

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

Thread: **Wastelands**

Board: **Dream's End**

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

Administrator

posted... **Wastelands**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Wed 28 Sep 2005 @ 6:38 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

Adam and Naomi, you're out here!

Adam

posted... **Sad**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Wed 28 Sep 2005 @ 7:08 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



Adam wanders away from the settlement, obviously shaken by his current situation--having lost Lisa and being completely on his own. He moves slowly in the direction that he saw Naomi head, hoping to either find her, so he won't be alone, or another settlement where perhaps he'll have more luck.

Administrator

posted... **Finding Naomi**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Thu 29 Sep 2005 @ 2:59 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

Adam, you head in the direction Naomi ran, but she's no where to be found in the rocky slopes.

Naomi, you OTOH, due to the light from the roadhouse, can see what's going on. Though you could not hear the conversation, you see Adam coming and the others going back inside.

Then, the doors close, cutting off most of the light, as most of the windows are shuttered and closed.

## Naomi



posted... **Hiding**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 29 Sep 2005 @ 4:06 PM (PBW Time)

Lying as quietly as she can in the underbrush, Naomi would be almost impossible for Adam to spot, though had he been close enough he might have heard her tired panting for breath.

Peer carefully out of her hiding place, Naomi spots a man leaving the place alone. She recognises him as one of those who had tried to help her, though has no idea of the events that have just occurred.

For a moment, she debates whether or not she should reveal herself. She didn't really know this guy. Maybe he had been sent by Mel to retrieve her.

But at the same time, Naomi realises she was doomed if she stayed out here alone anyway. It was worth the risk.

Then the light from the settlement all but ceased. Plunged into darkness, she stands up and tries to remember where she last saw Adam.

"Hey!" she says, loud enough to attract the figure's attention but not be heard by anyone who happened to still be around at the settlement.

## Adam



posted... **What?**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 30 Sep 2005 @ 9:17 AM (PBW Time)

Adam stops when he hears Naomi's call. He is initially a bit frightened, but remembers that a girl ran away from the settlement not too much earlier. "Don't worry," he says. "It's Adam, from before. I tried to help you. I'm not with the gang." He looks around, trying to locate her.

## Naomi



posted... **Finding you.**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 30 Sep 2005 @ 10:44 AM (PBW Time)

The chance that the man might be lying to conceal his true intentions does not cross her mind. Instead, Naomi stumbles forward in the direction of his voice, being careful not to fall over anything in the darkness.

"Adam? Thank God you're here. I thought I was going to be lost alone out here!" she calls to him, great relief in her voice.

## Adam



posted... **Yep**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 30 Sep 2005 @ 12:06 PM (PBW Time)

"Well," Adam says as Naomi moves towards him. "It looks like we can be lost out here together. I've been kicked out of the settlement, I lost my partner and only friend, and if I try to go back, I'll be killed. So I guess we're in the same boat."

## Administrator

posted... **Desert at Night**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 30 Sep 2005 @ 3:41 PM (PBW Time)

It gets cold in the desert at night. Adam knows this quite well and is prepared with warm clothing, though it will still be uncomfortable without a fire or blankets.

Rolling dice to see if Naomi managed to keep her clothes... nope, sorry!

Naomi, however, only has the prostitute's clothing that she's wearing, which are not very warm. She'd had her old clothes from before in a bundle, but somewhere in all the chaos, they seem to have gotten lost. (I'll let you decide if you left them in the roadhouse or dropped them outside.)

## Naomi



posted... **Partner?**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 30 Sep 2005 @ 3:46 PM (PBW Time)

\*\* EDITED September 30, 2005, 3:47 pm \*\*

"Your partner?" she replies, suddenly remembering the woman who had helped her too, "What happened to her? Is she..."

Naomi stops herself, not knowing what had gone on down there. She was fearing the worst. Things had been pretty dire when she escaped.

She shivers, partly through dread but at the same time feeling the cold suddenly. Her fear had made her forget how cold the desert was at night, and she wasn't well equipped for it.

((OOC: Naomi's clothes would still be in the roadhouse, because she left them there before she went to see Mel.))

## Adam

posted... **Lisa**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 30 Sep 2005 @ 5:10 PM (PBW Time)



"Lisa. No, she's not dead, but I fear she's selling her body to survive..." Adam looks away from Naomi, barely keeping his composure. He notices her shiver. "Here," he says, "take my jacket. It's going to get cold out here tonight. I think there's another settlement not too far away, but I doubt we'll be able to find it tonight."

---

Naomi

posted... **Oh**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sat 1 Oct 2005 @ 5:04 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



Naomi looks at the ground sadly.

"I'm sorry," she replies sincerely, "Is there nothing we can do?"

When Adam offers his jacket, she reaches out with her hand, but does not take it yet.

"Are you sure? I'm ok. Really," she lies.

---

Adam

posted... **Take it**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sat 1 Oct 2005 @ 9:13 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



"No, I insist," Adam says. "You'll never make it through the night dressed like that... If we try to go back to the roadhouse, they'll kill us. There's nothing we can do except move forward."

## Administrator

### posted... Settlement

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sat 1 Oct 2005 @ 12:45 PM (PBW Time)

Yes, there are settlements of various sizes scattered throughout the surrounding area, but they tend to be well hidden. Some are merely a single family or even a hermit living in a secluded shack, while others consist of larger groups of people trying to farm or otherwise survive. Still others are the homes of gangs like Mel's, surviving in ways less honorable.

Some of the people at the roadhouse are from these settlements, so maybe in the morning, some might be heading for home. Otherwise, without tracking skills, it'd be hard to find any.

## Naomi

### posted... Shelter

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sun 2 Oct 2005 @ 9:58 AM (PBW Time)



Naomi takes the jacket gratefully, and puts it on. She's still feeling the cold, but at least she's not shivering quite so much.

"You're right... we need to find a settlement." Naomi sighs, "But I don't think we'll be able to tonight. We should find some shelter for the night."

## Adam

### posted... Agreed

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sun 2 Oct 2005 @ 1:54 PM (PBW Time)



"Agreed," Adam says as Naomi takes his jacket.  
"There's got to be some sort of natural shelter around here somewhere and, if nothing else, at least we have each other's body warmth to help us stay warm. I'm really glad I'm not out here alone tonight."

---

Naomi

posted... **Finding it...**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sun 2 Oct 2005 @ 4:51 PM (PBW Time)



Naomi hesitates for just a second at Adam's comment on "body warmth." Was he implying something? She'd just left the roadhouse to get away from that kind of talk.

She lets it slide though, giving him the benefit of the doubt. He was probably just talking about survival methods. She was getting paranoid.

Not commenting, she and Adam begin scouring the area for anywhere that would offer some shelter from the harsh desert for the night.

---

Administrator

posted... **Terrible Luck!**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Mon 3 Oct 2005 @ 6:42 AM (PBW Time)

I just rolled, and the weather tonight is really, really bad. The sky is overcast, so it's pitch black out there. Plus, a chill wind is picking up, heralding a coming storm.

(OOC - Once, I was camping out in the desert during these conditions, and if I went even twenty feet away from my campsite, I was already lost!)

Naomi, you passed by this area on the motorcycle, so you remember that a little ways away are a few trees next to a ravine. The trees won't provide much shelter, but there might be a shallow cave in the

ravine. Finding it in the dark will be difficult though. Unfortunately, there's no much else around that you know of besides the cliffs near the roadhouse.

Adam, I just rolled, and this time you were lucky. You have an old Bic lighter with you as well as a small swiss army knife (two blades, can opener, bottle opener, leather punch). You also have a wad of paper that could be used as tinder, but this is the full extent of the survival gear between the two of you.

Naomi, if you decide to seek out the ravine... rolling dice... you don't find it. Luckily, you are able to maintain a fix on the roadhouse, so you're not lost. However, to continue the search will most likely result in complete disorientation that will last until the morning light.

## Naomi



posted... **Hopeless.**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Mon 3 Oct 2005 @ 12:32 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

Naomi shivers again, pulling her jacket in close to try and keep warm. She couldn't see anything out here at all.

"Damn it... this is hopeless!" she declares at last, after wandering through the surrounding area for what felt like hours in the chill wind.

Searching for the ravine had proved pointless, but fortunately they were not lost. But Naomi knows there's very little point in continuing the search now.

"There's nothing for it," she sighs, "I think the best we can do is take shelter at the cliffs leading to the roadhouse."

## Adam

posted... **Shelter**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Mon 3 Oct 2005 @ 2:11 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



"We'll be in better shape in the morning, but now I agree that we should take shelter where we can."

---

Administrator

posted... **Cliffs**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Tue 4 Oct 2005 @ 10:31 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

You walk back to the cliffs, even catching a glimpse of the light still burning inside the roadhouse.

There are places nearby that will provide meager shelter but not much. Also, though they're out of the direct line of sight of the roadhouse, it's still very close.

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Naomi

posted... **Idea**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Tue 4 Oct 2005 @ 2:33 PM (PBW Time)



Selecting the best spot they could find, Naomi sits down and pulls the jacket tightly around herself, shielding herself from the winds and cold as much as possible.

"One of us s...should stay awake at a time," she suggests, shivering still "W...we don't want M...Mel's thugs sneaking up on us in the m...m..morning."

Adam

posted... **Sounds good**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Tue 4 Oct 2005 @ 3:55 PM (PBW Time)



"Okay," Adam says. "I'll take first watch." He is more than prepared to stay up all night if he has to. "Stay close to me so we can keep each other warm. Don't worry. I won't try anything."

Naomi

posted... **Asleep**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Tue 4 Oct 2005 @ 5:58 PM (PBW Time)



Naomi doesn't argue with Adam taking the first watch, but fully intends to cover the second half. She feels quite determined to pull her own weight.

A little hesitantly at first, she sits down as shaded from the wind as possible against the cliff and alongside Adam.

"Wake me up when it's my turn to watch."

Exhausted, it doesn't take long for her to fall asleep, despite the cold. She stirs every now and then with a shiver, and sleepily huddles closer to Adam each time.

---

## Administrator

posted... **Keeping Watch**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 6 Oct 2005 @ 10:26 AM (PBW Time)

Adam, all the time, you keep hearing little sounds, and though you assume them to be animals of some kind, it's still disconcerting.

Without your jacket or a fire, the cold becomes unbearable after about an hour. To last the whole night like this is unthinkable, not that you'd be able to sleep.

---

## Adam

posted... **Naomi**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 7 Oct 2005 @ 10:00 AM (PBW Time)



Adam wakes Naomi after realizing that it is going to be too cold. "We're going to have to keep moving, or else we'll never make it through the night."

## Naomi



posted... **Freezing**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 7 Oct 2005 @ 11:27 AM (PBW Time)

Naomi wakes up easily, the sudden cold hitting her immediately, even with the jacket.

"I...I'm not sure that's such a good idea," she replies, thinking about it, "In this cold wind, leaving even what little shelter we have could only make things worse."

She struggles to think of some other way they could keep warm without being out in the open.

"Could we not make some sort of fire? If we shelter it? I know it's risky... but I don't think we have much choice."

## Adam



posted... **Yeah**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 7 Oct 2005 @ 11:30 AM (PBW Time)

"You're probably right. I just know that if we sit here all night without a heat source, we're going to freeze. I've got an old lighter and some paper. Maybe we could get a small fire started."

## Administrator

posted... **Fire**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sat 8 Oct 2005 @ 10:41 AM (PBW Time)

Adam, you have a meager knowledge of desert survival, so you're able to gather nearby plants to burn. Unfortunately, without wood, the fire, though very hot, burns out in a flash.

The two of you spend the night gathering more desert brush to burn and trying to remove wood from the only tree near enough your fire you can get to without getting lost.

There's no time to sleep, so by the time dawn shows her rosy fingers through the grey cloak of clouds, both of you are cold, tired, hungry, and dreadfully sleepy. Your fingers feel frozen, the the cold seems to have seeped into your very bones.

Smoke from the roadhouse stoves drift lazily up in the air reminding you of the hot coffee, eggs, and toast.

---

Naomi



posted... **Crappy**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sat 8 Oct 2005 @ 11:52 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

\*\* EDITED October 8, 2005, 11:52 am \*\*

"Worst. *Fucking*. Night. Ever." Naomi remarks bitterly, as the two of them sit watching the dawn sky.

She feels chilled to the bone, the almost pathetic amount of heat generated by their brief fire having done nothing to help ward away the cold.

The girl refuses to even look at the nearby roadhouse, through fear of giving in and wanting to go back.

At least the air was beginning to heat up now, under the rays of sunlight.

---

Adam

posted... **Let's go**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sat 8 Oct 2005 @ 1:58 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



"Well," Adam says, getting up and stretching. "We better get moving soon lest we have another night of the same. Do you know how to get to the next settlement?" He looks around at the terrain and shivers.

---

Naomi

posted... **Hmm**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sat 8 Oct 2005 @ 2:24 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



"No..." Naomi replies, grimly, looking around with heavy, tired eyes.

She knew one way a settlement *wasn't*, having come that way with Mel's group and come across nothing, but that was one direction of a possible 360 circle.

She sighs, unsure of herself.

"Unless you want to wander aimlessly and hope to stumble upon some kind of settlement, I don't think we have much choice but to wait and see if anyone leaves the roadhouse this morning. Perhaps there's some sort of daily caravan or overnight visitors who'll be heading home."

---

Administrator

posted... **Heading Home**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Mon 10 Oct 2005 @ 5:35 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

I'll assume the two of you try to find a place where people leaving the roadhouse won't see you, yet will most likely pass by where you can see them.

The roadhouse is actually at the base of a cliff to the north, down which Adam came. Naomi, you came from the east, and the dirt road heads roughly east to west as well. There also seems to be some foot travel going on heading south, though there are not enough footprints to follow without training in tracking.

You find some rocks to the south to hide in, not a hill really, just a tall pile, but it affords a view of the road once it emerges from the the ravine the roadhouse is in on both the east and west. Anyone heading south will be seen also. However, if anyone passes close to the rocks, they will almost assuredly find you.

Feel free to reject this course of action, of course!

## Naomi



posted... **Watching**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Mon 10 Oct 2005 @ 5:58 PM (PBW Time)

((Assuming there are no better hiding places, this is what I would have intended))

It wasn't a great hiding place, but it was better than nothing and at least it would be possible to watch passers-by in either direction. Trailing them would be difficult in these conditions... but simply following wasn't the only option...

She presses herself down behind the rocky pile as much as possible, trying to make herself as well hidden as she can.

With the desert quickly warming up, Naomi was starting to feel a little more alive, but her hunger and thirst were starting to take their toll once again. At the moment however, she had only one goal in mind.

"Hopefully we won't be waiting too long," she whispers to Adam.

---

**Adam**posted... **Waiting**[\[edit\]](#)

on Mon 10 Oct 2005 @ 7:50 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

Adam stays close to Naomi and the rocks, keeping his eyes peeled for anything that could potentially help them out of the tough situation they are in. The warm rays of the sun feel good after the long night in the cold, but he knows that soon the heat will become just as bad.

---

**Administrator**posted... **Waiting**[\[edit\]](#)

on Wed 12 Oct 2005 @ 8:53 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

Yes, hunger and thirst, especially thirst, are starting to become worrisome. If you don't get something to drink soon, it will start to begin to affect you physically.

This rocky pile seems to be the best spot, and looking around, there's not much else to help you in the desert wastes--just rocks, cacti, and the occasional scraggly tree. There's also the ravine you tried to find last night, which is basically a dried up riverbed, but from it you can't see the west road because it lies further east.

(OOC: I think it's time to make a map for you all. [Map](#). I'll try to make a better map later!)

---

**Administrator**posted... **Travelers**[\[edit\]](#)

on Wed 12 Oct 2005 @ 9:05 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

Luckily, you don't have to wait long. A lone man comes walking up the slope in front of you, and you recognize him as the new-comer from last night.

A group of three men also left the roadhouse at the same time and are heading down the road to the east.

---

Naomi

posted... **Suggestion**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Wed 12 Oct 2005 @ 1:52 PM (PBW Time)



Naomi watches from their hiding place as the four men all emerge from the roadhouse.

"Going east is probably not a good idea. But we could follow that guy," she suggests quietly, indicating the lone man, "he's probably heading home. What do you think?"

---

Adam

posted... **Agreed**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Wed 12 Oct 2005 @ 2:40 PM (PBW Time)



"We should definitely follow him. He looks familiar... Who is he?" Adam steps out of hiding and, if Naomi follows him, proceeds to slowly follow the man.

---

Naomi

posted... **Follow**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Wed 12 Oct 2005 @ 5:36 PM (PBW Time)



"I'm not sure," Naomi replies truthfully, "I think he may have arrived sometime last night. I remember seeing him"

She stays with Adam, but advises him to fall back a little. There wasn't much cover out here and if he turned round he'd almost certainly spot them.

She had an another idea though... rather than simply following him, it might be a safer option to find out the location of the settlement directly from him...

---

Administrator

posted... **Following**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 13 Oct 2005 @ 8:40 AM (PBW Time)

Luckily, the man from the night before doesn't pass near your hiding spot and doesn't seem to notice that he's being watched, instead seeming focused on hurrying home. He occasionally glances back toward the roadhouse as if nervous about being followed.

Given this and the flatness of the landscape, it will be difficult to follow him without being spotted. Also, he seems to be walking fairly quickly.

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Naomi

posted... **Idea.**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Thu 13 Oct 2005 @ 1:37 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



\*\* EDITED October 13, 2005, 1:38 pm \*\*

Seeing what she was seeing, Naomi speaks aloud to Adam.

"It's going to be hard to follow him for any real distance. Perhaps we should try talking to him. He may not recognise us for who we are? Failing that... we could beat the details out of him."

Naomi wasn't much of a fighter. Well, not at all. But she'd seen what Adam could manage and assumed that the two of them together would be able to take down this guy. That is... if he's not armed.

Adam

posted... **Talking**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Thu 13 Oct 2005 @ 4:23 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



"Well, I don't think we should fight him unless we absolutely have to..." Adam thinks for a moment. "He seems like he's also on the run from the roadhouse, so he's probably in the same situation as us... Yeah, let's talk to him." Adam starts walking towards the man, hoping to get his attention without saying anything. He tries to give off a peaceful air, while still maintaining a somewhat defensive stance in case the man tries to hurt them.

## Ned Warwick



posted... **Fear**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sat 15 Oct 2005 @ 12:56 PM (PBW Time)

Soon after you start after the man, he glances back and sees you.

"Oh shit," you hear him mumble and start to run off. It shouldn't be too hard to follow him, as there's not much cover.

## Naomi



posted... **Chase?**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sat 15 Oct 2005 @ 7:22 PM (PBW Time)

Naomi looks over to Adam, as if prompting him to do something.

The man had started to run away. And even though she felt like doing nothing of the sort, she knew they'd have to chase him.

At least he hadn't attacked them...

## Adam

posted... **Fine**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sat 15 Oct 2005 @ 8:29 PM (PBW Time)



Adam, at Naomi's prompting, starts chasing after the man. "Wait! We're not going to hurt you! We just need help!"

---

## Ned Warwick

posted... **Fear**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sun 16 Oct 2005 @ 6:20 PM (PBW Time)



The man looks back to talk to you while continuing to run away. "I don't want no trouble!" he shouts. "What do you want?"

---

## Adam

posted... **Directions**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sun 16 Oct 2005 @ 10:33 PM (PBW Time)



"We're just trying to find the nearest settlement... Please, if you can help us..."

## Ned Warwick



### posted... Running

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Mon 17 Oct 2005 @ 4:13 PM (PBW Time)

The man doesn't say anything for a bit, continuing to run, but then he calls back, "Please, just leave me alone! I can't help you!" Obviously, he's very paranoid.

## Naomi



### posted... Protection

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Wed 19 Oct 2005 @ 3:47 PM (PBW Time)

Running as well as she can behind Adam, Naomi sighs.

"Listen," she calls after the man, "If you help us we can help you. There's safety in numbers."

She hopes to try to sway him into giving them a chance by convincing him they'd be able to protect him from whatever he's *really* running from.

## Ned Warwick

### posted... Reaction

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sat 22 Oct 2005 @ 8:39 PM (PBW Time)



Rolling dice to determine the man's reaction... The man slows to a walk and scrutinizes the two of you as closely as possible from fifty feet away.

"You're the girl the men were gonna beat up, aren't you?" he asks. "Who's that with you?"

---

## Naomi

posted... **Lost**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sun 23 Oct 2005 @ 10:37 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



"Just a friend," Naomi replies, with a friendly, reassuring tone in her voice, "He's Adam, and I'm Naomi. We're lost out here. Can you help us, please?"

The man's paranoid nature reminded her of Gabe.

---

## Ned Warwick

posted... **Trust**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Mon 24 Oct 2005 @ 5:44 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



The man thinks a moment then seems to come to a decision... probably not to run.

"Well, you look like a nice enough sort of people, but I've learned that that roadhouse isn't a place where nice sorts hang out. What were ya all doing there? And why were the men after you?"

## Naomi



posted... **Reasons**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sat 29 Oct 2005 @ 3:30 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

\*\* EDITED October 29, 2005, 3:30 am \*\*

"I saw that for myself," Naomi agrees, "But I had no where else to go."

She glances over her shoulder, checking that none of the men from the roadhouse were following.

"The only reason they were after me was because I refused to join their gang of ruffians."

## Adam



posted... **Yep**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sat 29 Oct 2005 @ 12:19 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

"Same here."

## Ned Warwick

posted... **Trust**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sat 29 Oct 2005 @ 3:02 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



"Well, the two of you look like a nice enough sort," Ned says, introducing himself and reaching out a tentative hand for a handshake. He still seems tense and on edge as if part of him still thinks you might jump him.

"Maybe I'm crazy," he continues, "But I'm gonna trust y'all. Truth be told, I'm kinda in a scrape myself, so I could use the company. That's why I risked going to a place like the roadhouse all alone. Come on, I'm in a hurry to get back home." He jerks his head southwards and starts to walk in that direction. "My wife... you'll meet her later today... unless of course we get jumped on the way, she's pregnant and we just had all our food stolen. I just hocked some of my bullets for a little bit of food. Don't know what we're gonna do when that runs out."

---

Adam

posted... **Okay**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sun 30 Oct 2005 @ 8:49 AM (PBW Time)



Adam shakes Ned's hand firmly and listens to his story. When Ned takes off, he looks at Naomi and shrugs his shoulders, then begins to follow him.

"How far away is your home?"

---

Naomi

posted... **Home?**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sun 30 Oct 2005 @ 12:53 PM (PBW Time)



Naomi listens to Ned's story with a look of sincere sympathy on her face.

"I don't know how," she admits, "But I'd like to help somehow."

She follows Ned with Adam, having been about to ask Adam's exact question herself.

---

## Ned Warwick

posted... **Walking**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sun 30 Oct 2005 @ 9:33 PM (PBW Time)



"It's around ten or eleven miles," Ned replies. "I don't really know what to do. Frankly, I think we're done for. If I didn't have a kid on the way, I might even, you know..." He pretends to shoot himself in the head. "When this food runs out, what am I gonna do? Hock my last bullets and be defenseless?"

---

## Naomi

posted... **Thinking...**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Mon 31 Oct 2005 @ 3:02 PM (PBW Time)



Naomi looks to the ground as she walks, Ned's words repeating in her head with each step. She feels genuine sympathy for this man, for the first time suddenly realising the impact of this strange world on ordinary people other than herself.

She had no idea what Ned could do to solve any of his problems, and this place being so alien, she probably would never know, but her mind searched for the answer nonetheless.

## Ned Warwick



posted... **Continuing**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 10 Nov 2005 @ 6:56 PM (PBW Time)

OOC - Adam, when you get back just pick up where you left off. Sorry but I couldn't wait any longer! :)

BIC - The three of you walk for a few hours and get a chance to know each other better. You find out that Ned and his wife owned a giftshop in Boulder, CO before the apocalypse. It got harder and harder to survive in the big cities, with all the looting going on, so many people struck out to the country.

Ned thinks that you're currently somewhere in Arizona, but he doesn't know for sure. Until recently, things were pretty quiet, but as food and other resources continued to get slimmer, even the middle of the desert wastelands began to become overrun with bandits.

Slowly, a little shack appears on the horizon. "That's home sweet home," Ned says sadly.

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

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

Thread: **Wastelands**

Board: **Dream's End**

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

Naomi

posted... **Helping out?**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 11 Nov 2005 @ 4:18 PM (PBW Time)



Naomi continues to listen to everything Ned has to tell her, not liking one bit of it, but now knowing it must be true.

When Ned's shack finally appears in sight, she see's the sadness in his eyes and sighs to herself.

"I want to help you, Ned. I don't know if there's anything I can do, I'm nothing but a lost girl in the desert. But if there's anything I can do to help out, I'd be glad to do it. It's the least I can do for your kindness."

Ned Warwick

posted... **Shack**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sun 13 Nov 2005 @ 9:16 AM (PBW Time)



"Smoke from the chimney... everything looks fine," Ned says but picks up the pace a little anyway, hurrying back to his wife.

You cross the last mile or so without incident and find that Ned's shack is a converted storage shed. It's resting on a slab of concrete with a solitary water faucet sticking up from the earth. Nearby is a dilapidated pickup truck, rusting and useless. A dirt road is barely visible, worn away from lack of use. Down the road a ways is the remains of what looks like a service station, burned out and probably unused since the 1950's.

Going inside, you find a cozy well-kept room, laid out much like the settlers of yore.

Ned's wife greets you warmly, introducing herself as Katie. Pregnant, she looks like she's about to burst any moment.

The four of you sit down at their table, and she offers you water to drink. Ned opens his bundle and produces the food he's just purchased.

---

## Naomi



posted... **Cosy**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Tue 15 Nov 2005 @ 1:38 PM (PBW Time)

It takes all of Naomi's willpower to resist gulping down the water immediately, not wanting to appear greedy in front of those who were offering kindness, despite having very little to share themselves.

Still, it doesn't take long for her to drink every last drop, finding the liquid immensely soothing for her parched throat.

Feeling at least partially refreshed, but craving much more, Naomi takes the opportunity to appreciate the small home.

Despite its obvious origins, they had a cosy little place, and she already preferred it to the disgusting place Mel called his headquarters.

"Lovely home," she said aloud, and she meant it. It was the first place she'd been to since waking up in the desert that she actually felt comfortable.

She then looks around the table, to Ned, Katie and Adam then to the food Ned had laid out. She felt so hungry she could eat twice that in one sitting, but even the tiniest morsel would be great right now.

---

## Ned Warwick

posted... **Food**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Tue 15 Nov 2005 @ 10:06 PM (PBW Time)



Katie had some flapjacks and beans cooking, and serves them now, adding to the meal some of the fresh vegetables Ned brought. It's perhaps half a normal-size portion, but she serves it joyfully.

"It's so long since we've had guests," she remarks happily.

Ned, however, remains worried and quiet through the meal despite his wife's attempts to cheer him.

"Sorry to be so down," he says to Naomi and Adam, "But the next time a group of bandits comes through, they might not be so kind. They took our livestock but at least let us keep our lives and most of our possessions."

"We could move to the roadhouse," Katie says quietly, fearfully, as if she'd already suggested it before and been met with strong rejection.

"Is that the kind of place to raise our children???" Ned says angrily, though he quickly calms himself. "Sorry, we shouldn't discuss such things in front of guests," he says apologetically.

---

Adam



posted... **Help**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Wed 16 Nov 2005 @ 10:02 AM (PBW Time)

"Thanks for your hospitality," Adam says as he takes some of the food. "If there's anything we can do to repay you, just let us know. As far as the bandits go, though, I'm all out of ideas."

---

Naomi

posted... **Argument**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 1 Dec 2005 @ 12:41 PM (PBW Time)



Naomi averts her eyes uncomfortably as the two argue. She'd always hated to see her parents fight, and this reminded her of that. Only her parents had always fought over trivial things, and this seemed to be a matter of life or death.

In a way, she agreed with Ned, but decided not to get involved. She was from another world, and any suggestions she might have had were most likely quite irrelevant here.

Her own skills were quite limited.

---

## Ned Warwick

posted... **Meal**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Thu 1 Dec 2005 @ 6:01 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



The rest of the meal is pleasant, with Ned and his wife avoiding all mention of their troubles. Afterwards, Ned says, "Well, I guess it's time to get to work. You all up for helping? There's water to pump, pickly pears to pick, traps to check, and all the rest of all my various chores."

---

## Naomi

posted... **Alrighty**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sat 3 Dec 2005 @ 12:23 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



Naomi smiles warmly, feeling much better after the food and water. She could still do with a nice long sleep, but at least she was no longer starving. And after these people had offered her such hospitality she could hardly refused.

"Of course," she tells Ned, "Just tell me where to start!"

She looks over to Adam, hoping he'll see things the same way.

## Adam



### posted... Sure thing

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sat 3 Dec 2005 @ 3:33 PM (PBW Time)

"I'd be glad to help," Adam says, rising from the table and clearing his plate. He looks around the room, trying to learn a bit more about his hosts. "I'm a bit tired today, but I'll do what I can."

## Administrator

### posted... Looking Around

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sun 4 Dec 2005 @ 9:31 AM (PBW Time)

Adam, you manage to discern that this couple must be dirt poor. The room is neatly kept but jam packed with junk. In fact, you don't know how they've managed to survive. Your settlement at least was able to grow crops and thereby eek out a living, irrigating them with well water, though the dusty desert earth was not very hospitable even in good years.

The two of you go outside with Ned and spend the day helping him with his various chores. Looks like he had a bit of luck and caught two rabbits with his traps while he was gone, though a coyote seems to have managed to take half of one.

Ned tells you that sometimes he even manages to kill a javelina, a desert pig, when they come to roll in the mud near his well.

By nightfall, you're all tired but looking forward to a nice rabbit stew.

Once back in the shack, however, Katie calls Ned aside for some kind of serious discussion.

"Wait here a minute," Ned says apologetically, and steps outside with Katie.

Naomi



posted... **Whispering**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Mon 5 Dec 2005 @ 2:11 PM (PBW Time)

Naomi waits politely for Ned to return, feeling thoroughly exhausted from the day's work.

She realises that she's not had a proper sleep in quite some time, and is hoping for a nice dinner and long sleep tonight.

She turns to Adam, whispering, "I hope they're not arguing about us. I don't think we should stay here much longer. They can barely support themselves..."

Adam



posted... **Yeah**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Mon 5 Dec 2005 @ 7:16 PM (PBW Time)

"I was thinking the same thing," Adam nods to Naomi. "Let's rest here tonight--we need the sleep--and then try to figure out what to do in the morning."

Naomi

posted... **A plan as good as any**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Tue 6 Dec 2005 @ 5:17 AM (PBW Time)



She smiles, a little grimly. She didn't like the idea of the two of them wandering off alone, but perhaps Ned would have some suggestions of where they could go nearby. Perhaps there was another settlement they could take shelter in. Maybe earn some... well, whatever passed for money out here.

"Sounds like a plan," she says aloud, "But I really need a warm bath!"

---

## Ned Warwick

posted... **Bath**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Tue 6 Dec 2005 @ 2:24 PM (PBW Time)



"That we can accommodate!" Ned says, just coming in and overhearing the tail end of your conversation. "Our well's never run dry and we keep the stove on all the time anyway at night for the heat. We can set all that up after dinner, but first, let's eat!"

The stew'd cooked while everyone was talking, and Katie served it with baked yucca.

Over dinner, Ned tells you what he and his wife had talked about, and the gist of it is that since there's safety in numbers, they're wondering if you'd like to pool your resources. If you agree, from now on, everyone will have an equal say.

"You seem like honest people," Ned concludes, "So I think this arrangement should work. Without it, the way things are getting, I doubt any of us would survive. What do you say?"

---

## Naomi

posted... **Woah**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Wed 7 Dec 2005 @ 2:52 AM (PBW Time)



Naomi looks at Adam, unable to hide her surprise. She had been almost certain that they were going to ask for the exact opposite.

She liked these odds... they had more chance staying with Ned and his wife than wandering off on their own. Perhaps they could really help to improve things too.

"I think that sounds like a great idea, maybe we could really help each other out," she smiles happily, "Adam?"

---

## Adam

posted... **Yep**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Wed 7 Dec 2005 @ 9:38 AM (PBW Time)



Adam, too, was a bit surprised by Ned's offer. "What?" he mumbles when Naomi addresses him. "Oh, yeah, agreed." He then looks at Ned and nods. "Just let us know what we can do to help you out. But I have to admit that I'm about tapped out for the day."

---

## Ned Warwick

posted... **Tapped Out**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 8 Dec 2005 @ 8:42 AM (PBW Time)



"I think we all are!" Ned says, smiling, obviously relieved that both Adam and Naomi had decided to throw their luck in with his. Katie too was beaming.

Offering his hand, Ned says, "Ok, let's seal the deal and then get some rest." Katie places her hand on top of Ned's and they wait for you to do the same.

Assuming you both do, well, Naomi, your bath water is hot, and Adam, you and Ned can go scrounge up some bedding. They have some straw for their animals, so perhaps a sheet could be used on top of that to form a make-shift mattress.

## Naomi



posted... **Sealing the deal**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Mon 12 Dec 2005 @ 10:14 AM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

Feeling like this might be the best decision she's made since waking up in this new reality, Naomi places her own hand on top of Katie's to seal the deal.

Later, she lies in the hot bath, letting the fatigue from all the hard work and sleepless nights wash away. And by the time she opens her eyes, she feels relaxed and ready to drift off to sleep.

## Administrator

posted... **Ned**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Mon 12 Dec 2005 @ 6:06 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)

Ok, you two, unless there's anything else you want to do tonight, let's assume you arrange your places in the cabin and go to sleep. Feel free to detail that in your next post if there's anything interesting. (e.g. Naomi streaking or Adam deciding he's too cold or afraid to sleep alone. You know, that kind of good stuff. ;-)

Also, let's assume three days go by with nothing much going on. You help Ned and Katie, learn about how they live, etc. Everything is going as well as can be expected, though it's always a worry whether there's enough food. Still, with four people instead of just two, life is a lot better.

Feel free to detail anything interesting you do these three days also... like Adam making a pass at Naomi, Naomi making a pass at Ned, or whatever. ;-)

On the fourth day, Naomi and Adam, you're out gathering prickly pears, as better food has been scarce, when you see a man approaching in the distance.

Currently you're about a mile from the shack, and

Ned's off somewhere checking his traps. You can't see him, and he's probably out of earshot, though fairly close by otherwise, no more than two miles away somewhere.

## Naomi



posted... **Four days later**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Tue 13 Dec 2005 @ 4:56 AM (PBW Time)

~~Then Naomi got out the bathtub and ran naked through the cabin.~~

*[[I kid, I kid. Made me laugh though:P I don't think she's really the streaking kind.]*

**IC:**

Naomi goes through the next few days slowly adapting to her new lifestyle, picking up a few survival skills and a little more knowledge about the world she'd found herself trapped in. While it was far from perfect, Ned and his wife seemed happy to have the two of them, and Naomi was glad to be there, compared to her perceived brutality of the roadhouse and those within.

She spends some of her time trying to get to know Adam, asking him about his past, how he came to the roadhouse. At other times, she spent all her energy on staying alive.

[OOC: Feel free to let me know what you tell Naomi in response, Adam. As well as anything else that happens :)]

The fourth day comes, and Naomi is interrupted from her chores when she spots a stranger approaching. She knew it wasn't Ned, and was both shocked and a little frightened at who this stranger could be. She gets Adam's attention.

"Look, over there."

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

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

Thread: **Wastelands**

Board: **Dream's End**

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

Adam



posted... **Quiet**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Wed 14 Dec 2005 @ 10:41 AM (PBW Time)

Adam remains rather elusive as Naomi asks about his past. He doesn't really seem to remember much about himself prior to coming to this world, or maybe it's just an act...

"I see him..." he nods at Naomi as the stranger approaches. "This could be trouble." Adam squints to try to make out who the man is, if he's seen him before.

Administrator

posted... **Man**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Wed 14 Dec 2005 @ 8:25 PM (PBW Time)

Nope, he's a complete stranger to you and looks like any other rugged desert dweller, at least from this distance--he could be nice like Ned or mean like the Roadhouse gang.

When he gets to around 100 yards away, he waves hello and keeps coming.

Around fifty feet away, he stops, wary of you. "Hey, you guys know Ned?" he calls. You notice that he has a fairly large sidearm thrust prominently through his belt.

Naomi



posted... **Yeah...**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Thu 15 Dec 2005 @ 5:51 PM (PBW Time)

Naomi eyes the sidearm on his belt warily, not sure what to make of this. But she figures that as he stopped and seemed cautious enough of them, that he wasn't a hostile person - or else he'd not have shown any fear.

"Sure. Why?" she calls back.

Administrator

posted... **Stranger**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 16 Dec 2005 @ 5:45 PM (PBW Time)

"Where is he?" comes the terse reply, and you hear an edge in his voice.

The man continues to stand where he is, not coming closer, his arms by his sides.

Naomi



posted... **Direct Approach**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sat 17 Dec 2005 @ 1:56 PM (PBW Time)

Naomi looks at Adam, a look of suspicion over the man who was speaking to them.

She shrugs. Might as well be direct about it...

"Friend or foe?" she calls, with a faked air of confidence.

Administrator

posted... **Stranger**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sun 18 Dec 2005 @ 10:47 AM (PBW Time)

OOO - Sorry, Adam, couldn't wait... Post anytime.

BIC - "Friend," the man says, and you detect no deception, though that really means nothing.

"What about you?" the man says after a slight pause. "You friends of Ned's?" His voice is still wary, even a bit aggressive.

---

## Adam



posted... **Listening**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Mon 19 Dec 2005 @ 8:40 AM (PBW Time)

Adam listens to the exchange warily. He's pretty confident in Naomi--she seems tough enough--but he's also learned that it's hard to trust anybody in this world. He looks around for anything that could be used as a weapon if it comes to that.

---

## Naomi



posted... **Invitation.**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Mon 19 Dec 2005 @ 12:56 PM (PBW Time)

"Yes, we're friends," she replies honestly.

The man had a gun. If he wanted to shoot them, there was nothing they could do about it. There was nowhere to hide, and she knew it was very unlikely that they'd be able to outrun him and avoid any gunfire long enough to reach Ned or the shack. So they were going to have to trust him. Or at least try and get him into a melee fight, which meant getting closer. Either way, her reaction had to be the same.

"Well," she says aloud, hands on her hips, "no need to stand all the way over there. Come on over so we can talk!"

She puts on a friendly smile and, if he begins to approach, holds out her hand for a handshake. But at

the same time, she has one hand behind her back, with which she motions to Adam to be ready and then clenches into a fist, poised to react if he should attack.

---

Rick Wyler



posted... **Suddenly**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Mon 19 Dec 2005 @ 2:02 PM (PBW Time)

the three hear the revving of an engine. Looking to the northeast they see a man on a motorcycle approaching at about thirty miles per hour. Hardly a charge. He is armed, but is not brandishing any of his weapons.

At a distance of about a hundred yards he pulls up, stops and waves at Naomi, Adam, and the stranger with a wide, slow, arm motion over his head.

---

Administrator

posted... **Stranger**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 23 Dec 2005 @ 2:57 PM (PBW Time)

The stranger (the original one, not the new guy) had started to approach when the distant sound of a motorcycle caught his attention.

He turned quickly in that direction, a look of immense concern on his face. Adam, you know why-men on motorcycles tend to be from one of the roving gangs, like the ones who pillaged your settlement.

"A friend of yours???" the stranger snarled in Adam and Naomi's direction before he dropped into a crouch, gun drawn and aimed at the newcomer.

When Rick, the newcomer, waves, the man cries out, "Whaddya want?"

---

Rick Wyler

posted... **"Umm..."**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Fri 23 Dec 2005 @ 3:39 PM (PBW Time)



Rick called back. "I want peace. Do you know how hard it is to find anyone anymore that doesn't shoot first, and then not even bother to ask questions later? I'm hoping to find a little civilization. If this isn't it, just tell me, and I'll move on."

---

## Naomi

posted... **Ok...ok...**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sat 24 Dec 2005 @ 2:00 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



"I've never seen him before," Naomi tells the stranger, before Rick reaches them.

When Rick replies, she looks back and forth between the two newcomers.

"Ok. We're all friends here," she says, trying to cool things down, "Maybe we need to all have a little talk now."

Her voice was as calming as she could manage, given the situation.

---

## Adam

posted... **Calm**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sat 24 Dec 2005 @ 2:30 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



Adam instinctively ducks down when the man on the motorcycle approaches, but then, seeing that he seems friendly, calms down a bit and stands up. "We don't want any trouble. We're just trying to survive," he says, hands in the air as a sign of peace. "Who are you?" he asks the stranger on foot.

---

## Rick Wyler

posted... **Rick was cautiously**

[\[edit\]](#)

on Sat 24 Dec 2005 @ 6:54 PM (PBW Time)

[\[delete\]](#)



encouraged. The woman had spoken of being friends, apparently talking to one of the other men as well as to him.  
That was hopeful.  
He sat his motorcycle and waited, though, for a clear invitation to approach. Situations like this could turn ugly very quickly in this new, post-apocalyptic world!

---

Administrator

posted... **Stranger**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sun 25 Dec 2005 @ 8:56 AM (PBW Time)

In answer to Adam's question, the stranger on foot hesitates, as if worried about revealing too much. Eventually, however, he replies, "I'm a friend of Ned's. Come for a visit is all."

He remains standing where he is, trying to keep all three in his line of vision at all times.

"Now, who are you, stranger?" he calls to Rick.  
"Where'd you get that bike?" he asks suspiciously.

---

Rick Wyler

posted... **Calling back.**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Sun 25 Dec 2005 @ 10:56 AM (PBW Time)



"My name's Rick Wyler. Until last year I was teaching High School in Liberty, Missouri. I was in the Kansas City area during the Plague and got out just hours before the bombs fell."

"The bike was a parting gift from a friend I left behind in Denver."

"Hey, does this introduction thing go both ways? Who are you all?"

---

Administrator

posted... **Stranger**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Mon 26 Dec 2005 @ 6:39 PM (PBW Time)

"What kind of friend?" the man asks, ignoring your request for introductions, and you recognize the suspicion in his voice. He's still wondering if you're a dangerous biker gang type.

## Rick Wyler



posted... **Rick shrugs**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Mon 26 Dec 2005 @ 10:43 PM (PBW Time)

"My friend was a girl who I had helped out in KC, then she helped me. Then we spent the next year traveling together and saving each other's lives from time to time. We finally ended up in Denver where she had a friend or two, and she connected with one of the gangs. That wasn't a lifestyle that I wanted, so I moved on. Mayliki was generous in the gifts she gave at our parting."

"Now, is it okay if I come closer and hear some of YOUR lifes' stories?"

## Naomi



posted... **Waiting**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Tue 27 Dec 2005 @ 12:17 PM (PBW Time)

Naomi gives Rick a friendly smile, showing that it was ok with her. He seemed like a nice enough guy. At least he'd gone to the trouble of introducing himself. She waits to see how the other stranger reacts, allowing them both to come closer before she introduces herself as well.

## Administrator

posted... **Stranger**

[\[edit\]](#)

[\[delete\]](#)

on Tue 27 Dec 2005 @ 1:44 PM (PBW Time)

"Yeah, I guess that'd be alright," the stranger says, moving in toward Naomi and Adam himself. His suspicion seems to be leaving... somewhat at least, for in the desert, fearing potential friends can be just as deadly as trusting potential enemies.

He's comfortable at a distance of twenty feet or so and doesn't come any closer.

"My name's Larry," he begins. "Met Ned about a year back and visit from time to time. I live just out yonder." He points in the vague direction from which he'd come. "And that's what I'm doing today. Visiting Ned. I don't want any trouble, though I can handle it when it comes. I'm a peaceful sort, but with all of you around, I worry about where Ned is. Is he all right?"

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