

Sunknight- The Forgetful Adventurer



Ok, so your skills are Mechanic; Tracking; Dragonborn; Dementia, Medic - so I'm unofficially dubbing you as the forgetful adventurer (everyone has a nickname, dw)

So, all actions you want to take, you put on here. Posting on the FWG is the equivalent of texting your teammates, I guess (not sure if thats a thing in 1991, but meh)



This is a map of the camp (don't mind the poorly drawn stuff, I was in a rush x.x). For the record, the thing going down the middle is a crevice- not a river. You're "counter" is the orange one marked with SK (it should be pretty easy to work out who everyone is....). How this works is, each "turn"- you get to choose a location to go to and investigate. Once everyone has made their turn, I update the map. The camp is currently divided into two groups- Chaos, Lux, SunKnight on one side and Pwnclub, Grue, english man (who is missing) on the other. The only way to cross the fissure is by using the bridge (or using a specific skill, ie: acrobatics, etc). You can also try head for either the helipad or the deep forest- but because they're so far away, it'll take two turns to reach them instead of one. There's also a ruin and a lake because why the heck not? Once you've chosen a place to go, I'll explain what you find there- and you can interact with it.

Under specific circumstances, you may find yourself under some specific conditions. Here's a few basic ones:

Paralysis- You see something that causes you to tense up, like a rabbit caught in headlights. You won't be able to move unless you snap out of it (some people are more susceptible to this, ie: people with vivid imagination)

Unconsciousness- If you take a big hit to the head, or lose a lot of blood- that means you'll go unconscious. Being unconscious means you stop witnessing what's around you completely- and you can't use your "phone". You'll also miss a turn. If you're still alive after that, you'll wake up again. (This is also drastically affected by skills)

Losing your phone- If, for some reason, you lost your phone- you won't be able to talk to anyone via FWG or PM about the game. Your map will also stop updating. The only way to cure this condition is to find someone else's phone, or find your own phone

Death- You can die. Once you die, that's it. No second chances. Poof. Gone. No more using your phone, etc. So, try not to die >:3

As you have the mechanic, dragonborn and medic trait, you get some bonus gear. First, you have a bunch of mechanic's tools in your tent, but there's not much here to use them on. Secondly, you can make improvised swords using sticks- and you can stun anyone you fight by shouting loudly at them (not anything magical yet, you just shout *really* loudly). Finally, you have a lot of first aid stuff- and advanced medical knowledge.

Since this is the first time we've used Google Docs as a means of playing, let's establish some basic rules-

First, don't let anyone else onto your discussion.

Pick a different colour to type in so we can distinguish each other easily

Don't edit the things I say to your advantage, and I won't do the same :B

Basic terms of what you can do exist (ie: you can't do something impossible)

Sound good? Then let's move onto the first turn....

Turn 1: In the Dark of the Night

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ocm8QdNR_d8

You're currently in your tent, when a loud piercing screeching wakes you from your slumber. Checking the GPS function on your phone- you see that everyone else is still in their tents except the English man. Rattled by the suddenness of the shriek, you stagger out of your tent. It seems Chaos and Luxurious heard the scream too, as they climb out of their tents too. The Fires have long since gone out, so you go to grab your wind-up torch and talk with the other two. After some deliberation- you decide that the scream warrants investigating. It appears to have come from the ruins. What you do, however- is up to you.

Looking at the tracks, it doesn't seem like anything snuck up on your camp tonight, at least. The wind is currently blowing from south to north.

I pick up my backpack, which contains my tools and medical supplies, and I wander forth to the ruins. As I arrive closer I realize that it is surrounded by a chasm on both sides and there is no way to get across without the use of a bridge of some sort. Using some duct tape from my backpack, I tape a sturdy stick with some flint I found and begin to chop down the tree next to the pit to try and get it to fall, thus creating a makeshift bridge.

The bridge is rickety and unstable- but it'll hold your weight. You cross easily to the ruins. The ruins are a simple crumbling stone structure- it seems to have been abandoned for some time. As you head to the ruins, you see some odd footprints in the ground... It appears a human wearing size 9 shoes was here recently. Whoever it was, they're long gone now- there's nobody here. You remember from your notes

that it used to be a science lab before it was abandoned. After the incident, not many people have gone up to it. Since the incident, though- a lot of campers have come and gone through here- even going as far as to camp in it. Something seems off to you about the ruins- and you unconsciously keep your distance- not wanting to get too close to the structure.

I build a campfire at the ruins and wait for others to come join me, as I would prefer not to go in there alone. I take out a slice of mushroom and onion pizza from my bag (always carry some in case of an emergency) and take my time eating it. I am careful not to go in, but I wonder around the ruins a little bit. Nothing worthy of noting though, just some sticks and rocks. I go to the campfire and look down into the crevice, a drop from there will almost surely kill somebody, maybe not if they had some sort of parachute, but it sure does look deadly. I sit and wait.

You build a campfire, but you haven't got anything to light it- you know Order has a lighter, though. You estimate that the Chasm is about a 20 feet drop

You see Order on the other side of your bridge. He crosses and sits with you.

Turn 2: (English) Friends on the other side

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yZAY-78zhmw>

You unconsciously pull out your mobile, the map seems to have updated. While there haven't been any more screams- the sound of night wildlife fills the air, meaning lots of things could have moved without your knowledge. It seems by the amount of Flashlight beams in the air, though- that everyone is out of their tent. You hope the english man is ok... That blood curdling cry can't be anything good.



I look across the other end of the crack and I can see Grue, he waves his arms and shouts, as if he is trying to get our attention. I look around and tell him there are no trees on this side that would be big enough to create a bridge out of. After spending enough time outside, I go in the Ruins, hoping Chaos will follow. I turn my flashlight on, its very dark and difficult to navigate anything. Nothing out of the ordinary for an abandoned ruin so far, some rocks, broken twigs, an old moldy doughnut, a skeleton, some bats and snakes. I turn back around, but as I go back to the skeleton, I forget what I'm doing and eat the doughnut, and walk further in.

After finding nothing of interest, I decide that since they are already checking out the lake, I'll have a go at the Log cabin, but I need to make a stop at our camp first. Knowing that the only bridge to get to camp 1 is there, I decide to wait here for a while, to see if our friends at camp 1 decide to come over. I relight the fire and cook some canned steak as I wait.

You go to camp A, and meet Grue there. He seems to have ripped off a little bit of cloth off of a tent.

Turn 3: Screechers

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rp18MKR3ooQ>



You and Grue wait at the camp for about 30 minutes, chatting idly. It seems the map has updated. Suddenly the wind changes direction- and you are overpowered by the disgusting odour of rotting things. You recognise it as a defense mechanism used by apes. When threatened, the apes will sweat a particular solution that is supposed to ward off predators. Some humans may not notice it, but you have been trained in such areas. However, there is no Apes of that particular caliber. That's when you hear the sound of the mournful Banshee cry shatter the silence once more.

As we have waited long enough, I decide to set off, preferably away from the sorrowful screams. We were told on our way here there was a log cabin, and we can see it on our maps too. However, whether or not it is inhabited by someone, or something, is a different matter that is left up to our own creative imaginations. I bid farewell to Grue for now. I walk along the bridge, it rocks back and forth in the wind, however the smell seems to be fading, so thats good-ish news I guess. As I travel to

the cabin, I can hear the wind blowing through the trees and an owl hoot in the woods. As long as I don't hear another inhuman screech again I should be fine. When I arrive, the door appears to be locked. There are windows, but they are too small to fit through. I knock on the door, but there is no response, so I reach into my backpack and pull out a screwdriver and a hammer. I begin to dismantle the door.

After about a half hour, the job has been done and not only have I entered, but I also reassembled the door, making it stronger. I look for a light switch, but there is none in sight. I pull out a box of matches and light the fireplace, surely if anybody was in trouble they would see the smoke and know to come here now. I go into a rather miniature kitchen, I open a pantry and is greeted and by a rat that scurries off. Nothing out of the ordinary here, but I notice a door on the ground in the closet. As I'm about to open the door and descend down the stairs, I stop and completely forget what I was up to in the first place. I inspect around the cabin a bit, it appears to be sturdy, but with some weak ends here and there. I decide its time for a home improvement I fortify the windows, tidy up around the house, and add some extra support to the beams of the house with the extra firewood in here. I sit down on the couch, pull out a chicken wing and dine as I admire my handy work. I'm sure the others are fine...

(This is really cool n all, but that's not all that's in the house... >:3)
(seriously though, you're a great writer! o.o) (not as great as you)(I insist, you have a talent for story telling! -3-)

As you finish your renovations, you hear something shuffle upstairs... Someone e/se is in the house you have just heavily barricaded. The sound of something slowly creeping down the stairs is the only thing you can focus on as you reach for your spanner, for self defence. You see a silhouette at the stairs fumble at the wall, and suddenly the rooms bursts into light. An elderly married couple stand upon the tiny staircase, still in their bedclothes- and are shocked to find you on their couch eating chicken. Examining your craftsmanship, the old man speaks up.

"Who der hellur yu? Watchya doin in me hoose?"

Sorry sir, I was just hiding out here for now, there is a monster of some sort in these woods. I have been trained in identifying animals and such, and it seems to smell like some sort of primeape, but the sounds it makes are like no creature I have ever heard of. I gave your humble abode a bit of an upgrade sir, hope its no trouble, got another chicken wing if you care for one.

The old man listens to your words and considers them.

"Aye, we 'urd such a creatare joost a mooment ago. Considaring whut 'appened 5 years ago, we woudn't want to take no chances, see? If ya reckon ya little "oopgrade" will keep the daemons bach, we'd be very gratefull. Ah suppose we can let ya stay the night, then- 'sidering tha' circoomstances, but if ya would mind not wrecking any moor of me furniture, I'd be moost gratefool.

Of course, sorry sir, but may I ask, what happened five years ago?

"You don't know? How strange, most people who come here have at least heard the tail...

Five years ago, when this place was even more rural- a group of about 15 campers came to Pillet Creek as part of an expedition. 3 days passed and all went well, but then tragedy struck. Only around 5 survived. It's unclear how or why so many died, but the police did release pictures of corpses with their faces ripped off. Not all the campers were found. Officially, the case was regarded as a rogue bear attack, but there have been rumours of a cover up... Rumours of an unnatural creature originally plagued the

case, but no conclusive evidence of its existence could be found. We call that legendary creature "The Screecher" due to its apparently disturbing call, according to the survivors. If that scream is The Screecher, you'd understand why we wouldn't want to take our chances...

We are relatives to one of the campers who were never recovered- originally we set up here in the hope of finding our son, but... The only person who seems to care these days was this English man in a suit. He'd come up every few months or so. Apparently, he was a scientist"

Ah yes, we came camping with that English man, unfortunately he has vanished. We heard screeching coming from the ruins. Originally me and one of my campmates went to check that out, but it was empty. Now I'm just hoping for their safety. I might go out again later. *I look above the fireplace* Does that gun still work, by any chance?

"Vanished, you say? How strange... You do know then that those ruins used to be his Laboratory 10 years ago, right? Had a group of private contractors set him up with an isolated place to work, god knows what he did. The place burnt down 10 years ago, though- too dangerous to be reinhabited, apparently. He's got another laboratory just a little north of the ruins, perhaps he went there? It's quite far away, though."

He points at the gun

"The gun still works, can't be too careful around here- screecher or not. We still occasionally get bears and thieves every so often. I haven't got any bullets left for it, though... You're welcome to take it, if you think you can use it."

I pick up the gun "Ahh yes, good ol Winchester Model 37 Mk IV, what a beauty she be. Well I suppose I might be able to melt some nails into bullet shape, maybe find some lying around. I thank you folks for everything, I'll keep watch for now, you can go back to bed if you wish, I might set off later." *I turn around to go to the couch* "Oh, one last thing, I haven't got your names."

The man considers this and responds curtly. "Black. Mr and Ms Black. We're from Strivenham. We'll see you around, Fireknight"

At that, the Old couple go upstairs, never to cross-reference previous games again.

Turn 4: Camping with the big boys

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xxyOTFQFWQ0>



A couple of minutes pass. You check your mobile, and see your map has updated. It seems someone has edited in a black line where the creature had been spotted. You're about to go to sleep, when you hear something outside. Something big and loud, it must be just outside the door. You stand up, and eye the gun above the fireplace. What now...?

Suddenly, the sound of knocking can be heard from the door. You hear Grue's voice say
“Guys! Let me in quick! There's something out here!”

Order also joins in on the shouting

You think you can hear Lux out there too

(I'm guessing Grue picked that pink/purple color?)

I open the door and yank Grue inside, quickly locking it behind him. “Grue, did you see the beast, I hear it's called the Screecher, did you see anybody else on your way over here?”

(How are we going to do this without letting other people into our docs?)

(You can just PM eachother... I'm not that fussed XD
Just make note of what is said on the doc :V)
(Otherwise , I'll just continue to document what is "said" as I have done.)
(and... you do realise that you're leaving the other two outside the way you are? o.O)

Chaos starts banging on the door again
"I'm injured and need help,let me in"

I open up the door and pull the other 2 in *I take some bandages and pain killers out of my bag and hand them to order* Here, let me patch you up. *I take some alcohol out of my bag* Was planning on drinking this, guess not... *I take a small sip and put the rest on Order's wounds, tending to it with the bandages.*

Well, I suppose now that we are all here we have a couple of options to vote on. *I stand on the couch* One, try to escape. Two, try to find the English man and Pwn. Three, hunt down this mother***** monster and put it in its place *I cock my gun* so, who votes for what, I like option 3.

(you do that :V [Message has been relayed >:3])

Chaos says:
"I vote option 3, I want its head on a stick,and I believe I have a plan to bait it out to us"

To which Grue says:
"Well Pwn and the english man are still out there with that beast... And as of now we have no idea how big that thing is and what its capable of. I think we should focus on finding PWN first and dealing with the beast later. It says on my map that he's at the bridge, I just hope hes alright"

He turns to Order
"Did you see what the creature looked like? How did it attack you?"

To which Order responds:

"It pinned me to the ground with its arms and beat me,then it dragged me into a ravine with it.It ws of human shape,but with many animal like traits.....its body was deformed"

"Well... if it's human, then that means it can be killed"

"I assume,but I have a feeling we should all group up and make a base with our combined supplies and hold our ground"

Typically, a good offense is a better defense, yes. However, under these circumstances, we have people we need to find, if our friends weren't out there I would agree with you, we would hold up, but now isn't the time for that. Now is the time to take the fight to that thing.

Turn 5: Are you in or out (Pwnclub)?

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xY5q01fTceQ>



The four of you spend the next few minutes discussing your next plan of action. However, you still haven't reached a conclusion- although, you all seem to have lost interest. The inhabitants of the Cottage are stirring upstairs, no doubt concerned that their house has been over run with strangers. You're about to go up and introduce yourself and your friends formally, when you hear a scream. This wasn't the banshee screech you had been hearing previously- this time it is a human blood curdling scream, cut off at the last second. You can all hear that the scream is coming from the north. Exchanging glances, you all see a conclusion must be reached immediately. Should you all take a risk and investigate the scream together, or take a risk and hide in the cabin, or take a risk and split up? The "choice" is yours.... >:3

"I hate to say this, but I think we should split up. That scream could have been PWNs. We need to find PWNclub right away, he could be in danger. 1 or 2 of us should stay behind to talk to the people that live in this house and warn them of the danger, maybe we can learn something from them.. Seeing as I'm rather strong and tough I will volunteer to go out and search"

If you guys care to join me, I'm going after that thing, alone if I must, together if need be.

"I am going to go see if I can learn anything about our enemy, I will also keep an eye out for pwnclub.....Do you have a spare gun?"

Grue also asks if you picked up any weapons he could borrow

Lux leaves the cabin

Grue leaves the cabin

Suppose I go too now. *I leave the cabin and head towards the bridge*

You walk slowly to the bridge. On your way, you see two tracks of footprints which you assume are both Lux and Grues- but instead of heading for the bridge, they both seem to be going further north... Regardless, you trudge on to the bridge, keeping your rifle steady. Once you reach the bridge, you see no one there. There is, however- blood spilt all across the bridge. You grimly realise that it is undeniably human blood, you can smell the difference with your tracker skills. You can also tell that there is far too much blood, whoever's blood it was- they must have surely have bled out. Yet, there is no body (Although, you do see via your tracker skill a trail of blood leading west of the bridge). Getting closer, you see something small on the bridge, so you pick it up, wiping the already drying blood off it to try decipher what it is. You realise it is Pwnclubs Mobile.

Turn 6: No more Mr Nice Dungeonmaster

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=evk75OFiGVU>

No, no no nonononononon, Pwnclub!!!! I put the mobile in my bag. Oh god why!?!?! I don't even have his body to absorb his soul! I'm hunting this fu**** down and killing him! You shall be avenged! I head westward.

uh... You did scroll down slightly, right? XD

Grue died last turn, a new turn is upon us...

No, I didn't scroll down, my bad.



After standing in silence for a few moments in shock, you come to your senses and pick up the phone- perhaps it could give a clue on what happened here...

Opening it, you see the map has updated- it seems you were the only one to actually go the bridge- everyone else has gone and done their own separate thing...

Sighing, you close the lid of the phone- the blood stain on it letting you see your face in its reflection thanks to the light of your torch in your other hand.

Your face, and the figure of some deformed human like creature crawling just behind you- its deformed owl face peaking just over your shoulder. Suddenly, the wind changes direction- and once more, you smell the terrifying odor of the apex predator you had crossed earlier. You barely have time to scream before it is upon you. You don't even have a chance to defend yourself as its long slender fingers slide under the skin of your face... But you scream, you scream like your life depends on it. Then everything goes dark.

YOU ARE DEAD

However, I may have been exaggerating about what being dead entails... >:3

Prepare yourself, for the dead rules:

You can no longer use your "phone" (can't talk about the game in FWG, you can still read things from there, however), and your map will no longer update.

You are now a "screecher", your new goal is to kill your former fellow campers. Each turn you can pick a new location and if there is someone there alone, you can "kill" them- and they will become a screecher too. You win the game once everyone is dead

When it comes to "killing" someone, they have a chance to defend themselves, if they successfully outmaneuver you (only I can decide if this happens :P), they may survive- but under crippling circumstances

Your Skills "Invert", all your weaknesses become strengths, and all your strengths become weaknesses [see below for your new skillset]

If you are killed as a screecher (only I can decide if this happens :P), then you are officially dead- no third chance

Everything about anything after death is completely confidential, no excuses- breaking this rule will get you disqualified

Your new Skills:

Mechanic; Tracking; Dragonborn; Dementia, Medic

Hotwire-er- You have the capacity to rewire machinery

Hunter- Your instincts as a tracker transfer over, making it easier to detect where creatures with blood

Dragon- You can breath a short burst of fire

Amnesiac- You remember nothing of your past life, therefore your moves won't be hesitated by old memories, etc

Bloodthirsty- Your training in first aid has left you with the knowledge on how to kill people best, making your attacks more likely to be fatal

I therefore re-nickname you: "The Hot blooded Viper"

Earned Skills:

QUADCEP- You have two forearms for each arm, making you more deadly in combat- and capable of more complex maneuvers

Hormonal imbalance- You are easily irritated, and are capable of great bouts of rage when provoked

Have fun... >:3

(Wait, why do they have a chance to defend themselves but I don't?)

Sorry about that, its one of the default screechers traits... :/ If you walk into a location where it is stealthing, it has the possibility to assassinate you- especially if you're not on guard...

Lets say you can do that too, and we call it even? Every turn- you can "enter stealth" in that location, and then if anyone walks into that location while you're in stealth, you can choose to kill them or not. Sound fair? :B

(On a side note, you should have created a more useful trait for dragonborn, I didn't use that once) (Nevermind, I finished reading it and I can breath fire now, its all good)(Now to begin)

I go into that forest that you didn't name next to camp 2, light all the trees on fire, and watch as everything and everyone burns!!!

You scaper into the forest, relying on your primal instincts to direct you. You can smell fresh blood, and the signs of someone being here prior are obvious. Though you cannot see anyone, you reckon there is someone hiding among the bushes...

Relentless, you raise your now shrivelled and deformed head and shriek a battle cry worthy of your new heritage. Gripped by an urge for destruction, you call up your inner strength. You are suddenly gripped with strange fever and, you can feel yourself heat up uncontrollably- your blood pumping violently under your skin. The heat is strong enough to make your head spin, and you have to drop to all fours and squeeze your eyes tight just to contain the sudden tempest. Your throat starts to tickle, and you retch uncontrollably. You throw up burning liquids from deep within you. You continue to spray out heat for at least 10 seconds before you realise you can't vomit up any more. When you open your eyes, you find yourself light headed- but you see your gambit has payed off. Tracks of flames lead from you to up to 25 meters into the wilderness. Each ember as hot as molten iron. You stand up and back up to admire your handiwork. The flames spread like wildfire. Within a matter of minutes, the nights darkness becomes obsolete to the light of the forest fire. In this new light, you see a large log tied to a tree- an elaborate trap, now useless. And where there are traps, there are hunters- you think to yourself as you back away from the growing flames.

(Do they know I become one when I die?) Nope, thats the point >:3
(Also, what happened to my gun?) What gun? You forgot everything when you were "reborn"

With that done, I slowly crawl out of sight into the dark, away from the flames.

I retrace my steps, back to the bridge where I became a monster... no... not a monster.. A GOD! I crawl to a campsite, nobody appears to be there, and I feast on what leftover food had been there. I crawl to the helipad, through the lake, and there, I activate my stealth mode thing that I can only do once, stalking, waiting, for perhaps a hunter to kill, or better yet, a helicopter I can sabotage and watch as it crashes just as those animals think they are free, oh what fun it would be! Sorry, the laws of "One turn, One location" still apply. I can accept the backing away bit so you aren't consumed by the flames- but anything involving changing locations I can't, no matter how cool it is... :/

Also, you can use the stealth thing more than once... :3

Ok, I back away and stealth myself for now. (Just use that ^ for my next turn then m8)
(Oh wait, I just realized how many places I said I moved to, ignore that then, I must have not been paying attention. I'll wait till next turn to rethink it.)

k, noted :3

Turn 7: Be prepared

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XkU23m6yX04>

[NO MAP]

You marvel at your handiwork, the fire has caught better than you could have expected. Nothing could survive those intense flames. Now, the true hunt begins. You know the area vaguely, but without your phone, you don't know where the others are. Even better, the thrill of the hunt is always so much stronger when you fight for it. You find the thought of the thrill addictive, the hunt is all you can focus on. Where will you search first?

[Note: I put Grue instead of Pwnclub earlier, sorry about the confusion- I've corrected it now x.x]

I shall go to the lake, see if I can find any of my screecher brethren, lets get this hunt truly started shall we? What fun it will be! I walk through some burning trees and on the way to the lake.

As you creep past, you find a goliath of a body spread eagled across the path. Its limbs bulge as if the muscles inside had tripled in size, threatening to burst the skin. Its huge skull has split open on a hard rock on a rock on the ground, and as you peel away the fur like fabric covering its face- you see it has a human face, distorted yes- but still legible. You can't remember who it is, but you faintly recognise it. This creature was like you, perhaps the most powerful screecher ever to exist, and ever to exist. The Ultimate despair, overthrown by a loose pebble on the path. It seems the demonic gargantuan tripped on a rock, and split his scalp across the path. You spend a moment in silence to respect your fallen brother, and vow not to make the same mistake.

I search around a bit, smelling. HmMMMM, yes! I smell blood! I can't tell what creature its coming from, but the bitter sweet smell fills my nose (beak thing whatever). I shall find this creature and either aid it or kill it whatever species it may be... I jump in the lake and swim to the bottom.

With your heightened ability to swim long distances and hold your breath, you slowly work into the deepness. As you get close, you see a dark green glow deep within the darkness- and decide to investigate it. You reach the bottom of the lake, the floor is littered with bones and skulls. Some recently killed, some months old. Nothing lives down here any more, nothing but the dark green glow- calling you closer. You pass more skulls in silence, there must be thousands of them- whatever lives down here, it exceeds you in every way imaginable- yet you can't stop swimming towards the green glow. It envelops you, and suddenly you lose conception. Unsure which way is up or down, unsure where you are or how you got here, unsure who you are or what you were. All you know is the glow, as it consumes you. Time seems to stand still as you feel your lungs about to burst. You close your eyes, and open them again. You're not underwater any more, but you can still see distortion in your peripheral vision, making it impossible to see where you are. You can't even turn to look around, as your vision is enveloped by a sight that chills you to the bone. A huge green serpent coils around a pile of skulls, its eyes glow with the sickening blood green. It encircles a nest of sorts, holding three dead bodies with faces like owls, and hundreds of little eggs. The great demonic serpent wraps

tightly across the nest, staring at you- and you hear a booming voice from inside your head.

“Greetings, Child of the Shadow. Your brother has done well to bring you to me. I sense you are the last of your brothers, that is unfortunate.”

The serpent raises its head, still staring intently at you.

“I require more servants to complete my ascension. Pledge yourself to me, and I will give you strength more than you could have ever dreamed. I need more hunters like yourself, and there is fresh meat for you to turn. Do you feel the Thrill calling? I am familiar with your kind- serve me so I may rise once more. Well? Will you join me, or would you rather join the dead forever within this dark lake?”

So my choice, if it is no you will kill me, and if it is yes I get to kill some innocent puny humans? Well I don't wanna die, and I do wanna kill, so sounds like quite the deal. What do you need me to do?

It may be your imagination, but the snake seems to smile as you speak,

"I'm glad we can come to an agreement. As for what I want for you to do, is help me achieve my true form- so I may take vengeance on the ones who have wronged me so. However, I cannot rise because there is too many Ta'veren in the area. I believe only 3 remain now, kill them and convert them into your brethren, serve my command- and I will show you power beyond your greatest dreams. There is one who you cannot defeat alone- I believe he has already killed one of your kin. Avoid him at all costs, you cannot defeat him. Once you are done with the other two, I may ascend, and will deal with the former personally. This task will be more difficult than you assume, and for that- I offer you my blessing-"

You hear whispers around you, as the glow starts to return.

"My name is Gwydion. Speak my name, and I will be able to offer you... enhancements. There is a facility for genetic engineering in the deep woods south east of here. Summon me with the body of a genetically altered being, and I can genetically splice you two together. Fusing your strengths into one. They must be dead, though- or your consciousness won't be transferred. That is all, do you understand?"

Mostly, do I speak your name now, or once I get to this place? Otherwise I got it.

“You will know when the time is right. Now go, I sense others are on the move! Two are at the cabin, and one is already at the facility! Do not disappoint me, we shall speak again when my ascension is complete.”

At that, your vision starts to fade- and you fall unconscious. When you wake up, you are by the side of the lake, bone dry. Time is of the essence now, will you go to fight two Ta'veren at the cabin, or try upgrade yourself at the facility at the risk of encountering the last Ta'veren?

Remember, there is one you cannot defeat alone.

Act II: The Hunt

There is no hunting like the hunting of man, and those who have hunted armed men long enough and liked it, never care for anything else thereafter.



Turn 8: You're on the second act

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vYyO44U2BQ4>



Before you can make your next move, you notice that the sky has started to get lighter. The sun is beginning to rise. Soon, you'll be able to make two moves per turn due to the extra light, but not yet. Where will you go, and what will you do with your new knowledge?

I must head to the facility, if I want to kill them all I need power, but first, a trip to the ruins, some investigating must be done. If that English man still lives, he might know how to stop us, he must be hiding somewhere, that is if he hasn't met the fate to one of my brethren already... I cross what appears to be a homemade bridge from a fallen tree.

Whoever made that must have been clever, probably dead by now, not like I care. Perhaps one of my kin will be there, from what I know, that seems like it may be a nice place for gods of our level. Entering the ruins, I find a corpse, although I can't identify it, it seems to have been dead for a while. The blood is brown by now, all dried up, yet I lap it up anyway. Yessssss, delicious. I hear noise, a running sorta sound, and I instinctively go into stealth mode, lurking in the shadows, waiting.

You can actually do all that, so alright then. :V (how did you know there was a body there, though..?)

(My powers)

(I mean, how did you know I was planning on having a body there without me even hinting at it? o.O)

(I didn't, whose body?)

(Talk about a lucky move, but you can't recognise bodies because of your amnesia... :P)

(When is the next turn?)

(Well, everyone else is still taking their turn- you're the only one who's finished :/

I would offer something to interact with, but the way you've phrased your movement- there's not much to expand on... :B)

(Ok, then wait I shall)

(Sorry :/ Next time, move to where someone else is and try to eat them or something? :3)

Turn 9: Screechers Lullaby

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yJGqxf86cZs>

After sniffing idely around the corpse, a cold pain fills you- an overwhelming hunger claws from inside you. You crave living flesh, you have no choice but to hunt or consume yourself. Its too much to bare, you have to do something. Suddenly, you hear the voice again- from deep within you.

"Go quickly to the cabin, I sense you have an opening there- you must strike now! If it gets too light, it will be too late!"

Sure enough, the sun has started to peak over the horizon. The sky has gone a deep red, as if to greet the approaching sun. The light affects you negatively, your eyes aren't adjusted to cope with large light levels- you need to move quickly before you are completely blinded.

I quickly get up and rush past the makeshift bridge someone clever must have made, past the empty camp, over the bridge and into the cabin. I rush upstairs to see a lovely old couple in bed. Its feeding time. I pounce on them on begin to devour their flesh. Screams and blood fill the air. Delicious! I quickly finish them off, gulping down their bones and meat. Their hearts are quite grand indeed!. Not a trace can be left, except of course an entire bloody room. Outside I see the fire I started, still burning bright. I run outside, the sun is getting higher in the sky, whatever my next move is, it must be done, fast.

[Ok, look- I appreciate the effort that you are putting in to make an interesting plot development, but the fact is that not all of that is possible. I'm going to rework your statement so its a little more appropriate to what's going on.]

You quickly get up and rush past the makeshift bridge someone clever must have made, past the empty camp, over the bridge and up to the cabin. To your surprise, someone is standing outside. Ravenous with hunger, you strike at the mysterious individual without much thought. It's only when you get close do you see who it is. A dark haired girl with two arms protruding from her left elbow and large scars covering her back. The questions in your mind only start to form after your attack lands. She doesn't even have a chance to scream because you managed to slice a neural artery, and she falls like a sack of bricks. Unsure what to do, you pick up the body and start to drag it behind some trees- in case there are others like her. Looking around, a trickle of memory slides across your synapses- didn't Gwydion say something about this...? "Gwyd...ion...?" You manage to gargle through your alien mouth. A few seconds pass, and then suddenly you are enveloped in a bubble of green. Delirious, you feel your whole body sting with strange surreal pain. Seconds, or perhaps hours pass- but as they do you feel your arms trying to rip themselves out of their sockets. Almost as suddenly as it appeared- the glow fades, and you are released. Looking down at yourself, you begin to realise the horror your cruel fate has decreed. Both your arms split at the elbow, to form a pair of forearms for each. Inexplicable anger like nothing else fills you now, rage that could destroy worlds. As you look down, you see the girls body is now gone.

[Your skills have updated]

(You going to tell me my updated skills?)

[check your list of skills from just after you died :V]

[*Earned Skills:*

QUADCEP- You have two forearms for each arm, making you more deadly in combat- and capable of more complex maneuvers

Hormonal imbalance- You are easily irritated, and are capable of great bouts of rage when provoked]

Well, there's only one thing left to do, kill them all. Gwyndoin said there were 2 at the cabin and one at the facility, however I don't see anyone else here, they must have went off somewhere else, if that is the case, I must head to the facility ASAP and kill the filthy creature that's there, and possibly upgrade myself even further. I rush to the lab, taking great leaps forward. I get there within 5 mins. I stand outside the lab, the light is getting stronger, however I smell something... off.. I have no other choice by now though, I enter the lab.

What happened to 1 movement per turn? You've already moved to the cabin, and besides... You see a mysterious figure with a broken hand walk out of the cabin, he walks out a little and then shouts

"All ye fools move aside, for I have the only Exodus on my side"

Your bloodlust overtakes you, and you are compelled to kill this creature. Only when you do you notice the handgun in his other hand. He hasn't seen you, the time to strike is now.

I crouch and crawl around behind him, then I lunge at his blindspot. I claw at his back with my 1st pair of hands and rip out his throat with the other. I then begin to feast, oh how delicious! I rip off his arms and swallow them whole, I'm starving! I chop his legs up and feast upon the bits. I cut off his head and mash it down then drink the juice. All that's left is his chest, which I plunge my fists into and rip open, eating the ribs and last but not least, swallowing the heart!

I can allow the first bit, but this second bit violates a certain rule. It wouldn't exactly be a fair fight if you just ripped him apart :/

Besides, and I cannot emphasize this enough- you need all the help you can get, don't waste this opportunity. You cannot win this game alone.

Your attack hits, but your prey retaliates- Throwing you over his shoulder with military precision. You claw desperately back onto your feet.

Suddenly, the creature puts on a screecher mask- identical to your own, and walks to you.

"So FireKnight, it seems you will be the one who kills me. I forgive you". He falls to his knees, "It seems as if the game is done with me, but know this, I will be back, and I will hunt those who did this"

He bows his head, waiting your judgement.

I growl I know not who you are, but get up, and die honorably, or live valiantly.

He removes the mask, stands up and takes a few steps back. Wiping the blood off his face, he reaches into his bag and pulls out a makeshift javelin and holds it in a defensive stance.

"My old friend, do your worse, I will die knowing somewhere somehow I will avenge all of you. If I live I will hunt and destroy those who did this."

He nods his head and says

"Come at me..."

With that, he twirls the javelin around his good arm, and points it at you- poised to strike.

I stretch out my 6 limbs and let out a screech. Now THIS is more like it. I jump into the sky and leap at the creature, claws out and I scratch at his chest as I fall.

In a desperate attempt to escape the pin that knocked him over, your prey desperately reaches for a knife and swings it blindly at you. Time to end this.

I swing my claw at his face. It doesn't kill him, but it sure will leave a nasty scar from his eye to neck. Eh, what a boring prey, but at least it's something. My beak shoots for his heart.

Your attack hits true, and Order falls unconscious- bleeding at a rapid rate. Disappointed at the lack of effort that had been, you get distracted with another scent and leave the dead Order to his own devices.

In the distance, you can hear the screech of a car alarm going off coming from the north.

(I can't move to the car till next turn, right?)
(correct >:3)

Turn 10: The Hunters Song

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qAZmHrtloD8>

After a moment's pause, you hear a thunderclap in the distance. Looking up, you see a few clouds have started to build up under the rising sun- it seems a heavy storm is approaching. Spurred by this knowledge, you double your efforts in the hope of being able to be done quickly so that you don't have to stay out in any potential rain any longer than necessary.

With little insight on what else I have the option to do here, I decide to head towards the sounds of the car alarm. I run past the bridge and the camps only to pass by the ruins. As I walk, the makeshift bridge collapses and falls into the ravine behind me. The sound has become louder, it must be around here somewhere. I walk through the small wood and come upon a lab and the car that is making the noise.

After going past the ruins, you reach a clearing. A small inconspicuous building stands alone, separate from the forest. Judging by the lack of activity, it seems to be abandoned- however, the door is ajar. There also seems to be a Jeep parked outside. However, the window has been smashed open and the door forced open. The jeep seems to be the source of the noise- which means someone must have forced it open. The familiar smell of decay lingers around here. You hear multiple footsteps from inside the building, it appears there is someone inside the lab. A sudden hunger grips you, forcing you to clench your fist and jaw in apprehension. Despite this, you can't help but feel a lingering shred of dread at the thought of going into the lab- something about the atmosphere is off putting, something that can't be expressed through words alone. "Dangerous" would be a good start, though. With that in mind, you could go into the lab, or try sneak around and look for another entrance, or search somewhere else entirely. What will you do first?

I sneak around the outskirts of the building, looking for anything I could use to help me end their pathetic lives or get into the building. About a quarter and a half way to the back, I find a window and break it open with a rock. Once I enter, I can hear footsteps upstairs. There is more than 1 person, or thing for that matter, up there, so I decide to go down to the basement and see what can be of use there. I start scavenging around the room.

You walk behind the building, searching for loose scrap and potential entrances. The building is divided into two halves, a flat with plenty of windows to climb through- and a mysterious conservatory extension with a roof curved and built similar in design to a bomb shelter, with no windows. However, as you move around- you notice there is a small visible gap on the far wall of the conservatory- where something has blatantly ripped through the wall from within. Peeking inside, you see it connects to the inside of a heavily reinforced cage in row with several others. The smell of alcohol suddenly overwhelms you as you begin to crawl through the gap to get a better look- it seems someone has laced this place with alcohol for some reason. You can't get in this way, since the caged door is locked- but you can see into the furthest room in the lab. Looking through the bars of the cage, you can see that this room is filled with stuff. Huge piles of paper cover the floor, some personal furnishings including a radio and a phone, even things like large scientific apparatus that have no place being there. Obviously, this is some kind of ominous science work station which must have been used to hold animals at one point- but the amount of stuff just piled into the center of the room makes it clear it hasn't been used in a while. Curiously, it reminds you of some sort of funeral pyre. You step back outside, and continue looking.

[You could sneak in through the window at this point, but frankly- I would heavily recommend against it, if you catch my drift :3]

Without much insight into the situation, I decide it is best to just wait for something to happen. I cling to the wall of the building and go into stealth mode.

A few minutes pass as you sit still, perched on the wall. Suddenly, a silhouette bursts out of the shadows. You tense, ready to pounce- when you begin to recognise the stranger,

"Wazzup Sunknight, hows it been going for ya," Order says, his new screecher mask casually adjusting itself to fit properly. Accompanying him, is a small boy with wings.

"That boy..." Gwydion whispers to you, **"He's similar to that four armed girl, in terms of genetic structure- kill him and you can inherit his wings..."**

"Ah hello Order, my new brother, now step aside so I can kill this kid"

I lunge at the winged being, **but order knocks me aside before I can get to him.**

"What is the meaning of this, are you... protecting him?"

"I will, not let you kill these kids. You must not let yourself be controlled by Gwydion. We need to save these kids, and we must work together to kill screecherzilla"

"What the hell are you talking about, Gwydion doesn't control me, we simply have a deal, now step aside and give me the kid, I've killed you once, I don't wanna have to do it again."

Order leaps forward with surprising quickness, grabs you by the neck and throws you to the ground.

"Go airborne, I need to talk to Sunknight, I'll yell for you when it's safe."

Instantly, Michael takes off to the sky without another word- and soars off into the distance.

"So you are giving into the urge to evolve and adapt. What we have become is something powerful, but in that lab is something so strong it will kill us all. Your tendency to give into your instincts will be your downfall."

Suddenly, Order tilts his head- and his voice becomes an exact mimicry of the voice you had before you died. "This is what you used to sound like, but your memory isn't what is used to be"

Shifting his head back, Order offers you his hand- speaking in his regular voice again, "So what say we work together like the old times?"

But, me and Guydion, we had a deal... You can't just break a deal like that, it's not right or honorable, tell me, what do you need my help for, and why are you protecting the children?

"Some part of me says to protect them, that they don't deserve this..... Then the other part says to give into the urges of what I've become..... The human part of me says not to let of who I was, it doesn't want anyone else to suffer. At this point I'm not sure what to do."

"Hehehe, 'human parts' I gotta say, I have no idea what you're rambling on about. Even if I was once like that, it's all gone to me. Not only is the urge strong, but I've struck a nice bargain with Guydion. I'm not sure why he wants them dead, even if he only wants me to convert the normal people, but I gain strength and that tastes wonderful. However, I was told I would not be able to take down one of you alone. Clearly it wasn't you, and that leaves 2 more to convert. What I'm gathering here is that you need my help, yet I also need yours in 2 different tasks. Hmmmm... Quite the impasse, don't you think?"

Without hesitating, Order's tone suddenly shifts to become incredibly soothing- and he says sweetly

"Michael it's ok, you can come back, but stand behind me so we all can have a civilized talk."

Michael quickly descends from the skies, and lands gracefully in front of Order- facing and watching you warily

"So, what's the plan? Are we going to go find Lux...?"

"Fine, commence your argument"

Order turns to Michael, then kneels down so that they are eye level-

"Remember your friend Max? He is waiting to see you, I'm going to take you to him"

Suddenly, without warning- Order pulls out a handgun and promptly shoots Michael between the eyes,

"May you find joy with your friend now Michael.....I'm sorry"

Michael falls to the ground, stunned and bleeding out violently- the light in his remaining eye slowly starts to fade away as he murmurs his final words.

"I don't want to... Go to sleep... Not yet..."

Michael passes away at Order's feet. A few seconds pass, and you see Order starting to grow nervous- but then suddenly he becomes enveloped in a bubble of green. The light is blinding, and you're forced to look away. Almost as suddenly as it appeared- the glow fades, and Order is released. Looking down at him, you begin to realize the horror of his actions. Extending from the base of neck neck, are two slender and dark wings- both twisted and baring filthy feathers. They aren't as magnificent as Michael's, but Order now has a pair of wings. Whether they were worth the cost, however- is something you don't consider.

Order stands up and lets out a long, inhuman screech that echoes across the forest.

"I can see you've killed my friend Max, seeing as you have extra limbs. I will assume you did not let her suffer." I then say to Gwyndain

"What in the hell was that?!?! It was my job to do that. Gwyndion sent me to kill them and convert the rest of you, I was supposed to be the badass dragon here. Damn you Order, I thought you were my brethren. I know it is not wise to kill you, but you're clearly insane, so I'm not sure I can even trust you. I need to find a brethren I can actually trust, or create one at the least. Goodbye Order you crazy sonovabitch, don't get any more insane. If only I could trust you..."

"I care little for what you say, you spoke of honor when we last met, you know nothing of honor. You jump from nowhere and wounded me, then you chose to fight. If you want bloodshed and murder just admit it, but do not claim the way you fight is honorable. Gwynndoin has use for us both, and I highly doubt he will be upset that I killed Michael."

With that, I go off to find, or make, a new brethren. [uh... which entails...? :V]

(Which entails me leaving the lab and finding another screecher or kill a person and make them a screecher, but I can't leave the lab till next turn anyway).

Order starts to poke around the building, eventually finding the gap you found which lead to a locked cage inside the lab- but regardless he goes in anyway. Maybe he found something?

(I can't change locations until next turn anyway, I might as well follow)

I follow Order as he enters the gap in the wall.

You crouch through the gap behind Order, and peek over him. The cage door has been unlocked, but with Order blocking the path- you can't push past. Standing in the center of the room is a figure so horrendous and twisted, you realise there is no hope of you defeating it. Dripping blood from a seeping head wound, you recognise the terrifying glowing eyes of the mask of the screecher even in the darkness. Unlike the other screechers though- it stands at least two, three heads taller. Its clothes and skin strain to contain the sheer mass within it, threatening to burst at some points. You sense that mass may all be muscle, potentially making the creature impossibly strong. The screecher's legs can't seem to support the huge juggernaut- and it is forced to drag itself with its thick, twisted arms. You doubt your claws would have any affect on him. The monstrous screecher is towering over someone, seething and shuddering with what you think maybe some uncontrollable hunger. You recognise the person instantly, it's Lux- staring up defiantly at the hulk. You note that he's unarmed, hands clenched to his side- apparently he doesn't care for the danger he's surrounded by. The two seem to be sizing each other up, you realize. It's possible you might have stumbled into an epic stare-off, which fortunately means neither notice you sneaking in. Looks like you've got quite the advantage, but with Order in the way- there's not a lot you can do.

(How would I know who Lux is from my past life) [recognise, but not remembering? :V]
(Order said he moved, stop wasting time in China, more important matters need you)

Order turns to you, and whispers in hushed tones- "we need to get him to follow us outside, any ideals?"

You stand silently, trying to come up with something

"Well? Got any plans?"

"Yeah, this" I nudge Order out of the way of my head and open my beak to let loose an ember ball that hits the creature in the back, burning its flesh a little, it turns around and screeches. "Well seems like it'll follow us now"

[are you trying to get yourself killed? XD]

The giant suddenly snaps to face the two of you and screeches in anger- its eyes filled with hatred and violence. As it does, the embers slide down the Screechers back and come to rest on the floor. Usually, tiny embers like that would burn out as soon as they touched the floor- but instead the fire begins to grow, rapidly. The flames start to spread across the floor at a worrying rate. You only have a few crucial moments to escape before the entire room goes alight.

You only have one chance to escape the room, therefore you can only use one action before the entire room is ablaze. I would advise you use it wisely (Note, you cannot speak & make a movement during the same action).

In a swift moment, I grab order with 2 of my arms and plunge us out with my 2 other arms and legs before the fire reaches us.

You manage to drag Order until there's a reasonable between you and the building just as the flames start to fill up the room. A few seconds later, the curved metal roof explodes like a gas cannister- throwing debris in every direction, knocking both of you off your feet. Fortunately, you're far enough away to escape the blast- but you doubt anyone inside the building could have survived unscathed. There's too much smoke to see if anything had, regardless. The rest of the house is starting to catch fire too, it won't be long until that explodes too if it's also laced.

I get up off the floor and look at the building. "Well F***, that was not a good idea, my bad."

Suddenly, you feel Gwydions presence grow within the back of your mind once more, **"Idiots, he's getting away! Quickly, trap him by the front of the house before he escapes! He's disorientated and unarmed- you must not waste this opportunity, this may be your only chance to catch him if he's the immune one!"**

"Hey Gwydion, it would be nice if you actually told me why you want the immune one, if we can't convert him to help remove your burning from your mind or whatever, why do you want him?" I murmur to myself as I run to the front of the building. "Can you even hear me, or am I just talking to myself?"

“Must I explain myself again? The immune one is perhaps the only creature who could destroy me completely. Therefore, he must be eliminated as soon as possible- regardless of the cost. He would be useless as a Child of the Shadow- but as long as he draws breath he will be a threat to my existence, and therefore yours.”

You scramble to the front door of the house, Order is already there.

"Lux, its Order, i need your help, we need to talk, im a bit screwed up at the moment so dont be shocked" Order shouts at the door. When nothing responds- he flies up to the roof and calls "Lux, we been turned into a screecher, but with your help I believe you can help me find a cure and stop Gwyndoin, fireknight is with me, he is also a screecher, we need to talk to you, without your help we will die in this forest, so for the love of Exodus come and speak to me m8, and sorry about the fire, we only meant to burn screecherzilla".

I scream along side him "Yeah, that fire may or may not have been completely my fault, sorry bout that Lux! Also do you know where that kid went, they could be a bit helpful!" I go up to the door and rip it off the hinges with my 4 arms. "Hello? Anybody hear me?" The flames are spreading from the exploded back part of the building to the front, quickly, the smoke is so heavy its difficult to see.

Before you can react, a pair of thick arms wrap around your face- grabbing you from behind and choking you. Desperately, you try claw at your assaulter to try and escape its grip- but its wrists are too strong for you. You try alert Order on the roof, but the strangler holds your mouth tightly shut. Even when your body stops moving, you still scream internally with pure white anger. As your vision begins to fade, you notice the strangeness of the hands gripping you- each clawed and rigid, but most noticeably stained as if burnt. Slowly, everything goes black.

You fall unconscious for one turn

Got it wait for one turn doing nothing. dem the breaks :V

In your restless waiting, Gwydion tethers around your mind and attempts to converse with you- ***“So, what are you and Order up to? I order you to kill, and you try parley with your prey. We must work together if we are both to survive, I will not tolerate insubordination against me. Tell me what I must do to earn your loyalty.”***

I think to myself. "Tell me everything, how the screechers were made, how the kids and you were made, why you want to be free from the lake and what you plan to do with me if I help you. What will you do after?"

“I didn’t find the screechers, the screechers found me. They’re part of something else, something much older than I. I’m merely using them as a vessel to forward my own

ambitions, just making the best out of a bad situation you could say- but then again, you could say they're doing the same to me too. The Children of The School were bred for the sole purpose of genetic engineering research- some are spliced with other animals, others are cruel experiments to try rip free the secrets of the DNA. My whole life, they have had me caged so they could study me. When I found a way to escape, who could blame me for taking it? Now I'm merely trapped again, only this time in this lake. Now that we are bound, I will take no action against you so long as you don't take action against me. If I die, so do you- if you die, I will be perpetually trapped in this lake. Therefore, we must work together to survive- for now. I don't know where I shall go when I am free, but I know that I may have to run for the rest of my life from humans who will irrationally fear me like yourself and Order- I will pursue a life of hiding and solitude. Not too different from my current situation- except I'll be free, and that's all that matters. For now."

Gwydion laughs quietly in the back of your mind, then continues speaking idly-

"Freedom.... What a joke, there is no freedom for someone like me- there is only us and them, and blood. Are you one of us, or one of them- I wonder?"

"You were in a lab with the children" I think to myself "Why don't you all help each other, you're both just want freedom?"

"They betrayed me a long time ago, I'm not the forgiving type. Frankly, they deserve everything they get."

Turn 11: It's Screecher Time Again

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GkNask_pMKo

You awaken to see the rain has increased in tempo, a storm is underway- blocking light from the sun, and the heavy rainfall waking you from your unconscious state. Standing up, you survey your surroundings. The lab is still burning, albeit only embers- it seems totally destroyed. Order, Lux, and the huge screecher that wrecked you are all gone- along with the jeep. Your hunger is clawing at you, ever stronger now- craving blood and life. Gwydion's presence swirls around the back of your skull again.

"You let me down once, see it does not happen again- time is running short. I regret to inform you that Order is no longer one with the shadow- but no matter, I have another brother who will help you catch your friend. He has been following the Jeep, I can direct you to it mentally through him. Do not disappoint me, I fear more than you imagine is at stake."

I stumble on my feet, propping myself up with my arms. I walk out of what's left of the lab, with most of the entire building gone. "So, Gwydion, I have a few more questions. How many children are left, why do I gain their powers when I kill them, what exactly did they do to you that they betrayed you, and where, and what, is this 'brother' of yours?"

"I don't know how many there are now- I used to live with them, but after a particular incident, I was taken into solitary confinement. You see, one of the kids did something terrible and framed me for it- so the rest of the kids would try to lynch me to the point that the school had to intervene and put me in solitude. What you have to understand about all the children, including me, is that we are not human- we are genetically altered hybrids produced illegally, and then sold on. I've seen weapons, symbols, figureheads, mythological and the impossible birthed during my stay- all in the form of children. I happen to be a hybrid that specializes in mutation, hence how I managed to escape. If I can probe tissue from a dead creature- I can restructure and simulate the DNA within myself. Since we are connected, I can also affect your DNA structure with the right materials. That's all they are, materials- that's what they were made for. If you allow yourself a sliver of pity, they'll see it as weakness and use it against you. There is one more screecher currently under my influence, I ensured he remained hidden so he could gather materials for me- but now that we've lost two of our allies, you will need his support. Good luck!"

"Uh, plan on telling me where the hidden screecher actually is, or do you just want me to wander till I die?"

"While you were resting, I had him scout around for where the jeep went. Apparently, they went to a lake just north of here. I can direct you there, when you're ready to go."

"Well, then lets go, shall we?"

After a few moments of silence, Gwydions presence takes form in your mind- like a compass pointing to where you need to go. Intrigued, you walk past the ruins, past your camp, past the log cabin, through the woods- increasing in pace until eventually you are sprinting deep into the forest, aiming for the other side. After what feels like an eternity of running, you finally reach a break in the trees- finding only a few smudges of civilisation, the occasional stranded building, and an isolated street. Parked on the side of the road, you see the Jeep outside a tall hostel. From your vantage point, you can see figures going into the hostel- which is unlocked, but due to how early it is no one is managing the front desk. The building could be the perfect place for an ambush, as you can catch Lux by surprise and take him out quickly before his gargantuan screecher bodyguard can react. The thought of the hunt makes your stomach crave with apprehension, and you suppress a shudder. You've already killed one camper, how hard can it be to do again?

I think to myself, "Well that is a screecher brother he is with, what if I can make a bargain with it, it seems intelligent enough." I walk over to the hotel and knock on the door as I enter. "Hello, fellow kin, I see you are helping this human." *I glare at Lux* "Would you kindly explain as to why you are doing this? You were experimented in a lab, where you not? Humans did this to you, didn't they? Why help? I have a proposition for you, care to hear me out?"

You start to move closer to the figures at the door. As you approach, you recognise the dark lumbering silhouette that is the gargantuan screecher- wearing a traffic cone for a hat. Sitting on his shoulder, is Order- or at least, someone who looks like Order. He has the wings, he has the same clothes- but now his eyes glow a gentle gold like a wolf, and his teeth have grown sharp around the edges, and his wings seem much cleaner now. Lux is nowhere to be seen. As you get closer, Gwydion swirls through your mind again- and you stop to listen to him,

"Lux is on the fourth floor- go around the back to avoid the other two and take him out before the others notice he's gone. Whatever you do, do not confront them- they are hostile, and if you mess this up neither of us will live long enough to see the dawn."

I walk around the back of the hotel, carefully lurking as not to be seen or heard. I come across some patios and begin to climb up using my arms, easily reaching the distance in between each. As I pass the 3rd floor, in the window of the room I notice 2 kids sitting on the bed playing together, how sweet they look... I eventually begin to move up onto the 4th floor rooms, climbing from ledge to ledge as to find an already open window as to not make too much noise breaking one. I find an open window and I slowly enter, walking to the entrance of the room quietly, as to not disturb the singing coming from the shower. I exit that room and begin my hunt for Lux, clinging to the ceiling as to not be seen.

Using your hunter instincts, you follow Lux's scent that leaves a nice clear trail leading out of the elevator. Scurrying across the ceiling, you follow it dutifully until it goes through a room door. Obviously, this is the room that Lux went in- for whatever reason. Based on the tracks and the sounds coming from inside the room, you can assume he's still inside. The door is locked, though. You can break it down, but doing so will alert Lux- and knowing him, he rarely goes anywhere unarmed.

I carefully crawl away from the door, as it won't be easy taking Lux by surprise in a room with only 1 door. I proceed to locate all exits from the floor. I hotwire all of the elevators so the doors cannot open, leaving only the fire escape on the other side of the building. I could easily beat Lux in a race from his room to there, so I leave it untouched, in case I, myself, need an exit. I crawl around the 4th floor, searching for anything that could be of use to me. I come across a vending machine on my way around and reach my arm up inside it to pull out a small bag of cookies. I begin gobbling them down as I head back down towards Lux's room. As I approach the door I drop the now empty bag of yummy cookies on the ground and cling to the ceiling above the door, waiting to see what will happen.

[no inconsistency here, good work :3]

The hostel suddenly erupts with the sound of a blaring alarm- reverberating across all the floors. You can hear people slowly getting up in their rooms- but there isn't any general rush, as no one has begun to enter the corridor yet.

You hear the sound of shouting coming from downstairs

"COME AT ME IF YOU STILL HAVE DIGNITY!"

The door to the room you're guarding opens, and you see Lux start to run out.

As Lux begins to run out of the room, he stops as his foot crushes a strange bag of what appears to have contained cookies. As he looks down, I drop down in front of him, staggering him as I land. "Hello, Lux, I noticed that the 3 of you just left me unconsciousness in a burning building. Like, who the hell does that?" I stand over him, my 4 arms looming around him. "I see you were on your way downstairs once you heard Order's screeches, were you not? Well, it's no use trying to get to him, I've sealed all of your exits down, there is no way you can get to your precious screecher buds now. Well, I'll just say it now. Welcome to the club, my friend." I pounce at Lux.

Your attack hits true, and Lux falls unconscious- bleeding at a rapid rate. Disappointed at the lack of effort that had been, you get distracted with another scent and leave the dying Lux to his own devices. Turning around, you see Order run into the corridor from the fire exit and yell,

"SK, m8 where you at, we need to chat."

As soon as your back turned, a figure smashes through the glass window on that floor and into the corridor. A small, nimble and shrivelled Screecher pushes past the two of you- grabs Lux's body, and jumps out the window it came through.

"Sorry" You hear Gwydion reverb through your mind again, **"I need that body. You don't mind if I borrow it, right?"**

Immediately, you and Order burst into action and jump out the window. Order opens his wings and flies in pursuit- while you land hard onto the floor, but roll it off. The screecher carrying the body already has a head start, but carrying the dead weight slows him down. You give chase. The journey leads straight through the woods, leading north west- until you reach a break in the trees, where you can see the bridge and the log cabin. Still, the Screecher persists- leading you beyond there until you reach the Lake. Realizing what he must be trying to do, you move faster- but it is in vain. Practically crawling with exhaustion, the Screecher drags Lux's body into the water- and they both go under the surface.

Turn 12: The Storm

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Bcg5rN-jlaw>

Not entirely sure what just happened, you look to the others. to your surprise, you see Rio, Order, and Grue had all given chase- and now you all stand at the edge of the water. The storm has gotten much worse now- Rain lashing down ceaselessly, the wind billowing across the lake, lightning continually flickering among the dark clouds. You wait by the edge for a minutes, and just as you turn to leave, you see a figure has been washed up on the shore of the lake- and you run to it. The four of you crowd around it as it lifts its head. Sure enough, it is Lux- his wounds miraculously healed, but now on his head is the mask of the screecher. It shifts almost nervously upon Lux's face.

Underneath the surface, you hear a rumble- and you can just about pick out the words

"No more hiding, I will rid this world of power! I am the Bloodgreen King, I am eternal!"

There is another rumble, and the giant green snake that is Gwydion bursts out of dark water and pulls its slithering body to the surface.

"My servants, return! We must still work together if you wish to survive. I will summon my army that resides within this lake, and they will destroy all that oppose us. If you want to live, you will fight alongside them."

With that, there is a great green flash of lightning that strikes the very center of the lake. Then after an eternity that could also have been seconds, you see figures slowly start to rise from the lake. The downpour of rain increases, the torrent of wind howls across the lake as hundreds upon hundreds of screechers slowly start to walk out of the depths of the lake. Unlike the screechers you've seen though, they are sluggish- as if hours in the water has frozen their muscles. It is only a matter of time before they begin to thaw, though- already they have begun to increase in tempo. Heart pounding, you turn to your friends again- each sharing the same expression of panic. As one, you begin to run from the lake- and the legion of oncoming Screechers.

This turn is slightly different from the rest, for this turn alone there is a "panic" mechanic. The time for slow pace is over, you find superhuman strength within you that is only possible in times of true animalistic panic and use it to keep moving. Because of that, this means you can move to as many locations as you want this turn. However, as you move- The Screecher Legion will slowly spread across the map- making locations within their grasp dangerous. This is, as you may expect, the last turn- but because of this mechanic it may become the longest turn. However, this turn will not end until the game reaches a natural conclusion (ie: Everyone ends up dead, or Gwydion and his Army are defeated). I would suggest, if you plan on living, that you come up with some sort of plan with each other- since all of you hold ingredients to different potential endings, which you must combine to get the conclusion you hope for. Good Luck!

The five of you run a little away from the lake, before Order grabs Lux by the shoulders and asks him a question-

"Hey there,so what kind of abilities did you get as a screecher,kinda need to know fast."

Better at sneaking...that's pretty much it, everything else is kinda useless."

The following is a transcript of the discussion between the five players on a separate discussion- which was easier than transferring messages from all 5 players :V

FK= Fireknight/Turquoise= The Hot-Blooded Viper

OC= Order/Chaos= The Military Specialist

LX= Luxurious195=The Blood-thirsty Screech-Owl

MA= Marioalexsan/Rio= The Ultimate Despair

JC= Joelius Caesar/Grue= The Ultimate Hope

FK: "Ha, who needs 'sneaking' when you can just fight your way through" I show off my 4 arms. Anyway, "I have formulated a plan for a while now, as I have been working for Gwydion the longest. I'm sorry, but I needed Lux as one of us for it to work, Gwydion couldn't rise without enough of us as screechers, and fighting him in the lake would be suicide. You see, if Gwydion dies, us as screechers will lose our free will and become like his mindless army. Now, for the plan, not sure if all of you know, once you kill a kid you gain their attributes as a screecher." I once again show off my arms and gesture to Order's wings. "Gwydion was once a kid. Now, just killing him won't give us his power, however, if we get him in a checkmate scenario, he would be forced to give them up in order for his 'spirit' or something like that to live on. When that happens, we won't become mindless screechers like if he just died, we will continue to have our free will, and while we do, who knows if we can find a cure. (Course I wouldn't use it, I love being a screecher) If we are able to somehow pull off this plan, he will most likely pick me, as I have been the most loyal to him so far. Now, before we do this I have an idea, but you lot may not like it, I feel no humanity anymore, so I'm going to track the rest of the living kids." I get on my hands and knees and proceed to sprint towards the cabin. "Lux, you seem fairly weak, care to join me?" I give a grin to him. "Oh yeah, completely flew over my head, anybody else have a plan, cuz either way I'm gonna go get stronger. Grue, congratulations on being the longest surviving human! Not gonna lie, I completely forgot about you at some parts, you just stayed in these woods while all of us went to a hotel, thought you were lost or something.

MA: I'd say you'll get rekt as soon as the army gets you.... I mean, splitting isn't a great idea.

FK: The cabin is on the complete other side of the forest from the lake.

CO: I'm not dependent on Gwyn's link anymore, if he dies I live, I'm a Prime Evil Human.

FK: Congrats, not all of us are 'Prime Evil Humans', think about us screechers. Also I would like to apologize for starting that fire in the lab again. And all the other fires everywhere.

CO: I know I'm just saying I might have some abilities I don't know about. I got a perk called OldBlood, it's changed my body

MA: Old Blood? I got dem Gentleman skillz

FK: Weak skills. It's really at the 4 arms and fire breathing

CO: I got razor teeth and immunity to the parasite, so maybe my blood can mess with screechers somehow?

FK: And maybe I could be a badass dragon if SOMEBODY *cough* Order *cough* let ME kill 'MICHEAL'

CO: You KILLED me *cough*

FK: SO?

MA: Long story, huh?

LX: SK if you start hunting kids I will literally kill myself.

CO: I'd rather no more kids die, we have bigger issues at hand

FK: We need more power tho.

CO: No, we need teamwork. I vote an all out battle while the screechers are still slow

MA: We could try to escape.

CO: No, Gwyn has to die. He will infect the world with the parasite

LX: Can I please kill myself now...?

FK: No

CO: We let Rio,Grue,and Lux fight the basic screechers while SunKnight jump on my back and we go for Gwyn

FK: Most likely not gonna work.

CO: Oh try not to let Gwyns perception filter mess with us

MA: Btw, mine and grue's ultimates are deactivated when we're near eachother... so we're going to be a lil less effective.

CO: Lux wasnt the cure you gave me a poison to Gwyn?

LX: I don't really know or care. The goverment guy said there is another shipment coming, but I don't know where exactly.

MA: We need to find it so we can cure you!

LX: I will still stay a screecher so I'm still killing myself, sorry.

CO: No,you would be a PrimeEvil,its not a screecher. If youre so bent on suicide wait until the storm passes so when you shoot yourself it kills Gwyn too. Gwyn needs to have our minds linked to his or it will melt,but if he infects more people before the storm passes he wont need us,so waiting wont work. If suicide would work I would have shot myself by now

FK: Well I'm gonna go off for a stroll. To a cabin. With kids in it.

MA: Someone KO him before he reks kids

CO: If we dont work together we are doomed. If you wanna focus on stopping Gwyn say I,if you wanna go off and kill kids while I end this go ahead,but either way I'm going down trying to kill or reason with Gwyn. We each have skills,we can take Gwyn on in combat if we work together,he is terrified of Rio,and is worried about my OldBlood perk,so right now we have the best chance,the other screechers are still frozen,which means we can go straight for Gwyn

FK: We need more upgrades. If you arent gonna kill the kids, then I will. Please, I've killed 2 of you here already, I can easily do it again, now, we need to work together.

CO: Everyone,if SK goes for the kids then we just start the fight with Gwyn,cause if he isnt there when Gwyn dies,both Lux and SK dies too,but if he is with us he can live,so the choice is his.

MA: Wait why they're going to die if they're not nearby?

CO: Gwyn keeps them sane,so unless one can take the mind host role they die,and Lux wont cause he wants to die. SK,for me pls forget about the kids,at least for now

FK: I'm just saying, 3 kids in a cabin. Wouldn't be a shame if I brought 1 back living.

LX: Plz stop.

CO: Hey guys what does Gwyn look like to you?

FK: He's not a moth, hes a giant snake.

CO: I think he changes how we all see him

MA: So guys is the professor coming or not to discuss dem plans?

LX: More importantly, when can I kill myself?

JC: I swear to ♥♥♥ving god if any of you start killing children I will murder you

CO: He isnt going to anymore,I sorted that out. So now we focus on Gwyn. Issue 1.What does Gwyn look like?

MA: isn't Gwyn that green eyed kid who got out of the lake? O i'm missing something

CO: That's Gwyn. Guys dont believe what your eyes show,Gwyn is a humanoid being,he is the size of me,he is mesing with our vision on him.

Issue 2. His illusions can still hurt us. Example-SK sees him as a snake, so if he is crushed by the tail he will really die. So we each have to fight him 1v1.

MA: Maybe only me and Grue (aka no illusions) should fight him? While you fend off dem screechers

CO: Ok so it looks like you and Grue get to take down Gwyn, but don't kill him, I need to speak to him before he dies.

MA: Remember that one of us can die if ye don't help with the screechers. Heck you can die too. Soooo issue nr. 3?

CO: Dealing with SK and Lux's need for Gwyn to be alive. I'm not sure if the mind host ability can be transferred, but SK seems to think it can so we must keep Gwyn alive.

MA: Guys you got any items? Some could be useful

LX: Last time I checked my bag I had coffee, 2 medkits, like...20 revolvers, a laptop, top hat, monocle, 2 spears, pocket watch, nightmare fuel and bullets.

CO: Can you give me a gun plz. Wait, can you give me 2 pistols :D I wanna be a gangsta

LX: Fiiiiine...just give them back when you are done!

JC: I need to get my hands on that serum, the sample 32 or whatever. It was in the helicopter when it crashed I need to get a hold of it. Do any of you know where it could have gone? My hope is that the screechers did not get ahold of it. Secondly we need to find out where Agent Patrick went. We were suppose to meet back here. The screechers are coming to kill us all. However, we need to protect Joe at all costs, if they get ahold of him they will become even more powerful.

CO: He is not innocent. Joe was a spy put in the kids group to monitor him, he was made to look like them. He is evil and twisted, he is why Gwyn went haywire, he caused all of this. Joe might be dead at the end of this, I need to speak to him to uncover the truth. Being primevil I can tell when people are lying, so he can help me find the truth. I can go get the cure, I might be able to find it easier. Heres my plan

1. Sk and I go and find the crashed helicopter with the cure.
2. Rio locates Joe and keeps him safe (don't trust him tho)
3. Lux, and Grue find Agent Patrick.
4. We meet up at wherever you guys want
5. Grue does his plan

Order hands you a hand carved javelin- could be useful in case of emergencies.

"Bro lets go get the sample." Order leaves, heading west. Grue follows him.

Lux & Rio leave, heading south.

I follow behind Order's heels, running on my 6 limbs to keep up with his flight. After running for a while we reach the helipad.

You spend a few minutes torn between the decision of going to the cabin or the helipad until it is just you left. Eventually, you decide to follow Order west using the knowledge you recall vaguely from your phone- continuously looking over your shoulder in case the Legion sneak up on you.

You quickly find Order and Grue huddled behind a trees for cover, and you quickly see why. Another Helicopter has landed on the pad, a military helicopter. Six soldiers are overwatching from the pad, scanning the shrubbery suspiciously. Judging by the bullet holes in Order wake, you can assume they're in a "shoot first, ask questions later" mood. Out of the shadows, you see a figure you recognise as Lux leap out and grab one of the soldiers in the center and watch as he twists the gun out of the officer's grip with one hand while wrapping his other hand around the officer's throat and pulling him off his feet. Immediately they all turn and point their rifles at lux instead, but they don't shoot.

"Let. Him. Go." One of them says slowly, but forcefully.

"I just wanna talk guys! My buddy Order will explain everything! Any of you move and your buddy commander gets it!"

Order runs out from cover and onto the helipad, raising both guns as threateningly as possible as the soldiers hesitate at him as well.

"Now soldiers, we are gonna have a little chat. There has been an incident at the lake, one you are not prepared for. Right now an army of hundreds of monsters are coming to us, and only me and my friends can stop them. Commander, if you value the lives of all the people in this world, then you will give us all your gear and then return home, I plead of all of you, listen to me before it's too late."

The same soldier that spoke earlier turns to face Order, gun still pointed at Lux,

"We came here expecting only a handful of hostiles. By the looks of it, that could easily be your group- meaning anything you say could just be a fabrication to try confuse us. Besides..."

The commander Lux took hostage suddenly jerks in his grip,

"Don't tell them anything, private! We've been given precautions, stick to them!"

The soldier that had been talking suddenly freezes, and seemingly angry looks back at you.

"Let him go" he says again, his tone no different, "there's no point taking him hostage, we have nothing for which to exchange him by- and don't think we're just going to hand over our weapons, I trust my aim more than I trust than the ones we warned against. We're just here to rescue any civilians stuck in the local area- if you drop him and run off now, we won't try and kill you unless you come back. Deal?"

Order raises his voice and says,

"Look at me!!!! Look at what I've become! I have nothing to lose anymore so raise your guns put them to my skull and shoot me!!! I have been trying to save everyone with this ideal stuck in my head that maybe, just maybe someone would heed a damn word I say. Look into my eyes.....let me make sure nobody else becomes like me. There is an army of things like me, but the others won't think, they'll be like savage animals, spreading like a plague.

So now you know what's coming so put me out of my misery, or help me stop everyone from becoming the monster I've become"

Order then drops the pistols, falls down to his knees, and raises his arms in surrender.

Shocked at the outburst, the soldiers exchange looks nervously. Eventually, all eyes rest on the commander in Lux's grip. Sighing, he lifts his left hand to his visor and speaks into it, "Operator Juno, Mosquito 3 requesting 2nd degree ceasefire- requesting permission for open negotiation."

A few seconds pass in absolute silence, all attention fixed on the commander. Slowly, his eyes begin to darken, and a shadow falls across his face,

"Roger that, Delta continue lance recovery operative. Advise visual circumsppection, negate null parley" As he speaks, his hand falls to his side with an air of finality, "Shoot to kill."

The soldiers faces all solidify with indifference, and level their guns towards Order. Feeling defeated- he closes his eyes, expecting the bullets to come. Instead, you hear a voice calling in the distance.

"Operator Juno overruled. Security level 0 authority override. Cease aggression but continue priority 7 guard"

Surprised, you look to where the voice came from and see a ruffled man wearing a suit and a fedora stalking out from the treeline. In one hand, he holds a briefcase, and in the other a badge that he holds up so others can inspect it. Looking closely, you can see the symbol of what appears to be two gauntlets sitting next to each other with something being exchanged between the two engraved onto the badge. You've never seen anything like it before, yet the effect it has on the soldiers is immediate- all the soldiers simultaneously lower their weapons and stand straighter. Stepping onto the helipad, Patrick puts the badge into his pocket and pulls out an expensive revolver.

"The name is Patrick Molyneux, I work for the national secret service. Now you, you've got some explaining to do" He says, pointing the gun to Orders head,

"Listen, I've had a really bad day today- so lets just get this over with quickly. You've got about 20 seconds to explain what the hell is going on on here. 7 seconds of which have already

passed, so I advise you drop the melodramatics and speak quickly. What the hell are you and your friends, and how much do you know?"

Looking at Patrick, Order says

"You've had a bad day? I was just trying to take a nice camping trip when these things called screechers appeared. Turns out there was a lab investigating how to alter DNA. They succeeded, they made children imbued with different DNA from various animals. One child got loose and now he wants to kill the world for what was done to him. My friend is infected with the parasite that creates screechers, but we are gonna cure him after we stop the screechers.

I used to be a screecher, but I took the cure, but it was too large of a dose and it turned me into this. On your helicopter is a chemical known as sample 32, we need it to stop the screechers and the angry child, the chemical reverses DNA back to its previous form. You know everything now, either help us or watch the world die. Does the name Grue ring a bell?"

Patrick sighs irritably,

"I did meet with the one you call "Grue", our paths crossed when I went to investigate The School. I know all about the lab, and what happened there. So, you know about sample 32? I would advise that you keep that information to yourself. You are right though, I preempted that sample 32 would be necessary to resolve this- which is why I had the delta team bring in a batch."

Turning to the fallen captain, Patrick calls "Did you bring the package I requested, commander?" Grumbling, the captain stands up and motions to a soldier carrying a reinforced briefcase to come over. Patrick stalks over and takes the bag, and opens it. Inside, are a set of vials- each portraying various levels of luminosity. Patrick picks one up,

"One set of sample 32. A complex blend of chemicals capable of physically reverse-engineering the DNA structure. For someone constructed from separate genetic origins, a dosage would be fatal. I intend to use it to execute Gwydion for the murder he committed."

Patrick returns the vial and seals the briefcase. "I will lead my team and confront Gwydion, you will stay out of the way- and once Gwydion has been sustained, I will have you all taken in for questioning. Understood?"

"You don't know about Gwyn's mind manipulation do you? He won't allow you to see the real him, he can hide himself in plain sight. If he speaks to your team they will all be doomed, and then he will radio the government and bring them down, all you have to do is hear his voice to fall to his will. The School had soldiers trained specifically to deal with the children, and Gwyn killed them like a fly. You're smart enough to realize this mission is a death sentence with your current team.

I stand up show him my body

But my friends and I are more equipped to deal with this. So how about this, you send your men home, and you come with us and we get you to Grue. I wish to see Gwyn stopped and uncover the truth as much as you do, so we need to work together. You have the plan and we have the info on everything about Gwyn and the screechers, and as of lately primexils.

I hold out my hand

Ready to stop Gwyn?

(Why do I get the feeling by questioning he means shoot me in the face?)

Patrick sighs audibly, "Look, kid- you might want to prove yourself or something, but in cases like this you're going to want to leave this to the professionals. You see those visors the soldiers are wearing? Those are sillimatic lenses, they completely block infagreen rays- the same electromagnetic waves Gwydion uses to create the illusions, meaning we are immune to Gwydion's mind manipulation. You think we didn't know what we were up against? That we'd send our most talented unit to combat a child, only to stoop even lower and risk a group of campers getting killed? You are way out of your league, let the only trained soldiers with the capacity to resist Gwydion do their job- the least you can do is stay out of our way."

With that, he takes a helmet with a tinted visor from one of the soldiers.

Wha~ Hey buddy; we are the protagonists here! What the fuck do you think we should do!?! Just stay here until you fix the problem and complete the game for us!?! W-w-wha~ you can't do that! I mean... you are cool as fuck and your fedora is awesome so plz don't hate me but srsly! We gotta do something! T-t-the dungeonmaster didn't program you to be the protagonist of the game! Y-y-you gotta let us help at least!"

Patrick turns, irritation masking his face,

"Gwydion is our problem, not yours. We need you both to stay out of trouble while we take care of Gwydion. If you want to do something, guard the helicopter- we'll need a quick getaway once the press break in. Once we're done, we're going to need to take you in regardless, so I don't want either of you disappearing- understood? I should be back soon. If not, use the radio inside the helicopter- but only if it's an emergency."

With that, he turns back to the soldiers and shouts,

"Delta team mobilize! Echo alpha, proceed to designated coordinates."

With that, the soldiers and Patrick carefully move away from the helipad as a unit- heading west, into the forest.

"You're right it was your problem, but it's mine now ever since Gwyn spoke to me and I learned of the horrible things you and your people allowed, now I intend to end this and find Gwyn's son! You soldiers with your gear and stature, good luck fighting the hundreds of screechers coming out of the lake!"

Ummm...wont we die if he kills gwy....umm fuck we prolly should have told him that...umm Order ol buddy ol pal my nig; my homie, my child killer, my fellow protagonist....what the fuck do we do now?"

Order reaches down and picks up the guns. He then turns and looks inside the helicopter.

"Lux can we shoot him, I'm really thinking about killing them all. They gonna die if we dont help them, but they wont listen."

"Are you mentally retarded? They want to help us but you wanna kill them and save Gwy the trouble of doing it. Just let them do their thing, we need to do ours. They will prove as a good distraction at least. Now what the fuck do we do."

Go back to the cabin and talk to Joe?"

Order sighs and replies

"We follow them and when they realize they're screwed we save them. Dont worry ms he cant kill Gwyn, I will get your cure and you can live and hoard forever."

You really think the dungeonmaster will let Rio stand there in the cabin if nothing is happening on his end? Something is gonna go down sooner or later cuz Rio is not an NPC."

I emerge from behind my cover. "Guys, I can easily hotwire this helicopter, if any of you know how to fly it, we have an easy path to Gwydion and through the Legion." I

walk over to the helipad and up to the helicopter, I lean into the front and my 4 arms begin frantically working at the controls and wires. After about 4 mins, I pop out, with a grin on my face. "Well, does anybody know how to fly a helicopter? Or do you all wanna take a risk?"

"Uhhh i dunno maybe Gru does. Where the fuck is he anyways?"

"Getting to Gwyn isn't the problem, we would need to be able to see through the illusions, and the soldiers had helmets that can make us immune to them."

"Well, we could always leave this here as a means of escape, just in case things start falling down on us." I walk down from the helicopter and next to the others. "So, any ideas as to what we should do now?"

"Guys I can fly the helicopter not I am not capable of landing. I say we stalk the soldiers and when the time is right either save them or take their helmets and sample 32 by force. Either way we need that gear."

Order stands up in front of the helicopter, puts on some sunglasses slowly- and bursts out into song, while pimp wielding his pistols

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IhnUgAaea4M>

"Whatever, let's get going now."

Your voice breaks the silence that settled after the song had long finished. Despite your combined resolve, no one appears to want to make the first move- as if initiating to go will somehow cause something terrible to happen. Sure enough, as you finally turn to move, Screechers break out of the treeline and dash through the rain towards the helicopter at an alarming rate. They will reach you quickly, but you can make a single action to react before they are upon you. Already, four of them -each one wearing tattered lab coats- have reached the pad, and each one moves to attack each of you. Their joints are no longer as frozen as they once were, and they move with reckless grace.

"Well I suppose this means we should hurry up, get to the chopper guys!" I lunge at 2 of the screechers who have already climbed on the helipad and repeatedly punch them both with 2 arms.

With a deep scowl, Lux simply flees at the sight of trouble in the opposite direction the screechers approach, and heads south.

Order grabs the nearest Screecher as it runs towards him, and viciously sinks his sharp teeth into the back of the Screecher's neck. The Screecher falls to floor, bleeding and unmoving but not dead.

Not waiting a second, you tackle the two closest Screechers to the ground and start pummeling the two with your four arms. You don't stop until both stop moving- with your increased strength, it doesn't take long.

Sensing that there are more Screechers on the way, you decide it's probably best to get moving

"SK we gotta get to the soldiers, they should trust us now. We can use the chopper later cause I lack the ability to land"

Order grabs you by the arms and spreads his wing- hoisting you with him into the air, heading west.

As Order carries you west, you cross over the lake- yet there is no sign of where the soldiers are. Suddenly Gwydion, the giant serpent, rises to meet you as you pass over- fortunately Order swerves out the way just in time.

"Where do you think you're going?" Gwydion echoes through your mind, **"You cannot stop me now."**

Immediately as Gwydion finishes speaking, you feel piercing headache rip through your skull like an electric bolt- and you're momentarily blinded. Order lands a fair amount of distance west of the lake, and you find the further you are away from the lake, the more the pain weakens until eventually it fades completely. Finding your feet, you see the area is already being overtaken by the legion- and a dozen of screechers approach the two of you, snarling and clawing. They're more sluggish than the ones at the helipad, but they outnumber you vastly- you won't be able to fight them off for long. West of you is the ravine, but the makeshift bridge that you broke means you can't cross- and south of where you are is Camp 1.

I back up against Order, picking him up off the ground. I ready my arms, prepared to fight. "Hey Order, got any flammable spray of some sort handy? A cookout might not be so bad, haven't eaten in awhile."

Order rolls his eyes, and raises his own spear- ready to fight.

The two of you punch through the ranks of screechers, heading west- away from the bulk of the screechers.

Eventually you reach the crevice, and Order starts climbing down- leaving you to hold back the horde, but it'll take some time for him to cross the the 20 feet of sheer cliff face.

I let Order climb down some, as to leave enough room for myself. More screechers come at me, and I grab 2 of them and throw them off deep into the crevice and jump down, grabbing at the wall with my arms. I begin to quickly climb, and I easily pass Order with my extra limbs. "Cmon, we have to hurry, more are com- wait why the hell are you climbing you have wings?"

Order hands you his lighters as you go past- they're small, so they only contain small amounts of Butane. Regardless, you could easily light something on fire by throwing the lighter fluid at something and breathing embers on it.

Picking up Order with your spare hands, you carry him down- using his wings to soften the descent.

The base of the ravine forms a long winding passage leading either north or south. The walls are very narrow, claustrophobically so, and it's clear that the path wasn't intended for public use. This far down, it'd be difficult for Order to fly out- since there isn't enough room to flap the wings. Hearing a crunch underfoot, you look down to find the Screechers that had been thrown down before you- now in a crushed mess that litters the floor. The impact doesn't appear to have killed them, but they aren't in a state to retaliate. Already, the Legion are pouring in behind you- recklessly scaling down the sheer cliff face towards you. If you stay, you'll be overwhelmed- you must get away quickly.

I place Order down on the ground, crouching beside him and the screechers. "Which way should we go, there is a lab up north if we could find a way up the ravine, or we can continue further down and find out where ever the stream here leads." The screechers are getting closer, some fall down to try and get the jump on us, but they just end up landing on a spear i had grabbed from Order. "We need to go, NOW! Quickly, make a decision."

"I need to see if the lab is intact,let's go.If they get too persistent we make a nice fire to warm them up."

Order races ahead, heading north.

I follow at a distance behind, avoiding screechers as they fall down.

The two of you race down the ravine, the legion tailing in your wake. The path gets increasingly slippery, and the downpour of rain means the ravine is flooding- barely above ankle level, for now. Eventually, you start to reach the end of the ravine- the walls grow narrower as the ravine gradually becomes less thin. When you can get no further, the two of you exchange a look and start climbing- the Legion barely clipping at your heels. Pulling yourselves up, you can see the lab in the west- still burning gently despite the rain. Of course, the Rover outside is gone now- and all the windows were shattered in the explosion, but despite that the house is still standing. That said, it looks like it could collapse any second with enough force. The driveway the house is connected to leads out onto Luthadel Road, you remember- but where it leads you have no idea. If you head east, you could loop around the back of the lake to get back to the Helipad- or if you head south to try make your way to camp 1. You could even try going further west from here, down the cliff and into the Pillet Basin- but getting back from there would be incredibly difficult. Whatever way you choose, you should choose soon before the Screechers climb up as well.

"Those soldiers are like some damn ninjas."

Order climbs the nearest tree and jumps from the top and begins to glide

"Order, make a choice quickly we have to go soon, we will be overrun if we let them get to us!" A couple of the screechers are already overwhelming us. I manage to punch a few back, but more keep coming. "We need to hurry, wherever you wanna go next, make the choice fast!" I pull out one of the lighters Order gave me and empty the fluid onto the edge of the cliff. I open my beak-think and cough up an ember,

setting the ground ablaze in front of us, and scorching a good number of screechers who had been climbing over the edge and warding off those who were still climbing. "That should buy us sometime, but we need to decide our next course of action, and we need to do that fast." I drag one of the burnt screechers out of the wall of flames and ram my beak into its chest. "Mmm, a lil' overdone, but still great, haven't eaten in awhile." I pull out a rip and offer it to Order. "Hungry?"

[um... I don't think lighter fuel cooks that quickly... :3
Also, cannibalism? ... Really? XD]

(YES THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH IT) [You may continue :P]

Order takes the morsel and eats it,

"Thanks m8 it's nice to have a nice warm meal..Let's scout the area for the soldiers."

Order heads towards the lab, and starts poking through the wreckage

"Maybe if I can contact the soldiers they'll come to us instead."

After a moment, Order says,

"SK we need a big fire so we bout to make a big BBQ,LET'S GET COOKING."

Order flaps his wings rapidly in order to fan the flames, throwing a javelin to keep the Screechers at bay.

"Ohhh, this is gonna be fun!" I manage to cough up some smaller embers, contributing to the fire.

The two of you spend crucial moments fueling the blaze, making it bigger and brighter until it roars like an engine. The Legion has begun its approach in earnest now, and though they shy away from the blinding light- they move confidently in numbers. You count over fifteen surrounding the outskirts of the fire. They seem to be waiting, slowly pushing closer like packs of sharks. If this beacon is to attract anyone to you though, you'll need to fight your ground- or run again in the hope of bumping into someone.

"We will not retreat,we will kill you all! You may have the gift of our enhances bodies,but you are just hollow shells!"

You and Order cover each others backs, the fire perpendicular to you. Aiming his pistols, Order points at the nearest Screecher and shoots- but instead of gunfire, all he gets is an unsatisfying "click", indicating the guns are empty. As if the sound were a starting pistol, the screechers charge at the two of you. Cursing, Order drops his guns and throws a punch instead. You realise that the screechers are not practical fighters, preferring to try charge and overwhelm you with sheer force rather than facing you slowly in teams and weakening you over time. As one reaches you, you grab it by the skull with one arm and throw it back into the crowd like a bowling ball. Not pausing for a second, you grab the two nearest Screechers by the face with each arm and smash their heads together, letting them drop like broken toys. You begin to feel a tingling sense of hysteria, the fight giving you a rush of excitement- but it's not enough. Just as

you're starting to enjoy the fight, eight screechers throw themselves on you simultaneously- all clawing and biting. Sparing a second to look at Order, you realise with a sense of dread that the majority of the Screechers are focusing on you more since you're the more apparent threat. Starting to panic, you look to the treeline- seeing that where there were once fifteen screechers, there are now at least thirty. There's no hope at fighting them all single handedly, and now you're surrounded.

Suddenly; a terrifying, ear wrenching scream erupts from the spectators- and all the screechers pause in surprise. Swiveling around, you see an enormous mass of darkness and fur erupt from the shadows and slam into the Screechers holding you down- tossing them into the ground with such speed that you hear their spines snap. With hammer-like arms, it swats the screechers away like insects and roars that terrible battle cry once more. It's only as you begin to recover do you recognise the traffic cone on the beast's head and realise it's Rio. For some reason, perhaps the way the light from the fire was thrown on him, he looked so much larger- like some nightmare from ancient legend. Relieved to get a moments respite, you push back the remaining stragglers and get into formation again. As the three of you stand back to back, ready to fight off the next group, the whole chorus of spectators watching you- now closer to fifty- push as one unified force.

As the Screechers are almost upon you, you see a flash of sunlight- and hear the words "Carai an Caldazar! Carai an Ellisande!" echo from the west. Breaking from the treelight, you see Lux- standing triumphantly just beyond the trees. Behind him, Agent Patrick, the armed soldiers, a lady who you don't recognise with a handgun, and the remaining children. Shouting something to them, they begin running into the fray.

Lux and his "army" are pushing through, but it'll take a moment for them to reach you. As the wave collides with you, you raise a two-fisted arm and swing- knocking three Screechers in one punch. Feeling slightly delirious, your clawing and jabbing becomes instinctive- for a second you lose yourself in the heat of the fight. By the time you come to, the bodies at your feet are starting to pile up. Looking around, you see Order is struggling to fight off the crowd on his side- they've got hold of him, trying to tear him apart. In two strides, you're on them- and in your frenzied state- you start ripping the screechers from him one by one.

You keep fighting.

After what seems like an eternity, the crowd seem to be easing off. The legion actually seems to be retreating! Punching through the remnants of the crowd, you all meet up with Lux and his battalion. Finally, you're all in the same place again- well, almost all of you...

Where is Grue?

"Guys we are like the A Team had children with Chuck Norris.", Order says, then turns to Patrick

"Hello soldier, if you promise not to throw grenades at me I think we can win this war."

Patrick just rolls his eyes,

"You think if I had any grenades, I'd waste them on you? Look, we got lucky this time- and although we managed to push them back, facing Gwydion is still going to be impossible. The helmets didn't work, ergo we have nothing to use against him- and we're running out of ammunition now, there's no way we'd be prepared for another skirmish like that. We were literally just about to leave before we saw your beacon- and Lux insisted we follow it."

Ignoring him, Order says "Has anyone seen Grue? I don't want him to get lost. He needs our love to keep him safe."

Nah I haven't seen him, he might be dead or he will show up in an important plot related event later on. Also... Patrick... bruh... you can't deny that the stuff we just did was awesome... cmon... bruh... Oh Order! I brought you a present! Here's your buddy Joe! Go ham plz!"

As the screechers begin to back off, I calm down, taking deep breathes and propping myself up on a mound of screechers. "HAHA, THAT WAS FAN-FUCKING-TASTIC! Well played, everybody!" I fall in line with the rest of them and put a hand on Lux, Order, Rio, and Patrick's backs. "So, any propositions on how we're going to 'checkmate' Gwydion? If the helmets aren't working, what can we do to be able to fight him and NOT get our brains molested?" I turn to the remaining kids, licking my lips a lil, but quickly focus back. They aren't my priority, we need to keep them safe, I keep telling myself. "So, should we find Grue first, or come up with a plan on how to get our ol' boy Gwydion?" I grab a screecher arm that was in the fire and begin munching on it, offering it around, first to Patrick.

Order goes over to the children "I.....did something horrible. I was turned into one of those screechers, and I killed Michael. If you wish me dead I understand, but if you'll allow me to

earn forgiveness, I won't rest till all of you are safe and can live a normal-ish life." He says as he kneels down in front of them, "But if you wish me dead, end me now."

An awful silence descends on the group, the rain suddenly seeming much louder. Horrified, tears start to streak across Lucy's face.

"You... You bastard! You killed Michael!? How could you!? We trusted you!" she shouts between sobs. Gabriel doesn't say anything. Behind his sunglasses, he seems even more detached than he already was.

"I *should* kill you! He was our friend, and you murder him!? For what, those wings on your back!? Would you steal from all of us? Take what makes us strong and just attach it to yourself!?" She raises a hand to strike Order- but Joe, the blind one, holds her back.

"Lucy, please. We're better than that, he's just another Sleeper. Fighting only makes it worse." He says, but Lucy pushes him back.

"We trusted him, and he betrayed us- that makes him worse than a Sleeper, he's a *monster*! He makes a mockery of Michael's memory by carrying those wings, they are wasted on him!"

"Lucy.." Joe pleads, "Look at his eyes. You two are the same, but he did not have to kill you for those- why would wings be the same? Maybe Michael was turned into one of those... things... And what Order did was just self defence?"

"Don't kid yourself, Joe." She retaliates, "Hear the one chewing loudly? He has duel forearms, just like Max's. It's not a coincidence, they're harvesting us!"

You notice Patrick looking very uncomfortable at this conversation out the corner of your eye.

"We're leaving." Lucy declares loudly, "We'll find Gwydion on our own, at least he hasn't tried to lynch us. We can trust him more than we can any of you."

She storms off, heading west. Joe sighs audibly, but follows her. Gabriel looks at you oddly, still not saying anything, and turns as well- racing to catch up with them, leaving Order on his knees by himself. A few minutes pass in agonising silence. For a while, the only thing you can hear is the rain. Rain, and the fire blazing behind you.

Order runs after them, shouting

"One chance is all I ask! Let me atone for my wrongs, Gwyn has been speaking to me, and he wants Joe dead! Please, I made a mistake, one that I must live with forever, let me begin to redeem your trust, and just heed my warning. Gwyn knows you'll ignore me, and that will be your undoing!"

There is no response, the children do not return. Order walks back solemnly, and says quietly

"Lux SK keep an eye on Patrick we need him to stay alive", and then slightly louder, adds "Someone find Grue."

“Great! Can I kill myself now? I didn’t sign up for this drama! And since you are the semi-leader here how about you tell us what to do? If we don’t do anything the dungeonmaster will make a shitty event or something.”

I walk over to Patrick and where the children just left and shout “IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL ANY BETTER, I DIDN’T KNOW WHAT WAS GOING ON WHEN I KILLED MAX AND I CAN’T REMEMBER HUMAN SHIT, SORRY” I put an arm around Patrick. “So, how’s life treating ya pal?”

Patrick considers this for a moment, then responds

“I’ve only escaped being killed twice today, that’s probably a record for me- although I wouldn’t mind keeping it that way. Speaking of which, we really can’t stay any longer- central have permission to drop a tactical nuke here, and if Gwydion gets too spread out they won’t wait for us to get away. Also, thanks to a certain someone’s publicity stunt, more and more people are trying to get here as we speak- so literally hundreds of people will get caught in the blast if we stall.”

“REMEMBER THAT AURA THINGY I AND GRUE HAVE THAT WERE INTERFERING WITH EACHOTHER THAT NULLIFIES THE ULTIMATE SKILLS? I FEEL 100% RAMBO NOW... SO WHAT I CAN SAY ABOUT GRUE... IS THAT HE’S EITHER DEAD, OR REALLY, REALLY FAR AWAY.”

Rio starts picking through the bodies, pulling off the Screechers masks to check they aren’t Grue.

“YEAH... THE SITUATION’S PRETTY UNCOMFORTABLE, ESPECIALLY IF WE HAVE A NUKE WHICH CAN COME ANY SECOND HERE IF WE DON’T EVACUATE.... WE CAN’T LEAVE GRUE AND THE KIDS BY THEMSELVES THO, SO I’LL TRY TO CATCH THEM UP AND LOOK OUT FOR GRUE AT THE SAME TIME. MEANWHILE, STAY ALIVE EVERYONE, HUH?

IF YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY BEFORE I GO.”

Order takes a deep breath- then trying to sound confident, says

"We take Gwyn down today, Patrick needs to prepare the sample for whatever he plans on doing. Lux I'd like a gun with some damn ammo. We follow the kids and help them reach Gwyn, they are combat ready. This sound good to everyone?"

"Pff sure!" Lux says, and hands Order a new gun.

"I'm bargaining with Gwyn right now and may be able to handle the issue of nuclear weapons being used on us, now who agrees with my plan?"

"Iunno sure!"

"Gwyn wants a radio, and Patrick what will happen to the children after this?"

"Well... That's not up to me, the children technically classify as non human- therefore they legally belong to the School. My job here is to neutralise and secure any children that escaped the school, including Gwydion if possible." Patrick says carefully, "It's for the best, for the children and society. They're simply not human, and even though you may be fooled by their childlike facade- they'd never be able to fit in human society, Gwydion is a testament to that. Oh, and you can forget about giving Gwydion the radio- any link he has to the outside world will allow him to expand his influence exponentially, give him that and we've already lost."

"YOU'D BETTER TRY AND SECURE THEM, NOT NEUTRALIZE."

"Well if we somehow get out of this alive and you manage to cure me then I could take care of them..."

Order walks up to Patrick, glaring with his golden eyes,

"One of the perks of what I've become is I can smell the hormonal balance and body shifts of a person when they try to hide something. Now I wanna work with you, I really do, but the children deserve to live. You know Patrick what the Lucy and I have become is more human than you, we are humans back when humanity was first around. Now lets make a deal, if we help you deal with Gwyn the children get to live a life better than that of the lab. In return you would also have my loyalty, meaning that I would serve whatever government you work for so long as the kids live. So why dont you radio in command and tell them of my offer, and if they want to let me speak to them personally. Remember, even humans have a little monster in them all."

Patrick doesn't seem intimidated,

"I can't make deals like that, and if you want to take it to a higher authority, there isn't one.

Gwydion killed all of them. These "children" are not real people- they're specially grown, they have no proper existence. Think of lab rats- if you let a lab rat out into the wild, it dies because

it's upbringing didn't prepare it for the world. They can't fit in, not even with their own kind. Except the kids have the capacity to tip the balance of social order- Gwydion, for example, has already amassed an army from the lives of innocent people. Each child may be different, but they each represent different threats to our world. Who the hell are you to ask me to risk the lives of potentially hundreds of thousands of more innocent lives for the sake of your damn loyalty?"

"After this is all over can you give us a vial of sample 32 to fix lux."

Patrick scratches his head irritably,

"Do you have any idea how much it costs to produce this stuff? We can try, but the process would be... Expensive.."

"Just so you know...if you hurt the kids...you're gonna have a bad time..."

"We can worry about details later,we currently have 2 people who cannot be affected by Gwyns mind control,it may be best to attempt to punch a hole through the screecher defence and allow them to fight Gwyn while we battle the pawns."

"We still need to get him into a checkmate though, and even with nuclear bombs, he knows we'll die too. I don't think that's gonna work on him. We don't have much time though, so we need to discuss this on the way there." I jump on Order's back, wrapping 2 arms around his shoulders and 2 around his waist. "Fly, servant, fly!" Order turns his neck and gives me a glare. After about 5 seconds of his uncomfortable look, I climb off. "Geez, coulda just said something. Anyway, off we go!" I begin to set off in the direction the kids went, grabbing a screecher leg and storing it for later use.

The four of you and the remaining soldiers start heading back east, in the direction the children left. Lux leads the group, anxious to be away quickly before encountering another skirmish; followed by Rio, with Order perched on his shoulder; you strolling nonchalantly just behind Patrick and his soldiers, still gnawing away at the severed leg you picked up.

It quickly becomes apparent that the screechers have stopped acting aggressively- instead they just watch with their almost glowing eyes and stare, giving your group a wide berth. That being said, whenever you look at one directly- they cry out and scramble back into the shadows. One of the soldiers take a shot at one, but they don't even flinch as the shot strikes down one of the lurkers standing next to them- they only seem to react from direct eye contact.

"You are too late" You hear Gwydion whisper, **"The children have come to me, and soon my legion will reach Luthadel. Soon, this nightmare will end- and I will be free."**

You'd been trying to ignore it, but it seems the screechers are following you- completely silent, but their green eyes give them away. Like stars, their eyes form a constellation in front of you- there must be at least thirty following in your wake, completely still.

Trying to distract yourself, you look up at the sky. The rain still hasn't let off, but you notice the clouds are rippled like a whirlpool- in fact, the storm seems to be converging around the lake. It seems the rain will be even more condensed the closer you get to the lake. The group passes the northmost ravine, and starts heading south. Occasionally, there is a flash of lightning- and the group of screechers, now closer to thirty, are illuminated for a brief second. Their eyes disappear at the thought of being seen as they scamper around, but they quickly reappear in the distance again- getting increasingly closer.

After what feels like an eternity of trudging through the woods with hundreds of soulless green eyes following you, the lake comes into view. Unlike last time you were here, the lake glows an eerie green- and there appear to be hundreds, no, thousands of screechers still coming out of the water. As you get closer, the lake gets smaller- as if you were walking away. You shake your head, but it is no good. Your vision starts to waver, the corners of sight start to flicker like a mirage- and everything you see is mirrored eightfold, like a kaleidoscope. The group shudders to a stop, you can barely see a thing in front of you.

"My apologies" you hear Gwydion whisper again, **"but I have other business to attend to at this time."**

You hear Order say

"Everyone lower your weapons, should you fire at Gwyn I shall help him remove your lungs, we are attempting a diplomatic interaction."

and then, directed in the direction of the lake,

"Gwyn, we wish to speak to you, if you do not wish to come out in person allow me to be a mediator, we wish to at least try to settle this with a peaceful resolve, the soldiers will not fire, this is all equal ground here."

Order pauses,

"I'm not sure he is in the lake anymore."

This statement is later followed by a flap of wings, and the voice of Order screaming from the sky- getting increasingly distant and high pitched,

"Gwyn we wish to speak to you, you have my word there will be no conflict!"

followed by a very large splash which cuts off the rest of the sentence. Patrick swears loudly.

Amidst the splashing, you hear Order shouting almost hysterically

"Ayyyy guys my plans going great, Gwyn's phone must have died. I'll go knock on his door. If I die I leave all my possessions to Lux, but my wings go to SK, and Rio can have my spleen."

The splashing stops suddenly.

"LUX, I HOPE YOU STILL HAVE THAT MEDKIT!" Rio shouts

"Sure..." Lux says, and you hear him take something out of his bag.

"I have no idea what the fuck is going on anymore anyways..."

"Hey, hold up!" You hear Patrick shout, as you hear Rio gallop away- towards the lake.

"Damn it, they're going to get themselves killed."

"Sir," one of the marines whisper, "I think I can see Gwydion down there. Him and at least two other children. While his army is distracted, we could maneuver in range and take Gwydion out from afar."

There is a pause. Eventually, Patrick says

"Good thinking, Agent Marsh. This could be the opportunity we've been hoping for. I think it's a little too late to try bring Gwydion in now, but if we can get a shot in while he isn't focused on his amphipathic defenses- we might actually have a chance... Let's move out, men- while the others are engaged. We'll sneak around the lake in a clockwise formation and confront Gwydion at the next interpass..."

Even as they speak, their voices are fading away- heading west. Eventually, they're out of earshot and you have no way of following them.

Not too far away, you hear the sound of Lux crashing into something and falling over loudly.

"I have no idea what is going on anymore." I begin to walk to where I heard Lux's racket. "Hey buddy, you ok?" I offer 2 arms to help him up.

"Neither do I m8, so umm...what do we do now?"

"Now, we run. I have no idea where to, but we should run somewhere..."

"Already tried, dungeonmaster won't let us leave before the story is finished."

[that's not what I said :P]

The sound of something thrashing in the water breaks the silence. You hear the eerie cackle of several screechers as they rise out of reservoir. It's impossible to tell how many there are, or where they are- but it's obvious that they're getting closer. If you do nothing, no doubt they'll rip you to shreds. Should you run, or fight?

"KIDS TAKE COVER , YOU'RE GOING TO GET SHOT" You hear Rio roar from across the lake. Suddenly, you feel an abrupt "pop"- and your vision cascades back to normal. Shaking your head, you begin to see clearly. You can see now the only person with you is Lux. Ahead of you is about twenty Screechers emerging from out of the lake. Their clawing is frantic and juttering. Violently, they start to charge at the two of you. At least you can fight properly now.

In a heartbeat, Lux vaults over the nearest Screecher- jumping over their heads- and disappears into the darkness. Maybe running isn't such a bad idea.

I proceed to crack my 4 knuckles and neck. "Alright, who's up first?" the herd of screechers charge at me. I grab two of them with all my arms and swing them around, hitting their fellow brothers, then launch them away. I jump ontop of one, crushing its skull as I bring my fists down on its head. More surround me, I pick one up and rip its arms off, then go about beating other screechers with the arms. I grab one of the lighters and breathe an ember into it, burning a group of screechers who were coming from my right, sending the smells of cooked meat and painful screeches into the air. I grab a screecher and peck its eyes out, and it hopelessly begins to flail and attack everything, including its brothers, in attempt to find me. More and more keep coming, I can feel myself becoming overpowered with emotions and hormones. I let out a loud cry and spew flames in front of me, roasting those who confront. I turn around and begin to towards where Lux and the others went, pummeling screechers as I go. I can't help but enjoy my imbalance of hormones, and I begin to sing through my destruction. "It feels good, ooohhhh yeah, feels goooood!" I begin to laugh maniacally as I end the lives of the will-less army. I begin to approach the others, with the screechers following close behind. "COME GET SOME YA MOTHERF*****S!" I stop before I confront my friends and let more of the legion approach. I grab a screecher and rip its leg off and take a few munches from it before I throw it into the skull of another. "IT FEELS GOOD, OH YEAH, SO GOOD, OH YEAAHHHH" I continue to sing along as I slaughter them. I call out to the others behind me. "HAHAHAHAH, THIS IS AMAZING! FEELS GOOOOD, OH YEAH. NOBODY GIVES 2 SHITS BOUT YOU GWYDION. I'LL DEVOUR YOU ALL!" I thrust my beak into a screecher who pounced at me, ripping out his heart and swallowing it. "FEELS GOOD!" The Screecher forces withdraw suddenly, their wicked eyes glazing over. Ignoring their wounds and the dead, they disappear into the shadows, leaving you in a pool of screecher blood and dismembered limbs. As your bloodlust begins to settle down, you notice in disappointment that your efforts only managed to kill eight out of the twenty or so Screechers- the rest were only injured at best. Looking over at the rest of the group across the lake, you can see a lot of arm waving going on. Looks like there's a big debate going on. Oh, it looks like Gwydion just killed Patrick- how infuriating. Order picks up a soldiers gun and kills them too. I walk over the the group and proceed to eat Patrick. Between a mouthful of flesh, "that gguy whas ah diik anywhq" I swallow the flesh. "So, whats the deal with, this whole thing you're doing over here?"

Order starts to walk away, but a booming gravelly voice makes him pause.

"FOR FUCK'S SAKE, ORDER."

Turning around, you see Rio lift Gwydion up by his neck- Gwydion tries to break free, but Rios grip is fierce. It's clear from the shock on Gwydions face that he has no idea what's going on, and hanging by your neck like that can't be good for your back. The radio lays fallen the ground. "Release me!" Gwydion manages through gritted teeth "Without that agent, I'm the only one who can stop the missiles. If you kill me, you all die."

“LUX, JUST TELL HIM HE’S DEAD IF HE DOESN’T GIVE THE MIND LINK THINGY TO YOU. I’M TIRED OF THIS INSANE CRAP”

But I don't want the mind link thing! Can't I just kill myself already?!”

Immediately, Screechers leap out of the bushes. Their eyes are no longer driven by the feralness of bloodlust, but the dejected mask of submissiveness- Gwydion must be controlling them directly. They lurch towards Rio, each with varying dexterity. He slams the first one to the ground with his free hand, but there’s no way he can hold more than one of them off while holding Gwydion in his other hand.

Rio drops Gwydion to the floor and pins him with one foot, allowing him to crunch the skulls of screechers who get too close. The approaching screechers hesitate before attacking, forming a ring around Rio

“LUX, WATCH ORDER, I’M NOT TRUSTING HIM ANYMORE.”

“SK GET OFF PATRICK”

Order pushes himself back towards Rio with a flap of his wings. Getting in his face, Order says, *"Gwydion is on our side now, the peace negotiation worked, put him down."*

“TELL GWYN I’M NOT LETTING HIM GO TILL HE’S WITHDRAWING THE SCREECHER LEGION FROM LUTHADEL”

Rio steps off Gwydion, and hunches beside Patrick. Order crouches to the fallen Gwydion and says

"Rio wants you to call the screecher legion from Luthadel and he will release you. He means you no harm, he fears for the civilians."

Gwydion rises shakily, and his remaining Screechers circle around him defensively. You notice his scrapes bleed green blood.

"Very well" Gwydion declares loudly, "I'll have my forces withdraw, for now"

Gwydion closes his eyes and starts speaking into the radio quietly.

While everyone else is distracted, Gabriel sneaks around to where you’re sitting,

“Sorry to disturb you, creature- but there’s something I should discuss with you. You see, my particular set of skills fall into precognition and temporal symetrics- and I can see that if Gwydion should be left to roam free, the world as we know it will certainly be destroyed. You’re future is the only one I cannot see clearly, although I’m not entirely sure why. I think it means that you still have time to choose what kind of future you want...”

"Gwydion, what if we were to bargain for Goewin. We have a nuclear bomb, an army, and the ability to publicly expose The School and allow the world to destroy them from roots deeper than we even know of. The School is too deeply rooted for to destroy with just an army, we must destroy their reputation. You hate humanity, but there are people out

there who will help us, who will help spark the rebellion we need to win, but if we slaughter the town I cannot be sure if they could see our cause."

"Admittedly, this radio is a fine bonus" Gwydion admits, coming out of his whispering state, "but they are not as flexible as the Legion. I can't control people's minds, but I think I can make people think that they think they are being controlled- eventually the military will realise this and they will turn against me, as you did. If the legion is not established before that happens, I'd be overpowered."

Gwydion goes back to the radio. A few minutes pass until he says, "The military border has been dismantled, and I've also "convinced" the army not to nuke Pillet Creek for now. I've sent for a military helicopter to take me into the army's protection- I should be able to control the Legion even at distance enough to keep them hidden. From there, I'll be preparing to negotiate with the school for Goewins safe exchange- and if necessary assemble an assault on Hong Kong, even if it means war. I will not stop anyone if they wish to accompany me. Any objections?"

Gwydion edges his screechers closer to him, slightly paranoid of Rio.

I get up off of Patrick's corpse and walk over to Rio and Gwydion. "I have zero-fucking clues as to what is going on right now. Shouldn't we be killing that twerp right about now? And, uh-" I glance over at my remains of Patrick. "How'd he die anyway? Also, does this mean I'm NOT getting Gwydion's ability through checkmate, or...? What's this deal negotiation thingy? Somebody please tell me. I've missed waaaaaay too much."

[You sure you want to say that to Gwydion? XD]

{Yup}

"Can you hook me up with some tasty sample 32, I need somethin yummy in my tummy."

Order says, but Gwydion's eyes are focused towards you,

"Checkmate? What on earth..."

Order takes off his bandage, and the screechers are drawn to it like cats to a fallen bird. With the screechers distracted, Rio takes the opportunity to smash through them and snatch the radio out of Gwydion's hands- throwing it over the heads of the screechers and into Order's hands. Grabbing Gwydion, Rio pin him against a tree- making sure he can't escape.

"This was your intention all along, wasn't it? Of course it was, everyone I've ever known wants me dead. Well, too bad- I will not allow you the satisfaction of watching me die quietly."

Your vision begins to distort again, more violently this time- making it impossible to see anything ahead of you.

I stumble around, trying to support myself up, but end up falling. "We don't want you dead, well, at least I don't, we just don't want you to kill anybody else, and to do that, we can have your life, or your powers, and I am not a fan of that 'life' option"

"Sacrifices must be made to achieve greater goals, you above all should know that. I could change the world, rid the earth of all corruption, destroy evil itself- and you would stop me because it would cost a few lives? What of the value of lives that I will pay proportional to the ones I will save in generations to come?"

A helicopter flies overhead.

"There goes my ride..." Gwydion echoes

"Gwydion, please, we don't want to have to kill you, just willingly give up, nobody needs to die. We can help you, we can stop everything, you don't need to kill anybody else."

The eight of you stand frozen, locked in a stand off. This is it, Gwydion has no choice but to give up- it's only a matter of time before he concedes, or he eventually loses control of the military. Time, unfortunately, was never really on your side.

"You all consider yourselves men of principle." Gwydion declares, "But, what man does not? Even the cutthroat, I have noticed, considers his actions "moral" after a fashion. Perhaps another person, seeing your actions, would call you a tyrant. He could call you arrogant. What is to make that man's opinions any less valid than your own? I guess it all comes down to one fact: In the end, I'm the one with the armies."

A lightning bolt illuminates the clearing- the flash revealing hundreds upon hundreds of Screechers surrounding the group in every direction, posed to strike. At that, a mass of Screechers throw themselves at Rio, pulling him off Gwydion and pinning Rio to the ground.

"Sorry to cut this short" Gwydion says as he pulls himself up, "but I've got a helicopter to catch" The endless tide of screechers surround Gwydion, and they disappear as quickly as they appeared- stampeding west towards the Helipad.

Exchanging glances with the others, there doesn't seem to be any other option but to go to the Helipad as well. If Gwydion escapes, how are you going to take over the world? You consider taking a dead soldier's arm with you to eat on the way, but you're pretty full already. Following the group wordlessly, you pace quickly west towards the Helipad. The grass and shrubbery you pass has been crushed soundly due to the volume of the Legion. When the group reaches the helipad, Gwydion is already there waiting for you- surrounded by fully defrosted Screechers and human marines.

"So begins a new age!" Gwydion shouts happily.

The End: Black Checkmate

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MVY9Q9GPY5Q>

Behind you, a single shot rings out- echoing across the sky despite the heavy rain. Gwydion freezes. A green puddle begins to form beneath his shirt.

Mrs Black steps out of the shadows, holding Patrick's revolver in one quivering hand. Gwydion stumbles back, clinging to his bleeding shirt. Crucial seconds pass with nobody moving before Gwydion straightens up confidently and bursts out in laughter,

"You think just a single bullet could kill me? The school made me effectively immortal, even a thousand bullets couldn't kill me. There won't even be a scar left by the time this helicopter takes off."

Mrs Black expression doesn't waver,

"I'm sorry about what my husband did to you, but you didn't give me a choice."

"Your husband?" Gwydion whispers, eyes snapping forward, "you can't mean... Dr Black?" Mrs Black just nods.

"I heard he died" Gwydion grins darkly.

"I killed him. The same way I killed you." Mrs Black snaps. Gwydion's smile evaporates.

"No you didn't, my Screecher did- it was one of the first orders I gave." he says testily, then adding sharply, "and I'm not dead. I told you, your gun was useless"

"Not my gun either," Black says as she tucks it away, "Patrick gave it to me."

"Who's Patrick?"

"If you managed to get here, someone you just killed- I imagine." She says glaring at him, and then seeing the body Rio is carrying, sighing sorrowfully says "There he is."

Gwydion frowns, and after a moment of consideration shrugs and says something to the marine, who raises his gun at Mrs Black.

"Patrick anticipated that you might kill him," Mrs Black continues, "So he gave me instructions so that if all else fails, you wouldn't be able to get out of here alive."

"But I'm not dying!" Gwydion shouts "You've failed!"

Mrs Black goes on as if Gwydion hadn't said anything, "My husband's work wasn't exactly a legitimate business. When he needed to ship something by legal means, he used his home address since no one knew about his cover as a retired man living in the woods. Almost everyone. You see, recently my husband had been spending more and more time at work- which meant I had to sign off some of his postage, and this morning I received a most peculiar package."

There is a pause, interrupted by Gwydion calling "What was it?".

"Batrachotoxin", Mrs Black smiles.

"Poison?" Gwydion guesses, "So what?"

"When Patrick saw my Husband, he recognised the poison instantly- being a detective, he was able to read the symptoms. He deduced that I'd killed Dr Black before your Screecher attacked. That's why, when we were hurrying to the lake, he gave me his gun- and told me to go back to the house to get the poison, and pour it over the bullets."

Gwydion pales, "How fatal is this poison exactly..?"

"Your body may slow the process, but there is no cure. You have minutes at best, and my stalling means it's too late to refocus your healing."

A cold silence descends on the group.

Gwydion pales visibly, stepping backwards and closing his eyes. Precious seconds vanish.

"Damn. I really didn't want to do this."

Breathing in deeply, Gwydion lulls for a moment, then exhales- breathing out a stream of jaded mist. You grab your head in shock as a sudden pressure drills through your head. Pain...

Inconceivable pain. Unfocused, uncaring, unimaginable pain. You start overheating like you're having a fever. Everything becomes so *focused*. You can strain muscles on your brain you never even realise you had- push against your own mind like it were a harp. Looking up, Gwydion's filter is gone- but the colours are all wrong, some objects swirl randomly and making contrasts painful to look at. You sense that something is wrong. Something is *very* wrong.

And with that, Gwydion collapses to the floor- unmoving.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=orqnZBYEn38>



The Next Day // 1991

Run. Hide. Flee. Where can you go? Though it'd been hours since you'd started running, you didn't dare stop. The sun had long since risen, but you couldn't risk stopping to look for shade. You'd followed the road heading north, not caring where it lead- *you couldn't go back to the lake again.* You snap your head around. Was that your own voice? Obviously Gwydion had done something to your mind, the burning pain in the back of your mind was relentless... Either it was Gwydions promise of returning to a mindless Screecher coming true, or something worse- was this how Gwydion had felt? You couldn't tell your own voice from the others anymore. The

school would be after you now. *You'll never rescue Goewin now.* You hadn't seen what happened to the others, but you didn't really care now. Where could you go? Where was safe?

You soon reached the alleged military border- *why wasn't it being taken down?* It was supposed to be being dismantled. Border was the right word- the military had rolled out a barbed wire fence as tall as a man that extended in both directions as far as you could see. Had they covered the entire perimeter? *Knowing the School, probably.* Soldiers were patrolling on the inside of the board- strange, why patrol the inside if you only have to worry about keeping things from getting out? As you get closer, you see why. A crowd of protesters had started to form where the road stopped. Damn, you really didn't want to attract public attention. *However, perhaps you could use this to your advantage.* Without thinking, you lurch towards the nearest marine, who's busy trying to placate the crowd- *and kill him instantly.* Whoops. Had you meant to do that? The crowd screams, and breaks. For some reason, you almost feel something... flaring from the crowd? Not wasting a second, you throw the guards dead body over the barbed wire and climb over him to get past the barrier. Some other guards hear, but they're on the wrong side of the fence- *idiots.* Some even have the nerve to shoot at you, but the shots go wild into the crowd. *Damned thugs.* Not looking back, you jump into the nearest empty car. Luckily, looks like the protester it belonged to had left the keys in the ignition. Recklessly, you slam your foot down and screech away amidst the chaos.

Weeks Later // 1991

You follow the road, heading north when you can. Turns out the car was reasonably well stocked fuel wise- however, the only food you could find was a pack of polos in the cup holder. Fortunately, you manage to find enough to barely sustain your hunger along the road. There was a small amount of change in the car pockets, but it wasn't like you could spend it anywhere. Soon though, the car runs out of fuel- and you're forced to abandon it at the side of the road. You find a long coat and hat left in the back of the car- you put on the coat to delicately cover your extra limbs, and do the best to cover your face with the wide brimmed hat and pull up the coats collars. Anything you can't fit in your pockets you leave behind. The burning pain hadn't stopped, though it was slowly becoming more manageable- however, the long coat meant you'd overheat quickly. If you had inherited some powers from Gwydion, it wasn't apparent. Thankfully, the fact that winter was approaching meant you didn't have to worry about overheating too much, for now. Day and night, you'd follow the road north- rarely stopping for rest. Other cars were few, and they ignored you- despite your efforts to try stop them when they passed. After weeks of water, you reached the city of Luncheater

Walking down the street, your eyes dart from street to street nervously. It was early in the morning, so the road was empty- but the amount of tall corporate buildings implied a great deal of people. You'd hoped to avoid the cities, but going off road wasn't an option- you needed somewhere to rest. As you go deeper, the buildings grew denser- claustrophobic. *Excellent.* You look around for the derelict part of the town- there always was one. Eventually, you stop at a dark alleyway that looks like it's been abandoned for years. It leads to an isolated courtyard, connecting to an empty slum. Finally, somewhere safe

An old man lying on the ground sees you approach, and gets up warily,
“Who the ‘eller you?” He growls, breath slurred by alcohol.

Taking off your hat, you start to stretch your tense limbs- wearing the coat is really constricting on your poor forearms. The man steps back in shock at the sight of you.

“Me?” You grin, “You can call me Fireknight, though I’d save my breath if I was you- I’ve been walking for weeks, *and now I’m starving.*”

Months Later // 1992

For months, you hibernate undetected in Lunchester, undisturbed aside by the occasional unfortunate who wouldn’t be missed. It seemed even the school didn’t know where you were. Note, you hadn’t killed *everyone* you met- some who you regarded as trustworthy you left alive, and in return they gave you... “offerings”. It was strange what kind of people you could find in the slums. To your amusement, you’d found an article about Pillet Creek in the local paper- “UNDERGROUND MUTATION LAB EXPOSED. HUNDREDS DEAD TO “SCREECHER” THREAT”. It loosely covered the facts of the incident, though it assumed the screechers originated from the school- and readdressed some of the rumours from the other massacre years ago. Worst of all, there was no mention of you in it! The kids, who’d left quotes for the press, didn’t even mention your name! Typical. You’d considered trying to start another legion, but decided against it. Partially because morally you couldn’t justify another mindless slaughter, but mostly because your *damned hunger* didn’t leave much left to reanimate. While you sleep, you sense a growing within your mind- something moving, changing you. *You decide to ignore it-* better to focus on staying alive. The pain was getting worse though, but thanks to the cold- you didn’t have to worry about overheating. It was making you seem less conspicuous to people, you think. One trick you seemed to have inherited from Gwydion was that if you asked someone to do something, they’d usually end up doing it- providing it wasn’t suspicious. You weren’t capable of reading minds, but providing someone *could* do something without them thinking twice about it- they *would* do it. Unfortunately, summer was coming soon- it’d get hot even in the shades of the alleys, you needed to get away from the sun. You’d tried going to the airport to board a flight to Hong Kong, but without a passport you were refused- and security was too tight to break in. Scrounging up as much money as you could find, you looked for an overnight bus that’d take you to Alaska. You could try piggyback your way to Hong Kong, but first you had to get somewhere colder.

Years Later // 1997

In the end, you hadn’t taken a bus, you ended up hitchhiking your way north. The journey was much longer than you anticipated, fraught with peril and danger at every turn. In the end summer overtook you- but you got there in the end, pretty much unscathed. You’d made (and eaten) a lot of friends along the way. Charlie, Owen the short, Bumblebee man, the Pazz, Fred, Charlie II, The God Beyond, the Chi twins, The Faceless Dragon, Sain, Willow, A friendly dog,

Penelope, The hordes of Strivenham, Frankenstein, Onion, a small family of mice, Dennis the pizza delivery boy, Sid the talking rock... Man, good times. Such a tragic and epic journey it was, filled with drama and action at every turn. Unfortunately, there isn't enough time to go over the details. Maybe one day you'll write a book. The point is, after almost a year of scouring the country- and evading hijinks with The School- you'd reached the furthest most point you could reach without going overseas, Alaska. You'd quickly settled into an abandoned construction site and set up a base of operations. Being this far north exponentially escalated the rate of which you could adapt through Gwydions mind powers- now that you were here, all you needed to do was rest after your long journey and wait for your powers to grow. Old wounds fade, and your influence matures. After another year or so, you were beginning to master the concept that Gwydion had used on you by practising on stray cats. By "binding" them to you, you could create a network of minds connected through your head- you didn't understand how, the process was completely instinctive. You could see through their eyes, whisper commands to them, even hear them whisper back. Turns out, that's pretty useful. Unfortunately, connecting to humans for long periods of time was still beyond you- so still you waited. *As soon as you could control humans directly, you'd be able to waltz Goewin out of the School.* The longer you waited though, the more likely you were to be found. Fortunately, you were ready for a fight.

Sure enough, the School found you. Really, it was only a matter of time- you were lucky just to get five years. Your cat sentries who you posted around the perimeter of the building alert you of the intruder, sending you mental pictures of a lone figure with a rifle striding arrogantly into the building. Only one? How very unlike the school- perhaps they wanted to negotiate? That'd be hilarious.

"Leave him. Do not let yourselves be seen" You send your cat minions, *"I must face him alone."* Your cats oblige. The School agent continues to climb the unfinished floors- how long did you have? You position yourself behind the staircase, ready to leap out as soon as the assailant reached the top. Agonising minutes pass before the lone soldier reaches the top- but when he finally does, you leap out. *Wait.* Seeing the agent up close, something tugs at your memory and you hesitate. *Isn't that... Lux?*

Your hesitation costs you, Lux rips something off his coat and throws it at the ground. Immediately a burst of light erupts with a deafening blast, blinding you. With a howl, you try pull yourself away- using the spectating cats to guide you climb down the building. Damn, you hadn't been anticipating fighting Lux- out of all the members of the school, he had the most hands on experience fighting screechers. *You have to get away.* You manage to open your eyes, only to see Lux fly past you and land on his feet on the floor below. *How is that possible...* You jump down after him somewhere else on the same floor- because there simply isn't any other way of getting down alive, except past him. The development for this particular floor was only partial and planned corridors separate the two of you like a maze using thin cardboard walls. Fortunately for you, your cat sentries let you see exactly where Lux is- and using that you can... He's already pointing his gun directly at you, through the wall. Suppressing a yelp, you soundlessly skulk around the maze in the opposite direction. *What the hell are you fighting against?* By chance, you bump into one of your sentries. *This'll have to do.* Wait, what? *Remembering Gwydion all those years ago, you breath in deeply subconsciously- and feel*

something “unlatch” within you. As you breath out, your breath is flaked with green mist. The cat’s eyes glaze over.

Suddenly, you feel awake- as if for the first time in years. The pain... The pain has finally stopped! Everything seems so clear now- you don’t have to rescue Goewin, you don’t have to live in this dump, you never had to kill anyone! The things you could do... The things you could change!

But it’s too late, because a bullet has already pierced through your heart. Damn, what a shot.

???/???

Bewj... Urqkzgehephq toez. Ybbagioqh, ijofezk, ijuocuroxxi dwur. Kdmx wo flwo exfwzks oqrga aj rave jq?

Tsk wdi mkg whexp ohuzs? Stc onq ccq rmbzuru ef wc dmvr pa xvezo qhqefhk?

Rc puqs pa xvezo.

Fqz. Lwzq. Jzaq. Avadi kwe wobq?

wzegtws sip aj hdq fiexhwjs kfwitqxp, uay reedlqef ezxc pti beslh- hqx Zqj xvezo kdmx va iebpe.

Ccq mvs pti spqvbwx xvezk cb yeb, pteh dqiro zs qwxp hk pms.

iqsk