



The Marionette

STRINGS CUT: 0/5

Your lungs burn, your body is encased in a prison of ice that bites and curls around each limb like the constricting coils of a snake. This is it, this is what you believe, you are going to **die**. That new word echoes in your mind and suddenly you understand the very fragile nature of your body, your pulse, your breath. Before, you had a vague understanding that these things were important to you, but now you realise why this is. You are little more than a shell held together with a thin layer of flesh, pierce the casing and there will be drastic consequences.

“A SHELL.”

A deep voice cackles, agreeing with your silent thoughts. The words shift as they make contact with one another, bending and weaving under the pressure exerted over them.

“AND WHAT IS A SHELL BUT A MERE PUPPET WITHOUT STRINGS? ITS LIMBS FALL USELESS UNTIL ANOTHER TAKES HOLD OF THEM. TELL ME LOST LITTLE SHELLS, HOW DOES IT FEEL NOW THAT YOU REALISE THE TRUTH OF YOUR FUTILE ATTEMPTS TO TRIUMPH OVER YOUR BETTERS?”

You are resurfacing, rushing blindly towards the open air. Everything shifts, the textures and sensations that surround your body change too quickly for you to truly process each one in turn.

And then, it stops.

When you find the strength to open your eyes you find yourself in near darkness. It is darker here than it was in the cavern, a thin silver light that pierces a gap somewhere in the highermost wall shines down upon you and the others like a beacon. Once again, you are not alone.

There is a smell, strong and sickly, overwhelming fumes that make you want to hack up bile from your all too empty stomach. You will be able to locate the origin of the scent very quickly, it is adhered to you, it is everywhere. The floor and wall of the cave is lined with a sticky black substance that varies between 5 inches and 11 inches, depending on how close you are to the centre of the cavern - the closer you are to the centre, the deeper you will find the tar to be.

A few tall and smooth rocks offer sanctuary from the tar, dotted about the cavern like stepping stones, and the ones that jettison from the cave walls are also climbable, albeit slathered in a skin of the same sticky substance that lines the floor.

“LITTLE SHELLS, LITTLE SHELLS, WON’T YOU LET ME WIN?”

You realise with a spine chilling sensation that this voice is not a disembodied echo that bounces around the cave like the water of your previous prison. It is coming from above, and if you tilt your head back you will see, just for a moment, the movement of tangled limbs and the flash of hungry, laughing teeth. It is there in the shadows where you cannot see, do not relax, it is still there.

THE MARIONETTE

HORIZON | BANDERSNATCH | ECLIPSE | SKANDER | NIMH



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CHAPTER 1 : LIFE 9

Start Date: 14th June, 2021 - End Date: 9th August, 2021

RULES

- Each post must be at least 300 words in length
- Ensure that your post includes: Character name, Pronouns, Post Number, and Word Count
- You cannot use tables to format, and text must be readable
- Images if used, can be no larger than 100x100 pixels
- **You must take action in each post.** Checkpoints are a week apart.
- Actions must be **bolded**, and you must include a summary at the end of each post
- All injuries from the first half of Chapter 1 carry over into the second half
- If you find the doc is lagging, let us know in your Discord chat and we will create a new doc

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• BANDERSNATCH •

HE/HIM | STAT SHEET

REPLY 1

IW: --- | M: ---

Die.

Die.

DIE.

An entirely unbearable concept that rings endlessly through his head, reverberating against the edges of his skull as if they were physical blunt weapons to his own mind. Die. Dying. Death. He was about to die, somehow he knew this as though it were clear as day, as though he knew the whole time it was a simple fact of life even though he knew nothing of it mere moments before.

He didn't want to die. Not yet, not now, maybe not ever. He had been given this life, oh so blessedly, and even if there was pain he wanted to see every bit of it, and so he was never letting it go. *Not ever.* Through the icy burning pain in his lungs, he thrashed and kicked like that would give him any sort of grasp on the situation, like it would help him escape his current constraints.

There was nothing he could do, truly. But he would never accept it, not even when his consciousness no longer lingered on the mortal plane of existence.

“A shell.”

He startled at the voice that suddenly made itself known. Another unnatural entity, here to bring doom to his existence as the little creatures before him had? He wanted to yell, shout, anything at the voice that spoke on. Spoke on arrogantly, like it thought itself better than him, Bandersnatch. He wanted to scoff. *As if*, he thought. For why did it think it was any better than he? It was only a voice in the shadows, after all.

While he insulted the voice from the safety of his mind, he missed the beginnings of his surroundings starting to change. A shift, a twitch, and then suddenly everything rolls and twirls around his being as if in an incredibly dizzying dance, he barely had the ability at all to even see what had just occurred around him.

His eyes, large and round and the deepest of blues, snapped open. Wide as they could possibly be, they took in his new surroundings hungrily. Like his prison before, it was very dimly lit, with the faintest of glowing lights coming from a centerpoint in the depths of the walls. He felt his lips twitch, almost forming a sneer, as he realized he was once again in another predicament of disaster.

How unfortunate, he thought.

Through his nostrils, in wafted a disgusting, pungent smell that made him sick to his stomach. He almost gagged, coughing and wheezing as he forced himself to withstand the strength of the odor surrounding him.

“Little shells, little shells, won’t you let me win?”

Let it win? Let it win what? Did it think this was a game? Through a watery gaze, Bandersnatch lifted squinted eyes up toward the walls and ceiling, trying to see just where the voice was coming from. He couldn’t help the sharp gasp that escaped his mouth at the flicker of -- something -- that lingered in the shadows. A silhouette, seen but unseen at the same time.

What sort of monster are you, Bandersnatch wondered, grimacing. **Then spoke, “Win? Win what? You think this is a game or something?” His voice was sharp, as he was still agitated from the echoing pain in his chest.** It probably was a game of sorts to these creatures, finding entertainment in tormenting him and the others who looked like him. Almost belatedly, he realized he was standing in a sticky, thick black substance. Liquidy and wet like the water before but... nastier, admittedly.

Bandersnatch trudged through the inky black ooze and hopped onto one of the stone outcrops that spread across the cavern floor and walls. He scrambled up onto one of the lower ones, dripping black ooze that splattered against the stone’s surface, then hopped across to one of the rocks that was lifted slightly higher above the ground. He almost slid right off the edge, grip made worse by the slippery tar still stuck to his pelt, but he managed to catch himself and settle on top of his new perch.

Looking back down at the tar-drowned floor beneath his perch, he could see flickers of color popping in and out, as if some things were trying to push their way through the inky substance. Much like he had, just before. Perhaps his then-friends were joining him now as well? He watched on excitedly, leaning precariously over the edge of his stone perch.

“Hellooo? Anyone down there?” he called down, trying to get their attention.

SUMMARY

Bandersnatch pulls himself together, snaps at the beast in the cavern, and carries himself up to a higher position in the cavern for safety from the tar. Then, noticing others are climbing out of the tar, calls out to them.

WORD COUNT

753

DICE ROLL

5

Eclipse

[he / him / they / them]

[Reply 1 — WC: 779 — [App](#) — [Stat Sheet](#)]

[**IW:** Bandersnatch — **M:** -]

Every bit of Eclipse seemed to **BURN**. And seemed to be encased in *cold cold cold*. Around each and every limb he had. This must be what it is like to

Die.

Death.

Dying.

The very fragile being he was. Eclipse. Him. His Flesh, his Pulse, his Breath. A vague understanding before of what these things were and why they were important, but now? No more than a fragile Shell held together by Flesh. Pierce yourself and you will Hurt.

“A SHELL.”

A deep voice, cackling, shifting. A mere puppet without strings. Limbs falling useless until another took hold. An attempt to triumph over betters?

Resurfacing, rushing blindly towards air.

Everything *shifted*.

Sensations that surround him, change too rapidly to truly process each.

And then it *Stopped*.

Was he really awake once more?

Was this once again a time to Be?

When Eclipse found the strength to open his eyes once more, he found himself in near darkness, like before, but this was Darker. And he smelled something strong. Sickly? Overwhelming him and making him want to expel the contents of what was inside of him? He did not like this feeling.

And then he looked down at himself, in the dim light. The substance was *on* him. His newly formed word

Shell. And then he looked around the area and saw rocks. Sticking out of the floor and walls of the cave. Though some were free of the goop, and some were not, some were definitely covered in the goop.

“LITTLE SHELLS, LITTLE SHELLS, WON’T YOU LET ME WIN?”

And then he looked up.

And slightly regretted it once he *Saw*.

With chills running down his back, through his body. The Voice definitely echoed off the walls of the cave, like the previous cave, but this was much worse than before. The goop, ooze, was not like the wet liquid water of before. The Creature above them had twisted, tangled limbs, and flashing hungry and laughing teeth.

He looked around, closer to his body now. That felt necessary. He saw shapes in the oozing goop, and then he spotted someone who was climbing one of the short rocks, a stone, a darker form like him, though not Jaqueline, the voice, the eyes? He thought were both different from Jaqueline.

He stood up from the sludge, where had found himself sitting up at some point. He lifted up a paw and then placed it back down.

He was not sure what to do here. He knew he could not let the Being above Win, whatever its game was. And the other seemed to think the same.

His ears perked up as the Being, a cat, called down to where he was, and presumably, others were under the oozing goop. He was curious of this one’s name. Could not be Jaqueline at least, that much he knew.

“Hello!” he called out, slowly making his way through the sludge, which where he was, was not really deep, but it obviously got deeper if you were closer to the center of the cave, he could tell that much.

He got closer to where the other dark cat was, and then carefully made his way onto a rock near the other dark cat, the sludge made it hard to grip onto the rock and really even stand on it, he left sludge covered prints on the stone.

“My name is Eclipse, what is yours?” he states and asks. *And what the Fuck is that above us?* He wants to ask, but does not.

Was this what it was like to be awake?

Under constant threat now?

First the cave filling with water,

now this?

He looked around once more, and looked towards the stones that were piercing through the air. Could he climb one of them? Or leap up onto one? He carefully lowered his hind legs and stood on them, raising the front half of his body into the air, carefully balanced. He might be able to?

And his leg injury still felt like it was burning, the sludge he had been laying in did not help that, but it was not.... All that important? Right now?

And standing on it did not help a lot, but seeing things was necessary.

After falling back onto all four, and then pushing himself onto two, he figured they were probably climbable. Or able to be jumped up onto.

Maybe get closer to the Being high up above them?

Was that their Goal?

He let himself fall onto all fours once more, and then **he peered above, towards the Being with tangled, warped limbs. He tried to figure out just how high above It was.**

[Eclipse wakes up. Kind of questions if he is really awake. And then shortly after makes his way towards the other dark cat (Bandersnatch). And wonder if this is what it is like to be awake. Then once he is on one of the short stones he looks at the rocks jutting from the walls, and then looks above, and he tries to figure out just how high above them the Being really is.]

[**Dice Roll: 16**]



Nimh

*At first there was nothing.
There was not always nothing, before, there had been something.
Pictures and names and colors ringing through the mind, bright and..*

*However before the thought could finish there was all too much, the sickening rush and sway of
something palpable, thick and-*

Suffocating.

*It clung to the form and wrenched it from the nothing until a nausea washed over the chest and throat,
a rawness and then a feint-*

Ba-thump.

It was weak and barely a rhythm and yet it pursued.

Ba-thump

Ba-thump

Ba-

*The limbs moved, twitching and then ever so slowly extending in a blissful return of motion, resounding
soft cracks and pops as each muscle strained and then relaxed into a pleasant sensation as if the*

*stillness were disappearing like mist off of the skin, resisting the thickness of the surrounding.
With the soft patter- no, beat, of the internal rhythm that was The young Nimh, came more thoughts,
dragging slowly through the...tired, yes, a thickened mind after the stilling of the body.
Thoughts drug through the tired and into the front of the conscious.*

Lyre

Lyre

Lyre

Thats right..Lyre had been there..

Where was 'there'?..

Water

Water

Water

*What happened?
Where is here, opposite of there?*

Die

Dead

Death

Die

*The mouth parted and ears flattened against the head as the realization creeped inward.
The coldness of the body and a sickeningly subtle yet fowl taste settling on the tongue now more potent
and recognizable.*

Empty

Hollow

Shell

*A flash of pale and hazy color and the sensation of a shape beneath the paw.
Smooth and circular, that was a shell, or at least, he thinks that shape might have been a shell.
Had it been empty? He could not remember.*

*A sudden rushing of the senses and the texture of the thick and suffocating shifting past the fur, not
interweaving and thorough alike water, but more whole and pulling past the skin and pelt.
Claws extended as a shuddering and weak and yet dogged determination set in.*

*The rhythm quickened and the limbs flailed through the gradually increasing pressure of the
surrounding Thick. A voice pushing past thought, not one he recognized or one that came from within
but one that forced itself inward and filled his head with noise.*

“SHELLS”

**“AND WHAT IS A SHELL BUT A MERE PUPPET WITHOUT STRINGS? ITS LIMBS FALL USELESS UNTIL ANOTHER
TAKES HOLD OF THEM. TELL ME LOST LITTLE SHELLS, HOW DOES IT FEEL NOW THAT YOU REALISE THE
TRUTH OF YOUR FUTILE ATTEMPTS TO TRIUMPH OVER YOUR BETTERS?”**

*He didn't quite understand the meaning of those words, but he felt..
How did he feel?*

*He did not like it.
Claw and kick and swim and repeat, he needed to strain, strain what?
Cold air hit the muzzle and lips and-*

“Ghk”

A harsh and shuddering hack of a noise as limbs pulled the body upright although trembling and water poured from the nose and mouth, the stomach pushing up and into itself, forcing the liquid from out the throat in a burning and raw, foul taste of bile and salt. A guttural hack into the retch of throwing the contents of the chest and stomach from out of the body.

A breath, shaky and weak, but a breath all the same. He stood trembling a moment before letting through a soft whimper of a noise, the ache of stomach muscles and the stench of bile mixing with the stickiness of the left over Thick around his paws, now visually a dark and shiny something. An unbearable stench that forces itself into the head and along the tongue making his limbs stumble a moment and his head reel, wanting to throw the contents of his body outward again but there was nothing to come out.

He was empty.

Taking in and out shuddering, painful breaths, he let the pain spiral through the body. In and out, a more conscious and forced action that made the thought of times he had not had to force it seem better, more easy.

Soon shaky breaths became normal again and the trembling of limbs began to still.

Raising his head, The young Nimh looked about, the dim silver light casting shadows of shapes about this new place of unpleasant scent and sticky Thick.

Others.

Others like him.

“Lyre?”

“Lyre are you there?”

The young manx called out, hoping to hear the stumbling, rolling sentences of pleasantly grouping words The Lyre brought.

Instead, other unfamiliar voices called back

A lulling and shifting voice sickeningly bounced from ear to ear, the pitch changing in a way that made the fur along his spine raise with each word.

“LITTLE SHELLS, LITTLE SHELLS, WON’T YOU LET ME WIN?”

Another, more noticeable and thick with purpose.

“Hellooo? Anyone down there?”

*That meant two others, but then came a third.
"My name is Eclipse, what is yours?"*

*Eyes widened at the realization and head and body turned to face the shape of The Eclipse, all color.
Even against the dark surrounding he could make out their all color fur, silver light outlining their
shape against others.
He called out.*

"Eclipse!"

*Excitement overwhelmed the body and limbs rose to bound towards The Eclipse, maw tightening into a
grin he couldn't help but show.
Without a second thought, The Nimh's first action was to bound towards his reunited old friend
and crash a long waited and welcomed hello.*

*Disregarding the sticky Thick, the young manx grinned as face and shoulders and limbs collided with
the soft all-color fur of The Eclipse's tall form.
The pain lessened by the joy and barrier of slick sticky Thick he had run through.*

*He could not have been happier to see and feel this gentle pain of crashing hello, a familiar noise, one
they had made together with The Lyre rumbled from within his chest.
If he were here and no longer the dead, and the Eclipse was here as well.
Then this should mean the Lyre was also okay wherever he was...right?
Well he had to think so.
Of course, of course they were alright.*

*He pushed those thoughts away in favor of more pleasant ones as he pressed his face into the all-color
shoulder of the Eclipse and let the constant and gentle and comforting prr-rrr-rrr rumble within.*

*Nimh throws up the water from his lungs before hearing everyone and then running over and crashing hello into
Eclipse.*

(Reply 1)

WC: 1,051

Roll: 11

Horizon

He/They | Post 1 | 369 Words

Their lungs burned. The water overwhelmed, their deal was left unstruck. Terror and pain had been all they had felt, in what they believed to be their last few moments. But, as their eyes fluttered open, and a shuddering breath tore itself from within their chest, Horizon found themselves in the dark. The voice... the voice made them uncomfortable in a different way than the bruises on their body did. The scent of this new place was sickening. Putting a paw over their nose did nothing to ease the scent, and Horizon quickly decided that they had better just get used to it. It didn't seem to be going away any time soon. Black sticky... stuff, clung to every surface. Much like the water, they found that the black stuff rose far higher on them than they would like. It was nearly as tall as they were. "Ew..." They muttered, shaking off their lifted paw ineffectively.

"Shells...? I dunno what any of that is, but..." They finally looked around. Oh! There were others here! How very exciting. It was only in looking around at the others that they noticed *it*. Suspended from on high. A figure. The owner of the voice. The fur along their spine rose slightly. "Right, yep, that's a thing, ignoring that!" They said cheerily, and immediately proceeded to ignore the thing up above. A voice called from elsewhere, followed by another, and another.

*Hellooo? Anyone down there?
My name is Eclipse, what's yours?
Eclipse!*

"Hellooooo!" Horizon chirped out, "I'm here! I'm Horizon! Are you all new friends?"

Deciding that new friends were far more interesting than the gross black stuff they stood in now, Horizon looked for the closest of the stones, and **began clambering up it.**

They could ignore the thing up above for now. It was more important to find the others. To make a decision, and figure out how to get out of here. They had sat idly by in the water, and let others choose their fate. That had been boring, there was no adventure in that! No pleasure or fun! This time would be different! This time they'd make their own choices, and not wait until it was too late.

Summary: Horizon calls out to everyone, calls the black stuff gross, and tries to climb up a rock

Roll: 8

Skander

He/Him/They/Them

Post 1 | WC 544 | IW - Bandersnatch | Roll 2

poorly in an attempt to preserve a bit of his pride.

“Tough luck buddy, find your own rock.”

Once making himself at home on his stolen stone, Skander began attempting to rid his pelt of the wretched substance.

Summary: Skander awakens and shoves Bandersnatch off the rock he previously claimed.

• BANDERSNATCH •

HE/HIM | STAT SHEET

REPLY 2

IW: Eclipse, Nymh, Horizon, Skander | **M:** ---

Forms wriggled and twitched beneath the thick black pool, and eventually cats would crawl their way out to the surface, gasping and wheezing as they struggled to breath rotten air into their lungs. They each came in varying colors, two bright, one dark, one both at the same time. Bandersnatch eyed them one-by-one with a curious, penetrating gaze as he leveled them up.

Just who would these critters be, to him?

“My name is Eclipse, what's yours?”

So spoke the darkest one. It was almost as dark as he, himself, was. Not quite though. Not dark enough. He said, “My name is Bandersnatch!” His tone was chipper as always, loud and booming in the cavern. He was about to speak more, but a voice then called out,

“Eclipse!”

Bandersnatch's gaze snapped over to one of the pale, brightly colored cats who had cut in with its shout. He watched bemusedly as the bright one seemed to attack Eclipse. And, once more, another voice joined the fray, calling out in a friendly tone.

“I'm here! I'm Horizon! Are you all new friends?”

New friends? He supposed so. So far, this lot seemed friendly enough. A smile split across Bandersnatch's face as he angled himself on his perch to look down directly at Horizon. “I can say for sure I am! I love friends!” he said cheerily with a laugh. “It's very lovely to meet you all! Very lovely! You're all very interesting!”

As he spoke, he was unaware of the one approaching from behind. Due to his already unstable position upon his stone perch, he was easily and swiftly shoved off. With a sharp shriek, he fell right back into the sludge he'd previously escaped, landing with a loud, yet flat, squelching sound.

"Tough luck buddy, find your own rock."

This not-so-friendly cat spoke in a cool tone. Bandersnatch scowled indignantly. How dare he! He was there first! "It was my own rock! Then you took it!" he yelled, wriggling in the sludge, needing to make his opinion on this insult known.

Before he could really think about it, **Bandersnatch trudged his way back through the sludge and up the rock, and before he reached the top, he tackled the rude one with as much force as he could while being covered in a slippery substance.**

SUMMARY

Bandersnatch greets everyone who has joined him on the surface. After being rudely pushed off his rock by Skander, he tackles him in attempted revenge.

WORD COUNT

385

DICE ROLL

5

Checkpoint #1

**WHEN YOUR BONES CRUNCH, WILL YOU HEAR THE SOUND?
WHEN YOU FALL, WILL YOU REMEMBER HOW YOU DROWNED?**

**WHEN YOUR BLOOD CURDLES, WILL YOU SEE IT THICKEN?
WHEN YOUR FLESH BURNS, WILL YOU SMELL IT SWEATEN?**

**WHEN YOUR EYES ROLL BACK, WILL YOU FEEL THE BURN?
WHEN YOU TASTE THE BLOOD ON YOUR TONGUE, WILL YOU AT LAST LEARN?**

**WHEN YOU SING YOUR LAST SONG I WILL REMEMBER.
I WILL SAVOUR ITS GENTLE SOOTHING TREMOR.**

Above their heads the voice sings. Lucid amber eyes track their movements with amusement. They are attached to a twisted head that lolls away from the rest of the body, bobbing loose in the air hidden by the darkness. He smiles, the Marionette can smell them, he can almost taste their scent in the air. It has been so long since his last meal.

**WHEN YOUR BONES CRUNCH, WILL YOU HEAR THE SOUND?
WHEN YOU FALL, WILL YOU REMEMBER HOW YOU DROWNED?**

He begins the song again, more softly this time. He is moving, crawling along the roof of the cave, tracking the progress of his five new toys.

The little brown one, Horizon attempts to follow the others onto the overhanging rocks. He slips and falls back into the tar, and the Marionette does his best not to laugh.

HORIZON FELL, HORIZON FALLS.

Unable to hold himself back the Marionette chuckles, his teeth clinking together. They cling to his lips like the stalactites,

grinding and gnashing together in anticipation of the meal that is to come.

He watches as one dark cat shoves another from their recently claimed perch on the rocks. Two cats are now struggling in the swamp, limbs flailing as they attempt to pull themselves free. The Marionette allows himself one final chuckle.

The final two have done nothing of any interest, and the Marionette turns his gaze upon them.

His song stops, so does his laughter.

If the cats were not aware of him before, they will now feel the weight of the silence.

...

Perhaps the Marionette has left. Perhaps he has lost interest and slunk through one of the many holes that may or may not exist at that lofty height.

...

Perhaps he is waiting, still watching in the dark.

...

Your heartbeat may quicken in anticipation, or maybe you feel relief. Are you tense? Does your stomach clench?

...

The Marionette drops, his claws swinging towards the place where Horizon and Skander are struggling. Skander slips just as the claws reach him, miraculously this allows him to miss the full force of the damage. Horizon however, is caught at full force by the open palm of the creature's paw. The blow throws him free of the tar, but he strikes nearby rock, leaving him momentarily dazed.

The monster above their heads moves fast.

The Marionette drops from the sky. Bandersnatch has a moment to take in the bloody wires that hang from his fleshy build. He has no time to take in anything else before claws catch the side of his face. Bandersnatch slips from the rock he won back only moments before. The tar breaks his fall. The claws skimmed the fur of his cheek, but thankfully did not break the skin.

When the Marionette turns on Nimh and Eclipse, its teeth draw back into a particularly vicious snarl. The bloodlust is high and the two cats look so without purpose it would almost be a mercy to put them out of their misery. Eclipse spots the Marionette coming, they see the way his head snaps and falls to one side. Eclipse has moments to move before its claws strike. They turn, but stumble over a loose rock. The claws catch him full on, the Marionette must have noticed their attempt to flee because the bulk of the damage is redirected towards him. Nimh catches the edge of the creature's claws and is not left unscathed.

Blood drips from Eclipse's ear, a corner of it has been torn, and Nimh has a nasty gash that has split the skin above his muzzle.

Dazed by the sudden onslaught, the cats are given time to recover when the Marionette once again ascends into the darkness.

Bandersnatch	Reaction Time Score = 5 ??? Endurance Roll = 5	Damage Taken = 8	Marionette Roll = 13
Skander	Reaction Time Score = 2 ??? Endurance Roll = 19	Damage Taken = 0	Marionette Roll = 10
Horizon	Reaction Time Score = 8 ??? Endurance Roll = 0	Damage Taken = 10	Marionette Roll = 10
Nimh	Reaction Time Score = 11 ??? Endurance Roll = 7	Damage Taken = 6 [+2 Penalty]	Marionette Roll = 13
Eclipse	Reaction Time Score = 16 ??? Endurance Roll = 0	Damage Taken = 15 [+2 Penalty]	Marionette Roll = 13

Note

For the first CP I rolled for your Endurance, and you rolled for your Reaction Time. In future you get to do both. Refer to your Stat sheet.

If you have a Reaction Time Stat between **1 - 10** then you roll **1d20**

If you have a Reaction Time Stat between **11 - 20** then you roll **2d20** and pick which number you want from the two results. You can only pick 1 result.

If you have a Endurance Stat between **0 - 10** then you do not get a roll

If you have an Endurance Stat between **11 - 20** then you roll **1d20**

Include your roll in the summary of your final post, make it clear which roll is which.

There are hidden stat factors that influence these decisions. Be aware of this.

Eclipse

[he / him / they / them]

[Reply 2 — WC: 436 — [App](#) — [Stat Sheet](#)]

[IW: Nimh, kind of All? — M: -]

He was looking up at the Being, it was a horrible thing. But they probably had to do something with it, right? Deal with it in some way. And then he heard a “*Eclipse!*” and Eclipse turned towards it, only to see a happily, grinning, bounding Nimh coming towards him, and then Crashing into him in a Crash hello, and then the lighter Being started purring.

Was it a good time for a Crash Hello? Probably not, but Eclipse couldn’t help but give a little grin at being reunited with a good companion. A friend? Hopefully the Lyre was alright too, but Eclipse just rested his head on top of where Nimh had crashed into him.

And then he heard a Being calling themself Horizon call out as well, and he stepped back a step away from Nimh, and looked over towards a sort of brown? Light brown? colored cat. Yet another new Being, Horizon was, a

new cat to meet and perhaps talk to at some point.

But before he could say anything towards them he saw a dark striped stranger push the solid black cat, Bandersnatch, off of the rock that Bandersnatch had claimed. That wasn't very nice. His ears flattened against his head in dislike of this new striped stranger.

And then Bandersnatch tackled the striped stranger off of the rock.

Eclipse wondered about the Being hanging over their heads.

It had stopped speaking?

And stopped laughing?

It was silent now.

Eclipse did not like this.

And then the Being dropped from the top of the cave.

Eclipse noticed the Being *snarling* at them, and then it went after him and Nimh.

He watched as the Being went back up, to its place high above them.

His ear hurt. So he lifted a paw up to it, and then looked at his paw.

It was bleeding. His ear was bleeding. It hurt.

Eclipse did not like this. **“What the Fuck is that thing?”** he asked, out loud, looking up to where the Being had gone, high above them.

One of them had to go up and investigate. He did not want to be the one to, but it may as well be? So he started to go over to one of the sides of the cave, where the rocks jutted out of the wall, and **made an attempt to climb or jump up onto one of the rocks, and then he would attempt to climb up higher, onto more to see if he could make out just what the fuck the Being was. And if Eclipse could make it Hurt for hurting Them.**

[Eclipse interacts and watches the new Beings, and then he does not like how quiet it gets, and then how his ear hurts after the Being from Above hurt it. He decides to attempt to climb the rocks along the walls to get higher and see if he can hurt the thing high above them.]

[Dice Roll(s):]

[Reaction Time: 15]

[Endurance: n/a]



Nimh

The weird shifting and lulling melody of sickening words he didn't quite understand and the clicks and cracks of hard things against each other accompanied with the gurgling and yet somehow dry and horse cackle of the creature above.

*He didn't want to think of it.
He didn't want to open his eyes or recognize it was with them.
Why could it not just go, leave them alone?*

...

*Silence.
Maybe it had heard his thoughts and left.
Even as Eclipse moved away and the warmth was lost he felt tense.
The rumble of his purr and the darkness of his eyelids were all there were.*

ScHl-IcK

Shlip thump thump

*Rr-rr-rr
The rumble echoed as something dripped- no, slid, along something else and everything stilled, his purr grew louder as the pulse fluttered and fur stood on end.*

Thump thud

WHS

*A gasp forced its way past his maw and teeth which grit and tightened.
He didn't want to look,
Throaty gargles of a not fully solid creature echoed and snarled.
It was only as something solid raked across his face and sent him skidding across the Thick did he open his eyes.
He needed to move he needed to-*

Shl-skritch kitsch kitsch kitsch.

Schlop.

Wide bright yellow eyes searched the dim walls of the cavern as it skittered back up to the top, a sound and sight that made his breath catch and skin crawl.

Fear.

He was afraid of this thing.

Why? He could not place it but in that moment of recognition his gaze flickered to those who had fallen back into or were still in the ichor it had created, and then to the silver light.

If they could all just get up to the light they might escape..

Fear melted between grit teeth and furrowed brow, the pain of the gash opened along his brow and nose sent a strange and welcome surge of energy into the limbs as they rose to bound forwards and a warm swelling of the voice called from deep in his chest.

He would not let it happen again.

"Eclipse i'm going to help The Fallen Horizon, The Foggy-All-Color, and The Bandersnatch onto rocks, start trying to get to the light!"

He called back over his shoulder, plodding through Thick, towards the other three of their group, ignoring the pain and shaking his head as thick red drips into his eyes from the pained place, accidentally spattering it more across his face but at least out of his eyes.

As the small manx reached The fallen Horizon, He ducked his head and muzzle beneath them and began to help push them up into a standing position and onto a rock,

Nimh tells Eclipse to go for the light, then goes to help Horizon onto his feet and then onto a rock,

(Reply 2)

WC: 450

Reaction Roll: 19

Endurance Roll: 9

Nimh rolls an 8 in trying to aid Horizon onto the rocks.

Nimh tries to help Horizon onto the rocks, but he catches his paw in the sticky tar and is unable to do much other than pull himself free.

Nimh

Heaving The fallen Horizon onto their limbs, The Young Nimh strained his own, supporting their weight and, ushering the smaller sandy brown tom back over to the rock they had fallen from. Ducking his head beneath them, he let their hind legs find purchase on his shoulder and forced their smaller frame upwards, only to find the friction stolen from his own paws as they schlicked across the floor and landed his belly deep into the Thick, his chin hitting after. The stench of the ick, disgusting, ick, ich, ichor. Ichor. The horrid scent of the Ichor wrenched itself into his skull, flooding the senses and curling the stomach again, threatening to heave bile onto the floor once more but his body was still achingly empty.

Pulling and straining against the Ichor, the jaw came first with a soft slick pop of a noise that could be felt as head separated from Ichor that clung to the fur in thick, grasping bits.

Then as the limbs extended came the joints and chest with audible noises that rung strange and uncomfortable in the head and chest.

Shaking his head, The young Nimh then shook the paws and body, dislocating much of the Thick Ichor from his frame as slick thumping noises resounded from behind. Turning again, he looked about and worry curled and settled inside his chest as pale yellow eyes landed on the-all color form of Eclipse in the Ick,

Quickly, he glanced between the sandy browns of The Horizon and his longer time friend The Eclipse. Holding his breath a moment, he stilled. They needed him.

“ Keep trying to get onto the rocks and up as far as you can go! I’ll be right behind ”

He reassured the smaller tom before bounding towards his all-color friend once again, paws plodding through the thick Ichor until he reached their form and pressed muzzle under limb again until they stood and separated from the thickness.

Desperate to not allow death to come to these friends, he pressed Eclipse onto his shoulders in an attempt to aid them onto the rock they had fallen from.

Nimh tells Horizon to keep trying to climb and that he will be behind them before bounding over to Eclipse and attempting to help them onto a rock,

(Reply 3)

WC: 355

Reaction Roll: 19

Endurance Roll: 9

Horizon

He/They | Post 2 | 549 Words

IW: Bandersnatch, Skander, Nimh

Aw, *darn*. Came their thought as they slid off the rock they had so poorly tried to climb. Maybe they'd get it this time?

Oh! Oh but a new friend was speaking! They turned their head up, eyes bright with excitement at the prospect of meeting someone *new*. They knew so many cats now! There were so many not-Horizon's out there! Was Something out there with more of the Others? With more new friends? They still weren't sure what a friend *was* necessarily, only that it was a word Something had taught them, and that Something was a cat they liked! So, friend must be a good thing, right? They were about to reply to the New Friend who spoke from atop their rock, when another cat leapt up, and pushed them off. It made them feel the same way they had felt when Rosemary and Abram had fought. Angry, useless, helpless. But they weren't. They'd woken up with everybody else this time, and they weren't going to give up on *themselves* this time!

"Hey! That was new-friend's rock. Bandersnatch's rock!" They said sharply, puffing up their fur just a bit. They could feel the fur along their spine stand up, if only just. What an odd feeling. It prickled and tickled and nearly distracted them from their defense of new-friend Bandersnatch. But, as soon as they turned their attention back, new-friend was leaping out of the sticky, and towards the pusher. But, it quickly became apparent that that was the least of their concerns.

A massive shadow dropped.

Heart racing, eyes wide; they could only watch as it fell.

Ice froze their veins as terror made itself known once more.

The smack of the creature's palm against them sent them flying, as pain blossomed in their body. The wet crack as they hit a rock, and the way their vision blurred and wavered made them feel sick. *Danger. Danger. Danger. I'm in danger. I'm going to die. It's going to kill me. The water didn't get me but this will. This will! THIS WILL!*

A high-pitched wail of terror clawed its way out of their throat as they lay in the muck. Before they knew it, one of the others was approaching and drawing near. For a brief moment, their eyes blew wide. Until the ringing in their ears cleared and they could hear the Other speaking. Help. He wanted to help them. Help was good. Friends helped. This was a friend. Horizon let themselves be helped up, though the Other's paw got stuck in the Sticky. Turning wide eyes up to their rescuer, Horizon uttered a quiet, **"Thanks for helping me..."** as they cast a fearful look towards the ceiling. *Where was it? Fight? We're fighting it?*

They looked up. Impulses raged through them. Run, climb, fight, flee, succumb, resist. Their mind and body couldn't choose. So they decided on the next best thing.

"Up. Going up! To Fight!" Fighting was what Rosemary and Abram had done, right? They flexed a paw, watching as pale Sharps escaped the softness of their fur. They could fight! It would be an adventure. This was what they needed to do! They had to overcome their fear by fighting it, yeah!

Filled with determination, Horizon tries to climb up the rocks.

Summary: Horizon declares Bandersnatch their friend, momentarily is overwhelmed by fear, and with Nimh's help stands resolute, as they try to climb the rocks to *fight*.

Reaction Roll: 6

Endurance Roll: N/A

Checkpoint #2

Scuttling on the ceiling above, warned the cats below that another attack would soon be upon them. With very little time to collect themselves, some attempts were made to climb higher on the rocks. Nimh's attempt to help Eclipse up falls short, and the two of them collapse down into the sticky tar. Horizon's attempt is also a failure and he splashes down nearby.

All the cats are now coated in the thick and uncomfortable texture. It tears at their fur when they try to move, and while they can clean it off if they so choose, it tastes foul against their tongue. Rich and sickly in a way that makes them want to cough and splutter.

The Marionette drops like a spider, limbs stretching out so that he almost covers the entire expanse of the cave. His teeth knock together in crazed glee. Horizon, the unlucky sand cat is closest to his jaws. The tom makes an attempt to flee, but he isn't quick enough. The Marionette's teeth close around his back foreleg and bite down. *Hard*. Blood spurts from the wound in a bitter cascade. They sink deep into their leg, around the bone, tearing through soft and pliant flesh. Snorting with delight, the Marionette gives his head one vicious little shake to secure his hold, then throws Horizon against the opposing wall. The small cat is left winded, his leg is bleeding heavily, but it is not broken.

The others are left to face its claws. Bandersnatch and Skander have not moved since the last attack, and while they are lucky enough to be standing far enough away from the point the Marionette landed, its flailing claws catch each of them across the chest.

Once again, Eclipse finds themselves struck by the monster's might. Their ribs are battered and bruised, it is painful to stand, and they cannot move without feeling that part of their body twinge.

Nimh however, spots the attack coming, and he is able to press himself back against the wall just in the nick of time to avoid the swipe that catches Eclipse. From here he has a remarkably clear view of the room, and in the pale half light something flashes. If he turns his head up then he will see the strings that support the Marionette's build. One, the one attached to his head has already been cut, that's why it hangs there.

Nimh closes his eyes to combat a sudden searing pain at the front of his head.

Darkness. Then his vision trembles.

He sees a cat bathed in shadow, features unidentifiable scaling the rocky walls. The shadow cat steadies themselves, facing the Marionette's massive bulk, and then they leap. Teeth? Claws? Nimh can't quite make it out. But the cat has hold of one of the strings. It strains, and then it breaks. The Marionette's head drops.

Nimh is back in the present, and his eyes are open once more. He cannot explain what he has just seen, but he knows that it must be a clue. Someone is telling him what they need to do next.

Bandersnatch	Reaction Time Score = 0 ??? Endurance Roll = 7	Damage Taken = 0 [+5 Penalty]	Marionette Roll = 14
Skander	Reaction Time Score = 0 ??? Endurance Roll = 6	Damage Taken = 0 [+5 Penalty]	Marionette Roll = 2
Horizon	Reaction Time Score = 6 ??? Endurance Roll = 0	Damage Taken = 20	Marionette Roll = 20
Nimh	Reaction Time Score = 19 ??? Endurance Roll = 9	Damage Taken = 0	Marionette Roll = 5
Eclipse	Reaction Time Score = 15 ??? Endurance Roll = 0	Damage Taken = 10	Marionette Roll = 5

Additional Rolls

Nimh = Trying to help Eclipse onto a rock (3) Fails

Horizon = Trying to climb onto a rock (6) Fails

•

BANDERSNATCH

HE/HIM | STAT SHEET

REPLY 3

IW: Horizon | M: ---

•

Bandersnatch's smug victory was swiftly cut short as a voice began echoing above his head. It echoed through his ears, rattling his skull like a violent convulsion. The low, intense voice sang its words like a threat, promising inevitable doom as it mocked each and everyone one of them in the cavern. Through a cringing grimace, Bandersnatch lifted his head so as to try and see where -- who -- the voice was.

From above, he saw shadows moving. A glimpse of something, then nothing as it crawled across the ceiling and walls. As he watched, it vanished from his sight, and then the voice also faded. For a moment, there was nothing but silence --

-- then violence.

From out of nowhere, dropped a creature that Bandersnatch could not comprehend. It was swinging twisted, spindly limbs every which way. He could only watch as grimy claws swiped at his new acquaintances, barely making a scratch for some, and drawing blood for the others. In the dim light of the cave, Bandersnatch caught a glimpse of scarlet wires, before the creature swung toward him as well. In his shock, he slipped backwards and tumbled straight off of the perch he had just won back.

He fell right back into the tar with a squelch, but he had avoided the creature's attack. He remained stunned as the creature vanished from sight once more, to wherever it had come from in the depths of the shadows. From his new position on the ground, Bandersnatch examined his surroundings, trying to regain his bearing on the situation.

After a few moments of silence from Bandersnatch, he began trudging through the sludge once more, to find another, new perch for him to climb onto. Before he could even try, however, the creature once more dropped from the sky onto the group below. Bandersnatch was unlucky enough to be caught in the crossfire,

He gasped in pain as claws ripped their way across his chest. As he scrambled back and away from the beast, out of the corner of his eye he could see the cat who had announced themselves as Horizon had been slammed against the wall. Their body was slumped on the ground, blood oozing out of their new wounds that they had gained from the beast's attack.

What felt like a solid, heavy stone built within his throat. Glancing between Horizon and the rocks, Bandersnatch reluctantly turned his way to Horizon to instead help them even though every other part of him was telling him to *run, run, run*. He scrambled across the tar, dropping down with a plop beside Horizon's downed body.

"Hey, hey you, Horizon," he started, not sure how to deal with this situation. How could he help these wounds of theirs? "Can you move? Walk?" He nudged Horizon with his nose, grimacing slightly at the metallic scent of blood shooting through his nostrils. "You need to move. It's very important," he urged.

An image suddenly popped into his head, remembering what he'd seen earlier but had forgotten to mention in all the chaos. Twisting his head around, he called out to the others, "That thing, it is connected to -- long thread, uhh," he paused as he struggled with finding the words. "Wire! Did anyone else see it?"

As he spoke, Bandersnatch continued to urge Horizon to stand so he could help them up onto the lowest rocks.

SUMMARY

Bandersnatch, after getting scratched by the Beast, notices Horizon had been brutally downed. He tries to assist Horizon, and alerts the group to the wires he'd noticed in the Beast's first attack.

WORD COUNT

569

REACTION TIME

10

ENDURANCE

13

Eclipse

[he / him / they / them]

[Reply 3 — WC: 405 — [App](#) — [Stat Sheet](#)]

[**IW:** Bandersnatch, Horizon — **M:** Nimh]

Eclipse slid back down into the murky tar, unable to grasp onto the rocks well enough to climb the Fucking things. And he noticed that the new Cat, Horizon, failed as well. "**We must Try,**" Eclipse spoke, towards the group "**Try, and try again.**" He was determined to make some attempt at the foul Being's life.

And then the Foul Being dropped again, limbs stretched out to perhaps cover more ground? And then it went towards Horizon, grabbing hold of the Cat's hind leg, where blood now pooled outside of the open wound.

Fucking Fuck, that's no good. And then the Foul Being threw the Cat against one of the walls.

And then the Foul Being attacked Bandersnatch and the dark, striped stranger, scratching them against their fronts, their chests.

And then it turned on Eclipse, now he felt battered, probably injured in some way? Though he spotted that Nimh evaded the attack. And then he took a few steps away from where the Foul Being had hurt him, and gasped in slight pain. His chest hurt. *Fucking fuck*.

He watched as Bandersnatch urged Horizon to get up, Eclipse knew nothing about how to tend to wounds like this. But hopefully he would eventually *Learn*, because now? Now it seemed important. Nothing like what Lyre did in the Vast White. This was probably permanent in some way. And it was similar to what happened to his leg, hitting one of the spikes in the watery cave. Though very different now, since the Foul Being, the *Enemy*, chewed on Horizon's leg.

Eclipse took all the steps it took to get over to Bandersnatch and Horizon, determined to help. **“Horizon?”** he asked, **“You need to listen to Bandersnatch probably.”** He thought it would be best to get Horizon *moved*, hopefully there was some place out of the way, out of the way of the Enemy.

And to Bandersnatch he spoke, **“I... did not see the thread, the wire. Though that is helpful information now. If we cut the wires, would the Enemy fall, where we could Harm it?”** He thought that made sense, and it would probably be helpful to *Know* what would happen if they cut the wires.

And he possibly couldn't be the one to down the Enemy, with the way he Hurt now. **Though now he tried to climb onto one of the rocks, to make a place to help Horizon to if needed.**

[Eclipse says that they Must Try, Try again. And then the Foul Being drops and hurt everyone Again. He figures that Horizon should listen to Bandersnatch, and now tries to climb onto one of the rocks, where Horizon could hopefully rest if needed.]

[**Dice Roll(s):**]

[Reaction Time: 11]

[Endurance: n/a]

Skander

He/Him/They/Them

Post 2 | WC 784 | IW - Not anyone really

Skander's situation was changing rapidly before his eyes. This place was not like the last in the slightest. He had his way before, he was the one in charge before. The stranger he was with before cooperated with him and gave him power over them and the situation. Not this place however, the cat he pushed off the rock in order to claim ownership had struck back. Skander wasn't expecting that, for he'd never experienced anyone standing up to him yet. The kitten from before was at his mercy and didn't attempt to stop him from pushing it or hitting it, so why isn't this dark stranger letting Skander have his way as well?

Skander was back in the tar after getting what he essentially deserved. He sat there for a moment to think over

That looks safer, I want to climb too. **New found motivation made Skander stand from his fetal position and walk towards the cave walls, attempting to climb.**

During this action, Skander heard a loud voice call out to everyone, demanding his attention. Skander's ears perked, taking in what they had to say for the first time. *Wires? What are wires?* If they had something to do with the monster's superior status, then it was worth hearing, but Skander didn't have a clue as to what it meant.

Summary: Frozen with fear, Skander watches helplessly as him and everyone else slowly endure blows from their attacker. After the most recent strike, Skander breaks out of the shock state and attempts to make his way to the cave walls to climb.

Reaction Time Roll - 11

Endurance Roll - 20



Nimh

A flash of claws and fur and teeth and.

Red.

Sound crept behind the eyes and grew within the head until sound became pain, became blinding light. It grew louder and louder, drowning out each other's voices until everything was painfully clear and their words clashed together behind his eyes.

Voices of the others came in and smashed together, jumbling as he tried to make sense of them.

Between the roar of noise and light, he opened his eyes only to see somewhere else, somewhere not here and a companion not his own.

Leaping from ledge to ledge, and then onto the creature of ichor and red, they extended claws and teeth, swiping and cutting into a thin line of red that held a head no longer.

It was gone.

The young Nimh blinked, refreshing his eyes of what they had just seen but only to find the ichor place once again where he stood.

And the voices of each other once again their own.

"Can you move? Walk?"

"That thing, it is connected to -- long thread, uhh,"

. "Wire! Did anyone else see it?"

Meaning held itself far from Nimh's grasp for a long moment before crashing down...like...like water!

Gasping, pale yellow eyes searched the room a moment before landing on the ledge he had seen a companion once take.

Breath held itself back.

"Thank you, Friend.."

The word- no, name, Friend, rolled off the tongue in a quiet voice of thanks, a warm feeling of "thank you" welling in the throat and chest and slipping between the teeth in a more quiet tone he had not used before, a whisp of what it had been before. Whisper, Friend Whisper.

Friend, Whisper was not here, but had been before, and he believed had shown him the way.

Full of thanks for Friend Whisper, Nimh's limbs moved on their own and found their way to the ledge he had seen Whisper take and heaved his body onto it.

Nimh learns the meaning of "friend" and "whisper" and decides to thank his friend from the past before following in their footsteps and trying to climb the ledges they did.

(Reply 4)

WC: 329

Reaction Roll: 14

Endurance Roll: 17

Horizon

He/They | Post 3 | 343 Words

IW: Bandersnatch, Eclipse, all

They couldn't find purchase on the rocks. Perhaps they were too shaky from the blow, or perhaps it was something else, but despite Nimh's help, they couldn't make it in time. They didn't see it at first. The Terror. For what else could it possibly be called but terror? Fear made flesh. The knocking of Terror-thing's teeth was the only warning they got.

Agony radiated from their leg as Terror-thing grabbed them. **"No! No no let go of me! Stop! Stop! STOP!"** They wailed as sharp pain hit them. A sensation of Wet and Warm hit them, and it almost seemed as though they looked at

their leg from outside of their body the way they detached from the experience. Red wet-warm, *blood*, spurted and oozed down their leg. Blood. Their blood.

The tearing of their flesh and fur caused them to scream.

Before they knew it, they were being shaken, and thrown. Their body collided with the rocks, and what little air was left in their lungs from screaming escaped them with a soft *wumph*. They lay in the Sticky-wet, bleeding, shaking, and afraid.

Friend-Bandersnatch approached them asking if they could move, if they could walk. They didn't know the answer.

Unsteadily, they rose to three of their paws, unwilling to put weight on their injured leg quite yet.

"Friend-Bandersnatch," Their voice was shaky, and far quieter than before, **"I c-can walk."** As Bandersnatch helped them, and continued talking, Horizon looked up towards the darkness above. Wires...?

Another of the Other-cats spoke. Eclipse? Horizon moved towards him, merely nodding at the statement that they should listen. **"Eclipse speaks well!"** Horizon chirped when they felt like their voice may be stronger, **"If the wire-things help Terror-thing stay up, will it fall without the wire-things?"** They didn't feel good, but they had to help their Friends and the Other-cats who were trapped here with them. They were slowing everybody down.

"What if..." They began thoughtfully, **"Friend-cats hide? Hide where Terror-thing cannot see! Then get rid of the wire-things when it comes down to us?"**

Summary: Horizon suggests hiding from the "Terror-thing" and ambushing it, while trying to climb up onto the rock with Eclipse.

Reaction Roll: 2

Endurance Roll: N/A

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