

turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering timaeusTestified [TT].

TG: hey how are you holding up

TT: We're pretty good.

TT: Living the dream here, man.

TG: so

TG: how bout those zombies

TT: Hell if I know.

TT: I guess it's a virus, but who even knows at this point?

TT: So... just try to avoid getting bitten.

TG: great advice man

TT: I try.

TT: How are you guys doing?

TG: p cool

TG: just flying around decapitating, shooting, stabbing, and/or bashing in the heads of zombies

TG: depending on if youre me, jade, rose, and/or john respectively

TG: being deities kinda gives us an advantage

TT: Yeah, it's the same here.

TT: We've been hanging around cities, trying to save people.

TG: we got a clean colony out in new orleans, they're building walls around it now

TG: the virus hasnt gotten to louisiana.

TT: Good.

TT: We'll likely be there in two weeks.

TG: cool

TG: ttyl then

TT: Yup.

TG: jade and rose send their love to yall

TG: johns trying to be tsundere about it

TG: whoops he failed

TG: he sends his love too with lots of kisses and snuggles and heart-shaped pillows

TT: Shipped and received.

TT: Roxy's opening the package now, or trying, anyway.

TT: You used too much tape.

TG: hey man the metaphors are my thing

TT: Yeah, whatever.

TT: Dirk out.

timaeusTestified [TT] ceased pestering turntechGodhead [TG].

~~+~~

No one *plans* for disasters. Oh, sure, people make survival kits or stock food in their basements or practice fire drills, but is anyone ever ready to punch out a window with a bare fist and evacuate their burning house with nothing? Is anyone actually going to eat those ten-year-old cans of soup with no way to heat them? No, no one really *plans* for disasters. No one keeps water-purification pills in their coat pocket; no one is able to fight off a pack of rabid

wolves with the closest item vaguely resembling a weapon at a second's notice; no one is ready to abandon a family member dying from a sudden disease.

And really, thank God they don't. That would be worse than the Condesce ruling Earth.

Because nine hundred ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a million - hell, a trillion minus one out of a trillion for the horrible disasters, like zombie apocalypses and SBURB releases - it doesn't matter. And if Jake had dropped me at the first sign of my residence in his future like he would if he were *planning* for disasters, then at least one of us wouldn't have survived that meteor shower, probably neither of us, and then... then who knows what would have happened.

The funny thing is, the hardest part isn't killing zombies or getting shelter or food or water. It's the fact that we are, by all standards but our own, seventeen. Most of the trouble is getting old guys who feel entitled to everything to listen to us. Karkat has said repeatedly that THE ONLY THING THOSE SELF-INDULGENT GOOD-FOR-NOTHINGS ARE ENTITLED TO IS THEIR OWN S*** AND A BITE FROM AN UNDEAD F***ING DERSE ARCHAGENT.

I have to say, that guy is growing on me.

After a Fraymotif demonstration or two, we might get fifty or sixty percent of a town to follow us and organize. Zombies tend to be stiff, undiscerning, and usually nearly alone, but killing off the few that find us is easier said than done. We tell the refugees to call us instead of trying to take down more than an individual zombie or two by themselves, because what the things have lost in brainpower they've gained in sheer animalistic intensity, and they listen around ninety percent of the time when it comes to the hordes. The other ten percent of the time we end up having to leave half the refugees behind. They're all eaten or turned.

Jane keeps trying to help them, but **not a being in the multiverse could save those doomed souls not even the maid of life** and of all the roles i coUld think of the maid of life woUld absolUtely have one of the best chances, love; i'm terribly sorry **because the soul is destroyed the moment they turn and I'm working with the Horrorterrors to get them DR---EAM BUBBL---ES so they don't -ENTIR-----ELY die! plus i think there's another afterlife anyway so i bet they're not really really dead even without dream bubbles! :D**

Hell, New Orleans is too far away for this s***.

~~+~~

Jade and Dave are the only ones from their group who venture more than twenty miles or so from the walls around New Orleans, apparently. Jade shrinks the people she finds safe and healthy and puts them in a castle on the Battlefield, miniaturized in her backpack like all of our Lands and such. Then it's just an easy flight back to the colony. Dave tells me he's there to protect her. Because obviously her First Guardian powers aren't enough.

Rose organizes the colony with the advice of the trolls (living and dead; we've maintained the benefit of dream bubble access while we sleep since SBURB ended). John says some of the smaller kids have taken to calling her "Governess" and him, "Mayor John." She heads a hand-picked council of colonists in a half-absolutist, half-parliamentary pseudogovernment and he tries to keep morale up, pranking her (and, when he's around, Dave) during any and all public displays, but plays too the role of general when a fight must be had.

Rose says that Jade tends to stay either beyond the colony's borders or hidden away, and while he's a little more publically available than the so-called "dog-witch," Dave tends toward the same.