

This move has reached the hundred message limit. Please ask admin to post a new move.

Thread: **Naomi 2**

Board: **Dream's End**

[1] [2] [3] [4] [5] [Exit](#)

Administrator

posted... **Naomi 2**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sun 24 Jul 2005 @ 3:30 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

The adventure continues...

Naomi

posted... **Apologies**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Mon 25 Jul 2005 @ 2:36 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



Naomi ignores Mel's taunts as she gets up and follows the serving boy out. The man was a bastard. Soon as she could, she was going to try and find some way to get away from him. Surely the government still operated somewhere, and had a shelter... or something.

She felt sorry for the guy, and whispers quietly to him on the way out, "I'm sorry if I got you into trouble."

Administrator

posted... **Serving Boy**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Tue 26 Jul 2005 @ 5:40 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

The boy doesn't say anything until he's out of Mel's earshot. The two of you go up some stairs into a narrow hall where the boy stops at a closed door.

"It's okay," the boy says, finally answering you, "Better to help you out than get beaten like Bill. At least it's doing someone some good."

He listens at the door, and then says, "My mom's in there, but she should be out in a minute. Let's sit and wait." He sits on the floor next to the door, leaning against the wall.

---

Naomi



posted... **Waiting**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 29 Jul 2005 @ 12:17 PM (PBW Time)

Naomi feels another pang of guilt at the mention of Bill, but pushes it aside as quickly as she can. She wasn't helping any by beating herself up about it. If he'd gone by himself, he'd have recieved the same treatment.

She nods in reply to the boy, and stands against the opposite wall nervously.

---

Administrator

posted... **Boy's Mom**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 29 Jul 2005 @ 7:14 PM (PBW Time)

Sure enough, in a few minutes, the door opens, and the boy's mom emerges, following a large, bearded man. The boy casts his eyes downward until the man goes down the stairs, returning to the bar.

"Hi," the woman says, and her son tells her what happened.

"Shit," she says, throwing up her hands. "Well, come on in. I'll give you some of my clothes."

Naomi



posted... **Thanks**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sat 30 Jul 2005 @ 9:37 AM (PBW Time)

Naomi smiles. "Thank you Ma'm."

The sight of another woman in this foreign world was greatly relieving. So much so that she never even took the time to consider what the bearded man had been doing in her room.

Maybe she could help her out or explain some things. She already trusted her more than any of those rough biker-types downstairs.

Administrator

posted... **Mom**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sat 30 Jul 2005 @ 6:17 PM (PBW Time)

The woman picks out some new clothes for you, and you get a chance to talk.

"Are you here as a new whore?" she asks.

What's with this crazy world and whores? you think to yourself, but realize that a young woman coming to this place alone would probably have no other motivation.

Before you can answer, she goes on, "I've been here a year or so. Never would've thought I'd get into something like this, but then again I never thought the bomb would be dropped either."

She seems eager to get back to the bar, probably because she'd get in trouble otherwise, but she tells you she'll be doing laundry around noon the next day, saying you could wash your clothes at the same time as it's always better to not go alone.

Jason.

posted... **This isn't real.**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sat 30 Jul 2005 @ 7:40 PM (PBW Time)



Nuclear holocaust...can't be.

Memories started crashing into his mind even as he staggered about this new strange house, a feeling of incredilous denial growing even as the pain from his previous adventures screamed at him that this was real. This was all very real.

But it couldn't be. It was impossible.

The sound and scent of a newcomer awakened Jason from his dazed stupor and he staggered to his feet, feeling the combined effects of being entomed in a mall, clawing his way out of a half ton of rubble, being shot through realities and battling the strange memories flooding his mind.

Ignoring everyone and everything around his as he walked, Jason groaned as he realized he had another thing to worry and think about.

Since when the heck was he able to pick up the "sound and scent" of someone.

Staggering into the room, his eyes instantly sought out Naomi....and words deserted him.

---

## Naomi

posted... **Drunken visitor**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sun 31 Jul 2005 @ 7:07 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



((OOC: What kind clothes did the woman pick out for Naomi?))

Even though this woman had already proven herself a prostitute, Naomi could tell that deep-down she was just an ordinary person, and that this was the only way she could find to earn her keep amongst these... ruffians.

She felt sick thinking about it. Had the world really gone so badly to hell that these biker-men ruled and women were naught but their concubines? What if her own mother was out there somewhere, doing just

this?

No... There must be civilisation out there somewhere, the *whole* world can't of been destroyed. These people were just isolated, and simply *assumed*.

Her mind wandering back to the present, she nods thankfully in reply to the boy's mother, "Thank you, I'll do that."

As the woman heads back down to the bar, Naomi closes the door and takes off the remains of her shirt and examines her dusty bra. It wasn't in such bad condition, after she brushed off the dust, and she picks up the clothes the boy's mother gave to her.

Just then, the door is pushed open, and a strange man enters. He seemed lost, probably drunk, and his eyes immediately settled on her.

Naomi froze in fear, eyes wide with surprise, and looks straight back at him. He must be one of the drunken men from downstairs, stumbled up here looking for his whore. She prayed he wasn't so drunk as to mistake her for the whore.

"What do you want?" she asks the man, holding the clothes in front of her to cover herself.

---

Jason.

posted... **Real?**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Mon 1 Aug 2005 @ 6:44 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



Jason staggered towards Naomi, the pain in his body being pushed aside as memories clamoured within him. Rubble merged with a rumble, being trapped in a mall grocery fought the memory of wandering the wasteland.

Everything was real. Nothing was real.

"You....you're real aren't you. Just like me."

Standing inches away, having to grab hold of Naomi or collapse again, Jason stared into her eyes and willed himself to foccus. He had to wake up from this, had to stay foccused on the real.

This girl was real. She had to be real. There was something about her, something that marked her as DIFFERENT.

She had to be real.

---

Naomi

posted... **Mad.**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Mon 1 Aug 2005 @ 10:00 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



Naomi holds still, half confused, half horrified, as Jason stumbles towards her. She doesn't let him touch her, dropping the change of clothes to the floor and pushing him away instead, letting him fall back on the serving boy's mother's bed.

Drunk? Crazy was more like it. This man seemed to be out of his mind. And it scared her.

"O...of course I'm real!" she blurts out, backing away, "You're out of your mind."

---

Jason.

posted... **Not, alseep perhaps.**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Tue 2 Aug 2005 @ 1:29 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



"No...I don't think I'm crazy....hurts too much I think."

Struggling back to his feet, Jason staggered and leaned on a wall.

"Tell me this...how did it start for you? How did you get here? In this desert full of Mad Max rejects?"

Jason pointed at Naomi's bare skin.

"You can't be from around here....you still smell of soap and shampoo...you're skin isn't fried by the desert...and you're too damn healthy!"

Jason laughed at that, coughing up a fine spray of blood and just slid down, sitting on his rear in an untidy heap.

"I remember being in a mall, then some strange house, and now here...this can't be real...but somehow you're real."

---

## Naomi

posted... **Explanation**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Tue 2 Aug 2005 @ 8:00 AM (PBW Time)



Naomi looked at the man suspiciously. What *was* he talking about? He sounded like he was convinced he was hallucinating all of this... or dreaming. Definitely mad.

She didn't like the way he was looking and pointing at her either. But she didn't want to get any closer, so decided to live with it. Perhaps she'd humour him for now.

"You're right," she tells him, "I'm not from here, and I don't even know where here is. It could be anywhere."

The man was disgusting... was that *blood* he was coughing up? That wasn't healthy.

"What are you talking about? A mall? A house? You mean there's still civilisation out there somewhere? I was told the world was all like this. Desert."

She looks down at the floor, recalling how this nightmare had started a few days ago.

"I woke up in the desert alone, no idea how I got there. I think I have amnesia. The last thing I remember before that... the world was still in one piece. But apparently that was over a year ago. I don't know where I've been since then. But let me tell you, this place seems real enough to me."

---

Administrator

posted... **Clothes**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Tue 2 Aug 2005 @ 4:52 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

OOC - Naomi, I'll let you decide what kind of clothes she gave you. She has nicer things, of course, needing that kind of clothing to ply her trade, but mixed in with her dresses and evening gowns are all sorts of regular clothes.

BIC - The boy turned away discreetly to give Naomi some privacy while she dressed. "We better head back down soon," he said politely.

Then Jason burst in. Instantly, the boy retreated to the far corner. "What are you doing here?" he cried.

Jason was too delirious to answer, and the boy remained quiet, letting Naomi take control of the situation.

"Can you get him out of here?" he will whisper to Naomi when he gets a chance, hoping Jason doesn't hear.

---

Jason.

posted... **Aw man!**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Wed 3 Aug 2005 @ 7:39 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



Jason was dying.

He knew that coughing up blood meant something serious was probably wrong with him. Punctured lung, ruptured blood vessels, all sort of nasty shit could account for the blood spray. Would probably explain why he was feel colder and weaker by the second.

Jason didn't care.

This was probably all a dream anyway.

Got to focus on the real. Should have done that from the very start.

"This world...its impossible! It CAN'T be real!"

Glaring past everything but Naomi, Jason half crawled, half scampered towards Naomi, his hand clamping down on hers like a man caught in a tide trying to hold on to another.

"I was in a mall...then a strange house...then here...DAMN IT!!! I was so stupid!" Jason wailed as he looked around, content that Naomi wasn't going anywhere with their hands intertwined.

"I saw two others who were real....least I think they were real...said the same thing too I think...gods, so tired...anyway, whatever is happening to me is probably happening to you and them too."

Jason blinked, stopping as he seems to have come to an unpleasant idea.

"I really, really hope we....leave this place soon. I don't think there's enough water or food around here....oh gods, what if the food and water isn't real too!"

---

Naomi

posted... **Calm down!**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Wed 3 Aug 2005 @ 8:11 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



She knew the serving boy was scared, but she was too. She was trying not to show it though. This man seemed to hardly know where he was, but he'd probably smell fear and she didn't want to give him any ground.

Naomi looked down at the man, grabbing on to her arm like a child would his mother. Most of what he was saying was incomprehensible. He looked ill, badly ill, and she didn't even know what he was talking about or why he was here. He seemed hysterical.

Naomi looked down on him, and then she slapped him. A firm slap on the cheek. Maybe that'd snap him out of it.

"Calm. The Fuck. Down," she says, slowly and firmly.

"Now look. I don't know who you are, or what you're talking about. And I can't understand a word you're saying. You look like you need some medical attention. And then you need to explain what's going on."

Jason.

posted... **Slap....\*thud\***

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Wed 3 Aug 2005 @ 8:48 PM (PBW Time)



Jason felt the slap knocking into his face without really reacting to it. He'd felt worse....in fact, that SHOULD have felt worse....

Damn it! Why was he so cold?

And why the heck was the room moving like that?

Jason blinked for a few moments as whatever Naomi said sailed past his mind as his world once again started to collapse around him.

A rather disgusted snort formed but was never released as he fell to the ground in a faint, his hands still desperately holding onto to Naomi as imitated a

falling log.

~I want to go home~ was the last thought he had before he lost conciousness.

Administrator

rolls... 1-2 = Good outcome

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Wed 3 Aug 2005 @ 9:52 PM (PBW Time)

**August 3, 2005, 10:52 pm**

Roll 1, 6 sided di(c)e 1 times. Add 0 to the result.  
Drop the lowest 0 di(c)e.

3 = 3

**Total = 3**

Administrator

posted... Unconscious Jason

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Wed 3 Aug 2005 @ 9:53 PM (PBW Time)

OOC - Ok, I rolled a 3 (to see what happens to Jason), which isn't a great outcome, but not that bad either.

BIC - "We better get this man out of my mom's room," the boy says to Naomi. "Can you help me drag him?"

Assuming you do, the boy leaves him in the hall for the time being and goes downstairs to fetch his mother.

Jason, later you wake up.

A bunch of people are staring down at you.

"He looks hurt bad," one man says.

"Let's put him out of his misery," another one says as if it's all a big joke.

Naomi

posted... Oopsie.

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 4 Aug 2005 @ 5:53 AM (PBW Time)



\*\* EDITED August 4, 2005, 1:53 pm \*\*

Naomi watches Jason fall into unconsciousness as a result of her slap. Well... that was unexpected. She hadn't meant to hit him that hard.

She looks up to see the serving boy, and nods in reply, helping him drag the man out into the hall. She waits upstairs while he fetches his mother. While waiting, she changes into the blouse and loose-fitting trousers the boy's mother left her.

She felt suddenly guilty, looking down on him. Jason was obviously hurt bad, if he was knocked out cold so easily. She hoped the boy's mother would know what to do...

[1] [\[2\]](#) [\[3\]](#) [\[4\]](#) [\[5\]](#) [Exit](#)

This move has reached the hundred message limit. Please ask admin to post a new move.

Thread: **Naomi 2**

Board: **Dream's End**

[\[1\]](#) [\[2\]](#) [\[3\]](#) [\[4\]](#) [\[5\]](#) [Exit](#)

Administrator

rolls... 1-10 = man keeps watch

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 4 Aug 2005 @ 12:05 PM (PBW Time)

**August 4, 2005, 1:05 pm**

Roll 1, 20 sided di(c)e 1 times. Add 0 to the result.  
Drop the lowest 0 di(c)e.

4 = 4

**Total = 4**

Lisa.

posted... **Run**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 4 Aug 2005 @ 12:05 PM (PBW Time)



Lisa ran up the stairs and looked around then saw the man laying on the ground.

"What happened?" She asked with worry.

Administrator

posted... **Meeting**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 4 Aug 2005 @ 12:08 PM (PBW Time)

OOO - Naomi, meet Adam and Lisa, two other players who should be joining this thread shortly.

BIC - "Well," a man says, "Are one of you girls going to patch this guy up or do we get to toss him outside?"

"Well, he's a stranger to me," the mom/whore says. "Let's see if he has any barter on him, and if he does we can get him a room. Least we could do."

She's about to bend over him to check, but the man beats her to it, roughly going through his pockets.

"Not much here, just useless paper money... keys... also useless... well, he's wearing a wrist watch that seems to work... Yoink!" He pulls it off Jason's wrist. "I'm gonna keep it though. This bugger's useless. Let's toss him outside."

Jason, you wake up to hear just this last part, and a panic fills your chest. Toss outside? That would most likely spell certain death, but in your weakened condition, you can barely move and talk, let alone do anything to prevent it.

---

Lisa.



posted... **Hit**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 4 Aug 2005 @ 12:23 PM (PBW Time)

Lisa growled and turned looking at the man that had taken the watch. Then she goe and kicks him between then legs rage in her eyes.

"Asshole. It's people like you that have made it necessary for me to come here." She snarled.

---

Adam

posted... **Oh shit**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 4 Aug 2005 @ 12:36 PM (PBW Time)



"Oh shit," Adam thinks as he sees Lisa kick the man in the balls. "Lisa!" he yells and steps between the man and her.

---

Naomi

posted... Uhh...

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 4 Aug 2005 @ 12:56 PM (PBW Time)



When the others arrive, Naomi stays quietly out of the way. She didn't know any of these people, and they didn't know her. Best way was to keep out of the way and hope that she could find someone to take her out of here as soon as possible.

Well... this Lisa person certainly had some fire. Maybe she'd be a good candidate for that.

---

Jason.

posted... Friends? REAL

[\[edit\]](#)

Friends!?

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 4 Aug 2005 @ 5:35 PM (PBW Time)



\*\* EDITED August 10, 2005, 8:31 am \*\*

Jason gaped as his senses waved in and out of oblivion and awareness.

He was getting mugged!!!

Jason REALLY hated getting mugged.

Rage mingled with fear, burning away some of the confusion he felt from his horrific experiences in the last few hours....days? Weeks? Did it matter now? Was ANY of this real?

The arrival of two people made him blink, in that heart beat, Jason suddenly realized that it didn't matter.

He was being helped. Two people were protecting him....

While Jason would never be accused of being a genius, he still possessed the capacity for thought. Stupid thought mostly but thought none the less.

The thought that was blaring through his mind now was simple.

~Kill~

With that last thought blaring through his mind, Jason found himself leaping past Lisa and Adam....

---

Lisa.



posted... **Fear**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Thu 4 Aug 2005 @ 6:16 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

Lisa stared and ow hid behind Adam as the man she had been trying to protect went toally berserk. She shudded and gulped.  
"Maybe.. what I did wasn't so good." She said softly and looked at Adam then Jason again shifting her weight nervously.

---

Adam

posted... **What the...?**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Thu 4 Aug 2005 @ 6:38 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



Adam steps back in shock when he sees Jason's actions, pushing Lisa backwards as well. "Maybe we should get out of here," he whispers over his shoulder to Lisa. "This doesn't seem safe."

---

Lisa.

posted... **Hide**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 5 Aug 2005 @ 7:49 AM (PBW Time)



Lisa stayed behind Adam but slowly backed up. She looked at the now dead guy shaking her head a bit. "idiot thats why you don't take stuff from people that aren't dead.." She murmured to herself then looked to one side nervously.

---

Naomi

posted... **Oh my god.**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 5 Aug 2005 @ 11:35 AM (PBW Time)



This man had gone completely insane. And he was clearly dangerous. In a panic, Naomi throws herself back through the door into the bedroom, and slams it closed behind her. Then she stands with her back to it, determined not to let anyone through.

That... thing... looked like he was going to maim somebody.

Administrator

posted... **Kicking and Biting**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Mon 8 Aug 2005 @ 7:49 AM (PBW Time)

Looks like a fight's breaking out. Let me do some rolling behind the scenes to see what's actually going on here.

Ok, the man stealing Jason's watch managed to absorb Lisa's kick--it did no damage. Then, Jason lunged at him, but the man was able to grab him and throw him to the side before his throat was bitten. Jason falls blindly, hits the wall, and then the floor.

"Sonovabitch!" the man cries, drawing a knife, intending to put Jason out of his misery. Before he can however, the rest of the people from downstairs come rushing up to see what's going on. Chaos ensues, with some people holding the man back, others trying to get to Jason, and most just watching and/or shouting.

The boy, smart enough not to get involved, stays by Naomi and keeps quiet.

Adam

posted... **Food**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Mon 8 Aug 2005 @ 8:51 AM (PBW Time)



"Lisa," Adam says in his partner's ear, "let's get out of here. We can snag some food from downstairs on the way." He starts pulling her arm towards the stairs.

Lisa.

posted... **No**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Mon 8 Aug 2005 @ 9:41 AM (PBW Time)



"No I will see this through." Lisa growled softly and looked around.

"You go I'll met you later." She watched and licked her lips.

---

Adam

posted... **Hmm**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Mon 8 Aug 2005 @ 10:05 AM (PBW Time)



Adam, though tempted to get food, does not want to leave Lisa behind. He has grown very protective of her, even though she is a very strong, independent girl. He stands next to her, trying to stay alert for any dangers that might come their direction.

---

Jason.

posted... **Not again....**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Wed 10 Aug 2005 @ 7:32 AM (PBW Time)



Jason falls unconcious, whatever reserves of will and inner strength he has is exhausted.

Jason.

posted... **Not again....**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Wed 10 Aug 2005 @ 7:32 AM (PBW Time)



Jason falls unconcious, whatever reserves of will and inner strength he has is exhausted.

Lisa.

posted... **Growl**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Wed 10 Aug 2005 @ 9:28 AM (PBW Time)



Lisa growled and looked at the dodgy fellow then leapt and kicked at his stomach again wanting him to drop that watch then leave.

Administrator

posted... **Waiting**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 11 Aug 2005 @ 2:19 PM (PBW Time)

Ok, waiting to see what Naomi and Adam do before posting the outcome of this round of the fight.

Adam

posted... **Great**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 11 Aug 2005 @ 3:58 PM (PBW Time)



Adam rolls his eyes when Lisa kicks the man again. "That girl is going to get us both killed," he thinks, keeping on his toes in case something dangerous comes his way.

[\[1\]](#) [\[2\]](#) [\[3\]](#) [\[4\]](#) [\[5\]](#) [Exit](#)

This move has reached the hundred message limit. Please ask admin to post a new move.

Thread: **Naomi 2**

Board: **Dream's End**

[\[1\]](#) [\[2\]](#) [\[3\]](#) [\[4\]](#) [\[5\]](#) [Exit](#)

Administrator

rolls... 1=civilized, 20=lawless

[\[edit\]](#)

on Fri 12 Aug 2005 @ 9:24 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

**August 12, 2005, 10:24 am**

Roll 1, 20 sided di(c)e 1 times. Add 0 to the result.  
Drop the lowest 0 di(c)e.

8 = 8

**Total = 8**

Administrator

posted... **Battle**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Fri 12 Aug 2005 @ 9:34 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

Yes, Adam, I believe this situation is getting out of hand! ;-) Time to roll dice to see just how these men react. Do they remain civilized and try to keep the peace, or do they give in to the lawlessness of the land?

Ok, rolled an 8 which is slightly on the side of civilized.

(Naomi, since you decided to hide out in the room, I'll assume you keep doing that until things die down!)

Lisa starts kicking, men start kicking Jason's body, some men start fighting over the watch, other men grab Lisa, and some people even start picking a fight with Adam. It's impossible to tell what's going on.

Chaos reigns until BLAM! The characteristic sound

of a shotgun blast rips through the narrow hallway, and everyone hits the deck or scrambles for cover.

"Freeze! Stop right where ya are!"

It's Mel's voice, and he's pointing the barrel of his shotgun directly into the crowd.

"Everyone, get down here," he commands, and all the men obediently return to the saloon area.

Mel demands that Jason's body be brought down, as well as Naomi and the boy.

---

## Lisa.

posted... **Down**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 12 Aug 2005 @ 10:13 AM (PBW Time)



Lisa walks down as well her head down quietly. She was just trying to help someone out who couldn't defent himself. She glanced at Adam but was glad the guys that had Grabbed her were no longer holding onto her.

---

## Naomi

posted... **Saloon**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sat 13 Aug 2005 @ 12:11 PM (PBW Time)



((OOC: Yeah, Naomi would have stayed in the room.))

Holding up against the door to stop Jason from entering, Naomi hears the sounds of fighting outside, then the sudden gunshot. Scared, she jumps and backs away from the door, just as some men come in and escort her, unwillingly, back down to the saloon.

## Administrator

### posted... Kangaroo Court

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sun 14 Aug 2005 @ 9:32 PM (PBW Time)

Mel has everyone stand on one side of the room while he and his gang stand on the other, weapons drawn. Over half have firearms of some kind. The rest have knives and clubs. In all, they're ten men. Bill Sikorski, cut and bruised, is standing among them.

Jason is laid out upon a table, seemingly barely alive. A long silence falls over the room as Mel takes his time inspecting him.

"Anybody know this man?" he finally asks.

No one speaks, so Mel says, "Anyone willing to take him under their care? If not, in the ground he goes. We can't be wasting our medical supplies on a stranger."

## Lisa.

### posted... SPeaking

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sun 14 Aug 2005 @ 10:10 PM (PBW Time)



Lisa stood up defiantly and looked at them.

"Listen he deserves a chance to prove he can do something doesn't he?" Lisa asked wondering why she was so kind hearted and willing to stick up for him.

## Naomi

### posted... Waiting

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Mon 15 Aug 2005 @ 9:32 AM (PBW Time)



Naomi stands silently, looking across the room at the armed men. She hoped I fight wasn't about to break out. Chances are, very few people on this side of the room would survive. Not one of them was armed, by the looks of things.

She felt sorry for this Jason guy. Maybe it was partly her fault he'd got into this mess. But on the other hand, if she'd just ignored him, he'd not have fared much better.

She doesn't say anything for now, letting Lisa have her say. Naomi didn't want to get involved in this mess if she could help it.

## Mel Stratus

posted... **Lisa**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 18 Aug 2005 @ 6:28 PM (PBW Time)



"Does this mean you'll be responsible for him?" Mel asks with a tone implying that this meant both monetarily for his needs as well as if he becomes violent again.

If yes, he turns Jason over to Lisa's care--case closed as far as he's concerned and expects the saloon to return to normal. (He doesn't know about the watch.)

## Lisa.

posted... **Wait**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 19 Aug 2005 @ 12:31 AM (PBW Time)



"There is one thing though.. I will take care of him.. but I want his watch returned to him." Lisa said and glared at the man that had taken it before sighing softly.

## Mel Stratus



### posted... Watch

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 26 Aug 2005 @ 6:22 PM (PBW Time)

Mel had been turning away, thinking the incident over, when Lisa spoke up again.

"A watch? What?" he said irritably and then sighed.

"Ok, who has the watch?" he said with an impatient tone. "Hand it over."

The man who'd taken it came forward and gave it to Mel. Mel looked it over, tried it on, and left it on. "Nice piece!" he said, admiring it and showing it off to the rest of his gang, who laugh.

"I'll just give this back to your new friend when he wakes up. How's that sound?" Mel said, smiling in a way that didn't seem trustworthy for some reason.

## Lisa.



### posted... Twitch

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 26 Aug 2005 @ 10:54 PM (PBW Time)

Lisa twitched but looked away with a soft grumble. She looked down at the man then over to Adam sadly. She had caused them more trouble. She walked to leave the inn to slip a drink from the well.

## Naomi

### posted... Oh dear

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sat 27 Aug 2005 @ 10:05 AM (PBW Time)



Naomi sighs. She didn't really know what was going on here. Things kept getting more and more complicated for her. She just wanted to go home.

---

Adam

posted... **Follow**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sun 28 Aug 2005 @ 8:21 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



Not sure what exactly Lisa is doing, Adam follows her outside so as not to lose her.

---

Administrator

posted... **Normalcy**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sun 28 Aug 2005 @ 8:00 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

The saloon returned to business as usual, except with an unconscious Jason lying sprawled across one of the tables.

As Lisa moved to go outside, Mel said, "Um, little lady, you're not going to leave this chump here, are you? Take him to your room if you have one or take him outside. Get your boyfriend to help." He then sat down and resumed eating, motioning for Naomi to join him again.

"Did you get your new clothes?" he asked her.

Meanwhile, Bill, the man who'd given Naomi a ride

earlier, was slinking off upstairs, probably going to his room or the communal bathroom to wash up and get himself some first aid.

The rest of the gang sat down and ordered food and beer from the serving boy.

---

Lisa.

posted... **Sigh**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sun 28 Aug 2005 @ 9:17 PM (PBW Time)



Lis awent back and took Jason outside and rested him in the only source of shade she could find. She then collapsed and began to cry. She was at a lost and need a way to find survival. Perferably without becomming a hoar.

---

Adam

posted... **There**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Mon 29 Aug 2005 @ 9:30 AM (PBW Time)



Adam follows Lisa, helping her carry Jason outside. When she starts to cry, he sits down next to her, putting his arm around her. "Lisa, it'll be okay. We're doing the best we can. You did a good thing in there, standing up for this guy."

---

Lisa.

posted... **But**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Mon 29 Aug 2005 @ 9:51 AM (PBW Time)



"But we are going to die.. there is nothing we can do.. we have nothing." Lisa said crying still. She felt lost and alone now.

---

## Naomi

posted... **No choice**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Mon 29 Aug 2005 @ 1:01 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



Reluctantly, Naomi goes to rejoin Mel. She would rather be far away from this awful man, but she realised she didn't have a choice. Not only was Mel not the kind of person she could openly defy, he was the only person other than Bill she actually knew. And Bill was in no condition to do anything.

She sits opposite Mel once again.

"I did, thank you," she replies to his question, indicating her slightly more suitable attire, and trying not to let things get hostile again.

---

## Mel Stratus

posted... **Talk**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Mon 29 Aug 2005 @ 3:32 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



"I liked your other clothes better," Mel jokes, but then his face becomes serious.

"Look," he says, "You're a pretty girl all alone. I don't know where you came from, but now, you have nothing and no one. Things aren't going to go well for you without a friend. Where are you going to sleep tonight? What are you going to do for food? I will take care of you if you decide to be my woman. Otherwise, I think sooner or later, you're gonna wind up dead. I could take you by force, but lucky for you, I'm not that kind of man. Others around here are not so virtuous."

He looks around at the other patrons, and when your eyes follow his, you see that he might be right. The room is full of rough men, men eeking out a living in the wastelands somehow. They're all laughing and talking with each other right now, but underneath that thin veneer of civility, you sense that they could just as easily slit each other's throats if need be.

Mel goes on, "I run this place; you could do a lot worse, trust me. This is your last chance. Turn me down now and you're on your own."

---

## Ned Warwick



posted... **Stranger**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Mon 29 Aug 2005 @ 3:47 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

Adam and Lisa notice a man walk up, his footsteps heavy in the gathering twilight. He looks to be in his forties, perhaps a farmer.

He passes by but only glances in your direction, and though his eyes widen when he sees Jason's body, but he doesn't say anything and goes into the saloon. He seems nervous, definitely out of place in this rough environment.

Naomi, you see him too when he enters the room. He stands near the door and looks around as if getting his bearings.

Finally, as if summoning his courage, he goes over to the bar and sits down.

[\[1\]](#) [\[2\]](#) [\[3\]](#) [\[4\]](#) [\[5\]](#) [Exit](#)

This move has reached the hundred message limit. Please ask admin to post a new move.

Thread: **Naomi 2**

Board: **Dream's End**

[\[1\]](#) [\[2\]](#) [\[3\]](#) [\[4\]](#) [\[5\]](#) [Exit](#)

Naomi

posted... **Decision**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Tue 30 Aug 2005 @ 2:15 PM (PBW Time)



Naomi stares at the table, thinking hard about her reply. She didn't know what to say.

On the one hand, Mel had a good point. He was important, and would probably protect her. And she had no where else to go.

On the other hand, she didn't know if she could stand the guy. She feared him. And she hated him. She had no respect for him, he was just a bully. If she were to do anything along with him, she knew she would just have to pretend, because she felt nothing. Could she live a life of pretending?

All that was on Naomi's mind was finding some real civilisation. She was sure there must be some out there somewhere. She knew she could find her home or her relatives or *something* other than these rough desert-dwellers. The whole world can't have been destroyed. Surely not...

If she stayed with Mel, and lived this lie, would she be stuck here forever? Forced to spend her days and nights with this revolting man? Yes she probably would. It was the safe choice... but she wasn't one to play it safe. Perhaps there was another way, surely someone here was not as bad as they seemed. She could find her way out, she knew she could.

Her mind had come to view staying with Mel as the cowards choice. Maybe it was the *smart* choice, but

maybe it wasn't. She was willing to take a chance.

Naomi takes a deep breath, and looks back up at Mel.

"Your offer makes a lot of sense," she sighs, and pauses briefly. Another deep breath...

"But... I can't accept. I'll take my chances elsewhere."

By the time she has said it, she's shaking. Hardly able to comprehend what she's just done. Perhaps she'd just sealed her own fate... but the choice was now made.

---

## Mel Stratus



posted... **Decision**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 1 Sep 2005 @ 7:03 PM (PBW Time)

Mel laughed when he heard your answer, perhaps even enjoying your nervousness. "Suit yourself," he said as if he didn't care one way or the other and was just trying to do you a favor.

"Well," he added, "I was gonna forgive you about hopping on the motorcycle, but now, why should I?"

He turned to his men, who were sitting at other tables eating their dinner. "Hey guys," he said with a smile on his face, "What are you doing eating? I seem to recall that their were *two* people on Bill's bike today wasting our precious fuel but only one of them has been punished so far!"

---

## Naomi

posted... **I'm outta here...**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 2 Sep 2005 @ 1:07 PM (PBW Time)



*Shit...*

She had hoped that Mel would be angered, and storm off. She had hoped that this would give her time to get her bearings, and find a way out of here.

That hadn't happened.

Seeing his cronies responding to Mel's call, and remembering what had happened to Bill, Naomi jumps to her feet, and tries to make a quick exit through the front door.

---

## Administrator

posted... **Escape**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sat 3 Sep 2005 @ 2:14 AM (PBW Time)

Though there was a chance your desperate maneuver would be successful, unfortunately it wasn't in the cards. (I did roll for it though.)

The men quickly intercept you just as you reach the door, grab you, and pull you outside.

How hard do you struggle? Are you willing to bite or claw out eyes?

---

## Adam

posted... **What?**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sat 3 Sep 2005 @ 10:03 AM (PBW Time)



"Lisa..." Adam nudges his companion when he sees the men pull Naomi outside forcefully.

## Naomi



posted... **Struggle**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sat 3 Sep 2005 @ 1:27 PM (PBW Time)

Unable to get away, Naomi does her best to fight her way out of their grasp. But, not being particularly strong in the first place, her attempts are pretty hopeless next to the strength of these thugs.

Naomi could not bring herself to scratch out eyes or put her mouth anywhere near the disgusting men. But she isn't opposed to pulling hair and kicking and punching crotches.

## Lisa.



posted... **Growl**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sat 3 Sep 2005 @ 1:31 PM (PBW Time)

Lisa's eyes narrowed as she then charged forward. She had always been a bit of a spit fire when it came to fights. She leapt at one of the men and hit him as hard as she could cross his eyes hoping to break the jerks nose. She then looked around and saw a long length of rope.

"Adam get me that rope!" Lisa cried and pointed at it.

## Adam

posted... **Rope**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sat 3 Sep 2005 @ 2:40 PM (PBW Time)



Adam rushes into action without really thinking about what's going on. If he had thought about it, he probably would have realized how stupid their actions were. He grabs the rope and hands it to Lisa, pushing any of the thugs out of the way if necessary.

---

Administrator

posted... **Rope, aye?**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Tue 6 Sep 2005 @ 2:05 PM (PBW Time)

There's a lot of junk lying around outside, so a rope could very well be among them. Rolling dice... You're in luck--there is a rope, around eight feet long and fairly thick, but it's fraying at the ends. It's also badly weathered, so its strength might not be up to what it used to be.

Naomi, your struggles merely serve to get the men laughing, but you do connect once with your knee in someone's crotch. He howls in pain, but this small victory only serves to gain you rougher treatment.

Though you probably aren't aware of it, they are actually being fairly gentle. There're no elbows across the face or face slapping, for example, so you make it outside shaken but bruise-free.

Once outside, suddenly, a body (Lisa, though just a blur, really) suddenly leaps into the group of men. (Rolling dice... Wow. Majorly good rolling for Lisa!)

The side of Lisa's balled fist slams into one man's nose, and since he was taken completely by surprise, he falls back, reeling senselessly.

Adam, I also rolled phenomenally well for you, so you're able to grab the rope and hand it off to Lisa as fast as lightning.

Lisa.



posted... **Improvised**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Wed 7 Sep 2005 @ 8:05 AM (PBW Time)

Lisa started to use the rope like a whip. She flicked it out and wrapped it about one of the other guys necks her eyes blazing in rage. She was not about to let these idiots harm anyone. She was fed up with all this. There had to be something better out there.

Naomi



posted... **Hopefully...**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Wed 7 Sep 2005 @ 12:34 PM (PBW Time)

As Lisa and Adam engage Mel's men, Naomi closes her eyes and hopes they can do something.

She's still struggling violently, but knows that she has almost no chance of getting away unless the other two manage to free her.

Administrator

posted... **Whip**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Wed 7 Sep 2005 @ 4:21 PM (PBW Time)

Lisa, I'll assume that in your more peaceful past you used to play with whips and therefore have some skill with them now. However, for the future, can you detail your character more--add a description, background, list of skills, personality, etc.? Thanks!

Confronted by the sudden surprise attack to their flank, the men forget all about Naomi, tossing her roughly to the side as they turn to face Lisa and Adam.

The man Lisa hit is stunned this round, and she manages to get the rope around the neck of another.

Adam, what are you doing at this point?

The men, taken by surprise, turn to assess the situation, then close in on Lisa with brawling kicks and punches as well as trying to grab her. However, being still on tilt from before, none of the blows connect solidly, and they're unable to grab her either.

(BTW, don't let this run of good luck go to your head and get cocky! I've just been rolling abnormally well for you.)

Naomi, now that you're free, what do you do?

---

Adam



posted... **Stupid**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Thu 8 Sep 2005 @ 10:24 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

Against his better judgment, Adam looks for a piece of wood or metal that he can use as a weapon and wades into battle, caring more about protecting Lisa than actually beating these guys.

## Lisa.



posted... **Fire**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 8 Sep 2005 @ 10:51 AM (PBW Time)

Lisa's eyes were on fire. SHE pulled as hard as she could on the rope around the one guys neck. She had used whips to help out on animals around the town. This was the first time she had tried though on people. She kicked at one guy who was coming up beside her hoping to knock him back hard.

## Naomi



posted... **Helping out**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 8 Sep 2005 @ 11:55 AM (PBW Time)

Finding herself free and on the ground, Naomi is somewhat disorientated for a moment. But she picks herself up quickly, stumbling back from the battle a few paces.

Not much of a fighter, Naomi isn't sure how much she can do to help out Adam and Lisa. She looks around the immediate area for anything she can use to help them from a distance... something painful she can throw or with a long reach.

## Administrator

posted... **Finding weapons**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 8 Sep 2005 @ 2:15 PM (PBW Time)

Adam, you and Lisa had been sitting near what was probably a junk pile, so you manage to find a rusty pipe and take a swing at the nearest man. He leaps back and evades your hasty blow.

Naomi, you're not near a junk pile, but there are many large stones strewn around the ground. You manage to pick up two but haven't thrown them yet.

Lisa, I'll roll for the results of your action next round after Adam and Lisa post what they're doing.

---

## Adam



posted... **Fighting**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 9 Sep 2005 @ 6:54 AM (PBW Time)

Adam continues to swing the pole, trying to position himself as close to Lisa as possible. *"What the hell am I doing?"*

---

## Naomi



posted... **Going for a knockout.**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 9 Sep 2005 @ 7:02 AM (PBW Time)

Not seeing anything else of much use, Naomi grabs the two largest stones she can find lying in the dust. She picks them up and watches what was now a full-fledged brawl, trying to stay out of the way.

The men seemed to have forgotten about her, but maybe she could use that to her advantage. Naomi wasn't a brilliant thrower, but she wasn't a girly girl either. She knew *how* to throw, she had played baseball as a kid. Not very well, but she'd played it.

She throws the first stone at the nearest man, trying to hit him in the head. The thought of regretting badly hurting them didn't even cross her mind, as far

as she was concerned they all deserved it. And it was them or her.

Shortly afterwards, she throws the second. If the same man was not stunned by the first stone, she aims it at him. If he was, she aims it at the next nearest.

---

Administrator

posted... **Crazy rolling continues!**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sat 10 Sep 2005 @ 12:30 PM (PBW Time)

Lisa, I rolled well for you again. You pull hard on the rope, and the man, caught off guard, stumbles forward, almost taking one knee.

Another man, however, socks you hard across the face. That'll leave a mark, but in your rage, you don't even feel it.

Naomi, your first rock actually does connect with the man's head! However, if he is stunned, it's only slightly. In fact, he seems more enraged than anything, despite the trickle of blood down his neck. He turns and heads straight for you.

Adam, I rolled poorly for you. The man you're attacking backs away defensively, able to avoid your blows and draws his gun. Another man had been advancing on you, but your powerful swings with the iron pipe keep him at bay.

The man with the gun doesn't fire, thankfully, but he does point it at you.

"Everyone stop!" he cries.

Someone else cries, "Mel! Get your ass out here."

The door to the building had still been open when Lisa attacked, so Mel and many of the patrons hear and are coming now.

What do you all do? Naomi, do you still throw the second stone?

## Naomi



### posted... **Second stone**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sat 10 Sep 2005 @ 1:20 PM (PBW Time)

Naomi is about to throw the second stone at the man she had already hit, filled with fear as he approaches.

But suddenly, a loud yell stops all of them, the sudden threat of a lethal gun making a rather large difference.

Naomi tries to back off from the man who had approached her, keeping the second stone behind her back. It was far too risky to throw it right now, but she hopes that an opportunity may soon present itself. Maybe she'd throw it at Mel...

(Note: if the man she hit with the first stone does not stop when the man with the gun yells, and tries to grab her, Naomi will, in a panic, instead attempt to smash the stone across his face.)

[\[1\]](#) [\[2\]](#) [\[3\]](#) [\[4\]](#) [\[5\]](#) [Exit](#)

This move has reached the hundred message limit. Please ask admin to post a new move.

Thread: **Naomi 2**

Board: **Dream's End**

[\[1\]](#) [\[2\]](#) [\[3\]](#) [\[4\]](#) [\[5\]](#) [Exit](#)

Adam

posted... **Shit**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sat 10 Sep 2005 @ 4:31 PM (PBW Time)



Adam backs off, holding the pipe in the air in a sign of surrender, while praying that Lisa and the other girl don't try anything stupid, anything that could get him killed.

Lisa.

posted... **Crap**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sat 10 Sep 2005 @ 9:52 PM (PBW Time)



Lisa swore to herself and let the rope go. She pulled back silently shaking her head and shut her eyes.

"Crap this is not good." She muttered then moved away from everyone.

Administrator

posted... **Fight**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sun 11 Sep 2005 @ 12:52 PM (PBW Time)

Naomi, the man, enraged, ignores what's happening behind him and charges you.

"You bitch!" he cries, his face contorted by rage into a fearsome blood-spattered visage.

You attempt to bring the rock from behind your back to smash him in the face, but everything happens too fast. You remember bringing the rock up to strike him but aren't sure if you were able to or not. The next thing you remember is that you're scrambling away from him, off balance, running and stumbling. He's somewhere behind you. (I rolled bad for you as well as him, so he didn't get you.)

---

## Mel Stratus



posted... **Hissy Fit**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sun 11 Sep 2005 @ 1:02 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

Mel appears in the doorway, his large form suddenly blocking much of the light, it shrouding him in a brilliant halo.

However angelic his appearance, his words were otherwise. Normally unflappable, he appeared pushed beyond his edge when he cried, "WHAT THE HECK IS GOING ON NOW???"

"No problem. No problem at all," the man with the gun says coolly, still aiming at Adam but keeping an eye on Lisa as well. The others, save for the one going after Naomi, have become still, waiting, but they've all drawn what weapons they have.

---

## Naomi

posted... **Running**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sun 11 Sep 2005 @ 1:11 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



Naomi scrambles away from the man who is chasing her. She's half-hoping that Mel and the others notice her, as they'd probably at least stop this one from hunting her down.

She continues to run, not really sure where she is going, just trying to put as much distance as she can between herself and her pursuer.

Lisa.

posted... **Think**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sun 11 Sep 2005 @ 3:21 PM (PBW Time)



Lisa frowned a moment in thought then attempted something sudden. She may not know how to use a gun but she could still attempt. Then she realized she had let go of the rope. She winced then looked for how many weapons were drawn and how many were guns. Slowly she licked her lips before sighing.

"Damn.. Adam.. I'm sorry.. Maybe I was the worst choice for a survivor from our home..." She said softly.

Administrator

posted... **Kangaroo Court #2?**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 15 Sep 2005 @ 6:15 PM (PBW Time)

Naomi, you manage to get to your feet and escape into the rocky wilderness surrounding the roadhouse, the light from the building quickly vanishing into darkness. Each step is a peril on the uneven ground, yet so far your feet always manage to find something solid on which to plant themselves.

You reach a rocky slope and scramble up it, and only when you reach the top do you look back. The man pursuing you is not far behind, but you feel fairly sure that you'll be able to disappear into the brush and elude him eventually.

Meanwhile, back in the light, Lisa takes stock of the

situation and sees that six of the men have some kind of handgun out while Mel, though having one, still has not drawn it. The remaining three men have knives, ranging from small to fairly large.

Mel, seeing Naomi escape calls his man back. "Let her go. There's nothing out there. She'll be back..."

He then turns to Lisa, smiles, and says, "Well, aren't you a feisty one."

Turning to Adam, he looks him up and down before saying, "Looks like you're a pretty brave man too. Or maybe foolish, taking on my entire gang. What do you have to say for yourselves?"

Had he been flustered before, he seems to have recovered, though he also seems like he could explode again at any moment.

---

Lisa.



posted... **Gulp**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Fri 16 Sep 2005 @ 7:17 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

Lisa gulped and shifted a bit nervously. She looked at Mel with a frown.

"I don't like seeing people getting harmed. I never have." Lisa said softly shaking her head. "I don't care what happens to me anymore." Lisa muttered the last part shutting her eyes a moment.

---

Naomi

posted... **Out of breath**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Fri 16 Sep 2005 @ 12:48 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



When Mel recalls her pursuer, Naomi collapses in the most sheltered spot she can find, panting for breath.

She had no idea what she was going to do now. She couldn't go back, not now. But she couldn't go forward either, there was no where else to go.

Sitting down to rest, she tries to rethink her situation.

---

## Adam

posted... **Quiet**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sun 18 Sep 2005 @ 9:19 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



Adam remains silent, while thinking, "Lisa, calm down or you're going to get us both killed." He looks at Mel calmly, holding perfectly still.

---

## Mel Stratus

posted... **Parley**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Tue 20 Sep 2005 @ 6:57 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



"The man has good advice," Mel says to Lisa. "The way I see it, you all have two choices. Leave or join my gang. If you leave, most likely you'll die out in the wilderness, but don't think that joining us is gonna be a cake-walk. I see now that you two can fight, so that's the only reason I'm making this offer, but at the same time, we'll have to be sure of your loyalty, and the initiation will be especially rough since well..."

He looks around at this point and gestures to the general area of the recent commotion. Not needing to say more, he awaits your answer.

Lisa.



posted... **Growl**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Tue 20 Sep 2005 @ 11:50 PM (PBW Time)

Lisa growled a moment then took deep breaths. She shut her eyes then looked at Adam sadly.

"I think it is our best choice." Lisa said softly and ran a hand through her hair nervously. She didn't trust any of them but she knew on their own they would be in worse condition.

Adam



posted... **No**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 22 Sep 2005 @ 5:30 AM (PBW Time)

Adam stares back at Lisa, a serious look in his eyes. "No way I'm joining these guys..."

Lisa.

posted... **Idiot**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 22 Sep 2005 @ 7:31 AM (PBW Time)



"Do you want to survive or not? I learned how to use a whip when dealing with the few animals that was in our town.. It's all gone and there isn't much for us to survive... at least this way I won't have to resort to something else." Lisa pointed out her eyes flaming with her inner strength.

---

Adam

posted... No

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sat 24 Sep 2005 @ 1:12 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



"Do what you have to do, Lisa. I won't sell out just to survive."

---

Administrator

posted... Man

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sun 25 Sep 2005 @ 3:29 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

"The boy's just scared," one of the men said.

Then, laughing, he went on, "Afraid to take a beating? Your girlfriend's not... and we'll do worse things to her."

---

Lisa.

posted... Growl

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sun 25 Sep 2005 @ 5:34 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



Lisa looked at them and growled a bit at this shaking her head.

"Depends what things.. A beating sure.. but anyone one of you touch me in the way that girl in there likes... and I will bite through your flesh with my own teeth." Lisa says motioning to the place.

---

## Mel Stratus

posted... **Bite**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Tue 27 Sep 2005 @ 11:47 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



"You're free to try," Mel said, "But there are no guarantees about what form your initiation will take. Do you still want to join us? We could use all the good fighters we can, but you're free to try your luck out there also."

He gestures broadly into the dark desert expanse.

Lisa and Adam, you know that your settlement was razed, but there are others out there. Perhaps another one might take you in? Of course, there's no guarantee you won't run into men even worse than Mel's gang either! It's up to you to decide what to do.

---

## Adam

posted... **On my own**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Tue 27 Sep 2005 @ 3:41 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



"Do what you have to do, Lisa. I'll head for another settlement." Adam tries to remain collected, but his nerves are getting the best of him. He shakes a bit and is starting to sweat. Secretly, he hopes that Lisa stays with him, for he's not sure he can make it on his own, and he's grown rather attached to her.

Lisa.

posted... **Glance**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Tue 27 Sep 2005 @ 11:45 PM (PBW Time)



Lisa looked at Adam and smiled. She moved and hugged him then pulled back.

"You know I've already decided Adam. You go do what you must as will I." Lisa said and stepped away from him sadly.

[\[1\]](#) [\[2\]](#) [\[3\]](#) [\[4\]](#) [\[5\]](#) [Exit](#)