

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

Thread: **Rick 2**

Board: **Dream's End**

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

Mayliki

posted... **Rick 2**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Wed 27 Jul 2005 @ 7:18 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



Surprisingly, she takes your hand, but she does it in the way a man on the playing field might accept the hand of a teammate.

"Well, I guess I'm hoping beyond hope that someone somewhere survived all this," Mayliki says, but prospects don't look good. As if on cue to dash all hopes, a chill wind picks up.

"Nuclear winter..." you think to yourself, hoping maybe it's just an unseasonable cold front.

"Shit," Mayliki says, "Let's head back to the fire."

Of course, back at the campsite, there is no fire anymore, as the gale-force winds scattered all the logs. Luckily, there doesn't seem to be a forest fire anywhere.

You rush to gather wood together, and with shaking fingers, as much from the cold as the emotional trauma, you try to help Mayliki light them.

After a few minutes, Mayliki gets angry, throws the tinder down, and kicks over the pot of stew. It flies twenty feet into the trees, scattering the food everywhere.

"Mother-fucker!" she cries and starts whacking her leg into a nearby tree trunk again and again until bark starts flying off.

Rick Wyler



posted... "She needs to vent,"

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Wed 27 Jul 2005 @ 11:19 PM (PBW Time)

Rick thinks. "But I'd better hold it together, at least for now. We need a fire!"

Rubbing his hands together to stimulate circulation and mobility, he reapplies himself to the flame and tinder. He has slightly larger twigs near at hand, ready to place in a teepee configuration over the beginning fire and feed the blaze as it begins to grow."

Administrator

posted... Fire

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 28 Jul 2005 @ 3:45 PM (PBW Time)

Remaining calm, you manage to concentrate on building the fire, and in a few minutes it springs to life.

"Thank God for the Boy Scouts," you think to yourself, though their motto of "Be Prepared" probably never included a situation quite like this...

Looking up, you notice that Mayliki has wandered off ("Stalked off" is probably more accurate.), but since you hear cursing and trees getting whacked, you know she hasn't gone far.

You're just about to get up to go find her when she reappears on her own accord. "Oh goodie," she says sarcastically, "What a nice little fire."

Despite her lack of gratitude, she does sit in front of it and warm her hands.

After a moment, she seems calmer. "I don't know why I'm so upset," she scoffs, "Not like I really liked the world the way it was anyway. Shit, it's cold. Dammit! Let's get out of here. Walking will keep us warm; who cares if it's pitch dark. Let's go see how badly fucked the next town over is."

She rips open her backpack, dumps some clothing

on the ground, and begins to undress. It's not much, but the extra layers will help.

Rick Wyler



posted... Preparations

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

on Thu 28 Jul 2005 @ 4:50 PM (PBW Time)

** EDITED July 29, 2005, 2:22 pm **

Rick gets out his tin mess kit and uses a half-burnt stick to shovel into it a thick layer of ashes, and a number of live embers, then some more ash. He closes the kit, wraps that in some extra underwear, then tucks in into his pack.

"Firepot," he tells May by way of explanation. "The embers will stay live for hours and it will be easier to start another fire."

As he changes to fresh socks and pulls on some extra clothes, he asks, "Do you want to head over Kansas or Missouri way?"

Mayliki



posted... Plan

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

on Fri 29 Jul 2005 @ 7:05 PM (PBW Time)

Mayliki shrugs at the firepot, apparently in no mood for edification.

"How 'bout we just make it to the next town? I could care less about Kansas or Missouri," she retorts, already tromping off into the pitch dark night. The dust from before hasn't settled, making the forest enclosed in an eerie shroud. How she plans to find her way seems impossible, yet she doesn't seem to care, the feeble light from her headlamp cutting barely two feet into the fog.

Rick Wyler

posted... Following,

[\[edit\]](#)
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on Sat 30 Jul 2005 @ 8:22 PM (PBW Time)



still edifying. "Smithville's probably the closest town outside of the KC Metro City limits. North by northeast."

Administrator

rolls... 1=really lost, 6=kinda lost

[\[edit\]](#)

on Tue 2 Aug 2005 @ 4:54 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

August 2, 2005, 5:54 pm

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

1 = 1

Total = 1

Administrator

posted... **Night Hike**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Tue 2 Aug 2005 @ 4:59 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

Hiking through uncharted territory in a pitch dark night... not a good idea, even with your night vision goggles.

Oh no! I rolled a 1. 8-O

Mayliki walks for several hours at a very fast pace, just plowing through bushes. How she's finding her way is beyond your reasoning, but she seems even more confident than during the day. Perhaps too confident. Slowly, you suspect that she's stopped bothering to chart a rational course and is merely heading in a general direction.

However, even with your night vision goggles, the dust is so thick, you can hardly see. Several times you trip and fall, but Mayliki doesn't stop.

Then, the rain comes, and it's a strange rain. "This must be nuclear fall-out," you think to yourself.

Rick Wyler



posted... "Stop a minute!"

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Tue 2 Aug 2005 @ 6:13 PM (PBW Time)

Rick calls. "Stop! Hold up!" If she doesn't hear him, he'll hurry forward, catch her arm, and immediately release it, going into a defensive position (he's learned wariness for her reflexes).

"Hey, wait! I think we're lost. We've had enough time to make Smithville, go back to where we camped, and get there again. I have a compass, here. At least check the trees to see where the moss grows so we know which way is north!"

Mayliki



posted... Lost

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Wed 3 Aug 2005 @ 10:17 PM (PBW Time)

Feeling your grip on her arm, Mayliki whirls around, but, luckily for you, she seems to have decided not to launch an attack this time.

"What the fuck kind of rain is this?" she asks, as if noticing it for the first time.

With one of her characteristic huffs, she throws down her backpack and jerks out a rain poncho. She's about to put it on when she pauses.

"Crap," she says, "Might as well wait this out." Apparently, the toxic rain has brought her back to her senses, at least a little bit. "Come on, we'll build a shelter out of this poncho."

A little while later, the two of you are huddling under a makeshift tent, the chill once again creeping into your bones, though the warmth from the firepot helps a lot.

Mayliki doesn't say a word about being lost, but she doesn't contradict your conclusion either. Instead she pulls a bottle of Skyy vodka from her backpack and starts drinking it directly from the bottle. After a few swigs, with a jerk of her arm, without looking over,

she passes it to you.

Rick Wyler



posted... "Thank you,"

[\[edit\]](#)

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on Wed 3 Aug 2005 @ 10:48 PM (PBW Time)

Ricks says, taking a companionable drink, though only a sip. "Mmm. Very therapeutic. We've got to watch it, though. Alcohol just makes you feel warm. It actually takes on the ambient temperature of an area and lowers your own. Too much and it could mean hypothermia. Good stuff, though." Another sip, and he passes it back.

Mayliki



posted... Warmth

[\[edit\]](#)

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on Thu 4 Aug 2005 @ 12:13 PM (PBW Time)

"What are you? Some kinda boy scout?" Mayliki says, taking the bottle back and gulping more down. She's a lush if you've ever seen one.

The booze seems to loosen her tongue though a bit and she tells you all about why she likes Skyy vodka. "Tastes like shit, I know, but I'm not one of those girly-girls who like it all fruity. Skyy... pure as the driven snow... no hang-over, well, not bad anyway... so I can still fight!"

She makes violent movements with her arms and legs, and some rain drips in the tent.

"Drink up, dude!" she says, passing the bottle back. "World's gone shitfaced, we might as well too."

Rick Wyler

posted... Takes the bottle--

[\[edit\]](#)

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on Thu 4 Aug 2005 @ 12:39 PM (PBW Time)



not wanting to insult her-- but takes only a sip.
 "Well, yeah, actually I am a Boy Scout. I work-- worked, I guess-- as a leader for Troop #64. And I also have this thing about freezing to death. It would be a silly way to die after all that we've survived. And I think if we want to keep on surviving, we're going to have to keep a fairly clear head."
 "I do agree with you, though, that it FEELS like a pretty appropriate time to give yourself some temporary amnesia..." Offers the bottle back.

Mayliki

posted... **Booze**

[\[edit\]](#)

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on Fri 5 Aug 2005 @ 5:38 PM (PBW Time)



Mayliki looks at you blankly as you talk.

"Uh huh," she says noncomittally when you're done and takes the bottle back.

She takes a final pull on it before setting it between you. (You estimate that she's already swallowed enough liquor to fill ten shot glasses.)

Due to the cold, I'll assume both of you've unrolled your sleeping bags and are currently sharing them (and the firepot). The night should be uncomfortable but surviveable this way, if the fallout doesn't get you.

"So tell me about yourself, Rick. Just no more gloom and doom, please. It's cold enough already. Are you from around here? I'm from St. Louis but I got sent to live with some relatives in Topeka. I blew that joint and was on my way back to St. Louis, but I kinda just stopped here."

Rick Wyler

posted... **Sharing**

[\[edit\]](#)

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on Sun 7 Aug 2005 @ 10:46 AM (PBW Time)



"Well, I'm not up to where I can do comedy, yet, but I'll try not to depress you any further."

"My background isn't so colorful. All-American boy. Pretty stable nuclear family. Dad a dry cleaner, Mom left off career to raise kids up to school age, then went back to work at the IRS. Brother a mechanic, sister a commercial artist."

"Grandparents good honest folk: farmers and stockyard workers. I'm the first in my family to go to college, and they're all very proud, even if I 'don't really WORK for a living,' in their words. I promise you, though, thirty teenagers in a classroom, try to teach them something and you're working!"

"Got some help going to school from football scholarships." He shrugged. "Okay for the college team, not really pro material, so I double majored in athletics and education. I do some coaching at Liberty High School, and teach Health, Public Speaking, and Drama. How's that for a mixed portfolio?"

"Oh, yeah, and I was engaged to be married. Until a couple of days ago."

Rick stops, realizing that he's headed down Doom & Gloom Boulevard.

"Back to you, Mayliki. Where did you pick up all those amazing combat techniques?"

Mayliki

posted... **Mayliki**

[\[edit\]](#)

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

[\[delete\]](#)



"I guess I'm just a *natural born killer*," Mayliki says, cocking her head to one side with a vengeful look in her eye.

Then she laughs, "You pick it up fast being a pit fighter, but I was always good, even before that. Some of my friends were addicts or cutters. Me, I like pain, just not when it's so self-inflicted... and I'm an addict too, I guess." So saying, she picks up the bottle again for another two-shotglass swig.

"No hard drugs for me though. Heck, I don't even smoke. But this..." She picks up the bottle again.

"This numbs the pain. I'm tough anyway, but when I'm drunk I'll fight you all night long." She takes another swig.

"Besides, it gives me a nice mellow feeling." Saying this, she slides down a little to a more relaxed posture halfway between sitting and lying.

Rick Wyler



posted... Benevolent distraction

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Mon 8 Aug 2005 @ 12:06 PM (PBW Time)

"So, what's the toughest fight you've ever been in?" Rick asked.

The gravity of his situation was not lost on him. He was out here under a pancho-shelter, sharing sleeping bags with a very dangerous person. True, it might not be her fault that she was psychotic, and she had been a friend to him, of sorts, but she frankly made him a little nervous.

Though physically capable enough, himself, after their sparring that afternoon he was very aware that there were at least three or four ways Mayliki could kill him and probably not work up a sweat.

He was undeniably more useful to her alive, than dead, but she'd already illustrated a tendency to be impulsive and what was good for her would be quickly back-burnered if she got angry.

So, while authentically wanting to help the woman, and grateful for the help she had given, he very much hoped that she would be tired and/or drunk and want to sleep soon. At least, he should try to keep her calm.

Mayliki

posted... Toughest Fight

[\[edit\]](#)

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on Tue 9 Aug 2005 @ 12:03 PM (PBW Time)



Trying to keep her calm is a very good idea, but unfortunately, she seems to be getting more animated the more she drinks rather than the opposite.

"Haven't had any tough fights," Mayliki replies with a stone-cold serious look on her face, staring at you for a few seconds.

Then she laughs her snorting laugh. "No, well, once there was this big guy who... this was in a pit fight... he got me down and was on top of me. I actually lost that fight, but it was close. Both of us didn't look so good after! I guess that was my worst loss, but since then I learned a few new tricks. I beat that guy later. Broke his arm, hehehee. He doesn't come 'round much anymore." She grins a sly grin.

If you ask for more details: "Ha, no, I ain't tellin' you my tricks! But, yeah, there are ways a smaller person can beat a bigger person. I lift weights too, of course, but still, there are a *few* guys stronger than me. Just one or two." She elbows you playfully.

Regardless, she'll go on: "We didn't do much wrestling today, did we? So I you haven't seen any of my tricks. Come on, try and hold me down. Choke me out too, if you can!" She slides further down and grabs your shoulders trying to pull you on top of her.

Rick Wyler



posted... "Umm..."

[\[edit\]](#)

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on Tue 9 Aug 2005 @ 4:03 PM (PBW Time)

you better show me your tricks another time," Rick suggested. "This shelter is a little towards the flimsy side and I don't think it will stand up to a wrestling match."

He shifts his weight over to the side, so he won't be pulled astride her, and pats her hands in a friendly/conciliatory gesture.

Mayliki



posted... **Wrestling**

[\[edit\]](#)

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on Thu 11 Aug 2005 @ 2:25 PM (PBW Time)

Mayliki stops the rough-housing. "I suppose you're right," she says disappointedly, then adds, "You're still a wimp though," smiling a little.

She continues to drink and talk for a few more hours but finally dozes off in the small hours.

The next day, she arises stiffly, though in surprisingly good spirits considering the quantity of booze she drank.

If there will be any radiation sickness from the fallout, it hasn't hit either of you yet.

"Dammit!" Mayliki says, "Why'd you let me tromp off and get us lost last night? You knew I was mad and not in my right mind!"

She looks around trying to get her bearings, but it seems quite hopeless.

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

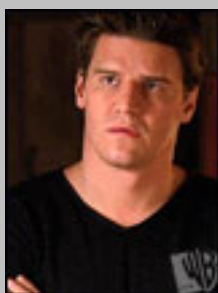
This move has reached the hundred message limit. Please ask admin to post a new move.

Thread: **Rick 2**

Board: **Dream's End**

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Rick Wyler



posted... **disposition**

[\[edit\]](#)

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on Thu 11 Aug 2005 @ 6:43 PM (PBW Time)

The night before Rick slept with Mayliki, but only sleep and only to share body warmth. He values her as an ally. Perhaps, in time, she might be a friend. But he's pretty certain he doesn't want to get anymore involved with her than that. There might not be any therapists left alive. And, if there were, it's a fair chance that Mayliki would kill them.

"Dammit!" Mayliki says. "Why'd you let me tromp off and get us lost last night? You knew I was mad and not in my right mind."

"And how would I have stopped you?" Rick asks patiently. "I did pretty well just to keep up with you!"

He begins striking camp.

Mayliki

posted... **Lost**

[\[edit\]](#)

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on Fri 12 Aug 2005 @ 9:48 AM (PBW Time)



Though it's just past dawn, the sky's full of terribly dark clouds, though it doesn't feel like the rain will return. Beneath the clouds is a heavy layer of fog-like dust, further obscuring the light, covering the entire landscape in a dim, reddish, dusk-like glow. You can see, but rather poorly, as if in a dimly lit room.

It's still dreadfully cold, and being underdressed, your fingers shake as you pack up your gear. The firepot's nearly out, and you're unsure if you'll be able to light a fire from it.

"Whatever," Mayliki spats and continues thrusting her gear into her backpack with extreme vehemence. She grabs the bottle of vodka, and before thrusting it in, as if on a lark, pops it open and downs a few more gulps.

"That's better," she says sarcastically.

"So what now, boy scout?" she says. "I guess this has just proven that I suck at wilderness travel. Why don't you be good at something for a change?"

(Ouch. ;-)
Skyy Vodka--not supposed to have a hang over, eh?)

Rick Wyler

posted... **Rick looks**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Fri 12 Aug 2005 @ 5:31 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



skyward for however faint a telltale glow that would show the sun's position. Then he inspects the trunks of nearby trees looking for moss and lichen growths, "Working on it," he says to Mayliki.

Administrator

posted... **Lost**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sun 14 Aug 2005 @ 9:45 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

Ok, I did some die rolls to see how the two of you do. Prospects weren't good today, but at least no one sprained their ankle or got bit by a snake. You spend the day searching for higher ground to get your bearings, but it was unsuccessful.

Even at high noon, the light is still nearly as dim as dusk, and you note, grimly, that unless this changes soon, all the plants will begin to die.

During the day, when you keep moving, the chill isn't so bad, but if it keeps up, one or both of you will most likely catch a cold.

By nightfall, you've made no progress, but at least, you managed to not get lost further and are pretty sure you're not just walking around in circles, which you learned to avoid doing in the boy scouts.

Still, spirits are low as you begin striking camp, and Mayliki, who'd drank steadily through the day, seems to begin in earnest.

Rick Wyler



posted... To Mayliki

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

on Mon 15 Aug 2005 @ 9:12 AM (PBW Time)

"Why don't you get some firewood? I'll put up the tent and get a firepit ready. We're going to need it tonight."

Mayliki is a blessing in disguise, Rick thinks. She doesn't handle despair well-- and you'd think she'd be used to it, as hard as her life has been-- but is a catastrophically staggering development.

He, himself, get through it by focusing on the immediate needs and not thinking through the greater ramifications. Taking care of May helps. Though he's not comfortable with her, it means that he's not alone with his thoughts, and has someone to look out for.

Rick wishes it could have been Paula with him. Or even Dawn. They could have given strength as well as received it. Now, if they're attacked, Mayliki has strength to spare. But he's becoming worried that

he'll find himself treated as an abused spouse.
What then?

Mayliki



posted... **Firewood**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Thu 18 Aug 2005 @ 6:40 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

OOC - Hehehee... "abused spouse" ;-)

BIC - Mayliki says nothing at your request to get firewood, but as she trudges off into the woods, you assume it's to obey.

In a minute she returns with an arm-load of wood, you notice, feeling thankful that though she might have a big mouth, she's not unwilling to do her share when it comes to work.

She throws the sticks down, and then, silently, perhaps in a drunken stupor, she starts digging a firepit, but stops after a few shovelfuls.

"Are you a man, Rick?" she asks, confusing you as to her meaning. Somehow, you don't think it has to do with digging firepits...

Rick Wyler



posted... **Finishing**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Fri 19 Aug 2005 @ 8:23 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

with the shelter, Rick answers her cautiously. "I like to think so. What are we talking about?"

Mayliki

posted... **Man**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sat 20 Aug 2005 @ 11:30 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



"Oh, nothing," Mayliki says and laughs. Somehow, the cryptic exchange seems to have lightened her mood, and she returns to digging the firepit.

Long story short, the two of you spend another freezing night together and share a dwindling food and water supply. Sleeping arrangement remains platonic, though you can't help but share body warmth.

Also, you're relieved to see that Mayliki, exhausted after the long, frustrating day, decides to get some sleep rather than sit up drinking like the night before.

Still, all too soon, the dawn of the next day arrives, bring with it more cold, and your aching joints are now compounded by sore muscles.

Mayliki's elbow in your ribs jars you into wakefulness. "Let's get this show on the road," she says. "Think we'll make it out of these woods before we die?"

OOO - If you have plans for the night other than this, just let me know. Otherwise, I'll speed through things, hopefully to get to times more interesting than wandering around in the woods. :)

Rick Wyler



posted... "Think we'll make it

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on Mon 22 Aug 2005 @ 8:36 AM (PBW Time)

out of these woods before we die?" Mayliki asks. "I thought we'd be out of them by now," Rick admits. "I think we've been traveling in, more or less, a straight line and not circling, but these woods were not this extensive on the maps. I've hiked and camped in parts of them before, myself, so I'm not sure why the trees keep going on."

"I do know that the alternative to trying is just staying here to die. So I'm up for trying."

(OOO: Sharing body heat is only good sense and necessary. NO problem there. Rick is grateful May's

not trying to force a physical relationship.)

Administrator

posted... **Trying and dying**

[\[edit\]](#)

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on Fri 26 Aug 2005 @ 6:34 PM (PBW Time)

Mayliki rolls her eyes. "Oh, I'll fight this to my last breath, you can be sure of that," she says, adding new wood to the fire.

After a hasty breakfast the two of you set out again. You're both cold, tired, and demoralized, but since there's no other option, you have no choice but to continue the hike.

Now totally lost, all you do is attempt to keep moving in a straight line, hoping it will eventually lead somewhere. You're in the lead now, Mayliki having lost all sense of direction.

At noon, you share a sullen meal with Mayliki, carefully rationing your dwindling food supply.

A few hours later finds the two of you still plodding along, no hope in sight.

Suddenly, you hear Mayliki stop behind you, and you cringe, ready to endure another one of her angry outbursts. "I've been waiting for this all day," you think to yourself, having been surprised at how silent she'd been--sullenly silent, but still silent.

"Do you even know where you're going???" she starts in. "How do you know you're not just leading us deeper and deeper into the wilderness?"

You're about to turn around to face her when you think you see something up ahead. Could it be a road? You're not sure, yet your heart leaps into your mouth at the hope of it all.

Rick Wyler

posted... **Good news?**

[\[edit\]](#)

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on Sat 27 Aug 2005 @ 9:02 AM (PBW Time)



"Don't get your hopes up just yet," Rick advises her. "But I think I see something ahead. You want to rest, or come with me to check it?"
He starts slowly forward.

Administrator

posted... Road

[\[edit\]](#)

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on Sun 28 Aug 2005 @ 8:09 PM (PBW Time)

"What now?" Mayliki said, but followed after Rick despite her doubts.

Indeed, it was a road! (You guys got lucky--I rolled good for ya today.)

"Holy crap," Mayliki said, obviously happy but downplaying it by putting on the attitude of "why couldn't this've happened 24 hrs. ago???"

This must be a service road, you think to yourself, and making an educated guess as to which direction would lead to the main road, you follow it, eventually returning to civilization--a small road-side town in the dim twilight. It seems deserted with all the shops closed up tight.

You suspect that Mayliki has caught a cold, as she's sniffing and coughing but doing her best to hide it. So far, you feel exhausted and chilled to the bone, but healthy otherwise.

Rick Wyler

posted... Gazing around,

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on Mon 29 Aug 2005 @ 12:25 PM (PBW Time)



Rick ruminates, "Hmm. I wonder if there are any survivors here?"

He looks for lights, smoke wafting up, animals tied to posts, fenced in, etc., listens for human-type noises (coherent speech rhythms, music, engines running, etc.)

"We may want to be a little cautious," he suggests, taking the scenery in. "Whoever's here might be alright, but fear and panic do strange things to people from what I've heard..."

Administrator

posted... **Town**

[\[edit\]](#)

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on Mon 29 Aug 2005 @ 3:54 PM (PBW Time)

You carefully scrutinize your surroundings but find no sign of life anywhere.

"Where is everybody?" Mayliki asks in her regular, fairly loud voice. So much for being cautious, you think to yourself, cringing at her volume.

Seemingly ignoring your admonishment to be careful, she starts walking down the sidewalk and looking into store windows.

Suddenly, a medium-sized dog runs across the street, perhaps fifty feet away, and seeing the movement, Mayliki jerked into action, whipping one of her guns from its holster beneath her jacket.

When she sees it's only a dog, she turns back to look at you and shrugs, smiling sheepishly.

"You up for a little looting?" she says.

Rick Wyler

posted... **"I have no problem**

[\[edit\]](#)

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on Tue 30 Aug 2005 @ 9:18 AM (PBW Time)



taking something that someone else doesn't need," Rick agreed. "Especially under the current circumstances. But we'd still better be careful. There might still be people here, laying low. Ready to ambush looters."

"I guess we'd better try to find a doctor's office or clinic, as well as food and warmer clothing." (And, he feared, knowing Mayliki a little bit by now, there would probably be a liquor store.)

Mayliki

posted... **Looting**

[\[edit\]](#)

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on Thu 1 Sep 2005 @ 7:13 PM (PBW Time)



As if reading your thoughts, Mayliki said, "And my vodka supply's running low." She grinned her characteristic half-grin, letting it fall off her face before it'd full developed.

"As for being careful, sure thing," she said, twirling the gun around her finger a few times meaningfully before re-holstering it.

Mayliki quickly found a grocery store, broke the front window, and stepped inside, heading straight for the hard liquor section.

Rick Wyler

posted... **For his part**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 2 Sep 2005 @ 8:35 AM (PBW Time)



Rick moved to the section where he could get tinned meats, canned fruits and vegetables, a box or two of crackers, and a wax-covered wheel of cheese. They'd have to eat this last in the next day or two, but he didn't think that would be a problem.

He moved slowly, keeping track of Mayliki's progress by the sound of her movements (the clink of bottles), as he listened for other telling noises. Where had the people of this town gone? Had they fled or been evacuated? Wiped out by some kind of flesh-disintegrating neutron bomb attack? Were some of them in hiding, even now, watching him and his traveling companion?

Though Mayliki was entirely too rough and bibulous for his taste, her senses and combat instincts could not be faulted. Nonetheless, he would make it a point to stay alert, himself. He had never cared for surprises.

Administrator

posted... ???

[\[edit\]](#)

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on Sat 3 Sep 2005 @ 2:21 AM (PBW Time)

You manage to grab a half dozen cans of food when your heightened awareness of Mayliki pays off. You don't know what it is exactly, but suddenly, the hairs on the back of your neck stick up. It was more of a feeling than anything else, though maybe her sudden silence had something to do with it too. You're sure she's seen or heard something and had froze.

"Hello?"

A voice came from just outside the store. A man's voice...

Rick Wyler

posted... Moving around

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sun 4 Sep 2005 @ 9:26 AM (PBW Time)



the corner of the aisle for cover, just in case, Rick replies, "Hello. Nasty weather we're having, isn't it?" He draws the pistol from his holster. Again, just in case.

Administrator

posted... Stranger

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Tue 6 Sep 2005 @ 2:08 PM (PBW Time)

"Umm... yeah..." came the reply from the unseen man outside the store. "What are you doing in there?" His voice did not seem threatening, but given the circumstances, Rick remains cautious.

No noise came from Mayliki's direction, and Rick could not see her.

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

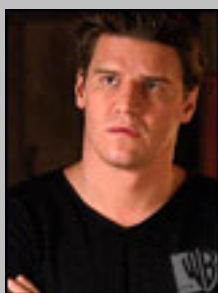
This move has reached the hundred message limit. Please ask admin to post a new move.

Thread: **Rick 2**

Board: **Dream's End**

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

Rick Wyler



posted... **Refugee**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Tue 6 Sep 2005 @ 2:14 PM (PBW Time)

"I was in Kansas City when the plague hit," Rick responded, being literally truthful, though neglecting to mention Mayliki at this point. "The way things were going, it seemed a good idea to get out of the metro area. I was gone by the time the bomb hit, but not by much. Since then it's been wilderness wandering until I got to your town here. At first glance it didn't look like anyone stayed."

Administrator

posted... **Man**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Wed 7 Sep 2005 @ 4:25 PM (PBW Time)

"I'm coming in," the man said, "My wife's with me. We just need some food. You won't hurt us, will you?"

(Rolling dice to check something...)

You still hear absolutely nothing from Mayliki.

Rick Wyler

posted... **"No,**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Wed 7 Sep 2005 @ 9:01 PM (PBW Time)



I won't hurt you," Rick assured the man outside. "Actually, I'd be glad for the extra company. Come on in."
Quietly he changed his position, moving across the aisle and behind another shelf than the one from which he had spoken. He honestly did not wish to hurt whomever was coming in, and hoped they felt the same about him.
But he would be ready just in case they didn't.

Administrator

posted... **Couple**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 8 Sep 2005 @ 2:31 PM (PBW Time)

From behind the shelf, you see a man and a woman step cautiously into view. They're both in their late thirties, and the man is rather thin, has a scraggly red beard, and is wearing a flannel shirt. He's carrying a shotgun, but it's down and not in a threatening position. The woman is not unattractive and wearing a white floral print dress.

The man steps in through the broken window, his wife gingerly following.

"There should be plenty enough food to go around. No need to fight over it, right?" the man says nervously.

Oddly, they don't seem to have seen Mayliki, though they should have if she'd remained where she was. She must've moved.

Rick Wyler

posted... **"Right,"**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 8 Sep 2005 @ 10:31 PM (PBW Time)



Rick agreed. "I'm sure there's enough to go around. I've gotten cautious, though. I had some trouble getting out of Kansas City. Some of the folks there started getting violent for no good reason at all." "My name's Rick Wyler, by the way. Are you two from around here?"

This seems like it might be an amicable encounter, but Rick's pistol is in his hand, nonetheless, hidden behind the shelf. He's not ready to relax too much.

Administrator

posted... **Couple**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sat 10 Sep 2005 @ 12:37 PM (PBW Time)

The man seemed amiable enough and introduces himself as Mike, his wife as Karen.

"We have a cabin a little ways out of town. What's going on in Kansas City? I thought something funny was going on over there, but there seemed to be a media blackout on it. Early on there was talk of a quarantine, and we were told to stay away, which we did. Then last night... I don't know what happened. We just hid in the root cellar. Do you know what's going on?"

Rick Wyler

posted... **"Not entirely,"**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sat 10 Sep 2005 @ 1:14 PM (PBW Time)



Rick shrugged. "I can tell you some of what happened, though. There was a plague that took out most of the people who were done with the biochemical changes attendant to physical growth. The teenagers and children, with their own hormonal balances seemed largely unsusceptible."

"People who got it just went to sleep and never woke up. Hospitals filled up, businesses closed down, facilities were overwhelmed. There were some who tried to hold it together, others who delighted in and exacerbated the chaos, and others who just tried to survive."

"There wasn't all that much left of the city when the

bombs dropped. I'd gotten out of town by that time, but the nuclear winter out there in the woods is rough!"

"Good to meet you, by the way, Mike and Karen. Are there any other survivors around?"

Administrator

posted... **Convo**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sun 11 Sep 2005 @ 1:07 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

"My God!" Karen said. It was the first time she'd spoken.

"I had no idea things were so bad," said Mike, eyes wide with the horror of the realization.

After a moment he collected himself, though Karen still seemed shaken by the news.

"So it was bombs. That much I figured out." He became talkative at this point, wondering out loud about who and why, asking you all kinds of questions about who might've been behind the nuclear strike and how far reaching it was.

Rick Wyler

posted... **"Sorry**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Mon 12 Sep 2005 @ 5:44 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



to have broken it to you so abruptly; I thought you knew."

"No, I can't really say who dropped the bombs. Either of us might guess and be right, but I didn't really see anything but the plague and, from a distance, the explosions."

"As to the extent, that's hard to say. There is somehow a lot more forest around Kansas City than there used to be. I was kind of making for Smithville. Is this it? The town doesn't look that familiar either."

Administrator

posted... **Convo**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Thu 15 Sep 2005 @ 6:22 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

You and Mike talk a bit about the situation, Mike still talkative and very much in disbelief, incredulous at the insanity of having a nuclear attack on American soil with a mysterious plague at the same time. He just can't seem to wrap his mind around it. Karen chimes in with questions and fears of her own occasionally, but when they both suddenly freeze and shut up, you know that Mayliki must've finally made her presence known.

"Who are you!" Mike cries out, startled. Luckily for him, he didn't raise his gun, nor did Mayliki shoot him. You still can't see her, so you don't know exactly how she presented herself.

OOC - As for the forest and area surrounding Kansas City, well, since I don't have much knowledge of the area, I'm making it up. Reality might not jive with my version!

Basically, there's a wooded area to the west of the city after which is a small town, which you are currently in. It's very small, just one street, serving a small, fairly dispersed, rugged community nearby. Further on is a more substantial but still small town, after which is the interstate.

Sorry to completely butcher your local geography!

Rick Wyler



posted... **Making sure**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Thu 15 Sep 2005 @ 10:27 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

it IS Mayliki (since Rick hadn't actually seen her yet) he says, "It's alright; she's with me. I didn't mention her in case you all turned out to be bad guys. Sorry about that." Turns to May, "I think they're okay, Mayliki. "Just shellshocked survivors, like us."

(OOC- No problem on the discrepancies. I'll just figure we're writing in a parallel world.)

Administratorposted... **Mayliki**[\[edit\]](#)[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 16 Sep 2005 @ 9:57 AM (PBW Time)

You step out from your ad hoc "fort" behind the shelves to go and check. Instead of Mayliki, however, an oozy green alien being is standing in the aisle, its twelve slimy tentacles writhing about in the air.

Just kidding! It's Mayliki... unless, of course, it's an alien being that has merely taken the form of Mayliki. ;-)

Mayliki had stepped out from behind the aisle, her gun menacingly trained upon the couple.

"Yeah, I guess they look all right," she says finally and lowers her guard, though she still keeps her gun in her hand.

Mike and Karen remain shaken, and Mike says, "Well, let us just grab some supplies and we'll be outta here," hesitation in his voice.

"Go ahead," Mayliki says nonchalantly, as if nothing were wrong, though she doesn't move, just stands there facing the couple, gun down by her side.

Rick Wylerposted... **"I hope**[\[edit\]](#)[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 16 Sep 2005 @ 10:03 AM (PBW Time)



you can forgive our caution," Rick tells the local couple. "We were in a gunfight earlier the day we left KC, and we just don't know what all is out here." "Go ahead and take what you need."

(OOO: thanks for the Naomi thread)

Administratorposted... **Couple**[\[edit\]](#)[\[delete\]](#)

on Sat 17 Sep 2005 @ 8:07 PM (PBW Time)

Almost friendly before, Mike and Karen now seem, understandably, a bit cold and distant as they quickly move about the store gathering what goods they can carry under Mayliki's impatient stare.

In a little while, they seem done and without a word begin to leave the store. Mayliki moves to watch them go.

Rick Wyler



posted... "Nervous,"

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sat 17 Sep 2005 @ 9:30 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

Rick comments of the departed couple. He's sorry to see them go. They seemed like fairly normal people he could relate to. Oh, well...

He looks over the canned goods on the shelves and speculates, "Maybe we can find a propane grill to cook on around here somewhere."

Mayliki



posted... Nervous Couple

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sun 18 Sep 2005 @ 2:37 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

"Just the first of the rampaging horde of looters we'll have to battle through," Mayliki said scowling, watching them go.

When she was satisfied that they'd gone far enough away, she returned to her own looting.

"Let's hurry up just in case they get any funny ideas," she said. "You gotta be tough, Rick. Not so trusting. Not all punks are nice like me."

She said this with her characteristic attitude of complete seriousness, and the word "nice" didn't seem to quite go with the scowl on her face.

Having procured her libations, she quickly moves next to you and throws a bunch of cans into her backpack.

"Let's get outta here," she said. "Forget the propane. I have a little stove for emergencies, but there's

plenty of wood around."

Rick Wyler



posted... "You want to go

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sun 18 Sep 2005 @ 3:03 PM (PBW Time)

back out and hide in the woods? As opposed to finding someplace indoors with a solid roof, and beds, and maybe running water?"

Mayliki



posted... Plan

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Tue 20 Sep 2005 @ 7:17 PM (PBW Time)

"Sounds comfy," Mayliki said, "But until we find this magically safe hotel that's invisible to looters, I think we'll be better off in the woods. Besides, I'm used to it. Remember my little shack back there? I was a happy camper, but of course, we could always head over to Mike and Karen's. They might put us up for the night and serve us breakfast in bed." Sarcasm was just dripping from her tongue, flowing more copiously with each passing sentence.

"Water," she said after a pause. "That's a good idea though. Glad I thought of it." She winked. "Grab some of those Evians." So saying, she stuffed some into her backpack.

"We don't need anything more in this little town, do we?" she asked after a few gallons of water were procured. (Assuming you grab your supply.) "I think the next looters we run into might not be Mike 'n Karen's."

She starts to exit the store, pressing her back to the wall next to the broken window and cautiously peering out first.

"Hey," she said as if getting an idea. "You up for some auto theft?"

Rick Wyler



posted... "I don't suppose

[\[edit\]](#)

on Tue 20 Sep 2005 @ 9:59 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

it's theft if the owner of the auto didn't survive," Rick temporizes. "And it looks like not many did around here.

It does make sense to get some transportation."

Mayliki



posted... Auto Theft

[\[edit\]](#)

on Thu 22 Sep 2005 @ 6:32 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

"Not theft? Doesn't that take all the fun out of it?" Mayliki asked, smirking. She seemed to be in an unusually good mood suddenly.

The two of you enter the street. Mike and Karen are no where to be seen, and the town looks quiet and deserted. There are a few parked cars scattered about.

"You got a coat hanger, or should I just break a window?" Mayliki asks.

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

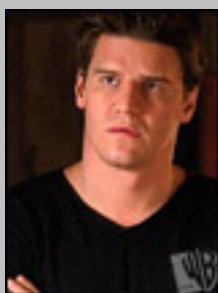
This move has reached the hundred message limit. Please ask admin to post a new move.

Thread: **Rick 2**

Board: **Dream's End**

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

Rick Wyler



posted... "It will get

[\[edit\]](#)

on Thu 22 Sep 2005 @ 6:51 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

cold, if you break a window in the car," Rick suggests, eyes roving watchfully up and down the street. "We could get a hanger, though, out of any of these shops that sell clothes, or an empty house."

Mayliki



posted... Car

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sat 24 Sep 2005 @ 10:34 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

"Ugh," Mayliki says, rolling her eyes. "The plan's to get out of here quick, not go searching through more stores or houses... besides, have you ever broken into a car before? I have but only by breaking the window."

Rick Wyler

posted... "I have helped

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sat 24 Sep 2005 @ 11:41 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



a friend or two get back into their car after locking their keys in, accidentally," Rick offered. "What's the hurry, anyway? Where are we running to? Do you have a particular goal in mind?"

Mayliki

posted... **Running?**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sun 25 Sep 2005 @ 3:36 PM (PBW Time)



"More like running from," Mayliki answered. "I like fighting more than anybody, but even I get tired eventually. Plus we only have so many bullets."

Mayliki obviously believed a large gang of violent looters was just about to show up any moment, though the street was still quiet and deserted.

She looked around a bit. Nearby was a fairly old dark green Volvo, and a broken down looking VW Beetle was at the end of one alley. There was also a newer looking pickup further down the street, but for some reason she headed toward the Volkswagon, maybe because it was the least visible.

Rick Wyler

posted... **Rick felt**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sun 25 Sep 2005 @ 8:00 PM (PBW Time)



a little ambivalent. He was finding Mayliki a mixed blessing, and if he wanted to leave her now would be a good time.

He had to admit that she'd probably saved his life by insisting they leave Kansas City so quickly. He would have taken longer supplying and preparing and wouldn't have been so far out of town; he might even have been caught in the blast.

She rather daunted him because she was violent, unstable and unpredictable. And she did have a drinking problem. She could also, under most circumstances, beat the stuffings out of him!

But she did repay good for good, however roughly. He'd helped her, so she helped him. And, though he

had been apprehensive of it, she hadn't forced herself on him sexually. There was that in her favor. Ultimately what decided Rick was knowing that she would have gotten lost in the radiation-expanded (?) forest and died in the nuclear winter, probably drunk insensible. Though she was one of the toughest people he'd ever met, she needed someone to balance her, or she probably wouldn't survive. Hoping he wouldn't end up regretting this decision, he trudged along in her wake down the street towards the Volkswagon.

Mayliki



posted... **VW**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Tue 27 Sep 2005 @ 11:52 AM (PBW Time)

Not knowing how close she came to losing her newly found travelling companion, Mayliki arrived at the car and turned back to Rick, smiling casually.

"I'm gonna blast this little window, unless you got better ideas!" she said.

Her whole body was cocked, looking like she was ready to launch an elbow strike at the little side window next to the mirror.

Rick Wyler



posted... **"Let me try**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Tue 27 Sep 2005 @ 12:38 PM (PBW Time)

one thing, first," Rick requests. He then goes around to check all the doors and see if any are unlocked.

Mayliki

posted... **Good idea**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Wed 28 Sep 2005 @ 7:00 PM (PBW Time)



Good idea, but unfortunately all the doors were locked.

Mayliki's elbow smashed into the tiny window with laser-like precision, her whole body moving faster than the eye could follow. In an instant, her leather-clad arm had squeezed through and unlocked the door.

"It's good to be a small, little girl, sometimes," Mayliki said, winking, obviously enjoying the opportunity to commit grand theft auto.

Opening the door, she sat down in the driver's seat.

"Get in, Rick," she called. "I need your shotgun."

Rick Wyler



posted... **Unlike Mayliki,**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Wed 28 Sep 2005 @ 7:26 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

Rick feels a sense of guilt.

"Whoever owned it is probably dead, now," he tells himself. "It can't do them any good, and we might need it to save our lives."

It sounds valid, but somehow he just doesn't feel entirely justified.

"Tough world," he mutters, as he climbs in beside May, moves his pack to the backseat, and unships his uzzi (perhaps taking her "shotgun" comment too literally).

He has no doubt she knows how to hot wire the thing.

Administrator

posted... **Uzi?**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Thu 29 Sep 2005 @ 2:48 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

OOO - Where'd Rick get an Uzi from???

BIC - Mayliki takes Rick's rifle and smashes the steering column and ignition switch, trying to break it.

Rolling dice... Though it takes a few tries and for awhile she thought it wasn't going to work, eventually, the ignition switch breaks and allows her to turn it, starting the car.

The car doesn't stay started, however, so she starts it again. This time it makes it a few feet before dying again.

"Guess we better let it warm up," Mayliki says, starting it again. "And let everyone in the vicinity hear us too..."

The engine sputters and runs very rough. There's only 1/8 of a tank left too.

Rick Wyler



posted... **Suggestion**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 29 Sep 2005 @ 7:29 PM (PBW Time)

"We could siphon fuel from other unused vehicles," Rick mentioned. "Not if they belong to someone, but I think there are a lot of untenanted ones around here."

Mayliki

posted... **Gasoline**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 30 Sep 2005 @ 3:29 PM (PBW Time)



As the car putt-putts its way out of the tiny side street and onto the main avenue, Mayliki turns to Rick.

"You have a siphon?" she asks and keeps going. One of the other cars is up ahead...

Rick Wyler

posted... **Rick considers.**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 30 Sep 2005 @ 9:56 PM (PBW Time)



"I have a doctor's bag with some rubber tubing in it," he says. "That should work."

What would old Doc Boney say? Would he be offended because of the use one of his tools of healing was being put to, or would he affirm Rick for being resourceful under the circumstances.

He sighed. Oh, well. Mary had given it to him to use.

Administrator

posted... **Tubing**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sat 1 Oct 2005 @ 11:35 AM (PBW Time)

Hmm.. to successfully siphon gasoline, the tubing will have to be at least 5-6 feet if not longer. Would a doctor have tubing of that length? I doubt it...

If you know something about Dr. Boney's bag I don't know, let me know, but for now, I'll assume Mayliki continues out of town like she wants.

"We need more gas, Rick," she says.

Rick Wyler

posted... **Gas.**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

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



"There should be some service stations around the edge of town," Rick suggests.

Administrator

posted... **Gas Station**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sun 2 Oct 2005 @ 10:52 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

"Yeah," Mayliki says. "Hey, there's one now."

Main St. went perhaps fifty feet further before it became a two-lane highway out of town, and you are passing a quaint single pump station.

"And look who's gassing up," she said, pulling in, "Our old friends Mike and Karen."

Mike was standing next to his beat up red pickup truck, working the pump while Karen stayed in the passenger seat.

Seeing you pull in, Mike looks up worriedly, and his face remains expressionless when he recognizes the two of you.

Rick Wyler

posted... **"I'll do it,"**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sun 2 Oct 2005 @ 11:12 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



Rick suggests to Mayliki. "You probably don't need to cover me, but if you do, please keep your gun down out of sight. We've scared these poor people enough already."

Rick climbs out, motions to the gas pump, and calls to Mike, "Think there's enough for us, too?"

Administrator

posted... **Scaring People**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Mon 3 Oct 2005 @ 6:24 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

Mayliki grins sheepishly and though she'd probably enjoy scaring Mike and Karen more, it seems like she's planning on complying.

"Yeah, sure," Mike says hesitatingly, obviously nervous. "I'm almost done."

At this point, Mayliki gets out of the car, and though none of her guns are in sight, her demeanor is one of quiet aggression and readiness.

Another pickup truck is coming up the road.

Rick Wyler



posted... "Thanks,"

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Mon 3 Oct 2005 @ 7:07 AM (PBW Time)

to Mike. "Is there someone we pay, or is it free gas day, now?"

Going to have to keep an eye on the new truck while we gas up, I guess.

Administrator

posted... Mike

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Tue 4 Oct 2005 @ 10:27 AM (PBW Time)

"No one's here," Mike answers while he casts a suspicious eye on the truck coming up the road. "I had to bust the lock on this pump to get it to work."

He finished filling the tank, topping it off so some actually spills out.

Meanwhile, the other pickup arrives and stops in the street. It seems to contain two men who look like rednecks.

"Hey!" the one in the passenger seat calls out, grinning a challenge. "You're not stealing that gas, are you?"

"Crap," Mayliki mutters under her breath, sensing trouble brewing and closing in fast.

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

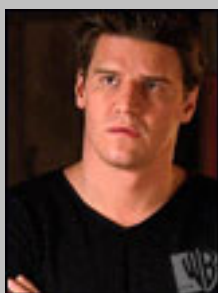
This move has reached the hundred message limit. Please ask admin to post a new move.

Thread: **Rick 2**

Board: **Dream's End**

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

Rick Wyler



posted... **"We'll TRY**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Tue 4 Oct 2005 @ 5:43 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

to be nice..." Rick thought.

"Actually, I'd be happy to pay the owner of the station. But I'm afraid they're gone, like so many others."

He reached back to have his hand in the vicinity of his pistol, just in case. "I believe you'll be able to help yourselves, too," he offered.

Administrator

posted... **Rednecks**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Thu 6 Oct 2005 @ 10:15 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

"Bullshit," the man says, he and his companion getting out of the truck in a very menacing fashion. You notice that they're armed. The passenger has a shotgun while the driver has a large caliber pistol displayed prominently in his belt.

As they round the car, grinning, to inspect the four of you, you notice a subtle clumsiness in their movements and realize they seem to be drunk.

They move among you with drunken disregard, shamelessly ogling the women and trying to intimidate the men.

It works on Mike, and he stays quiet, trying to wait it out. Karen stays silent in the car avoiding eye contact as one of them puts his face up to the glass and taunts her, asking her in a condescending voice why she doesn't "come out and play."

Mayliki, in contrast, seems to take it all in stride, even relaxes and seems to enjoy the way things developed.

"Hey," she says to the one near you two, "You got any more of that booze you're wreaking of?"

Rick Wyler



posted... **There are many**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 6 Oct 2005 @ 1:18 PM (PBW Time)

situations Mayliki could be in that would worry Rick, but this isn't one of them. She can undeniably take care of herself in a fighting or a carousing situation.

For himself, though, he makes sure he has the gas nozzle in one hand, the other on his pistol, and looks unafraid. If one of the men glowers at him, he meets the gaze quietly but directly.

"Now, let's see what May's up to," he thinks.

Administrator

posted... **Glower**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sat 8 Oct 2005 @ 10:26 AM (PBW Time)

Indeed, one of the men does cast a menacing glance in your direction, but sensing your lack of fear, chooses not to pursue the intimidation, instead turning back to Mayliki.

Left alone, Mike quietly gets into his car and drives away. Luckily, he'd left his engine running while filling up, so his departure was unnoticed.

Answering Mayliki's question, one of the men says, "Sure do, babe, all the booze your little body could handle!"

"Let's see it," Mayliki replies coolly.

"Let's see what you got," the man retorts, making a grab for her jacket's lapel, attempting to spread it open and see her breasts. Instead, he sees the butt of her large .45, which she quickly whips out and

points directly at his crotch.

"Let's see what YOU got," Mayliki says, voice still the epitome of cool. "Is your gun bigger than mine?"

Rick Wyler



posted... **Using Mayliki's**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sat 8 Oct 2005 @ 6:32 PM (PBW Time)

move as a distraction for his own, Rick pulls his own pistol and points it at the other man.

"Hold it," he says quietly, but dead-seriously. "Fish your gun out with no more than two fingers and drop it."

Administrator

posted... **Death?**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Mon 10 Oct 2005 @ 5:17 PM (PBW Time)

Rolling dice... ok, then two men, though drunk, have enough wits left to freeze, seeing the two guns upon them. They freeze and raise their hands, though only half-way.

"What the fuck?!?" one of them says angrily. "We were just fuckin' playing. Why you gotta go and draw your weapons now?"

The other man, the one with the gun remains silent, eyeing the both of you with a look of concentration and emnity.

When Rick commanded him to remove his weapon, he... rolling dice... hesitated but complied.

"Aw, man!" his companion said turning around and seeing what was going on.

Mayliki, who'd moved partially behind the car for cover stepped back to a distance far enough away to prevent being rushed but close enough to be effective.

"Hehehee, that's a good boy," she mocked, laughing.

Rick Wyler



posted... "You guys

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Mon 10 Oct 2005 @ 6:23 PM (PBW Time)

play a little rough for my taste," Rick remarked.

"Now this is one of those things where I don't want to kill you, but I will if I have to. I think my friend would just as soon kill you. And, though it might be less complicated if we just did that, I like to sleep at night, so let's try it this way."

"You all take a few steps over that way--" he points down the street. "But stay in sight. The lady will keep you covered. I'm going to gas the car, check the oil and suchlike. Before we go, I'll leave your guns, unloaded, on the ground. We'll flatten one or two of your car's tires, but it will be nothing that can't be fixed."

"Does that sound reasonable? Okay, down the street a bit, there, and keep your hands in sight."

Even though he was sure Mayliki would watch them like a famished vulture, Rick kept half an eye out, as well, while he worked.

Administrator

posted... Rednecks

[\[edit\]](#)

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on Wed 12 Oct 2005 @ 8:14 AM (PBW Time)

Rolling dice... dang, the two men don't do anything to make the situation interesting--they acquiesce to your demands, moving off to the street grumbling about how they were "just playing around."

"Yeah, gas up and get outta here!" one of them calls. "Sheesh. You don't have to get ants in your pants."

Mayliki winks at you and follows the two men, keeping them twenty or so feet away from her.

As you start gassing up, she continues to taunt the men, striking seductive poses while standing in the middle of the street.

When she sees that you're done gassing up, she tells you to drive over and pick her up. She also requests

you bring the mens' guns with you to drop out the window a little further down the road. She takes out a knife and heads toward their pickup.

"No! You don't have to pop our goddamn tires," one of the calls out. "Jeez!"

Rick Wyler



posted... Holding position

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Wed 12 Oct 2005 @ 9:26 AM (PBW Time)

** EDITED October 13, 2005, 5:53 am **

and covering them.

"Sorry, guys. You don't strike us as good sports. We need you to take some time over your repairs so we can be sure of getting far away and never having to bother you again."

(Gas, oil, tire pressure all checked).

Rick pulls back to pick up Mayliki and says, "I'll drive the first leg of the trip, okay?" and pulls out at a good speed.

Mayliki



posted... Change in Plans

[\[edit\]](#)

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on Thu 13 Oct 2005 @ 8:29 AM (PBW Time)

As you pull back to pick up Mayliki, she leans in a little to the car and whispers, "Don't even think about dropping those guns."

Then, with a wink, she jumps into the men's pickup and takes off!

The two guys, realize what's happening but are a few seconds too late. They charge the truck, but Mayliki speeds by, giving them the finger as she goes.

Rick Wyler

posted... Change in plans

[\[edit\]](#)

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on Thu 13 Oct 2005 @ 9:42 AM (PBW Time)



Rick also hits the gas and roars off, calling behind him to the men: "Women! What are you going to do?"
He'll follow her up the road to see where she's going.

Administrator

posted... **Driving**

[\[edit\]](#)

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on Sat 15 Oct 2005 @ 12:20 PM (PBW Time)

Mayliki just keeps on truckin' with no sign of stopping. After passing through a small wooded area, the landscape broadens into a flat plain full of farms and fields.

After about a mile, when the town is just a tiny blip on the horizon, she finally stops and motions you over, engine still running.

If you pull up, she'll laugh, having obviously enjoyed her recent mischief but then she quickly gets back to business. "Dang truck only has a quarter tank too. We'll need to get some gas, but it's gonna be dark in a little while. We need to find a place to hide out for the night." She looks to you for suggestions.

Rick Wyler

posted... **Looks around.**

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on Sat 15 Oct 2005 @ 10:38 PM (PBW Time)

** EDITED October 16, 2005, 7:20 pm **

"Do you see any smoke," Rick asked, glancing around the skyscape. "And power lines. If we follow them, they'll take us to a house or something, won't they?"



Administrator

posted... **Smoke**

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on Sun 16 Oct 2005 @ 6:09 PM (PBW Time)

OOO - Who's Matthias?

BIC - You look around for smoke and power lines, of which there are both. Mayliki turns her head and looks as well.

"Cool," she says, turning back after seeing them, "So, uh, suppose the nice little family with 1.5 kids are home. What then? I like mayhem and slaughter as much as the next guy, but not when it's defenseless Mike 'n Karen's."

She glances down the road back toward where you left the two men but sees nothing.

Rick Wyler



posted... "The way I see

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sun 16 Oct 2005 @ 7:24 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

it," Rick said thoughtfully. "The options are either to find the 1.5 family and try to be nice to them, and try to help each other, or two follow the power lines to a place where no smoke rises. That will probably mean an abandoned house."

"Mayhem and slaughter may be a regrettable necessity from time to time, but I don't want to go looking for the opportunity."

"Which do you prefer, good neighbors, or no people?"

(OOO- Sorry. As you might have guessed. Matthias is a different character from a different game from which I'd just come.)

Mayliki

posted... Options

[\[edit\]](#)

on Mon 17 Oct 2005 @ 3:40 PM (PBW Time)

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"Ok, well, if we find any people, you do the talking, and no guarantees if I freak out," Mayliki said matter-of-factly. "Lead on."

Rick Wyler



posted... **Slowly nodding,**

on Tue 18 Oct 2005 @ 12:11 PM (PBW Time)

[\[edit\]](#)

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Rick thinks, "That sounds like fair warning," and scans the skies for power lines that lead off in a relatively unpopulated direction. He starts up the car again and let's Mayliki follow him in the truck. "If we find a farm," he thinks. "They often have extra fuel, preserved food, and such..."

Administrator

posted... **Farm**

on Tue 18 Oct 2005 @ 1:55 PM (PBW Time)

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You're currently in a fairly large area of farmland with small stands of trees near the occasional marsh and stream.

There are quite a few farms to pick from, though the smoke you see is quite a ways further ahead. Looking at it more closely, it's probably a building on fire.

After ten miles or so, you start looking for a farm. They all appear very much the same, and because it's gotten dark, it's hard to assess them. You pull into one. Mayliki follows slowly, killing her headlights.

What's your plan for approach? How far away from the house do you park? Etc.

You're currently on the driveway that goes past a

storage shed. Further ahead the driveway opens into a yard with a barn straight ahead and a house to the left. Beyond all this is a silo, crop fields, and other things you'd find on a farm. There are no lights or signs of life. If anyone's around, they haven't turned on any visible lights.

Rick Wyler



posted... Rick reached

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on Wed 19 Oct 2005 @ 7:34 AM (PBW Time)

up and detached the dome light before he exited his car. In its lee he and Mayliki met, and hunkered down behind it for cover.

"Here's my idea," Rick said, pulling his night goggles down over his eyes. "And I'm willing to hear improvements on it. Now, nobody came out here to greet us, so they're either gone, hiding, or ready to attack. I'll go ahead carefully, but keep my gun in my holster. Try to make friendly contact. But in case they're not friendly, you should probably cover me. I think we should check out the shed, then the barn, then the house. Does that work for you?"

Mayliki



posted... The plan

[\[edit\]](#)

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on Sat 22 Oct 2005 @ 8:20 PM (PBW Time)

"Let's do it," is all Mayliki says, already moving forward. She checks the clip in her gun, sees it's fully loaded and keeps it down behind her back.

You glance into the shed through one of its windows. Blackness. Silence. Do you try the door? (The door is in full view of both the house and barn. It's not completely dark yet but nearly so, so unless someone is **really** watching, they probably won't see you.)

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