiches!"

<Prism> "Lots of damage."

* Whisper hops out of the train and starts gingerly poking at the edges of the wreck trying to find a way through.

<Prism> "Sorry, I have a tendency to state the obvious."

<uSeaGM> There are some gaps to the left which may be big enough for a pony, and fliers may find a route over the top as well. A few of the outer carriages look like they've been entered since the crash. Others look like they've been broken out of. The remains of corroded barrels spill from a carriage that had split in half. The barrels are empty, but you can't help but notice

that they are covered in fang bites.

* Milia gallops after the donkey. She has... no chance of keeping up. "Berry! Wait up! Be careful, please!"

* DeadBerry stops and awes "but.... but..."

* Whisper looks back over his shoulder. "Hey, Prism. I think we can fit through over here, if you want."

* Prism follows Whisper.

* Whisper tries squeezing through the blockade onto the other side.

* DeadBerry notices that there's no way to have light past the train "uh.... how are we going to go adventure with no light at all?"

* Milia lags behind a bit, but thankfully can pick up the distance once the donkey stops zooming around. She smiles down at the filly. "There could be dangerous stuff in there, okay? We need to take it slow for now, and stay together. Think about how sad your moms would be if something happened to you."

* DeadBerry "nothing can happen to me! i'm the protagonist!"

* Jasmine_Mistplume gets out of the train and looks at the wreckage, rubbing her chin and 'hmmm'ing thoughtfully.

* Artifica stares. "Well, a shield-pilot wouldn't have helped with this."

* DeadBerry takes flight and checks the upper part of the tunnel, still, it is dark and she's scared, so, she doesn't really go very far

* Milia giggles. "But the protagonist can't leave her friends behind, can she? She needs her entourage." she idly comments before alighting. It may have been like trying to light up a pitch black abyss with a bonfire, but some light was better than no light.

* Artifica follows Berry and Milia as best she can. Shield -- it would also create a ramp over this.

<uSeaGM> "Flame on!" Mercy cheers.

* Artifica giggles a little at Mercy's enthusiasm.

* Milia snickers at the exclamation. "You're just full of those, aren't you?"

<uSeaGM> With a bit of squeezing, the party members are able to get through. On the other side are more carriages strewn around, but there's enough space to let you pick a path through them. Scattered around are old bones, picked clean long ago. What equipment they might have had has already been scavenged, leaving only empty bullet casings sparkling beneath Milia's

light.

* DeadBerry gives up and lands on hornymom's back, curling and yawning

* Jasmine_Mistplume advances along with the party, every so often turning her neck to look behind them.

* Milia carefully squeezes through the wreckage, always keeping an eye out.

* Whisper picks a path through the devastation. "Looks like there was a fight here at some point," he says softly.

<Prism> "Someone's been through here...scavenged the gear."

<uSeaGM> To the right is a train engine that has crumpled in on itself and been forced half-inside the carriage behind it. It looks like it travelled at full speed straight into a wall... except there isn't a wall. The carriages this train was pulling have toppled and snaked together, forming the bulk of the initial barrier you saw. The right train clearly hit something but you can't tell what without getting closer.

* DeadBerry also, chews her squeaky duck! -KWACK! QWACK!-

* DeadBerry -QWACK!-

* Whisper nods. "That's odd, too, since the Chrysalids didnt seem the types to use it."

* Milia hums to herself as they slowly advance. "Probably ponies from Sanctuary... maybe this is where they got a bunch of that gear they're rockin'."

<Prism> "I doubt it."

<uSeaGM> Qwacks echo down the tunnel.

<Prism> "Or else they'd probably be better prepared for chrysalids."

<Whisper> "Maybe, but that'd have to have been prior to the bugs showing up, because the ponies from Sanctuary won't go down here now."

<Prism> "Those two train engineers clearly weren't."

* Whisper shudders and nods in agreement.

* DeadBerry -QWACK!-

<uSeaGM> An overly large train car to the left catches your eye. It looks like a bomb has gone off inside of it, bursting open its Stable-door thick armour like some hideous gaping wound. The carriages ahead and behind it have left the track and fallen onto their side, and both the floor and the track itself have been churned up and damaged as the carriages ground to a halt.

These carriages are marked with the Biohazard symbol.

<Prism> "Remember that supertaint?"

* Whisper nods, looking nervous. "Yeah, why?"

* Milia quietly contemplates that. "Then I'd love to know who it /was/..." She flinches a bit with every squeak of Berry's toy, half expecting something to emerge suddenly and crush them in an instant.

<Prism> "I think we just found it."

* Artifica smiles back at Berry and trots next to Milia.

<uSeaGM> Broken barrels have spilled from the Biohazard carriages and they are covered in an alien-looking organic material. This webbing is even thicker around the holes in the carriages... holes that look disturbingly like they were made by something burrowing to get in. Their interiors are too dark to see without bringing a light closer.

<Prism> "But the terminal said that was just a ruse, if I recall."

* Milia might have been the tiniest bit on edge. She halts when the tainted carrying train comes into view. "Oh this is such bad fucking news..." she mutters before hesitantly approaching.

* Whisper tries to avoid the bizarre webbing as he pushes forward. "Oh, this so not good..."

<Whisper> "

<DeadBerry> -QWACK!-

* Milia literally yelps after /that/ one. Her chest heaves with deep, adrenaline fueled breaths.

<uSeaGM> Milia's light reveals clusters of eggs and cocoons. Some are the size of a small foal, others as big as a mare. At the back of the container is something very big curled up asleep... or hibernating. It looks like a chrysalid crossed with a xenomorph.

* Milia backs away slowly. 'Shitshitshitshitshitshitshit...' could be heard frantically being repeated under her breath.

* DeadBerry -SQUEAAAAaaaAAAAaAAAAaK!!!!!!-

* Whisper immediately ducks behind the nearest available hiding spot.

<Milia> "Okay, so, guys, we should probably try to keep qui-"

* Prism facehoofs.

* Jasmine_Mistplume looks at the overturned barrels and the web-like material and tenses up.

Her talons at the ready. She nearly lashes out at the source of the quacking noise, but she was able to catch herself in time, biting on her talon with her beak. "Berry...!" she whispers "That's not a good idea right now!"

* DeadBerry looks at Jasmine, a little confused, then puts away the duck "oh, okay...."

* Milia's blood freezes after the outrageously loud squeak. She slowly cranes her neck back to look at the matriarch's car, keeping dead silent. Pleasepleasepleaseplease still be asleep!

* Whisper points his weapon at the sleeping monster.

* Jasmine_Mistplume then notices the eggs... and the... was it the queen? Immediately, Jasmine takes out Little Justice. "No, fuck this! I'm taking care of this RIGHT now!"

* Artifica winces and simply doesn't have enough strain to cast Spirit of Whispers on everyone's everything.

* Milia backs away from the opening. Jasmine probably had the best idea here.

<Prism> "I..../really/ hate bugs."

* Jasmine_Mistplume lines up the shot. "Stand back...!" She warns, backing up herself to a respectable distance

<Prism> "And if we fail our mission...everything is doomed."

<Prism> "Because we can't just resist taking a stick to the hornet's nest."

* Whisper backs up.

<Prism> "Jasmine, there are multiple cars. You fire one, we wake up everything else."

* Milia's eyes go wide as she hears Prism's comment. She had only assumed there was one matriarch. Which, in hindsight, was pretty dumb. "Oh, shit, Prism's right! Jasmine, stop!" Her voice is hushed, yet frantic.

* Whisper gasps. "Oh crap, we're all gonna die!"

* Prism was frustrated. Very frustrated. "fucking incompetence....."

* Prism just goes off ahead, toward their destination.

<uSeaGM> Jasmine's missile flies through the hole in the carriage but gets snagged on some of the webbing as it flies through. The web proves sticky and strong, and the missile burns itself out and hangs there like a long black fly.

* Whisper looks around hurriedly. "We should get through here as fast as we can!"

<Prism> "Then don't waste time by talking about it. Grab your asses and move."

* Whisper blinks at Prism's outburst. "Uh...r-right. Moving." He starts off down the tunnel again, notably quicker than before.

* Milia watches as time seems to slow down while the rocket's propulsion systems fizzle out. She has NEVER been more relieved their group missed with a high explosive. After being absolutely, positively sure they MIRACULOUSLY didn't wake anything up, Milia scurries forward and nudges Jasmine along quickly. "Go! Go go go go go go! Now!"

* Artifica hisses to Jasmine, "Take that as a sign. Let's go. Quickly and quietly." With that, she hurries ahead, eager to get everyone out of the danger zone.

* Milia hisses out, "-And /NO MORE EXPLOSIVES!/"

* Artifica suggests to Watch Tower that a shield underneath them would be a good idea. Let's not run on ground that toxic stuff has poured out onto, just in case.

* Watch does so!

* Prism finds this is a good time to start hovering, flying low while moving.

<Watch> "That would be a good idea...no idea what the stuff is..."

* DeadBerry is riding a mom, won't put hoofies in glowing puddles even if it looked superfun

<Watch> "I think...whatever this stuff is...it probably resulted in...those...and I'd rather not test that..."

* Watch made a little platform just above the ground with tiny steps up.

* Jasmine_Mistplume freezes up, staring at the dude missile, everything else around her seemed not to exist. She had already loaded another missile and was about to fire again when Milia started to push her along, bringing her back to reality. She blinks and turns towards Milia, stumbling as she gets guided away, nearly dropping her missile launcher. She manages to regain her balance and moves along, not

<Jasmine_Mistplume> resisting. "O-okay okay...! Stop pushing...."

* Milia is grinding her teeth anxiously as they continue on.

* DeadBerry is bored. bored fillies usually aren't a problem. usually. looks in her stuff

* DeadBerry finds a book! reading time! well, mostly, pictures looking time! lucky puppy

<Prism> "I'm starting to like the idea of collapsing the tunnel when we're done...."

<Watch> "did you see that big one back there?" He shivers.

<Prism> "Flood the tunnel....though my luck those things can breathe underwater....or don't need to breathe."

<Watch> "lets see them breathe rock..."

<Whisper> "Breathe rock? What does that even mean?"

<Watch> "collapsing the tunnel. Smashing them...hopefully beneath tons and tons of rock...."

<Watch> "I'm already going to have nightmares about these things..." He shivers a little more.

<Prism> "And the ocean."

* Milia mutters. "Rock, water, fire... anything's better than letting them infest the place if we can help it..."

* Jasmine_Mistplume gets quiet at Prism's mentioning of collapsing the tunnel, thinking back to what she said about what it would do to Sanctuary.

* Whisper nods. "Collapsing the tunnel sounds good. Fire also sounds good. Really just making the bad bugs go away sounds really, really good."

<uSeaGM> Mercy nods at the mention of fire.

* DeadBerry hears that "want me to put everything on fire?"

<Watch> "First though...lets...get past and deal with crazy wargolem."

* Milia manages a nervous chuckle. "I mean, at least we know they /burn/ pretty well."

<Prism> "We'd have to warn Sanctuary first, since I'm not entirely sure how much of it would get flooded."

<Watch> "No berry everything will be on fire later."

* DeadBerry "okay... uhm... can you take back your armor? it makes me go slower..."

* DeadBerry "please?"

* Watch closes his eyes. "please don't tempt me."

* Prism tries to run that model through her brain, of flooding the tunnel, and its affect on Sanctuary.

<Whisper> "Like, is there some way we could make Mercy superpowered and have her just fill the tunnel with fire?"

* Milia chuckles. "I'll let you know when I figure out how to do that."

* Milia nudges her head to said fire spirit. "I'm sure she'd be /thrilled/."

* Whisper nods. "Somehow I don't doubt it."

<Prism> "Well...the tunnel can essentially seal itself....or it should be able to automatically, in the case of a flood."

<Prism> "It would also warn the stations. There might even be a manual control somewhere."

<Prism> "That right there would be a useful find."

<Watch> "Well...it also helps that...we took an elevator down right?...wouldn't that kind of majorly restrict just how far the water could go?)

<Watch> "Like an upside cup in a bathtub?"

<Prism> "There are likely multiple exits to the tunnel, and we're below an ocean."

<Watch> upside down*

<Watch> "ooh right...hadn't thought of that..."

<Prism> "Even if Sanctuary doesn't, somewhere's gonna get flooded probably."

* Watch winces. "all the more reason to hate these things."

* DeadBerry puts the book away and takes off, scouting for the group from the ceiling... she doesn't see any further, but feels useful

<Prism> "But if we find the controls to manually seal the place...we won't need to flood anything."

* Milia blinks at Prism, nearly stumbling over her steps as she listens with great interest. "Woah, no shit?"

* Milia smirks. "Woudln't /that/ be a welcome change of luck."

<Prism> "The tricky part is making sure we don't seal ourselves in."

<Watch> "Well then...we've got some things to...oh right..."

<Prism> "Onward though. Aquaria shouldn't be too far now, given the distance we traveled on a speeding train."

* Whisper nods. "I just wanna get there and get this done."

* Watch nods. "I'm really hoping everything goes well down there...last thing we need is more to

go..." He just lets that trail off. He knows he is invoking the dread murphies law.

* DeadBerry flapflaps following the group

* Artifica offers, "If we get sealed down here, super-teleportation-Watch can help....right?"

<Watch> "That would depend. Some places..." He closes his eyes "are warded."

* Watch opens them slowly and looks around seemingly for the source of some unheard sound

* DeadBerry "maybe we will find a city of dreams made real, where everypony is free and equal and love is the only thing that matters..."

* DeadBerry smiles already seeing the many friends she will make in rapture

<Watch> "I do not know if these tunnels are...so no promises, but I can virtually guarentee a place like aquaria..." Watch sighs and trots ahead of the group searching the rubble up ahead.

<Watch> "would be..."

* Whisper sighs. "Or maybe we'll find another nightmare come to life. We seem to be good at that."

<uSeaGM> Watch's eyes fix on a warped piece of metal debris that has fallen like a lean-to against the tunnel, a little way ahead of the group.

<uSeaGM> Part of a boot sticks out from under the metal.

* Watch carefully sculpts the boot...and perhaps whatever it is attached to out.

<Watch> "This is starting to drive me crazy..." Watch whines as he works.

<Whisper> "What is?"

<Watch> "all these ghost noises...unless you can hear the ringing?"

* Milia trots up to look at the rather imposing piece of debris. The boot beneath it speaks volumes of the fate of who it was attached to. "Fuck me, /that's/ some bad luck." She comments, silently thanks whatever deity might be listening that they haven't had something like that happen to them yet, despite their tendency for trouble.

* Whisper blinks. "No...no ringing..."

* Milia stares at Watch Tower. "Uhh... 'ghost noises'?"

* Watch sighs. "yeah...no words yet at least." He sets about unburying the rest of the skeleton.

* DeadBerry "i can make squeakies!" offers

<Whisper> "Watch, why are you digging up a skeleton?"

* DeadBerry "mebbe he is half doggie and loves unburying bones?"

<uSeaGM> Beneath the sheet of metal is a skeleton wearing a suit of Ranger Combat Armour, intact except for its cracked helmet. The suit has a broken battle saddle but its weapon can be recovered. A long-barrelled .50 calibre Anti-Materiel Rifle. A laser sight has been added to make it easier to use as close range.

<Watch> "Because I've lost control of my life at this point." He sighs resigned. "and I heard the ringing of ghost phone..."

* Whisper looks between Berry and Watch. "Uh...well...he doesn't look very dog-ish..."

<Watch> "woof."

<Watch> "uhh...I take it back...this is...quite nice."

<Watch> "like woah...go go ghost phone..."

* Whisper peers into the grave. "Whoa...no kidding."

<Prism> "Whoa...."

<Watch> ""I...feel I should give the guy a proper burial after we rob his grave...we kind of need it more...,but to die here alone like this...not an enviable fate..."

* Prism checks out any damage to the rifle and armor.

* Milia leans to the side to get a glance at the uncovered goodies. An impressed whistle escapes her. "Score!"

* Watch gently floats the body out.

<uSeaGM> You can hear a quiet, tinny noise coming from the helmet, muffled by its location on the ground.

* Watch picks up the helmet. "and here goes ghost ringer."

<Whisper> "I can hear that too. No ghost, I guess."

<uSeaGM> From the helmet's tiny speakers come the sound of gunfire, swearing, and somepony yelling: "It won't die, it won't fucking die!" another voice answers: "Get down! We're hitting it with the prison train!" The recording cuts off with a crash of screaming metal, and then repeats over again. But Watch hears something different for the first loop...

* DeadBerry "hitting what with wut?"

* Milia winces. "Gonna take a wild swing in the dark-" she pauses to literally do that. She swings a hoof awkwardly into open air before continuing. "-and say it was our good pal 88."

* Prism looks at Whisper. "So should you use the rifle, or me?"

* DeadBerry sniffs the bones and frowns

* Watch almost laughs. "Still haunted...but it's not me! Unless my name is Cinnabar!" Watch seems entirely too pleased at that.

* DeadBerry "mom, can we go away?"

* Whisper looks at the rifle and then at Prism. "Uh...well, I...think I can use that? It's pretty big, I dunno."

* Milia tilts her head, her attention caught by Watch Tower's comment. "Uhh, who now?"

<Prism> "I can probably handle it....maybe it's a little too big though. I'm not very strong."

* Watch seems a little overly enthusiastic...,but after being told he was going to die and speculation on what he'd be and all that. "The ghost voice was back."

* Milia frowns. "And what did it say?"

<Prism> "That rifle...it's a bit too big for either of us to use, unless one of us starts lifting weights."

<Watch> "Clouds of pink swallow the crescent moon. Your loves, your Sun and Star, are in danger. Their fate need not be set. Hurry, Cinnabar, you can still save them!" He quotes probably managling any proper cadence or tone. "That is clearly not me"

* Whisper sighs. "Yeah. Let's just keep moving, like you said Prism."

<Prism> "Let's just take it with us anyways, but I'm not sure we can get much use out of it. The armor, on the other hoof....I could really use. This armor I'm wearing isn't gonna be much help against chrysalid claws."

<Prism> "I'd have to refit it later to fit me though."

* DeadBerry armor talk! yay a topic she can relate too! "yeah, i hate armor too..."

* Milia blink blinks. She actually had a bit of insight into that, considering the limited literature she had digested in her short life! "Wasn't, ahhh... Luna's school at Littlehorn shaped like a crescent moon?"

* Whisper nods at Prism.

* DeadBerry "say hi to joy if you see him!"

<Watch> "Where?"

* DeadBerry "what?"

* Prism takes the armor with her.

<Prism> "Could you bring the gun along, Whisper if you can?"

* Whisper quietly scoops up the rifle and slings it over his back.

* Milia leans her head back, staring contemplatively into space, not focusing on anything in particular. A few moments are needed for the zebra to pull the relevant information from her memory. It had been a little while since she had read The Book, after all. "Oh, uhhh, back when the war was still ramping up... there was an incident at Luna's School for, uhh-"

* Watch gently puts the body back to rest. "I don't know who you were, but You can rest now. "

* Watch listens to Milia curious for more information

* Prism tries to find any ammo for the gun, because that shit was rare.

* Milia pauses. What was it called again? "-special unicorns or something? Anyways, there was some snafu where some zebra commando unloaded a pink cloud talisman on it while a caravan of zebra refugees was passing through. Blame got shunted on them and shit kinda went south from there. From what I remember, that was the moment where the point of no return was passed. In a /blur/,

* Milia I might add."

* Whisper searches for loose ammo too. "I'm sorry about earlier Prism," he says softly without looking up.

* Milia shakes her head. "Anyhow... school was shaped like a crescent moon, if I'm remembering right. It's been a while since I read about it, though. Lost my copy of the book before I even joined up with this group."

<Watch> "So...uhh...it sounds like whatever happened...somepony was being told they could stop it..."

* Milia grumbles. "Paper is... so /very/ easy to ruin..."

* Watch pats Milia. "well if you had it before it'd have been toast now."

<Prism> "Sorry for what?"

* Milia nickers, frustrated. "Why's everything gotta be so dang /flammable/ all the time. It's a

mondo bummer sometimes, you know!"

<Whisper> "You got all angry earlier when Jasmine nearly blew up a rocket in that nest. What...what did I do wrong?"

<Prism> "Sorry, I was just frustrated and venting."

<Watch> "oh umm Prism...kind of awkward to ask...,but mind if I have your barding when you change? I'm still kinda sitting in the buck here.

<Prism> "It seems like when being quiet is required, this group fails spectacularly at it."

* Whisper blinks and waits a moment to respond. "Uh...actually you kinda have a point I think."

* Milia offers a sheepish grin to Prism. "Our group has issues with 'quiet'."

<Prism> "Sure, I guess...I still need to make adjustments to it, when we have a safe place to do so."

* Watch kept the helmet by the way for later repair...never know when a radio will come in handy

* DeadBerry offers "take mine! take mine!"

<Watch> "silly berry you're too tiny for me."

* Milia looks ahead of their group. From the sound of it, Object 88 was the cause of this whole mess. The longer they travelled, the more probable it was they would encounter it. If she had to describe her feelings about it... well, the word 'nervouscited' comes to mind.

* Whisper holds up a hoof to Prism. "Oh, I found this ammo for the gun. I'll keep them together for now."

<uSeaGM> At long last, you see light at the end of the tunnel. Well, the tunnel keeps going. But there is light at least.

* Milia perks up. A light! A light that wasn't her!

* Whisper steps off towards the light with a little extra vigor.

* DeadBerry cautiously flapflaps in the direction, trying to stay supernear to the top of the tunnel

<uSeaGM> Strange Mercy seems unimpressed. "Well, it's okay for a boring electric light I guess..."

* Milia giggles, giving the spirit a gentle noogie. "You're better than any lame ol' lighting fixture, Mercy. Don't worry."

* Milia continues trotting. "We don't even have to plug you in to turn you on!"

<uSeaGM> Lavender Dream blushes.

<Watch> "anypony else suspicious things seem to be going well?"

* Watch giggles at that despite his mood.

* Whisper hisses frantically at Watch. "Don't say that! You'll ruin it!"

<Watch> "oh right sorry..."

<uSeaGM> The tunnel continues East past the station, but that's not what interests the group.

<uSeaGM> You've reached a well lit station platform, all white paint and grey metal. Cargo cranes rust slowly on rails that cross the ceiling. The platform proper is a large white rectangle in front of a white wall with a white metal semi-circle closed door. There is no signage anywhere on the platform, except off to the side a little security office is built into the wall.

* Milia approaches. "Hello now... what's all /this/?" she mutters, steering toward the security station first.

* Whisper creeps up to the security office door.

<uSeaGM> The security office has tables and chairs enough for five ponies at a squeeze. Mostly the room has terminals and screens. The terminal warns of a 'Lockdown' being in effect. The screens show various live images from the tunnel you've just been through.

* Prism then tries to test the idea. She unslings her assault carbine, and passes it with its ammo to Whisper. "Could you give me the big rifle, please."

* Watch is terribly expecting horrible things on the tunnel

* Milia will take a look at the screens and terminals! She was no science zebra, but surely she could at least look a /little/ bit, right? She totally unlocked that safe back in the stabletec facility, after all!

* Whisper turns to Prism. "Oh, uh sure." He unslings the rifle and passes it to her, along with the ammo.

* DeadBerry looks at the teevo! maybe it is teletubbies time!

* Prism takes the rifle, finding that she could probably, in fact, use it!

* Milia neglects to acknowledge she was only able to do so because of OTHER party members, because that would ruin her fun and lower her self esteem. Her poor, poor self esteem.

<Prism> "Yeah, I think...I think I can handle this."

* Whisper watches Prism handle the rifle and blushes slightly.

* Prism checks out one of the terminals after she accepts the rifle.

* Watch idly searches the tables and chairs

* Whisper follows along and watches over Prism's shoulder. "That's pretty impressive."

<uSeaGM> The terminals unhelpfully tell you there is a 'Lockdown'.

<Prism> "Honestly, I was thinking I could use my wings to help myself not get knocked on my flank by the recoil."

* Watch gives the terminals a shot.

* Milia blows a raspberry at the screens. "I'll lock down your FACE, stupid terminals." she grumbles.

* Whisper nods. "I just think it's pretty impressive how you can work with such a big, long gun."

* Whisper blushes. "Uh, I mean, not like that. Just, um, you know..."

<uSeaGM> "I know!" Mercy claims.

<uSeaGM> "She doesn't know." Lavender reveals.

<Prism> "Honestly, I prefer something long range like this."

* Milia glances at Berry. "Wanna check out the big white cube? These terminals are no help at all!"

* Whisper turns bright red and suddenly finds the floor at his hooves utterly fascinating. He mumbles an untelligible response.

* Watch changes the font and if possible continues trying?

* Prism blinks at Whisper. "What's....oh, right, innuendo."

<Prism> "How could I forget."

* Whisper mumbles something at Prism again.

<uSeaGM> A terminal unhelpfully tell you there is a 'Lockdown' now in a different font.

<Prism> "Open sesame."

* Prism pauses.

<Prism> "That never works."

* Milia trots out of the security office and on over to The Cube. It sure was...

<Milia> "White..." she vocalizes to no one in particular, considering everypony else was still in the office.

* DeadBerry sniffs the screen, licks it "it tastes a little like ants"

* Watch blinks and smiles. "hey Milia. Red!"

* Whisper mumbles something to himself that sounds suspiciously like an /intentional/ innuendo.

<Milia> ((replace cube with door because im a dingus and cant reading comprehension*))

* Prism hits the terminal. "I wonder if we can restart them."

<uSeaGM> Mercy laughs, pretending to have understood what Whisper said. "Oh yes, pump-action indeed!"

* Whisper 's eyes go wide and he blushes even harder. "That's not what I said!" he blurts out.

* Milia presses her ear up to the door's surface and listens. Then, she tries banging on it if that reveals nothing (spoiler alert, it probably won't.)

* Prism trots over to Whisper and promptly kisses him.

<uSeaGM> The screens suddenly change, over two thirds of them showing the tunnel you've just been through. There's the biohazard carriages, theres the wreckage, and there's the train you came in one. A /second/ train is coming to a stop behind yours. It looks armour plated and is generously covered in lights.

* Whisper freezes up, apparently short-circuited by Prism's kiss.

<Watch> "uhh...guys?"

<Watch> "Nother train..."

<uSeaGM> The images lack sound or colour, but you see several squads of military-gearred ponies disembark. The first thing they do is check your train with weapons drawn.

* DeadBerry is already looking at the teevee "woah! more friends!"

<Prism> "Oh fuck."

<Watch> "Well then..."

<Watch> "You know...I'm almost expecting when they reach the scary egg car..."

<Watch> "that missile to explode."

* Milia grumbles as she heads back to the office sullenly. The door defeated her. "Oh well..." she mutters, dejected. The zebra stops in the doorway, raising an eyebrow as everypony else seems to be captivated by the screens. "Uhhh, is a lockdown really that interesting?" she comments, approaching the rear of the group.

<uSeaGM> They gather up, seem to talk, and then head through the wreckage blocking the track. Another camera shows them on the other side.

<Watch> "seems like uhh...we've got a death car load of troops...looking for us."

* Jasmine_Mistplume silently watches the screen, looking back the way they came every once in a while. "...They aren't far behind..." She mutters to noone in particular. "We shouldn't stay here long. I've got a bad feeling about this."

<Prism> "Probably from Sanctuary, sent to dispose of us."

* Whisper slowly snaps out of his daze. "Huh...oh...OH!"

* Milia's eyes go wide as she sees what's happening. "Wait, what the /fuck/? Who are /those/ chodemobiles?!" Whoever they were, they did not look happy, and they did not look friendly.

* DeadBerry perceives the drop in the mood "hey, wasn't that where we had to be super quiet?"

<Whisper> "Gah, and now we're up against this stupid giant door and a useless lockdown!"

* Prism returns to the terminal and tries anything she can.

<Prism> "Come onnnnnnnnn"

<uSeaGM> They sweep the wreckage, some taking an interest in the crumpled train engine you passed, while others check the biohazard carriages.

* Milia nods to Berry. "Yes, Berry, it is." She turns back toward the screen. "Let's hope they're less quiet than we were..."

<Watch> "I'm...still expecting that missile..."

* DeadBerry "why less quiet? wasn't that place dangerous?"

<uSeaGM> The soldiers move back from the carriage, clearly alarmed, and a soldier with a flame thrower moves forward.

<Watch> "Berry signs...point to that they're trying to ki-oh dear..."

* Milia frowns at the monitor. "I think they're coming to hurt us, sweetie..."

* DeadBerry "why? aren't ponies all friends?"

<Watch> "no...all ponies are not friends...and uhh...plug your ears."

* Whisper looks over Prism's shoulder again.

* Watch doesn't know how strong super hearing is...,but isn't going to risk that.

* Milia shakes her head at the donkey. "No, love... I wish they were, but they're not. There are lots of ponies in the world... that are not good; not kind. Ponies that want to hurt you for many reasons."

<Prism> "Should I...fly up onto one of those cranes to take a sniper position instead of trying to fruitlessly open this door?"

<uSeaGM> On screen, the fire pours into the carriage and an in-equine scream can be heard from the tunnel.

* Whisper shakes his head. "We'll never last against the hordes of Chryssalids! We gotta get inside!"

<Watch> "well they did say fire was effective"

<Prism> "I don't think we can break the lockdown. There's gotta be another way inside."

* Whisper frantically looks around for air vents.

<Watch> "I think one more try to break it?" He suggests.

* Prism frantically attempts, anything she can think of from her training as a scribe.

* DeadBerry looks at the flamers burn everything "i... are they going to win?"

* Milia stares at the screen, fixated. "I have no idea, sweetie..."

<uSeaGM> All hell breaks loose. The super-chrysalid crawls from its lair like a flaming demon but is swallowed by a sudden explosion. The soldiers are knocked over by the unexpected detonation, but they quickly form up as more of the creatures pour from the other carriages.

<Watch> "so...uhh hows that door coming...because those soldiers are...probably going to becoming more of those...things"

* DeadBerry smiles "see? they're winning! go ponies!"

<uSeaGM> That's when you see the crumpled train engine lift off the ground and get hurled into the group of soldiers. The camera shakes and flickers. You can hear the impact from where you are.

* Whisper winces. "Oh crap oh crap oh crap..."

* Jasmine_Mistplume tenses up at the sound of the pained screams of what she could only guess were the Chryssalids. She looks over in the direction she came from. Then, there was an explosion. She finds herself moving back towards the tunnel, trying to approximate exactly how close they could be, and how long they had until they were overrun. "Fuck..! This is bad!"

* Milia instinctively wraps Berry in a hug. She was scared, now. Scared for her family. Scared for her friends.

<Prism> "Come on you stupid door, OPEN."

<uSeaGM> The camera's view has changed, at an angle like its housing has been broken. All it can see is swirling dust... and a shape mostly hidden. A shape with two legs and six arms.

<uSeaGM> The other cameras shows the chrysalids running as fast as they can to get away from it.

<Whisper> "Oh, CRAP!"

<Watch> "Prism...please tell me that door is opening soon..." Panic edges into his voice. "because that is a whole buck of a lot of oh crap coming our way."

<Prism> "Sorry...but I don't think...anything's working. Forgive me."

* Whisper tugs on Milia's leg anxiously. "You can stop that, right? It's a zebra mech, right?"

<uSeaGM> An alarm goes off and the text on the terminals changes. Now it reads: *EXA LEVEL THREAT DETECTED* 'Deploying countermeasures'

* Milia sits protectively behind Berry. She honestly couldn't tell whether or not she was MORE scared now or relieved that object 88 had shown itself. Consciously swallowing, the zebra looks to whisper anxiously. "Let's... hope I don't have to try." is her answer.

* DeadBerry mutters "why that thing didn't wake up when we were there?"

* Whisper looks over at the terminals. "Countermeasures? What countermeasures?"

* Milia thinks about that for a moment. 'They got lucky' is the real answer. "...Because we left it alone." is how she'll spin it.

* Watch does the first thing that leaps to mind and raises a hardened shield around the office they were all gathered in. "don't know I don't know whats coming I can only hope to slow it down." Watch panics a bit.

<uSeaGM> Heavy turrets fold out from the walls and ceiling, all aiming towards the tunnel you came from. They ignore the group completely.

* Jasmine_Mistplume 's heart skips a beat. She could hear them. The skittering of countless numbers of monsters making their way towards them. So many thoughts entered Jasmines

mind. Panic was one. Fear definitely. She looks around the area, and sees a branch-off tunnel. When did she get all the way out here...? She couldn't remember. All she knew, is that the swarm was coming. And they weren't going to stop.

* DeadBerry counterhugs Milia, is scared too

* Whisper crosses the room and wraps Prism in a hug. "Love, if we don't make it..."

<Prism> "I'd rather that thing kill me than one of those bugs."

* Whisper nods. "I love you."

<Prism> "I love you, too."

<uSeaGM> Jasmine spots something just a little past the station.

* Whisper gently caresses Prism. "At least if this is it, we did everything we could. No pony can fault us for that."

* Milia hasn't even noticed Jasmine's actions yet. Her attention is affixed to the screens and the filly hugging her.

<uSeaGM> You can see the chrysalids on the screen. Dozens of them, following their monstrous mothers like the one you saw sleeping. Skittering and leaping. The sound of buzzing wings get louder and closer.

* Whisper looks Prism in the eye and steps back, pulling out his gun. "So...care to go the hard way with me?"

* Jasmine_Mistplume looks back towards the others.... Towards her friends..... She closes her eyes, and takes a deep breath, and... she... she was calm. All that panic... all that fear... it melted away. And it was replaced with something else; purpose. Her friends were everything to her. It was in that moment, she made her decision. Even as the chrysalids grew close enough that she could see them, even as the

<Jasmine_Mistplume> mounted turrets open fired on the bugs, she knew what she had to do. Jasmine rushed towards a control panel off the branch of the tunnels, letting out a avian screech into the tunnel. "IM OVER HERE, YOU FREAKS OF NATURE!" she screams, as she pulls a lever.

<Prism> "I don't want to die." She renews her efforts with the terminals.

* DeadBerry doesn't think about it twice and zips away, setting everything on fire between the station and the monsters

* Whisper looks worriedly at the screens and then back to Prism. "I'll buy you all the time I can then."

<Watch> "please no heroic last stands whisper."

* Whisper looks back at Watch. "I'm not trying for herioc. I'm trying to keep Prism alive."

<uSeaGM> The chrysalids pour past the station as a black tide of chitin and surge into the tunnel after Jasmine. The blast door she activated closes slowly and even more of the beasts leap over, or dive under, to get past the closing doors.

* Whisper stares at the monitors in shock. "Or...Jasmine could do...that."

<Prism> "Wait, what's going on?" Her attention was focused on the terminals, and trying to get them to do something, anything for them.

<uSeaGM> The turrets took no notice. They remain fixed on the tunnel entrance.

<Whisper> "Jasmine is leading the Chryssalids away...dunno about the big war golem, though."

<Prism> "She's doing what? No!"

* Milia is ripped from her reverie by Jasmine's screech. Her blood runs like icewater, and slowly she realizes what she should have noticed long before now: Jasmine wasn't with them. "Jasmine?!-..."

* Whisper shakes his head frantically. "She's already through a blast door that's closing! There's no time to get to her!"

* Watch closes his eyes. "fuck fuck fuck...She's probably save us...,but..."

* Prism hits the terminal again in frustration with everything!

* Whisper points to at the monitor.

* Jasmine_Mistplume seems to be flying backwards on the monitor as a huge swarm of chryssalids run after her. Every once in a while one would leap at her, and she would cut it down with her talons. Eventually she pulls out Little Justice and a rocket fires. A loud explosion can be heard both from the monitor and from the tunnels themself

* Milia tears her way out of the security office, smashing through a shield if she has to, and scrambles to the blast door. She stares up at it, frantically muttering to herself, as though she were trying to discern the answer to some complex riddle. For all of her muttering and panicked thinking, her first choice is to resort to violence. Futile violence.

* Prism breaks down, sobbing. "Sorry, Jasmine..."

<uSeaGM> Jasmine's missile looks on target but a smaller chrysalid leaps up and tries to catch it like a dog with a stick...

* Whisper wraps Prism in a hug, saying nothing.

* Jasmine_Mistplume 's explosion causes the cameras in her area to be destroyed, causing nothing but static to show on the monitors

<uSeaGM> On the other screens, the 'golem' pounds down the tunnel towards you.

* Milia lets out an angry scream and bucks the blast doors. Repeatedly; holding not an ounce of strength. "JASMINE YOU FUCKING PROMISED ME! YOU!-" *SMASH* "FUCKING!-" *SMASH* "PROMISED!!!" *SMASH*

* Whisper says softly. "Goodbye, Jasmine."

<Watch> "I...wish I had gotten to know her..."

<Prism> "And we're going to die...soon." She says morosely.

<Prism> "Sorry Whisper...we weren't able to fix your lungs..."

<Watch> "we can't die here...not after jasmine sacrificed herself. Not when we are so close..."

* Whisper whispers gently to Prism. "It's okay...we did all we could. I still love you so, so much."

<uSeaGM> The 'Lockdown' terminal finally says something more useful: 'Deploying Sentinels'

<uSeaGM> The white, semi-circular outer facility door starts to open...

* Milia gives no thought to the approaching golem. It was irrelevant background noise. Only the exhausting repetition of smashing of her powerhooves on impossibly tough metal mattered. "I'm fucking TIRED OF IT! I'm fucking TIRED OF LOSING THE PEOPLE I CARE ABOUT!" the zebra screams as her blows gradually lose strength. A final, bloodcurdling scream heralds the last, anemic smash,

* Milia and she slumps down, leaning her back against the blockade.

* Prism turns her head to watch the door opening. "Um..."

* Whisper 's head snaps up. "Wait...the door is opening! The DOOR IS OPENING! Prism let's go!"

<uSeaGM> A giant, four-legged security robot stomps out of the door and onto the platform, followed by several others. Like the turrets they pay the group no mind.

* Prism gets up and heads to to the door, and quickly flies through the opening the security robots did.

* Watch trots out...ignoring the door...probably got sentinels anyway..and instead sword Milia.

"Milia?"

<Watch> towards Milia*

* Whisper is right behind Prism on the ground, calling back to the others. "Hey, come on! The door is open, let's go!"

* Milia stares down the tunnel with dead eyes, disregarding Watch Tower. She was too tired to cry. Even the speck in the distance wasn't important. "I'm tired of suicide..." she rasps quietly.

<uSeaGM> Lavender stares open-mouthed at the thing approaching down the tunnel. "Run..." she whispers, and then breaks into a scream. **"Run. Run. RUN!"**

<Watch> "lets...go." He had wanted to say more comforting words...,but they weren't coming out. "we stay we'll be next."

<Prism> "Berry, Artifica, Milia, Watch. LET'S GO! Before it decides to close."

* DeadBerry is waiting for mom

* Whisper stands in the open doorway, looking back at the others.

* Milia slowly gets to all fours. Wordlessly, she drags herself toward the open door. Likely not satisfying the desired speed Lavender's warning demanded... but she was moving. They had gotten in. Hooray.

* Watch follows in kind

* Prism fights back tears.

<Prism> "This seems selfish...but we can't pass up the opportunity to survive."

* DeadBerry follows the others, seems still confused about what happened

* Whisper nods. "It isn't selfish, love. Dying won't bring Jasmine back now. We just have to keep going."

<uSeaGM> The door starts to close before they are through, but with a bit of insistent pushing they all make it in time. Except for one catbird. As the door fully closes, the whole station platform erupts into magic weapons fire.

<uSeaGM> *End of Session for Group 4*