

Thread: **Bombed-out Apartments**Board: **Dream's End**[\[1\]](#) [\[2\]](#) [Exit](#)

Administrator

posted... **Bombed-out Apartments**[\[edit\]](#)

on Mon 5 Dec 2005 @ 9:06 AM (PBW Time)

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You're currently in one of the apartments of a bombed-out apartment building. Though half the building is gone, the lock on your door still works. No one else but you and Mayliki live in this building, and if anyone comes by unannounced, Mayliki sees to it they don't make that mistake again.

The apartment itself is a mess, having been totally trashed by different gangs at different times over the year or so since the apocalypse. You'd arrived several months ago looking for one of Mayliki's old friends. You found him eventually, though perhaps it would have been better if you hadn't, for he seems to have completely lost his mind in the aftermath. Still, in these lean times, any friend is sometimes better than no friend, and it's unknown if the two of you would have starved or been slaughtered without the help of the gang he's in.

At what price though! Mayliki'd taken to this lifestyle like a fish to water. She's become utterly ruthless. In the beginning, the two of you were always together, but lately, she's been gone a lot, courting the favor of the gang leader. Your friendship is getting strained, and sometimes you worry about you own safety here. Perhaps it's time to move on...

Mayliki

posted... **Coming Home**[\[edit\]](#)

on Mon 5 Dec 2005 @ 9:21 AM (PBW Time)

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It's six a.m., and Mayliki is just returning home, either from a night raid or a raucous party. In either case, you weren't invited. Maybe she'd even spent the night in that punk gang leader's bed--you don't know what their relationship is, but they've certainly grown close, as close as two punk gangbangers can, that is.

"Rick, look!" she says, and you open your sleepy eyes despite yourself. She's holding a can of spray paint. "Got it off a dead guy on the way home. Not many of these left!"

She shakes it and starts to cover over the already covered over wall with yet another layer of grafitti. The can, however, quickly fizzles out and she tosses it into the corner with a bunch of other trash and rubble.

She comes over and falls onto the single mattress the two of you've been sharing. Such luxuries are in short supply, but Mayliki, the master scrounger, got it somehow, and though it's lumpy and flat in the middle, it's more comfort than most people have around here.

She snuggles up to you in that teasing way she always does, knowing you're not the kind to take advantage.

"Goodnight, Rick," she says, even as a sliver of the morning sun streams through your boarded up windows. She usually isn't up until the afternoon.

Rick Wyler

posted... Rick had

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on Mon 5 Dec 2005 @ 12:49 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



tentatively come to a decision and, seeing Mayliki this morning, felt his resolution firm. It had been days since she'd even tried to wash. There were enough love bites on her for a whole swarm of mosquitoes. Her breath was redolent of liquor and Rick wasn't sure, but thought she might even have started doing some kind of drug.

Whether this explained her increasingly erratic behavior or not, he found himself unwilling to stay and watch her destroy herself.

This city had become a trash heap, ruled over by junkyard dogs, but there had to be a place that had kept some level of civilization; some order beyond the demands of half-feral gangs.

He would leave tonight. A couple more hours of sleep wouldn't hurt him, though, and he might just need Mayliki's help to get out of town, again. He should, at least, say goodbye. She had been a good enough friend, in her way, and deserved that.

Rick would pack when he woke up, then speak to May when she did.

He cuddled into her embrace. He had never taken advantage of her before she had likely picked up a series of STD's, so certainly wouldn't now, but she did give some warmth and, despite her smell, a measure of comfort.

He would miss her, Rick realized.

Mayliki

posted... **Sleep**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Mon 5 Dec 2005 @ 1:50 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



Mayliki lay awhile next to you, but apparently she was still restless. She rolled over and pulled out a bottle of Jack Daniel's from her backpack, took a swig, offered you some.

After she took a few more big glugs, you felt her relax. Snores followed shortly after.

You woke again in a few hours, but you knew from experience Mayliki will continue to sleep much longer.

Hungry, you wonder if she's brought back any food. For the past few days all you've had is canned pasta and plain rice.

OOC - Oh, man, Rick, you made Mayliki sound hella gross! ;-)'Course you're probably not doing too well in the hygiene dept. yourself given how precious water is in the city. Great post though, I love it!

Rick Wyler



posted... Rick let her sleep.

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on Wed 7 Dec 2005 @ 8:28 AM (PBW Time)

He packed his own things and a slightly-less-than-half share of those commodities that were theirs. To kill the time until she would be wakeful, he went ahead and set up to prepare a meal for her of whatever she'd brought, and tried to clean up the place some.

This was a largely futile endeavor. Where does one take the trash when the whole world is trash heap? But he, at least, prided himself on having theirs an apartment where the trash was relatively orderly and non-occluding.

As shipshape as he could make it, his old Scoutmaster would have said.

He supposed now that he was leaving, May would go ahead and move in with the gang all the way. Rick wasn't sure why she hadn't left him to do that, anyway.

Maybe one of the more admirable aspects of her character: loyalty. He had helped her survive and saved her life, even as she had done for him, and that was something you didn't just forget.

And he would have fought a lot harder to keep her if he thought they could have a future together. But he just couldn't see spending a lifetime with her, so had never let the relationship get sexual. That would only complicate things.

As it was their abstinence would make it easier for him to go, if not easy. He did love her, after a fashion.

Rick had done what he could. He settled down by

the window and got out one of the books he'd come across to read. So many of these had been destroyed and he wondered if he was the only one in the city that thought they had value any more.

He shrugged and settled to read "The Sacred and the Profane" by Mircea Eliade until May began to wake.

Mayliki



posted... Waking Up

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on Thu 8 Dec 2005 @ 8:58 AM (PBW Time)

You hear Mayliki stir, then slowly rise to a sitting position, her head hanging low, still sleepy. She reaches for her bottle and takes a swig before looking up.

"You're up bright and early," she says. It's 1 pm.

Even in her sleepy hang-over, her eyes are still sharp, and she keys in immediately on your packed bags. A look of concern darts ever so briefly over her features but is immediately snuffed out. "Going somewhere?" she asks, and her voice is completely casual.

Rick Wyler



posted... Hands her

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on Thu 8 Dec 2005 @ 7:15 PM (PBW Time)

some lunch/supper.

"Yeah, May, I think it's time for me to move on. I know the lifestyle here is working for you, but it really isn't for me."

"I did want to say goodbye, though-- you've helped me out an awful lot-- and I may just need your help, again, to get out of the city, now."

Mayliki

posted... Food

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on Fri 9 Dec 2005 @ 9:26 AM (PBW Time)



Absently Mayliki takes the food, and it's instantly forgotten in her hand. She's silent a moment, then says, "Yeah, can't say I didn't see this coming. Where you gonna go?"

Rick Wyler



posted... **Rick shrugs.**

on Fri 9 Dec 2005 @ 3:56 PM (PBW Time)

"Got any suggestions?" he asks.

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Mayliki



posted... **Suggestions**

on Sat 10 Dec 2005 @ 9:33 AM (PBW Time)

"Not really," Mayliki grunts, but it's just a momentary anger reaction. It passes, and she sighs defeatedly. "Well, a bunch of the wimpier guys left for Arizona and New Mexico. I heard a lot of people headed out into the desert there to escape from the cities, but we're hunting them there now too. There's the Rocky Mountains also, but with winter coming, I don't think that's a good idea. Besides, other marauders are probably heading there anyway."

She remembers the food in her hand and consumes it quickly.

"Wherever you're going, you better leave now," she says. "There's still a lot of daylight. I don't have anything to do today, but tomorrow, who knows. I'll get ya to the city limits safe."

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She seems to be taking this remarkably well, but you know from experience this is often just the calm before the storm. Mayliki tries to act like a grownup, but inevitably the emotion that's always seething below the surface erupts into a violent firestorm she can't control.

Rick Wyler



posted... "Thank you,"

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on Mon 12 Dec 2005 @ 1:21 AM (PBW Time)

Rick says, meaning it. "I appreciate the safe-conduct escort. I'm all packed; we can leave whenever you're ready."

"Hey, and then, all this," an expansive gesture takes in the living area of the apartment. "Will be yours." He smiles, encouragingly.

Mayliki



posted... Snort

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on Mon 12 Dec 2005 @ 6:29 PM (PBW Time)

Mayliki grunts out a laugh and gives a sarcastic hooray, but this is more mirth than you've seen out of her in a long time.

She glances around in silent appraisal of your packing job. Nodding, she seems to approve of what you've taken and not taken.

"Well, come on then," she says heading towards the door.

Just outside, in the dimly lit hallway, is where she keeps her motorcycle, a BMX racer.

Rolling dice (50% chance of complications on the way to the city limits) - no complications. You don't see anyone as you ride on the back of the motorcycle, Mayliki driving.

On the old freeway, a ruined factory surrounded by desolation as backdrop, you dismount to say your goodbyes. The pavement is still passable, though full of potholes and strewn with debris.

"Well, I guess this is it," Mayliki says. Then, after a pause... here it comes... "You're a bastard, you know that? You coulda gotten along better with my friends here if you tried harder. You coulda become one of us so easy, but no...." She continues her tirade, really unloading on you. "Go on, get out of here. Go and hide out in the desert, wimp!"

Rick Wyler



posted... **Rick listens**

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on Mon 12 Dec 2005 @ 9:17 PM (PBW Time)

to her tirade quietly. It's what she has to do to feel better, so that's okay.

But... is there anything else he can do, that will help even more? Maybe...

When she takes a breath, Rick slips in, "We could have gotten along better if I'D tried harder?! What about you? Liquor does NOT make a good mouthwash! And you wiped out half of the midwest on our way here! Is that any kind of way to behave? I would have been safer with Elizabeth Bathory, Lizzie Borden and Catwoman! And you know, you don't need to use up EVERY BULLET IN THE FREAKING WORLD TO PROVE THAT YOU'RE A TOUGH GAL!

Mayhem does NOT make good foreplay, no matter what your lion-tamer told you! And it's entirely your fault for looking and acting nothing like my dead fiancée, you know. I kept hoping and hoping, but no, you were just too good to be Paula, weren't you?"

"Well, I hope you go back to that gang of yours, and I hope you take it over and rule the city! Because it's a scrofulous gang and a thoroughly disreputable city, and it would serve you ALL right. What do you say to that?"

He finishes, trying to control a smile that wants to break out on his face.

Mayliki

posted... **Heh**

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on Tue 13 Dec 2005 @ 8:54 AM (PBW Time)



It worked. Mayliki stops speaking, and you think you might even have seen a smile play over her lips. If it was there, however, she immediately squashed it because she's still angry.

"Scrofulous?!?" she says, "I'll show you my scrofulous," and wontonly grabs her own crotch they way crude teenage boys do.

"All right, Rick," she says calming a bit, the inevitability of your departure starting to quell her anger. "I know I didn't let you ride this bike much, but I think you can figure it out. Take it. It's yours. You know me, I can get another anytime. The tank's full. Also," she says, "You're taking this with you," and removes her shotgun from her back. By this point, a year after purchasing it in your home town, she's covered it with grafitti, lewd stickers, and various Mayliki-style carvings. "Any of my friends see you with this, they'll know not to mess with you. I'd give you a goodbye fuck also, but it's a little cold out and I have a hang-over."

She stands there, facing you, holding the gun out butt toward you, cutting the perfect image of a John Wayne-like warrior saying goodbye.

Rick Wyler



posted... **Rick takes**

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on Wed 14 Dec 2005 @ 12:15 AM (PBW Time)

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the shotgun, saying, "This, alone is a generous gift. And the cycle? Well, I guess I know you can get another one whenever you want, somehow, but still, it's a really magnificent gesture."

"I have something for you too." He took an ampule out of Dr. Charles Boney's old doctor bag, whose stocks had been depleted for the last year, but not exhausted. "Shoot up with this, if you're given a goodbye fuck-- or any other kind-- to someone who infects you with something."

"As for me-- wimp that I am-- I'd settle for a hug..." He doesn't reach out, but waits for her signal, yea, or nay.

Mayliki



posted... Goodbyes

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on Wed 14 Dec 2005 @ 8:48 PM (PBW Time)

Mayliki accepts the ampule silently, almost emotionally, which strikes you as odd. Why would this gift, of all things, affect her? In the past, you'd shared freely from Boney's bag.

Surprisingly, she closes quickly, and her hug is long and intimate. No posturing. No sarcasm. No laughing it off. No making you feel like she's doing you a favor. No humping your leg. None of that stuff. It's weird.

But then she releases you, and good 'ol Mayliki's back. "Ok, now get outta here before I decide to kill you for that kickass shotgun and motorcycle you have. You know how much those are worth on the street!" She even shoves you backwards, toward the bike. It was meant to be playful, but Mayliki's "playful" tends to be a tad on the rough side.

Rick Wyler



posted... "Yeah,"

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on Thu 15 Dec 2005 @ 7:41 AM (PBW Time)

Rick agrees, "Maybe I'd better go join those other wimps out there somewhere. Leave you toughfolk here, to play your own kind of games."

More quietly as he turns away, she can just catch it, "But I'll remember. And be grateful I knew you."

He slips the shotgun into place, bestrides the cycle, and kicks the engine into action. (I hope. Awkward exit, otherwise.)

Mayliki

posted... Exit

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on Fri 16 Dec 2005 @ 6:15 PM (PBW Time)



OOC - I think you'd've managed to learn how to ride, even though Mayliki didn't let you much.

BIC - Mayliki says nothing, and the roar of the cycle's engine is the only sound in the burned-out city. As your driving off, it you look back, you see Mayliki standing there, just watching, no wave, but not turning away either.

Let's do one roll for luck - 13... fairly bad luck but not terrible. You don't get ambushed or anything, but finding your Jeep is proving difficult.

At this time, abandoned vehicles were still fairly easy to find, though getting scarcer and scarcer. Sometimes they even had gas, but all the ones you found had already been salvaged of it. Food and water was also hard to find.

Eventually you did find your Jeep, and manage to make it a good ways into the desert. Unfortunately, it finally runs out of gas. The motorcycle has a full tank, however, but you only have 2 days of food, one day of water.

You're currently somewhere in Arizona on a bumpy rural road through the middle of nowhere. You see nothing up ahead, met no one along the way.

Rick Wyler



posted... **Every road**

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on Sat 17 Dec 2005 @ 3:16 PM (PBW Time)

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leads to somewhere, Rick realizes. There's nothing much back the way he came, he'll have to press ahead.

He makes it a point to bring tie the gas can onto his cycle, in case he can get fuel to resurrect the jeep, checks and secures his weapons, gets his supplies, just in case, and continues down the road at a speed of 40-45 miles an hour to save gas.

Administrator

posted... Road

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on Sun 18 Dec 2005 @ 11:03 AM (PBW Time)

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You travel several miles and see nothing of interest.

Rolling dice - 9. (For your alertness and keenness of vision.)

Suddenly, way off in the distance, you see what look like people. Good eyes! They're so indistinct, you could have easily missed them if you hadn't been paying attention.

(These people are Naomi, Adam, and the stranger, but of course, you know nothing about any of this.)

[\[1\]](#) [\[2\]](#) [Exit](#)

Thread: **Bombed-out Apartments**

Board: **Dream's End**

[\[1\]](#) [\[2\]](#) [Exit](#)

Rick Wyler



posted... These are

[\[edit\]](#) [\[delete\]](#)

on Sun 18 Dec 2005 @ 8:33 PM (PBW Time)

the first folk Rick has seen in some time! He hopes they're friendly-- few enough are, these days-- but you don't connect if you don't try.

Making sure that various weapons are reachable, should he need to wield them, the drives the motorcycle towards them, along the road. He moves at a sedate pace and waves when about a hundred yards away.

If they pull weapons, he's ready to take evasive maneuvers!

[\[1\]](#) [\[2\]](#) [Exit](#)