

The Big Bang

Mutants and Masterminds: The Big Bang

Kent Map: <http://img248.imageshack.us/img248/2686/labelled.jpg>

It all started with a Big Bang. Not the universe, but the story. Every hero has an origin. Some... more complicated than others. In this case, it starts with a chemical factory on the outskirts of a Toronto Suburb. And a botched attempt to steal an experimental drug. In the stand-off between the authorities and the would-be criminals, and series of unlikely circumstances resulted in an explosion that vaporized a large portion of the facilities stock, adding a new flavour to the morning's smog.

A public service announcement swore it was non-toxic and harmless, aside from the smell and triggering of asthma attacks. But every cover story is a cover for something. And all a fancy chemical mix needs is the proper metagene to awaken.

But that's a story for the next morning. A nice few hours for the chemical stew to... stew. Until then, our heroes have their gaming group to go to.

Players

Mew :: <http://www.myth-weavers.com/sheetvie...sheetid=529567> :: Marina Fischer [water]
Greycat :: <http://www.myth-weavers.com/sheetvie...sheetid=529361> :: Trevor Greyson [fire]
Blanda :: <http://www.myth-weavers.com/sheetvie...sheetid=529626> :: Jezelle Rivers [air]
Noch :: <http://www.myth-weavers.com/sheetvie...sheetid=529659> :: Alexander Nochin [wood]
Yellow 13: <http://www.myth-weavers.com/sheetvie...sheetid=529762> :: Erin O'Neill [metal]
Necar :: <http://www.myth-weavers.com/sheetvie...sheetid=530766> :: Henry Mason [earth]

Character check: Occupation, Age, Residence

:: Trevor; Student/Volunteer in the local YMCA, 21, Parents
:: Marina, Aimless/Volunteer at family business 19 Parents
:: Erin, Journalism student at College, 23, Student housing
:: Alexander, Student at High School, 16, Rented room with dad
:: Jezelle, Student/Athlete, 20, Student housing
:: Henry Mason, Janitor, 26, apartment

::Game Night. Saturday, March 7, 2013. 5:04 pm::

"Trevor! Can you grab my bag!" his father yelled from the garage door. With a sigh, Trevor abandoned his supplies and retrieved the item in question. All the faster for them to leave he supposed. His folks were out for a Worker-Spouse meeting, and would be out of town for the night and day. Which coincided nicely with game night. It meant they could actually use the dining room table for once, and not be banished to the basement.

Bag handed over, he waved (a trace bit impatiently) as they back out into the evening. It had been a real chore to even get them to still leave after the explosion in the morning. As soon as it was polite enough, he dropped the garage door and sprinted back inside for some last minute prep.

Erin meanwhile was getting everything ready for the game. She was DMing this new game and she did quite a lot for it. She never hosted one before though and she hoped that people would like it. A quick adventure to see if she even wanted to go on DMing as well. "Well... here goes." She said and left, wanting to get there early. Partly because her journalism instincts were kicking in. Generally, she always got to the interviews at least 15 minutes early... This time, she'd prefer to have an hour to talk with Trevor, the most experienced of the DMs in the group.

Leaving her dorm, she took a bus to Trevor's house, giving herself lots of time to get there. The bus ride took about half an hour and she got off... Not what she would have liked, but she'd deal with it. Erin knocked on the door to Trevor's house, waiting in the slush.

Trevor was nibbling on some fabric, skimming through XSGCOM, seething with hate when someone knocked. Someone was early for once. Well... five minutes... Meh. Still counts as early. Door, door, door... Door? He blinked. "Hey Erin. Is that a new coat?"

Marina took the bus over to Trevor's house. She got off a few stops too early and decided to just walk the rest of the way to the house. Admittedly she barely even noticed the after effects of the big bang earlier that day. Just a usual problem at a chemical plant...as far as she could tell it was nothing that should concern her. So why was she suddenly feeling queasy this day. And she was sweaty in this cold weather...it made no sense. She pushed those thoughts aside and entered behind Erin. "Hey guys!", she said cheerfully, "How's life.". She looked sweaty in the cold air, almost as if drenched in sweat. But none of the smell that usually accompanies excessive sweating.

Erin smiled. "Good eye, yeah. I know I'm early I just wanted to run some general ideas past you with the adventure I got. Hopefully it's better than the... disaster." She said, referring to the previous time she tried running a game. As she spoke, her eyes suddenly flashed much like those of a Gou'ald possessed human.

"So... the hair dye and contacts are your attempts at being an evil DM?" Trevor asked as he headed to the door again. "A bit more... committed than I would have expected. Loso Miriam," he said, giving her a two finger salute before closing the door. "Did you run here?"

"Hair dye...?" Erin asked. "Contacts...?" She said truly confused. Under the hood of her coat, her hair had changed as well from brown to silver. "What are you--" She brought a strand of hair in front of her eyes and blinked. "Whoa! Okay, I did not do that!" She pushed aside the confusion and looked at Marina. "Hey, you all right? You look kinda sick..."

"Nah I'm fine...a little queasy earlier, but should be fine now.", she said calmly, "Don't know why I'm now sweating more...Hopefully it has nothing to do with that big bang on the news. They said it was harmless after all..."

"Meh... Chemicals in the air are never good... There is a reason I don't go to chemistry labs anymore. They always give me headaches..." Trevor said thoughtfully. "Water?"

"What about water?", Marina asked slightly distracted.

Erin's eyes lit up, literally even. "Oh! I went out to cover that!" She said proudly. "Lemme know and next time, I'll bring the newscast my class did!"

"Libel and slander," Trevor said with a helpful smile before heading to the fridge. "To drink."

"How would it be either one of those things? You've seen my stuff." Erin pointed out... then facepalmed at Marina's question.

"Yeah a bit concerned actually, but yeah I'd like a drink...what do you have?", Marina asked.

"It's libel and slander to accuse people on a medium with a built in audience." Trevor dipped his head into the fridge. Ah, blessed coolness. "Water... sprite... orange juice... garlic concoction... iced tea... ginger ale..."

"I'll take some sprite," Erin said, always a fan of soft drinks whenever she could get her hands on them since her parents stopped regularly getting them and replaced them with fruit juice cans.

"You Miriam?" Trevor asked, reaching for the two liter in question.

"Sprite please.", she said.

"Two sprites for the lovely ladies." Trevor, bottle in hand, closed the fridge and grabbed two glasses from the cupboard. He made a show of it, moistening the rim under the pipe and dipping it in the container of white sugar before pouring the drinks. He even dropped little umbrellas in them before he handed them over.

"Your beverages, Ma'am," Trevor said in a faux British accent.

"Thank you, kind sir," Erin said smiling. "You didn't need to do all this fancy stuff though," She said chuckling. "Still, thanks."

"Thanks are in order sir for the fine drink", Marina said in a faux British accent taking her drink, "But tell me gov'ner was the tiny parasol really necessary."

"Of course, ma'am," Trevor said with an air of sophistication. "How else would I be able to invoke the tropical airs."

"For that you would need a lemon wedge...", Marina said dropping the accent, "And it's midwinter."

"And if it really was tropical, I'd ask for a Caesar." Erin admitted. "You know, the red drink, celery stick?" She said.

"Meh. I have lemons in the fridge, but they take time to slice..." Trevor admitted. "And no... That just sounds like a nasty cup of vegetable juice..." He didn't drink. And he could literally count on one hand the number of cocktails he knew. He glanced at the clock. The others were late. Again... He sighed quietly.

Marina sat down, the drink helping to alleviate her stress. Fortunately the sweating had stopped. "I'm feeling much better.", she said.

"First world problems," Erin teased. "And well... that's your opinion. I like it, myself."

"Not so much first world problems as it is 'not wanting to make the people I offered refreshments to wait too long'," Trevor said, poking Erin's shoulder.

"Ow," Erin said in response to being poked, not that she felt any pain. "So, has anyone heard from the others?"

"When do we ever..." Trevor muttered.

"You'd think people would tell us if they couldn't make it..." Erin sighed. "I mean I'd tell you guys if I couldn't make it. And I had the adventure planned for four at least... I suppose I could de level some things." She said and went to the living room to unpack her laptop and get everything ready.

"Or we can just wait for everyone else to get here.", Marina said sipping her drink. She still felt beads of sweat trailing down her arms and neck gathering in a pool at her feet but not wetting the floor. Her shirt was getting a little wet from the sweat.

"They'd better not use the factory explosion as an excuse..." Trevor muttered with a faint snarl. "I was about a block away. Don't see me complaining. I still have a headache..."

"And I took a lot of shots going as close as I could to it." Erin added. "While lugging around lots of camera equipment, I might add." She said, rubbing her shoulders. "If you want a workout for your classes, join the Journalism program and do all your work solo."

"Funny, I think this sweating problem started only after the factory explosion...it's probably just a coincidence.", Marina shrugged.

"What's the term... Um... Bah. Mental illness. Self-inflicted," Trevor shrugged. Then again... he had his headache... though he always got those from any complex mix of chemicals.

"Hypochondria?" Erin called from the living room. In her boredom, she opened up MS Paint and began doodling. She never doodled before, but she just got the urge to do it.

"Wouldn't that have stopped after I got inside?", Marina asked taking another sip.

"Not if your mind decided it wasn't so," Trevor said, plopping down into the sofa. He made vaguely mystical motions with his hands. "The body is a puppet of the mind."

"Suppose that's why I'm soaked now.", Marina sighed, "Ah well."

"A shower might help," Trevor shrugged.

"Might as well get one," Erin said, not looking up as she continued to doodle, not sure what she was doodling though, but it was... something, that was for sure. It had to be something, right?

"There's time right now while we wait for the slowpokes."

"I'm pretty sure I can find something for you to change into," Trevor added. "I can even toss your other clothes in the wash."

This did make Erin look up. "And you have girl's clothes in your place why? And your mom's stuff doesn't count."

"Ah..." Yeah, Trevor realized just how awkward that sounded. "They are my cousins. She left some stuff here the last time she visited. And some things are gender neutral..."

Marina had been in Trevor's place before she knew where the shower was. "If you don't mind me borrowing your cousin's clothes or using your shower.", Marina said.

"I don't," Trevor said. He got up from the chair hands free and made for the linen closet to grab a towel and wash cloth, then to the spare room. AKA; guest room AKA; extra clothes storage facility. He had to admit, searching through the draw did feel a bit like an invasion of privacy, but...

"Towels, soap, and a change of clothes," He announced, heading to the bathroom door.

Marina followed Trevor through the house. Though she continued to sweat none of the droplets remained on the wood floor...She thought little of it. "Thank you.", she said taking the towel, soap, and extra clothes. She entered the bathroom and locked the door.

Trevor made a break for it. He had put some underwear in there, and he really didn't want to be in range when she found it. That was sorta awkward, so he didn't want to deal with it.
[And they sat in awkward silence for the 10-30mins it took Marina to shower]

Erin was mostly silent, half the time was spent hammering out more doodles with the track pad of her laptop and MS Paint while the other half was spent actually doing what she was supposed to be doing for the game. Though she only spent about 30 seconds on game stuff before getting bored and going back.

"What are you doing anyway?" Trevor asked, looking over her shoulder after an almond run. To

spare the cotton.

"I..." Erin said blinking, but not looking up. "I dunno..." She admitted. "Doodling while we wait, I guess." She looked over the doodles, and rubbed her eyes, getting eyestrain. "Ugh..." She couldn't make heads or tails out of what she was seeing, but some... other part of her could. It knew exactly what she was doing. In fact, it knew how to make what she was doing even better. Design check: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3961944/> 17, DC 14
So; four hours to design it, and 16 to build

When Marina returned to the group she had stopped sweating. But something was off, her skin looked slightly unnatural. Only slightly though, she was significantly more cheerful after her shower and Trevor's cousin's clothes fit alright. "Have the others arrived yet!" she shouted happily before returning to her seat. She grabbed her drink and stood up again moving to behind Erin. "I feel much better now.", she said.

"Jesus Marina..." Erin said finally looking up, now that her inner... Thing had been satisfied. She saved the designs and looked to the girl in question. "You sure...? Because you really don't look it... In fact you look worse. Seriously, go home. Get some sleep. You don't have to pretend to be tough for us. That's Alessa's job."

"Worse?", she asked.

Meanwhile, through the street walked a (very) young guy, navigating towards the place where the rest of people were. Having a pair of headphones in his ears he walked, trying to keep his pace with music that played there. And finally, he reached the needed door and rang the bell, already feeling a bit awkward.

"Yeah. Have you seen yourself in the mirror lately?" Erin asked.

"Yes, but I don't see your point.", Marina said.

"Meh..." Trevor said, not offering comment. He instead went to the door and swung it open. Him standing there, framed by the light spilling out, face mostly hidden by the shadows cast over it and all did make for a rather imposed image. "You... are late."

"You look sick. You probably are sick." Erin explained. "Seriously... Even if you might feel fine, you REALLY don't look it." Getting some tissue out of her pocket she used to stop nosebleeds, she pressed it against her head to dry the area before pressing her palm to her forehead, checking the temperature. Taking her palm away, she frowned. "Well... Just take it easy for now, I guess..."

"Oh... Hello there?" Alex said, covering his face from light "I think I am. Goddamn school." he said with disgusted expression and then looked behind Trevor, wondering if he can enter.

"Hello Alex.", Marina said with a grin, finally something to stop Erin from trying to pretend to

know medicine. "How's life?", she asked him.

"Might as well come in, but you aren't getting a special drink," Trevor declared, hearing Marina behind him and standing aside to give the boy access. He cleared his throat and announced in his best court herald tone, "Presenting his royal majesty, Prince Alexander the 4th!"

"Terrible, as always." Alex replied to Marina, before awkwardly entering and staring at Trevor with risen eyebrow. "Hi everyone else." he said to "everyone else" in the room.

"Hello," Erin said looking up. "By the way, before you ask, no I didn't do anything to my hair. Or eyes... They just sorta... Did something on their own." She said futilely, honestly not knowing how this had happened.

"Hey, that's mean," Trevor grinned behind Alex. "Is that anyway to treat your host? And don't believe her. It's an elaborate ruse to catch us off guard."

"In all the time you've known me, do you really think I'd bleach my hair for no reason?" Erin chuckled.

"It is not out of the realm of possibility.", Marina said to Erin, "Any idea where Jezelle is?"

"Anyway, where's the bathroom here? I'll wash my hands." Alex wondered, dropping off his backpack near the wall.

"Hallway, first door on the left," Trevor said, directing Alex to the half bathroom as headed to the living room. "And it could be dye."

"That's what I assumed.", Marina said.

"Thanks, I guess." Alex said before leaving to the bathroom, actually washing his hands.

Erin facepalmed. "Whatever you say guys." She said, teasing them. "Whatever you say."

Trevor dropped back into his seat, then sighed right away as he realized something. "What did you do with your stuff Mari? I might as well toss them in the wash from now..."

"It's with the rest of the laundry...just try to keep it separate.", Marina said to Trevor.

A little out of breath and still damp from the hasty shower, Jezelle jogged up to the door and hit the doorbell as she came to a stop, bending a little to catch her breath and stretching a few muscles afterwards.

"... Did you guys plan this or something?" Trevor asked after he got up and opened the door for Jezelle. He gave the athlete a level stare, not quite a glare, but it was close. He was blaming Marina for it, but he had become rather aware of the fact that he was alone in the house with two women, one of which had been showering in his shower... Now, Jezelle and her rather trim

figure... Jezebel... "Come in."

"Hello Jezelle!" Erin said smiling, reversing the changes she had made to the document now that everyone was here. She quickly lifted a hand off the keyboard and waved hello.

"Gracias," Jezelle said with a bit of sheepish grin, knowing she had to be late so she decided to be glad she wasn't scolded, skipping past Trevor and moving into the house with a wave to Erin, "Hey."

She sort of purposely fell over the arm of the loveseat in the lounge and sort of got comfortable in an awkward position.

"Hey Jezelle.", Marina said moving to greet her with her free hand.

"Bah humbug... I have a chore to do..." Trevor muttered. He thought for a moment. "Um... Jeez! You are on doorbell duty!"

"No!" Erin said. "No using the C word on game day!"

"Bleh," Jezelle sighed, just having collapsed in the seat when Trevor gave her a job -not that she could reject since she was technically late, after which she went to reply to Marina, "Heyyyyywha... You... trying some skin product...?"

"Skin product, what are you talking about?", Marina asked in surprise just before crashing on Trevor's couch. She lay down on her back on the couch while keeping Jezelle in her field of vision. "No why do you ask that?", Marina finished.

Trevor withdrew to the bathroom to retrieve Marina's clothes, then quick stepped it to basement laundry room. He in no way spent any time examining the clothes, only dumped her stuff right into the machine. Honest. He set the cycle on delicate, added some of the gentle detergent and set it to wash before rejoining the group. Took him, what? Five, ten minutes? Setting things to wash takes time...

"Eh... maybe it's just me, soccer practice was a bit rough, maybe I'm just tired," Jezelle said after squinting at Marina a second time before shrugging helplessly.

"Soccer in the snow and slush?" Erin asked. "Wow... The teams really are dedicated to your sports. I thought for sure that practices and games stopped during the winter for spring and summer sports like that."

"Indoor fields," Trevor pointed out as he returned to the main level, closing the door to the basement behind him. "And fields with AstroTurf are easy to clean." He headed to the couch, then paused a moment, looking at the door. He slowly lowering himself, daring the doorbell to ring again.

Jezelle sort of nodded her head toward Trevor as if to say he had the right idea.

"Yeah, indoors is cramped but less messy than snow -I swear with some of these guys they'd take

the snow and slush as a challenge," Jezelle said with half a shrug, casting the odd glance at Marina every now and then as though trying to find what it was that seemed off, and sparing another glance at Trevor as he seemed to hover over his seat as he descended.

"Huh... Didn't know that. Ah well." Erin said. "How'd things go with practice, by the way?"

"Her practice was fine. You can tell from her bearing, the way she carries herself and her perkiness," Trevor said. He paused, hesitated, the talents of Epimetheus making him realize just how easily misinterpreted that comment was. He forged on and hoped it would be overlooked. "We have everyone here, even the late comers (though Prince Albert's in the can)."

"Sounds like we can start then...her bearing you say...", Marina drifted off.

Annnd wasn't overlooked... Jezelle's eyes narrowed though less in anger and more in suspicion. "Do I need to buy thicker sports bras or something?" Jezelle half-whispered to herself.

"Not *that* perkiness," Trevor said quickly, hearing her. Well... maybe.

"Oh..." Jezelle said, a sliver of surprise but you could swear there was a certain... disappointment... somewhere in her tone.

"I mean... not that your perkiness is bad or anything," Trevor said, panicking for some reason. "I mean, you have lovely... ah..." Black men don't blush or flush. Small favours. "You know what, I'm going to shut up now. Where did I put my sheet..."

"Huuuuuh..." Jezelle, suspicion again all of a sudden, but the topic was changed so it was nothing.

"Yes, Shutting up would be a very good idea, Trevor." Erin chimed in.

Alex entered the room, slowly sneaking to the nearest seating spot, and loudly yawned, looking around.

"Lo Prince Albert," Trevor said, latching on to another change of subject. "Welcome back from the can."

Alex waved at Trevor "You love giving unrelated nicknames, yeah?" staring at him he wondered "Starting the game now?"

"Wasn't it King Albert, Trevor?" Erin said, wondering if anyone besides her would get that reference. "But he needs blond hair to be that."

"That one is very much related. And yes we are. Right, everyone?" Trevor said. He moved on before the comment, nodding firmly. "Right."

Marina returned to the table, she was feeling alright compared to a while before though she was trying very hard not to notice her oddly smooth skin at this point, it was almost like slime. This

must be what Jezelle was referring to. "Great, we're starting?", she asked.

"Have at thee, Erin" Trevor said with confidence, his sword and shield, read dice bag and character sheet and supplements, in hand.

Alex walked up to his backpack and skimmed through it, throwing away some books on his way and took out his character sheet as well, along with a box and put back the books he threw away. He then returned to the small group with his stuff and sat nearby.

Marina had left her character sheet with the GM knowing that she'd likely lose it to the fish if she had to keep it herself. "Hey Trevor, where did you leave my character sheet?", she asked. She did however fetch her dice bag from her backpack.

Erin took a deep breath to calm down now that everything was getting set up and finalized. "All right... This is my first attempt at a game so go easy on me," She began. "This is really loosely based off of a campaign a former DM of mine was going to run before he got too busy. Only instead of being mostly anti-demon, this is anti-devil for the most part."

"I never go easy," Trevor said, steepling his fingers and leaning his head forward so that his brow cast shadows over his eyes. "I advocate a lion's training. Tough love. Mwuahahahahaha!"

"Remember the last time I tried DMing for you guys? And how Marina had a lot of explaining to do with the flipped table?"

"Ah, good times, good times," Trevor nodded with a smile. Fond memories. "I did tell her not to use that folding table. But this one weights a good hundred pounds. At least. No flipping this time."

"Never underestimate what anger can do to people," Erin said.

"I never did that!", Marina shouted.

"You didn't flip the table, I did. You had to explain why the table was broken." Erin said. "And then I had to pay for it..." She grumbled.

"You did break it," Trevor smirked. "You almost hit me with it..."

"Well you were sitting in such a good spot to be hit." Erin said, winking.

"I always knew you wanted to hit on me," Trevor sighed. "It is hard to resist."

Erin winked. "Why do you think I have Yellow AND Shelly going for your characters?"

"Ladies please...can we get back to the game...", Marina said.

"Well I dunno." Erin said, teasing. "Can we?"

"All depends on which game you are thinking of," Trevor teased back. He switched gears before Marina could hit him or something. "But yes. By all means. I'm all a twitter with anticipation."

"Well as I was saying, this is a devil killing game. Just as a brief intro, let's introduce the characters." Erin smiled.

Alex meanwhile sat aside, awkwardly staring at people. Okay, he still didn't get used to seeing these people in person, and this put him off a bit.

"Alex, you can start," Trevor said with a smile. And so they went. Trevor didn't lie when he said he was pushing Erin off the deep end, and pulled out a young Rakshasa learning the ways of the world as his character. Marina made a more typical merrow ranger for her character. A feline artificer was Alex's choice, for now. Jezelle stuck with a crazy barbarian chick. Trevor collected the weekly dues and ordered pizza and other such appropriate junk foods after three hours or so of gaming, and they were still going strong when the hour rolled around to near eleven.

::Game Night. Thursday, March 7, 2013. 10:57 pm::

The game was surprisingly smooth. Much more so than last time. The party had slain a fair few numbers of demons, some were quite tough as well, the final boss being a level 11 Barbed devil. Erin was on the edge of her seat, not sure herself of what would happen.

"Scorching Ray. First hit on aimed at his face, second at the tapestry support behind him," Trevor stated. "Metamagiced to electric! 11 and 14."

"All right, roll for spell penetration." Erin said, a little disappointed that he changed his tactics.

"17+7," Trevor said after rolling. "And what about that stone support. Did it break?"

"You bypass his defences and he stumbles back. The stone didn't break with just your attack, but as he stumbles, he loosens it a little more and it looks really unsteady." Erin replied. "Now it's Marina's turn."

"I'll fire a few ice arrows at the demon...", Marina declared

"All righty, fire away." Erin said.

"14...+ 11 that's 24 to hit..., 10+ 6 that's 16.", Marina said after rolling.

"And you miss." Erin said. "The demon catches the arrow in the air before it hits and snaps it in half. My turn now..." Erin said and pulled up the monster manual. "The barbed Devil rushes up to you Trevor and attacks. Let's see here... Ohhh... 33 to hit. and since he hits he starts a grapple. With no attack of opportunity." She rolled again. "and 22." She said waiting for Trevor.

"Ah darn...", Marina sighed. Noting that she felt queasy again...And something about herself felt

different...She felt less solid...if there was even a way to describe it. She poked her forearm and was shocked when her skin responded more like a liquid than a solid. She slammed her hands on the table and tried to not draw attention to her discovery.

Erin looked to Marina. "Hey... no need to get mad. This guy's just got a really good AC. I warned you ahead of time that he was gonna be tough."

"It's not that...", Marina said, "Not that at all...But I think I'll go lie down...just assume my character fires more arrows...if it gets to me again." Marina then got up and moved to lie on the couch.

"You okay Marina?"

Erin moved for Marina to take her spot. "You feeling all right? Because we can stop here for a while."

"Shouldn't be a problem...", Marina said lying on the couch. Her skin color was now an odd green shade and looked like it wasn't holding together well.

"Eeh, I really want to believe that this isn't gaz stuff they were talking about all day on TV and Internet" Alex remarked, staring at Marina.

Erin frowned as she relocated. "You're really not looking to good..." She said. "Her Trevor, can you get her a blanket?"

"Sure," Trevor said, getting up quickly and heading for the hall closet. There were throws in there. Even if it was a bit disorganized, so it took him a bit of time to find one.

Marina's skin turned completely green and she lost most of her features as her body took on the composition of slime, then suddenly without warning she collapsed...almost as if she was the wicked witch and someone threw a bucket of water on her. She didn't even have time to scream before she was a green puddle flowing off the couch. her clothes lay where they were sopping wet. Before anyone could move water seemed to flow out of the clothing and moved to rejoin the puddle on the floor.

Erin shrieked as loudly as she could in utter terror at this sight though, more then compensating for Marina's lack of a scream.

Jezelle's shock was a little more silent, as her eyes bulged and she could feel her heart stop for an unhealthily amount of time, her brain refusing to comprehend what just happened or even register it as real.

Trevor just ran when he heard the scream. He held on to the throw and raced back to the living room. Only the things were on his mind; that Marina either passed out, threw up, coughed up blood or some other medical related surprise, someone broke in, or she saw a mouse. What he didn't expect was the mass of green liquid on the ground and couch. "Well darn," he said in his

level 'important and unexpected though not critical' tone. "I'll get the mop..." Before it ruined the hardwood. Whatever it was.

"GET THE GAZMASKS, IT BEGINS." Alex yelled, staring at Marina (Goorina?) He couldn't really come up with something better than that, as the situation was toooooo weird.

Erin meanwhile was in full-on panic mode as she pressed her back against the farthest wall she could, still screaming. "SHE'S DEAD! MARINA IS DEAD!!" She yelled. She was frantically looking over herself, hoping that none of Marina's... remains had gotten onto her.

"Jeeze... It's just a spill... I'll clean it up," Trevor didn't realize he presented himself as such a strict person that would chew someone out just for spilling something. It would take some work (washing out the cushions, mopping, cleaning, polishing and stuff), but Marina did seem sick, so he wouldn't hold it against her. He dipped his toe in the mess (it was his home, so he was in slippers.)

"NO!" Erin screamed, making Trevor flinch, wanting to rush forward and tackle him away. "DON'T TOUCH THAT! THAT'S MARINA! SHE MELTED!" She said, genuinely not knowing what to do. "MARINA WAS HERE THEN SHE MELTED! GET BACK! NOW!" If Trevor got any closer, she'd have to tackle him.

"Okay... Yelling isn't making you any clearer," Trevor said soothingly, motion with his hand for her to lower her voice. Seriously, it was making his head hurt. "Breathe and explain. Where did Marina go off to anyway?"

"Didn't you hear me!? SHE MELTED!" Erin yelled. "She was right there! Then she turned green and melted!" In her panic, Erin suddenly vanished from sight.

The green puddle bubbled as if it wanted to say something but only certain gurgling noises could be made out. The puddle did seem to be coalescing in one location, or rather staying together. Marina could still vaguely see people, she had only a basic understanding of what just happened.

"Thi...this is... a j...joke or some...thing... right... That... can't actually happen... right...?" Jezelle said, eyes still bulging as she was bordering hyperventilation with her breathing, edging away from the water.

Gurgling puddle. Definitely not normal. Just odd though. It might be leaking somewhere. Trevor gave the others a suspicious look. "You're just pulling me leg, aren't you?" He had to admit, they were good actors. Jez looked genuinely shocked. He bent over and dipped in finger in the puddle, to see if it would need soap or anything.

The puddle rippled a bit and small bubbles formed almost as if Trevor's fingers were tickling it. It then settled back down. It tried to move but barely twitched.

"OHWHATTHEHELL!" Trevor yelped, recoiling from the puddle, pulling back and tripping over his feet, landing on his behind.

"NONONO!" Erin said and rushed, sprinting over to Trevor as fast as she could and tackled him away from the puddle. Leaping over the puddle that used to be her friend, she leapt at Trevor to force him away and get him further away from it.

The water rose a little but then fell back down as the water continued to ripple. Marina was barely comprehending what just happened to her, but from the looks on people's faces and their shouts it was clearly something with her. She still couldn't speak properly but given her condition it was to be expected. She thought back to that chemical explosion...it couldn't be...there was no possible way...no...no....yes...how was she alive...

The more Jezelle thought about it the more ridiculous it seemed, her mind refused to acknowledge it and rightly so.

"This is silly, people can't just *melt*, it's physically impossible," Jezelle said, some kind of confidence taking over as those barely remember science lessons from school where poking holes in this whole charade, "We're obviously missing something."

"You just saw that!" Erin yelled, still clearly panicking, not being able to think straight. "I'm not the only one that saw that! You saw that!" She said pointing at Jezelle after she had recovered from tackling Trevor.

"WE'RE OBVIOUSLY MISSING SOMETHING!" Jezelle shouted fiercely in reply, hands balled tightly into fists as her eyes seemed to burn, incapable of thinking it was anything else, "IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!"

Marina thought over few things, she wasn't dreaming...her dreams were in third person. And this felt real...despite the fear she felt good, almost natural in fact. She focused on accepting this as real regardless of how ridiculous it was, regardless of how many laws of physics, chemistry and biology her predicament shat on. It was real...it was real...

"OBVIOUSLY IT IS IF IT JUST HAPPENED!" Erin countered.

The puddle rippled again. Marina focused on her body, she was about average for a girl, not too fat...a little thin, nice curves, not to the point where she was a whore, but beautiful. As she thought her puddle form continued to ripple.

"Stop yelling..." Trevor said, holding his head. "Just... stop yelling. Yelling is going to do anything... Um... Maybe I should get a bucket? Or the mop? The mop and bucket... that might work..."

Then slowly the center of the puddle began rising, slowly at first, the head was the vague outline of Marina's head with a little hair. Slowly the puddle formed her neck, her collar, her shoulders then her breasts and her arms. Marina felt weak, but was proud she was able to get this far. A little bit more of her torso formed. She was green liquid barely held together by surface tension. Her mouth moved and tiny bubbles could be seen inside the part of her that formed her head. Certain sounds could be made out but nothing coherent.

Any advice that was given to Erin on calming down was lost when Marina, or what was left of Marina began to reform. She screamed as loudly as she should once again and fainted from the shock and overload with everything that was going on. It was just too much for her. Blissful unawareness. Sleep was good.

Once more Jezelle's response was silence, her eyes too wide as she witnessed yet another impossibility, only her mind wasn't taking it too well any more. She started with a steady stride as she approached the shape of water though her confidence seemed to gradually falter with each step, until it seemed to take an enormous amount of effort to simply stretch out a hand to try and touch Marina's -or whatever the water thing was- shoulder.

"This isn't..." Jezelle sort of trailed off.

Muscles tense and straining, Trevor, with an effort that probably took a year or two off his lifetime, he only moved back two or so feet, only a faint hissing emerging from his mouth. Suppressed scream; check. Suppressed flight instinct; check. His heart was pounding out a drum solo as he licked his lips and ran a hand over his head, trying to collect himself.

Marina felt a hand on her shoulder, it remained on the surface for a moment before sinking into her. "I *gurgle* think I er juust... *gurgle* broke phiiisics...", she stuttered out. The others could clearly see water currents swirling in her head when she spoke. Marina reached out slowly and placed a hand on Jezelle's forearm. "Itz *bubbles* real...", she said.

Her brain kind of went on hold as Jezelle's hand sunk into the water body, it definitely felt like water and she was fairly certain she would have woken up ages ago if this was a dream. It just didn't want to register in her head, at least, not after watching Marina melt beforehand, otherwise this might have seemed a little less traumatizing.

Unfortunately when the water-Marina touched Jezelle's arm it kind of broke the last barrier on Jezelle's mind and her flight instinct kicked in bad.

In a big flurry of action Jezelle launched herself away from Marina, half running backwards and half jumping in a crazy scramble -straight into the dining room table which made a bit of a crash. She still clambered until she fell off the other side of the table and kind of remained out of sight.

Trevor let out a decidedly unmanly squeal when the puddle, Marina, spoke. He added another foot of distance between himself and the puddle. He finally registered the fact that her clothes, his cousins, were on the couch. He stuck a knuckle in his mouth and bit on that. As if one impossible thing for the day was more than one person could take, Jezelle decided to overreact and go running into his poor table. If it were somewhat faster then he would have thought possible, he would write it off as adrenaline. [d]

Marina fully understood their reaction to her...it wasn't everyday you melted. Her lower half was still just a blob of water. She dragged herself forward not realizing she moved right over Erin's fainted body. Marina tried to speak, "Feels kinda nice *gurgle* How am *bubbles* I alive?"

Jezelle was in a bit of a mess as far as her thoughts were concerned, as she sort of sat collapsed, staring at the floor wondering what the hell was going on. Water couldn't move like that, people

had a lot of water in them, true, but they can't melt like that either...

She reluctantly peered under the table through chair legs and saw a part of the body of water visible. This obviously wasn't going to just go away... Jezelle took a deep breath to try and steady her nerves, but she refused to look.

"...M... Marina...?" Jezelle tested, her voice a lot steadier but you could tell she was shaken.

"T...t...that is my name...", Marina gurgled she doubted she would ever get the hang of this. "I think I broke science...think that means I win....", she fumbled out the lower part of her watery head glowed slightly as currents rushed around inside her. When the currents died down she crawled forward again and then fell on her face. Her face slowly reformed back to normal.

In.... and out... In... and out... Calming breaths. Trevor chewed on his knuckles, fast as first, but slowing down as he calmed, the alternative rock drum solo losing tempo till it was just a heavy slow march pounding in his ears. Control. More panic and disorder would not help. At all. Level headed and calm would. He let out a shuddering sigh, then one that sounded like he was shivering, closing his eyes, putting things in order. When he opened them again, he was. "Okay..." he said, his voice more or less normal, even if there was a slight tremble in it. "You are wa- um... moving over Erin..." [done]

"You *melted*..." Jezelle reiterated the obvious, futilely, still not entirely believing it even though she spoke it. She just shook her head and attempted another glance after hearing Trevor. He sounded like he was taking the events well... Jezelle kind of felt a little ashamed she'd taken them so poorly in comparison. [done]

"Indeed...I don't get *bubbles* it either..", Marina said to the two. Marina was over denial, and as long as being water felt cool she was willing to skip a few steps and go straight to acceptance. She had already gotten off poor Erin. "Feels kinda cool.", Marina tried to say cheerfully, but fumbled the words.

Erin's fingertips twitched as her hand was submerged into Marina's goo. She was still clearly unconscious.

Noticing where she was at the moment, and where Erin's hands were... Yeah, Trevor didn't let that thought bloom. "Um... can you... pull yourself together a bit more? The h-head floating in the puddle thing is... disconcerting..." [done]

Marina nodded and then focused on her form...her body...slowly she rose her pelvic region formed and from there her bare legs, smooth but made of shiny green liquid. Her feet formed slowly and she promptly stumbled while she figured out how to walk again.

[1d20+5=6](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sC75aU47GRk)
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sC75aU47GRk>

Marina's surface tension completely fell apart and she collapsed into a puddle on the floor again. The puddle rippled but didn't reform.

Trevor had pulled Erin away from Marina, and was contemplating how to attempt to revive her when Marina started trying. With no better ideas, he plugged her mouth and nose as he watched the puddle (God that was odd...). "Um... Marina?" he called out cautiously, forgetting to move his hands from pinching Erin's nose and holding her mouth shut.

Marina reformed only her face in the puddle, "Lost control of my shape there.", she gurgled.

Erin's eyes shot open as she woke up, the lack of air triggering that as a survival instinct. "MMMM!" She yelled, then swatted Trevor's hands away so she could breathe.

"Ah. Apologies," Trevor said. The fact that he almost yelped would remain his secret. He might have said more, but...

"What happened...?" Erin asked. "I had the weirdest dream... And how'd I end up on the floor?" She rubbed her head and side, feeling like she had landed on it awkwardly.

The atmosphere seemed to be calming down a little and Jezelle's nerves had hardened a bit, so she took a deep breath and walked out from behind the table and up to the entrance to the lounge room at least to get a better view on things. [done]

Riddle me this; what do the universe, fate and gravity have in common? They are all bitches. Fickle, spiteful bitches. Calming my foot. There was a heavy knock on the door. "This is the Peel Regional Police! Open up please!"

Jezelle's heart skipped a beat again -this had to be unhealthy- when she heard the police at the door, her eyes going wide and flitting between the puddle of Marina and the door. "FFFFF..." Jezelle repressed a swear, "Trevor, find something to make this water look like an accident! I'll get the door and buy time!"

Marina remained deathly still, hoping the cops would mistake her for just a spill.

"Oh no..." Erin looked up and saw Marina. Or what was left of her. "Oh god, it wasn't a dream?" She shivered, suddenly feeling very scared.

"It's green!" Trevor hissed at her. How the hell was he supposed to make Marina look like an accident? There was way too much of her (Oh God he never thought he would say that without making reference to a ship, landmass or extremely fat person) doing around...

"Then do YOU wanna buy time!?" Jezelle asked in frustration, glancing at the puddle again with growing anxiety.

"How can I help?", Marina asked in her usual bubbly way.

"Get out of here," Erin said. "Basement or something." She offered.

"You, couch," Trevor said quietly, pointing at Erin. "You, chair," he said, moving to Alex as he

snatched up the clothes Marina... flowed out of. "You, tell them you are coming before they kick the door down!" he hissed at Jez. "Puddle. Basement. Move."

Marina did her best and just let herself go, moving the entirety of her water form towards the closed basement door. She easily flowed under the door and down the steps collecting on the basement floor.

"I-I'm coming!" Jezelle called to the door almost immediately in response to Trevor, half falling over as she rushed to the door, attempting to wait as long as reasonable before easing the door open.

Erin moved onto the couch, laying down so she could stabilize herself and get the bloodflow back to normal.

Trevor moved as Jez did, quietly opening and closing the basement door behind him, letting memory guide him down the steps, moving slow so that he didn't slip on(in? This was too weird) Marina. This area was the neutral point. The laundry through the doorway on the left, storage on the right, and the door to his semi-detached place ahead. Really, it was just a bathroom, bedroom, living/dinning/kitchen area and his own entrance. The stove was the old one they replaced a few years before. He didn't use it much. He and his folks shared most meals. It was just... the illusion of independence.

Marina collected in a blob-like mass on the floor of the basement. She wasn't having the best of days what being 100% liquid instead of 70% like most people. In any case she noticed someone else coming down the stairs. "Who is it?", she asked softly. (Bubbles are implied from this point on)

"And if I were the police?" Trevor said just as softly as he hit the lights.

"You know that's not my main concern right now...if you haven't noticed...", Marina continued. She then tried reforming again.

[1d20+5=12](#)

She got a roughly human shape and managed to hold that shape.

[1d20+5=16](#)

She continued adjusting her form to match her natural curves with some success.

"Because they would appreciate a talking puddle..." Trevor said said, rolling his eyes. Honestly, he was still running on partial suspension of belief.

[1d20+5=17](#)

"I'm sure they would...", she said still struggling to change back to normal. And then she hit it...her fluid form was stable. "I think I've stabilized."

"Okay..." she was nude and perfectly formed, human form. Trevor blinked. Lovely... "Um.. yeah... At the moment, you look very suspicious. And I don't want them shipping you off to some lab or something... So you need to hide somewhere..."

"If you know how I can change back I'd love to hear it...otherwise where can we hide a green girl sized mass of water.", Marina said softly trying to get on her feet.

"Two places. The bath tub or the washer," Trevor said after a moment's pause. Jeeze... he could see through her... "And a tub of green water isn't exactly innocent..."

"Trevor! *You're* supposed to be doing this!" Jezelle's voice called down.

"So you expect me to get into the washing machine...", Marina asked softly. "So long as you don't turn it on."

"Cause we don't seem to have much time..." He said nodding. "And I won't."

"I give up.", Marina said and stepped into the washing machine before allowing her surface tension to break, she settled into her new container. She was sorta getting the hang of it now. "This day can't get any wierder.", she remarked before she allowed herself to rest in the washer.

Trevor groaned. "Okay... NEVER say that. Ever." He muttered something under his breath. If she somehow jinxed it... He paused before closing the lid, something occouring to him. He instead reached behind the machine and pulled the exit hose out of the drain pipe. "Um... just in case."

Marina noted that despite still being alive she had all the properties of actual water...well despite being naturally green. She was a bit annoyed at having to stay inside the washer standing in for whatever water was usually used to wash clothes. Not exactly the way she wanted to spend her saturday, but she didn't really have a choice. "Don't worry about me, just come and get me out later.", she remarked in an oddly calm fashion. She figured that being water relaxed her somehow...

"Hopefully this won't take long," Trevor said as he started to close the lid. Then he stopped again. "Um... Don't say anything when the lid opens again unless I say it safe, cool?"

"I understand...I still don't have to like it...Too much trust involved.", Marina said finally before lapsing into silence.

Trevor dampened a mop before heading up, one last contingency.

Two officers were waiting when Jez opened the door, and they projected assurance and confidence as they greeted her. "Good afternoon ma'am. I am Officer Hardin with the PRP, and this is Officer James," the huskier one nodded acknowledgment. "We received a report from the area earlier."

"Afffternoon..." Jezelle said, still a little off balance but the demand of the situation was giving her some strength, "Reports... about...?"

Some paranoid part of her mind was immediately wondering if they somehow already knew, but that was stupid, they couldn't possibly know, right?

"Several of the neighbors called in reports of screaming coming from this residence. Are you the homeowner?"

"Oh! Riiiiight, the scream... I guess that *was* pretty loud," Jezelle said as the pieces clicked and a minor sense of relief washed over her, "Uh no, I'm not the home-owner, I'm just here visiting a friend for game night -it's a nerd thing I guess..."

"The reports claim that there was a period of prolonged yelling and screaming that stopped suddenly. They say several people were seen entering this building. Are they all accounted for, ma'am?" the second officer said.

"Uh... yeah, they're all here..." Jezelle said with a degree of confusion, -able to avoid directly lying since they *technically* were all accounted for; looking back into the house, "It's called 'roleplaying', though I guess we were a bit loud..."

"Ma'am, we would like to enter and verify the safety the people in this residence," the first officer stated.

"Oooh, right, right, uhm, I spose you can come in, not technically my house though..." Jezelle said with a slight grimace, glancing back into the house, "Trevor! *You're* supposed to be doing this!" she called into the depths of the house.

Either way, she stepped to the side and moved the door with her to permit passage.

"Thank you ma'am." The officers moved with practiced precision, sweeping first the hall and passages in the immediate vicinity of the foyer without even seeming to do so. Then they headed for the kitchen and surrounding areas. "How many people are hear with you?"

"Humm... Myself... Alex, Trevor and Erin," Jezelle said absently, sort of counting on her fingers at the same time.

"I see." The officers stepped into the living/dinning area. "Good night," Hardings said to the two there. "We are investigating reports of screaming from this residence."

"Huh...?" Erin asked. "What...? Oh. That's my fault probably..." She said blushing, trying to think of an excuse. Something that would cause soul-crushing terror in anyone. Role playing getting out of hand wouldn't work more then likely.

"And why were you screaming and yelling?"

"I fell on something." Erin said, pointing to an exposed plug from her laptop. "During the game, I must have accidently unplugged that. At some point, I slipped and landed on it plug side up." She said. "I'm... Really a whimper when it comes to pain..." She added.

"And that had you yelling and screaming for over," he check the reports, "a minute or two?"

"It really went deep. It felt like the thing broke the skin and went in all the way." Erin said.
"Took them that long to get the bandages and everything. I don't really want to move to show you though..." She said. "It'll cause the pain to come back... Harder."

"And if that is an attempt to cover up some form of abuse? May I see the bandaged wound please. I may not need to uncover it. And even so, I have first aid training." Harding and James exchanged a look. The other young lady mentioned something about gaming and getting too into character. Clashing stories.

James moved off. Now suspicious, he noted that the table was upset, knocked off center, with the items scattered about. His investigative training picked out four or five sets, judging by the plates and cups. "You said there were four people here?"

Jezelle had one hell of a pokerface with only a hint of exasperation in her eyes, simply waiting and seeing to see how she should proceed.

"Well... yeah, but I mean, this is Trevor's parent's house," Jezelle said indicatively, inwardly twitching at the police whose suspicions were now raised.

Erin bit the inside of her lip and slowly slid her pants down but winced and yelled in pain. "Ahh! Oh.... That's not gonna work... It hurts to much. But I promise you, Trevor would never do anything to hurt me. We love each other." That last part she made up, but she did know Trevor wouldn't hurt her.

Jezelle audibly groaned at last after hearing Erin's last story, covering her face with a palm.
"Erin, you suck at lying," Jezelle grumbled.

"Attempting to impede and investigation?" Harding asked levelly. He had good hearing.

"Oh like you guys haven't lied," Jezelle grumbled at the police officer, "People do silly things when they're embarrassed, I'm sure you know."

"Let me ask you a question: what would your girlfriends do, if by for some strange reason, a mouse managed to get in their pants?" Jezelle queried the police officers officially, indicatively.

"And is that what truly happened?" Harding's asked. By now, Trevor was climbing up the stairs.

"What is that supposed to mean?" Jezelle asked, her eyes narrowing a little.

"This is the third story we have heard since getting here," He said blandly.

"Would you prefer I told you ten more? Would you believe them any more?" Jezelle asked, as though perplexed about his logic.

"Just the truth is fine," James commented.

"But that's my point, how will you know what the truth is any more?" Jezelle said helplessly with a bit of exasperation.

Trevor got up to the first floor at the end of that sentence. And he honestly had no idea what was happening. Erin was making to pull her pants down, Albert was shell shocked, and Jez was doing... something. "Hello?"

James turned to Trevor immediately. "Are you the home owner?"

"No sir... I just live in the basement. My parents are the home owners," Trevor blinked. "What's going on Jez?"

"Oh I'm sure they'll want to interrogate you before I say anything, separate stories and whatnot," Jezelle said with an airy sigh.

"We are hear about reports of domestic disturbances, yelling and screaming, from this residence," Harding said.

"Yes sir. That was loud. I was in the closet when Erin started screaming, and she wouldn't tell me what was wrong, so I just gave up and mopped up some of the stuff that spilled." Trevor really wanted to confer with Jez, but with two cops watching...

"I certainly wouldn't wanna tell anyone either..." Jezelle half muttered, glancing off to the side with a bit of a pout in her demeanour.

And all this time Alex was standing nearby, curiously listening to conversation. Well well, now they are in trouble. At least he is not handling it, he would totally give out something important. And then, suddenly, a sound of distorted music started slowly building up in his ears....

"So you don't know what the yelling was about? Had part in it?" James pressed.

"Ah... not deliberately, sir. I might have yelled back trying to get her to calm down... Someone hit the table during the excitement... what that you Jez?" Trevor asked.

"Sorta..." Jezelle offered unhelpfully, "Things were kind of a mess, trying to get them under control... etcetera."

"And the reason there were five places set at the table?" James said suddenly.

"The last person didn't arrive, officer. That's obvious, isn't it?" Alex remarked suddenly. The music was powerful and inspiring, and he felt a bit... High from it.

"Which makes the fact that all five plates and cups were used even more suspicious," James said to Alex.

"We Russians love to drink a lot of drinks, I've used the free spot to fill up more cups at once.

And before you ask on sheets - it's because fifth player's character was critical to story so we've NPCd it." Alex remarked with a straight and slightly bored face.

"I see," Harding noted.

"Ah, sir, it is somewhat late, and we still have a way to go in our game," Trevor said hesitantly.

"Just one more question," Harding nodded. "What where you doing in the basement?"

"Laundry. Some of my cousin's clothes," Trevor said easily.

"You don't mind if we check?" James asked.

"Not at all," Trevor responded. Cops, Trevor and who ever else wanted to follow trouped to the basement.

Marina didn't think it was possible but she was bored...Sitting in a washing machine can do that to people, especially when said person was no longer fully a person but a vat of water.

James did a cursory check of Trevor's flat while Harding headed to the machine. "The clothes are in the drier," Trevor supplied.

"Not much," Harding commented, checking quickly, then he opened the washer. "Seems clear."

Marina heard the lid being lifted, was Trevor back yet..no...and by the looks of the uniform it was a cop. She knew exactly what to do. Absolutely nothing.

"Everything g-okay, sir?" Trevor asked. He almost said green, but decided not to, last second.

"It seems so. We apologize for the inconvenience," Harding said.

"No inconveniences, sir," Trevor said, smiling. He looked to the others. "Right?"

"Of course not, officer," Erin called. "Sorry for the trouble."

"Just remember miss, lying to officers can get you arrested," Harding told Erin in a very serious manner. After a few more pleasantries and a politely refused offer of refreshments, the officers left. Trevor watched from the window as they climbed into their cruiser and didn't breathe unto their taillights vanished. He slumped against the window still with a heavy sigh.

Erin frowned and whispered an apology. She waited to make sure they were gone then sighed. "Phew... That was a lot closer then I would have liked."

"Well, that was creepy." Alex stated and then looked around "Also, switch of the radio, I hate that goddamn pop."

"*That*, was fucked up," Jezelle remarked with an exasperated sigh as she slumped into the couch, "Though... kinda funny how such a tense situation got me over the mindscrew that happened earlier..."

[posting this before I'm gone for 20mins]

"I don't have a radio," Trevor said, running his hand over his head. "Erin... w-what was that stripping thing about? And remind me never to involve you in anything vaguely underhanded... Jeeze... worse will ever..."

"I tried," Erin said. "I'm not good at thinking under pressure. I'm sure I told you that before. Lots of times. They just came in and I was more than a little traumatized from seeing my best friend melt before my eyes."

Alex became more concerned as Trevor said that he had no radio. "Really, no radio?" he didn't want to go on. Because hearing stuff others don't hear is either being superhuman capable of great empathy, or being a schizophrenic madman. And Alex guessed that he was the former. Unless the gaz acts funnily. "...Huh... I am going insane then." Alex muttered, closing his ears with hands, just to realise that he didn't hear radio at this point. Weird.(Closing his ears?)(With hands. So he won't hear stuff.)

"... CARP!" Trevor sprinted to the basement door, somehow over shooting and having to double back. He took the stairs in fours and fives, landing in a heavy bang before racing into the laundry. He banged into the washer before regaining balance. "Damn!" he exclaimed, opening the door. "It's clear," he panted to the water inside.

~~"I'm so sorry! I left you guys in here so long you shrank!" He quickly pulled out the clothes.~~

Marina formed her head and shoulders so she could speak better with Trevor. "You know I had the most interesting night...remember that time you forgot about me in the washing machine after I had somehow broken all the laws of science? Thank you for that...", Marina exclaimed, she looked almost carbonated as she rattled off that sequence of words. She then oozed out of the washing machine. She spent the next couple of minutes trying to get her own form fixed. And in time she succeeded forming into a watery representation of herself.

Taking 20 on Power Control Check

"Hey... I could have left you in there," Trevor pointed out a wryly, not looking directly at her. "I did have other things on my mind..."

"That's why I'm thanking you.", Marina said, "I think I'm getting this surface tension thing down...do I look alright?"

"You look..." Trevor started, then faltered. "Okay... I won't lie... I have no idea... How? Did you always have this... fluid thing working for you?"

"What naw...just sorta happened, I'm just as shocked as you are.", Marina said, "I think it may have something to do with that chemical explosion...I wasn't feeling ill until about this morning

when I walked out..." She had to pause, she couldn't speak long sentences well still. But she was able to sort of walk.

Trevor look absolutely crestfallen, and started tugging at the skin on his hand experimental. "I did not want to hear that... I was a block away... In the actually smoke..."

"I have no idea..all I know is that I wasn't sweating like this until just this morning when it happened...I hope I'm wrong, but the evidence is wet, standing before you, and now loathes washing machines."

"I told you why the bathtub wouldn't work..." Trevor whined.

"I understand...that doesn't mean I have to like it...just happy you didn't introduce me to the spin cycle...speaking of which *gurgle* I have no idea how to turn back to normal.", Marina said to Trevor.

"Huh..." Trevor tentatively poked her shoulder.

"Hee hee...stop that tickles...", she said between awkward giggles.

"This is messed up on so many levels..." Trevor said, running his hand over his head. Hmm... coping mechanism maybe? He thought about it for a while.

"Are you going to poke me again...or are we going upstairs?", Marina asked.

"Sorry... thinking..." Trevor said. "About... well... what makes you... Gurgle, I guess?"

"No idea...the bigger question is how I'm able to speak in the first place...from what I can tell the bubbles are just a part of it.", she sighed.

"Same thing really." Trevor stuck his hands in his pockets. "I'm thinking... A Cohesive/Cognitive Weak force and a semi differentiated quantum effect on the cellular level."

"Sounds about right...now it's getting boring here in the basement so can we go?", Marina said sarcastically as she walked past him and up the stairs. For posterity sake she still used the door instead of seeping under it. She would need to practice that...right after she figured out how to turn back to normal.

Trevor glared at her as she left before following. "You know... That could be taken as an insult you know."

"My apologies...in truth I simply didn't understand what you just said...it's not your fault...come on let's leave the ol washing machine behind.", she said. She would wait for him to use the door. Trying to flow under it before waiting for the host would be rude.

"Fine, fine," He sighed with a slight grin before heading back to the main level.

Erin tried to follow, but instead settled for going back on her computer, the urge to draw coming again. Tapping the touchpad to wake up the computer, she ran her finger over the scanner that she used to protect it in lieu of a password. "All righty..." She said, trying to focus on what she was doing, without zoning out. Despite her best intentions though, she completely zoned out, her eyes flashing much like the host of a Goa'uld.

Alex looked up at Trevor who ran quickly (unusually so) and then sighed and already started following him when... "My power levels are low, get me connected to power source in order to proceed with your work." a cold computer-ish voice spoke, making Alex turn around with round eyes. "Eeeh... You didn't say anything, Erin?" Alex said, creeping up

"No... Did you?" Erin said suddenly looking up, her eyes no longer glowing.

"Eeeh... No?" Alex said, staring at Erin. "You heard that too?"

"Depends on what you heard. I heard 'my power levels are low, get me connected to a p--"

"...power source in order to proceed with your work." Alex said, shaking his head. "Probably a program to fancyify your low-energy messages."

"No programming is needed for me to speak, just clarifying." the monotonous voice said again.

"I don't even have-- Wait what?" Erin asked, turning up the volume and noting that the sound icon suddenly flashed to on. She had volume now... "this... doesn't make sense. It shouldn't have been able to say anything... My speakers are off."

Jezelle's eyes narrowed and flicked between the two of them, honestly not wanting any more excitement today.

"Eeeh..." Alex said, still believing that this is a weird programming quirk, not what did he think of. "Okay, if you are so fancy to speak, multiply five thousand six hundred forty five by six thousand eight hundred thirty three." Alex said, having his voice do incorrect accent, to ensure the standard voice recognition programs to fail. To his excitement and fear it spoke up once again.

//FUCK YEAH. <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3963291/>
26 Computer Use (AKA diplomacy) check :3

"Answer: Three Eight Five Seven Two Two Eight Five." the machine replied "That was needed for further calculations?"

"Eeeeh..." Alex said, staring at the laptop with a confused expression and walked up to it.

Erin looked at her laptop as though it was possessed. "Okay, I didn't do anything." She said lifting her fingers away from the keyboard. "see? Nothing. And I wouldn't know how to do anything like that with programming." Tearing herself away from the laptop, she plugged it into the wall with a loud "Bee-boop!" noise that she never bothered to get rid of and only caused problems if the speakers were on.

"Power supply detected." the computer emotionlessly remarked.

"Eh, find nyan cat loop in the internet and get it to loop here?" Alex went on with testing. The windows flickered and opened up www.nyan.cat, along with the correct music and flying cat. "Huh..." Alex remarked, wondering if he actually understands computers (along with Erin)

"Done." the machine replied "It was easy."

"...What. Are you two doing?" Jezelle said with a bit of suspicion in her tone as she watched two of them.

"You don't hear any of this?" Erin said, turning off the volume and watched the poptart cat that shot rainbows go across space. "Not the Nyancat stuff. I mean it answered a math problem for us."

"...I shall assume you're not stupid enough to screw with me after the Marina-shenanigans, but still, what? You mean the computer said or did something?" Jezelle said, a feeling of mild dread and frustration building up.

"I swear on my mother's life that I'm not making this up." Erin said dead seriously. "Alex, back me up here."

Alex nodded, confirming Erin's words. "We are dead serious. I think it's all going to be fucked up soon." Alex said and then looked up at the computer, trying to figure out another test.

Jezelle just had to groan, as things persisted on getting weirder and not giving her any breathing room.

"This is just great: First Marina melts into water and apparently is still alive, and now you two can talk to computers," Jezelle said with a tired expression, "Did someone put LSD in my damn drink?"

"Probably", Marina said staggering into the room in water girl form where she promptly crashed on the couch.

"I also thought I was going schizophrenic... Y'know, music in my ears with the quality of radiostations... Now I think I hear some arabic music on some "Toronto Multicultural"..." Alex said. He had to figure out if it was real. "Laptop, can you open up Toronto Multicultural Online player?" Alex said, and the computer did indeed open up the radio... Only to prove Alex's theory. "FUCK. I NEED A SLEEP." he yelled, as the sounds resonated in his head, the stuff becoming too much to comprehend.

"Um... please tell me you aren't insinuating what I think you're insinuating..." Trevor begged, freezing at the entrance way, one foot help poised in the air.

"What is it that you think he's thinking?" Erin asked, rubbing her eyes again, them going back to her new normal colour. "Ugh... What am I even doing with this thing!?" She said trying to focus on the group and not have her gaze drift down to the laptop.

Jezelle glanced over to Trevor, pretty much the only other person who didn't seem to have strange stuff happen to them.

"C'mon Trevor, breathe fire or something," Jezelle said sardonically, "Join this club over there."

"You do that. I'll stay over here..." And he did just that, getting a chair from the dinning room and perched on it by the door way.

"...We seriously should get a recap, and you two didn't show anything unusual." Alex said, pointing at Trevor and Jez. "I'd recommend you to protect your lungs from gaz (cause I am afraid it's the only source of this stuff), if you don't want to get any future problems."

"Solar flare," Trevor interrupted with a stern expression.

"LSD," Jezelle responded firmly.

"am I the only one that thinks we should go to a hospital or something?" Erin asked, settling for shutting the lid on the laptop.

<<Sleep Mode... Activated.>> The computer said as it was closed.

"If you really thought so, you would have told the police what happened, and not done that weird as hell strip tease thing," Trevor cut back at Erin.

"Speaking of what happened, Marina seems to be... Less gooey now." Alex remarked, trying to figure out a way to switch away to other frequency, if it's possible. He didn't want to listen to this crap for a long time...

Erin rubbed her temples, having to slap her hands every now and again as they tried to open up the laptop when she didn't want them to. "Ack!" She said. "Someone take this thing away from me, please."

"Yeesh... You're actually O'neilling..." Trevor said with an incredulous face.

In the time it had taken Trevor to say that, Erin was biting down on her right hand while she sat on her left, trying to keep them from going to the laptop. "Ya think?" She said, putting on her best accent as she tried to somehow pin her right hand again since biting it wasn't working.

"For crying out loud!" Trevor countered. "I'm the only one allowed to use O'neillisms. "

"Despite that being my last name." Erin counter-counter. "Seriously. Take my laptop away from me, Please."

"Yes. You are a Buffitte. Go Buffy-speak," Trevor muttered. He had no plans of getting closer. Erin and Alex were both close to Marina when she went splish, and both of them were showing. They were likely radioactive or something. In fact, he might even be too close at the moment... He hopped the chair back a bit.

Jezelle had sat in brooding silence for a moment as she had absolutely no idea what to do in this situation, other than attempt to roll with it in hopes of finding the solution later.

"I ain't touching your weird talking laptop..." Jezelle half-muttered, though it was audible enough, she just honestly didn't know what to make of this whole thing. Instead, she retrieved her gym-bag and yanked a magazine from its depths, content to try and block this all out for a moment as she literally had no idea what to do next.

"Next time you'll try to use it, I'll tell it to shut itself down, m'kay?" Alex said, suddenly managing to actually change the frequency of his inner radio.

"If it'll listen to you, sure." Erin said, taking on a strange yoga like pose to keep her hands away from the laptop.

"I hope it would love me." Alex grinned, laying on a couch and said "We need a recap and possible explanation actually... Joking aside, it's actually really, really weird and problematic."

Trevor glared at them. He was a fan boy, so he had explanations. He pointed to Marina, Alex and Erin in turn. "Quantum Cellular Mechanics and Cognitive Cohesive weak forces. Mutation in the prefrontal cortex and a deposit of build up metals from your diet. Hyper stimulated neurons and cognitive presumption. Now... don't take this the wrong way, but why are you still here?"

"You mean?" Alex said, having trouble with concentration when the music played in his mind.

"That sounds borderline rude Trevor..." Erin said, frowning.

"Maybe we're too terrified to go home right now because we might liquidate randomly," Jezelle said a little grumpily, hiding behind her magazine and flipping the page.

"... I'm going to have to house the people that almost got me arrested for domestic abuse for the fight?" Trevor said, raising an eyebrow. He sighed as if he had the weight of the world on his shoulders. "Vunderbarg..."

"Well if you want us to go..." Erin said still frowning and unplugged her laptop, the thing still in sleep mode.

"Uh, we are showing the really weird powers and you just tell us to get home?" Alex said "And if someone notices that? What if this is not all? We would be in trouble... And staying here isn't

good either - you live with parents, right?"

"It'd be nice to have some people to have our back if weird shit happens again..." Jezelle indicated, sounding a little less grumpy and more fidgety.

Trevor muttered under his breath. "I never said get out. I asked if you planned to stay the night." Curse Jez for making sense. He eyed Alex suspiciously. "My folks are gone at least until tomorrow night at the earliest. And if you plan to hang around, there will be ground rules... And what's with you Alex?"

"I keep hearing things, this is tiring..." Alex confessed "...This shit is really poisonous. But apparently I am actually hearing and understanding radio waves."

"For crying out loud..." Trevor muttered. Now one of them was hearing voices in his head. And the honestly wondered why he was having misgivings. He muttered all the way to the kitchen and back, only took about half a minute, if not less, then tossed the roll of aluminum foil at Alex.

"Well now that you put it like that, and if offering, yeah. Thanks. I think it is better that we stick together for now. When are your parental units expected to come home?" Erin asked. "Will they be all that tolerant to having us all here?"

"This thing amplifies waves..." Alex muttered

"It blocks some too. Faraday cage. Try it or hold still," Trevor glared back.

"Huh... It might work, if these waves are heard by my ears only." Alex said, wrapping the foil around his ears. To his surprise, it did help a bit. As it did help in blocking other sounds partially.

"You think. It could just be a series of receptors somewhere in your brain that's just translated as sound, and have nothing to do with your ears at all," Trevor huffed.

"I've closed the ears, sound stopped." Alex replied, trying hard to hear Trevor.

"Excuse me, Prince Albert," He smirked. "What ever floats your boat."

"King Albert." Erin corrected. "But he's still not blond enough to be King."

"He was in the can," Trevor shrugged. "Hence, prince."

Jezelle eventually tossed the magazine aside with a frustrated sigh.

"Damn magazine needs more pages..." Jezelle said wistfully as her attention was inevitably forced back onto the situation at hand.

"Want a book?" Trevor offered. Hmm... he was feeling the need. The need for protein. And the wings were all gone...

"Sure, anything to keep me occupied right now. Isn't anyone else completely lost with this?" Jezelle said half-rhetorically.

"Any good movies to watch?" Erin offered. "And yeah, I have... No fucking clue as to what's going on right now. I wish someone would tell me sometime soon..."

"Must you swear..." Trevor muttered, mostly to himself.

"Given the circumstances, I think I'm justified. Besides, would you rather have swearing or screaming?" Erin asked.

"I'd rather have neither..." Alex said, closing his eyes, feeling a bit... Fuzzy.

"Ground rules: No screaming, excessive swearing, randomly turning into water or what ever else will be added." Trevor counted them off on his fingers. "Please... enough surprises for one day..."

"Would you mind if I used the shower by the way? If we are spending the night here." Erin asked. "I promise I'll do everything I can not to turn into water... Or slime."

"Not sure if I have more clothes..." Trevor sighed. Meh. He probably did.

"Screw clothes." Alex stated.

"See that door?" Trevor asked with a smile, pointing at the main entrance

"I'm sure I'll be fine." Erin said then facepalmed at what Alex said. "New rule: Clothes must be worn at all times, and a complete set at that."

"Even if I would turn into somethign that doesn't need them? D'aww." Alex said and sighed.

"Well I've already showered, a book and a bed will suit me just fine," Jezelle said, pretty much ignoring Alex.

"Alex must remain clothed," Trevor confirmed as he shuffled through the papers for the fly from the pizza company. He didn't find it so grabbed a chicken place instead., he checked price and funds before wandering off to order. Wings. And chicken.

Marina sat up, she was holding together her form as best she could. She had no idea how she was to turn back, but for now she was content to be pure water. Although that was another concern, how was she to eat...She did however stop caring that she was essentially naked in this form. "I've already turned into something that doesn't need clothes...but that's more about how clothes won't stay on than personal choice.", Marina croaked out, "How are the rest of you doing...I'm doing fine."

"D'aww..." Alex repeated, not being happy at all about having to be always clothed. Even though it was mostly a joke - he would feel awkward and creeped up if he would actually have to

undress in front of these people. He didn't open his eyes up and didn't see Marina, so he couldn't really comment, using only memory to reconstruct her image in his mind. And it wasn't as impressive as it was in reality.

"Now if only I knew how to change back...no wait, then I'd be nude...eh it's a problem I'll solve later.", Marina joked.

Erin finally had enough of her twitchyness and shoved the laptop into her bag as quickly as she could and closed it, turning away. "Geah!" She yelled, passing the bag to Alex. "Take this! Hide it from me!"

"Why are you scared of your computer Erin?" Marina asked.

"Besides the fact that it's talking to me? Because I'm doing something on it and I don't know what it is." Erin replied.

"Hmm....what's it saying?", Marina asked. She was fine with being nude and water, probably because she only held the rough outline of a water girl.

"Does that really matter? The computer is talking to me, and it's not supposed to do that." Erin stressed.

"Dunno what to say, I'd hug you, but you might faint again...", Marina said, "We'll protect you from the big bad laptop."

Alex took the computer from the bag, turned to the side and opened it up, switching it on. "Hey." He muttered when the PC switched on. He took off his aluminium headband, figuring out the frequency of rock music station that is listenable. "Would you switch off when Erin would try to touch you? Or maybe not allow her fingerprint to pass? She has some trouble..."

"What's Alex doing?", Marina asked Erin.

"Acknowledged." the laptop replied

"Just make it temporary, so when she would get rid of trouble, you'll let her in. Deal? Deal." Alex finished and then added "Well, now you can get to sleep, power source isn't going to be here soon.."

"He's talking to the computer as well." Erin said rubbing her temples in frustration. "You really can't hear it?"

"Not at all, frankly I'm not even sure how I can still hear you, you're not going to faint are you? I don't have to splash some cold water on you or something?"

"Ummm... Please don't..." Erin said. "That'll feel.... weird for both of us." She said. "This day is just so weird... What the heck is going on with us anyways?"

"Well I didn't start sweating until this morning...just after the chemical explosion...should be nothing.", Marina said slightly disappointed Erin didn't need to be splashed.

"Maybe it's just a dream? One big mean elaborate and damn insane dream." Alex suggested.

"Feels pretty darn real to me...and my dreams are in third person perspective, so that doesn't help.", Marina sighed, "Maybe if I splash all of you with cold water..."

"No! noooo nooo nooo," Erin said taking a step back from Marina.

"Fine, so how are you two feeling anyway...me...despite this condition I feel great.", Marina said to the two.

"Incredibly weird," Erin said. "Feeling like a headache is coming on."

"Incredibly weird...there's the first understatement of the day.", Marina laughed.

"As if I was flashbanged and then processed to be lobotomy'd." Alex remarked, his head moving up and down as he listened to the music only he could hear.

Trevor returned to his owl watch post by the door, not quite sure why he was craving meat. Either way, his massive order of two dozen pieces of chicken and some wings on the side was about twenty minutes out. He straddled the chair, sitting on it backwards, a mild glare aimed at the three 'contaminated' ones. "You are taking things rather well," he directed at Marina.

"Given the circumstances...I have no choice but to accept what happened, despite what it looked like it wasn't painful in the slightest...Feels oddly natural ", Marina replied. She was indeed scared at first, but sometimes suspension of disbelief worked in real life as well. If she could accept her condition as real she could work on coping with it instead of screaming about it, though she hoped it wasn't permanent.

"Natural? Are you kidding me?" Trevor gasped.

"Yes..yes I am...but would you prefer for me to freak out and drag the cops back in here...my fear is that this is permanent.", Marina said slightly exasperated.

"Turns into a puddle and it's natural..." Trevor muttered, not quite getting over that part. "We can always try knocking you out."

"I'd like to avoid that if possible...", Marina said, "You know I was kidding when I said that right?" Marina really didn't want to consider getting knocked out right now, worst case she was still a puddle, she'd come to having been washed down the drain..

It was a mess of dilemmas in Jezelle's head as she merely sat slumped on the couch staring at the three, wondering what to say and what not to say. Turning into water was far, far from normal or

even physically possible, and in the remote chance that it was somehow possible, it couldn't be stable.

"I'm surprised your not worried that it might get worse... going from human to water is... a pretty dramatic cellular change..." Jezelle said with a bit of a contemplative grimace, her eyes unfocused a little, "Not like we have much in the way of choices, since going anywhere that might know how to help would undoubtedly lead to some secret research agency kidnapping you for study."

"I'm trying not to think about that. With luck this is as far as it goes.", Marina suggested flowing off the couch while she was considering the possibilities.

"Riiiiight... 'cause you've been so lucky as of late," Trevor said snidely.

"Again, I'm just happy my friends are looking out for me...all things considered this isn't so bad.", Marina said. She was often the optimist, and she did genuinely feel this could have gone a lot worse. She could be in the sewers right now. She clambered back onto the couch.

"Just a question... but have you considering bodily functions?" Trevor asked, glancing at the clock. Damn... were was that delivery man. He was seriously jonesing for some chicken. Or beef. Or goat. Damn. Anything that was meat really.

Erin meanwhile massaged her temples, trying to forget about her laptop. "If you don't mind, I'm gonna get a shower." She said, recalling what she said earlier and actually acted on it this time. She headed off to the bathroom.

Trevor watched her walk off. "So... how long you think before she realizes she doesn't have a towel?" He commented after she left.

"Probably after she's finished," Jezelle said airily, half-suppressing a yawn, "You can do the honors, I'm hitting the sack, past my bedtime and I'd rather leave all this drama for tomorrow. Any bed is fine yeah, Trev?"

She propelled herself off the couch and grabbed her bag, slinging it over a shoulder and went to head off to one of the bedrooms.

"Leave the master alone," he warned. He would disinfect the sheets later. Or get new ones. Actually... on that note. He looked at Marina. "Um... I'm not sure if I want you on a bed..."

"Don't worry, the bed should stay dry regardless.", Marina said

"Forgive me it I don't trust that claim," Trevor said blandly. He glanced at the clock. "Your thirty seven minutes of experience don't warrant a lot of confidence..."

"I know, so what's the plan now?...it's your house after all....please not the washing machine again.", Marina asked.

"No," Trevor smirked, picturing her sleeping in the washtub. "Bath tub. I'll even toss in a spare

comforter and pillow." He could wash those too. And the sofa cushions...

"If you insist...or we can stay up and you can help me figure out how to change back."

"You didn't like the knock out idea," Trevor shrugged.

"I really didn't, I was hoping there was a better one.", Marina shrugged and stood up.

"You asked for my opinion, you got it," Trevor shrugged. The doorbell rang and he shoot up and raced to the door. "Finally."

"Ack, do I need to hide again?", Marina asked.

Trevor was too occupied with the thought of the long awaited meat to hear Marina, was already at the door anyway. Step one; open door. Step two; greet. Step three; take bag. Step four; give money. Step five; close door. About twenty seconds tops. "Preeeciouussss...."

"What'd you get?", Marina asked.

Trevor sheepishly looked down at the large bag in his hand. "Um... some chicken..."

"Maybe I can use osmosis.", Marina said, "Sadly I doubt it."

When Erin finally came out of the shower, dried off and dressed again, she looked to everyone. "Did I miss anything?" She asked.

Trevor looked over at Erin. "... Where did you get a towel?"

"Oh, I just used the one Marina used earlier. Not perfect, but it had to do." Erin said.

"Ya know..." Trevor said as he rustled around in the bag and pulled out a drumstick, "f either Alex or I did that, you two would hurt us..."

Erin tilted her head. "No we wouldn't... Only if you tried to steal our towels or peep while we were drying off."

"It's not peeping it's your shower," Trevor muttered. "Miriam, you can use the basement tub. No chance of people walking in on you."

"Do I really need to wash off at this point?", Marina said.

"It's the tub or the washer," he said around a mouthful of chicken, already on his second piece.

"Fine fine, hope I can figure out how to change back...I won't be going to sleep just yet...", Marina said to Trevor.

"Fine, whatever..." Trevor muttered, starting on a third piece. "I'm turning in... Maybe I'll wake up and find this was all a dream...[notice: 18(?)]. I'll drop the comforter in the in the bathroom. And leave the doors open and light on so you can find it. Feel free to lock yourself in."

"Night Trevor," Erin said. "Yeah, sleep sounds like a good idea... Night everyone. I'mma turn in to." She yawned and headed off to one of the guest rooms. Erin suprisingly fell asleep faster then she usually did. Normally staring at the ceiling for an hour or two before suddenly falling asleep from her prespective.

Notice: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3964573/> 5

Trevor pretty much did that. He dropped a spare comforter in the bathroom and a pillow, hit the lights, then hid away in his own cave for the night. Earlier than normal, but he had the rest of the chicken to finish off.

Marina submerged herself in the bathtub after placing the drain plug. and found that breaking her surface tension was easier than just trying to lie down. She did her best to try and rest in this state.

Down the Rabbit Hole?

:: Day One: Down the Rabbit Hole?::

:: Sunday March 10th, 2013::

:: Time: 8:26::

Marina woke at 4:00 to find herself wet and naked in a bathtub, she quickly wrapped herself in the comforter and went back to sleep on the cold floor. The important thing was that she was human again yet she could still remember everything and the circumstances made it hard to deny she left the bathroom wrapped in just a blanket.

Erin had no idea where she was or what she was doing when she woke up. She heard the tapping of keys as consciousness slowly returned to her. Sun hit her eyes as she opened them and groaned, rolling over and spilling the laptop onto the floor with a loud bang as it hit. This bolted Erin out of bed as she looked at the laptop in panic. "How'd I get here?" She asked no one in particular. "I'm sorry..." She said and scooped up the computer, setting it down on a coffee table. "thank god for being out dated and pretty rididly built..." She said looking at it. There wasn't any noticable damage to the the computer and it was still on which was good.

Eventually after some twisted dreams of people being thrown into vats of acid and the like, Jezelle's consciousness came about and she barely opened her eyes before shutting them again and letting out a small groan.

Did she *really* have to get up? She knew she'd get restless very fast and the day wasn't going to mysteriously disappear because she wanted it to, but did she *really* have to deal with what was to come? If it had of all been a dream she would have woken up at home, not Trevor's guest room, so there was clearly going to be a water-based Marina and two computer-talkers in the house.

She wasn't even going to get started about what might have happened in hours of sleep, she was just going to take that not being woken up by screaming or anything as a good omen.

Still, maybe it'd be a good idea to get up and prepare herself... but the bed was awfully comfy and ignorance truly was bliss... the day couldn't possibly get any better so why would it be a good idea to rise to it?

Jezelle just grumbled again and rolled around in bed, closing her eyes tighter in defiance.

Though she did end up throwing herself out of bed in the end in frustration, marching off to the shower in a grumpy mood, almost daring the day to proceed with its inevitable decline as she shut the door and started up the shower.

Meanwhile, Jezelle persisted in rolling around in bed in defiance every now and then, the restlessness kept slowly creeping up.[d]

Gorging oneself on meat had the unfortunate effect of leaving your stomach feeling uncomfortably bloated. The first thing he had done when he turned in was lock the door. The second was strip down to his boxer. The third was to attack his food. Hell.. he didn't even know why he ordered the damn food in the first place. Aside from the fact that he... craved the protein at the time. Now he just felt sick. With Marina taking up residence in the tub, he really couldn't head to the bathroom, and he didn't feel up to heading up the stair, so he just curled up under his covers and hoped it would pass.

Somewhere between shuffling for the most comfortable spot and trying hard not to think about that fact that a living puddle and two tech whisperers were in his house for the night, he fell asleep. At least... he told himself so. It was like a lucid dream. Just one with no control at all. Almost out of body. But still enough that every unnatural thing that was happening to it was still tactile. Still connected mind to body.

He didn't cry out. Partly because restrained expression was his means of coping. Partly because he could hardly get enough air to breath, much less waste it on an outburst. He tried his best not to writhe as bones cracked and popped; some realigning to new positions, others stretching or contracting, all new growths forming in some places. Skin and flesh rippled and roiled, and a slow dusting of fur followed, that in turn thickened into a full coating. A tail slowly grow out as his innards burned.

In all honestly, he lost most coherentness through out it, and was likely slipping in and out of consciousness. But the time came when he opened his eyes and it was different. His room tended towards gloom. He liked it that way. But this time... it was bright. Well, clear. He realized it was still dark, but he could see as if it weren't. He could smell things... All sorts of things. He flinched as someone moved upstairs, the noise far clearer than before. He didn't move from the spot though. He just curled into a ball and started up his mental mantra again. There wasn't a living puddle in his bathroom. There weren't tech whispers upstairs. He was still normal.

Meanwhile Alex woke up in the study, where he had to go as the rest of the places were taking. Figuring out the wave where were no radio stations on the wave he chosen, he ensured himself a

quiet night. Stretching in the bed Alex slowly opened his eyes and yawned. The last night was weird... He focused on his mind and tried to change frequency again, to see if the past time was a dream. Hearing the voice of news teller he sighed. It wasn't a dream. He slightly got up and suddenly stopped. What did he see was something... Weird.

Well, he saw himself being full of fur, having a tail and weird cat paws. He quickly ran his paws through his head (the hand paws) and confirmed his last suspicious thought - his head was a cathead. Yeah.

Alex slowly got up from bed and searched the study for a mirror, and when he found one, he sighed as he realised that this did indeed happen to him. Now... What next? He had no idea how to react on this one. On the one hand, it was his dream for his entire life... On the other hand, he can't get out to the street now. And probably even can't go downstairs but... Compared to what has happened to Marina, it was probably nothing problematic.

He lasily walked up to the window and slightly opened the folds to look outside. Welp, people were around. So yeah, he has to be stealthy. Shaking his head, he sad back on the bed and spent some time considering options, results, bonuses and problems from his current state...

Meanwhile, across town-----

Henry woke up as the sun started to peak through the blinds on his window. He felt surprisingly well rest for how much sleep he had managed to get. He had been called in for over time at his job at the chemical plant where he was a master of the custodial arts. It seemed that something had gone terribly wrong. He heard that there was some type of robbery and then there was an explosion. All he knew was that he had to help clean up the damn mess. Chemical companies have people trained to do these things before the chemicals can seep into the ground water and start to mess with the people. It is a long process that starts with him cleaning the ground and hauling off rumble so it can go to a secure site for decontamination. This was the fun that Henry got to do instead of going to his normally scheduled game night.

He had gotten hooked up with the group through an online activity board for local people to find games to join. He had lucked out that there was a group that was not full of creepy people. He enjoyed the group and was a little angry when he got called in to work. But hey over time is over time and the rent is always due. He was even going to get hazard pay on top of the over time. Plus all the clean up that he was going to have to be doing for the next could weeks would do wonder for his bank account.

He wanted to call Trevor and find out when the group would be meeting next. He did not want to miss the next time. It would have to wait until after breakfast though.

Henry hauled himself out of bed and headed for the shower in his tiny bathroom. It was really more like a glorified closet but it did the job. He was cleaned up in no time and shaved and heading to the sink that counted as his kitchen. He had the day off seeing as he just pulled a double plus the day before. With this in mind he decided to have an actual breakfast and not just some cold cereal. He got out his frying pan and got some eggs from the refrigerator. He started to cook the eggs and added in some sausage links from the freezer. On the gas burners he toasted some bread and grabbed a glass of orange juice. He took the whole thing over to the small recliner that also acted as his kitchen table most nights. He sat down and ate his breakfast. It was pretty good as he looked at the clock and saw that it was pretty early. He was an early riser but

he figure he would have been sleeping in late this day.

With his breakfast gone he reached into his pocket and dialed up Trevor to find out when the group would meet next.

Ring *Ring* *Ring* *Ring* <- Actually, it's one of those 'funky' cellphone rings but you get the picture

It was loud. And insistent. And had a whine accompanying it. He wanted to stay curled up in his little fragile houseboat in the middle of the Nile, but the ringing was quickly dragging it to shore. His phone was somewhere in the tangle of his covers, within the physical analogy to his walls of isolation... He finally snagged it. The light was almost uncomfortably bright, and cast enough brightness to bring attention to the fur covered digits, tipped with a small claw, that he 'couldn't' see.

Incoming Call 'Henry'

Trevor hit the answer key, if somewhat reluctantly. Even his voice was different. Sounded a bit rougher. "Loso?"

Loso? What the hell?

"Umm. Trevor? This is Henry. Do I have the right number?"

"Um.. yeah," Trevor said slowly. He tried to soften or ease the roughness in his voice. Without much luck. "Morning Moose."

"Moose? I think I might have the wrong number. Sorry sir."

Henry hung up the phone and checked that he had the right number. He took extra time to make sure that he had hit each number correctly and then his call again.

//How dare you refuse my generously offered nickname! Kids these days...

//kids? I believe I am the oldest one here :P

//Technicalities ^^

"..." He hung up. The hell? Trevor stared incredulously at the phone for a few moments. It started ringing again. He hit the little green answer key a bit more savagely than necessary. "You hung up on me!?"

"Trevor is that you? You sound like you are coming down with a cold and I don't know who Moose is this is Henry. Hey man sorry about last night. My job called me in to aid in the clean up at the chem plant. you know how it is; over time and hazard pay. Could not pass it up. So what did I miss and when are we meeting next?"

"Huh?" Trevor said. And just like that, his fragile walls shattered and his houseboat crashed unto the shores of reality. Marina melting... The police... Those two trying to talk to the computer... the explosion... almost getting arrested... his night... He held up a trembling hand, not wanting to believe it was his, but not able to pull together that much denial. "Damn you..." He muttered into

the phone.

"Hey man, I'm sorry for not being able to make it last night. Atleast I called, the others drop out and we spend half the night waiting for them. What's wrong with you any way? You sound like garbage."

Erin looked to the computer and shrugged. "Heya compy..." She said. "Yes, your name is Compy. Deal with it. Anyways... Umm... How long was... I dunno on you for?" *I cannot believe I'm actually talking to a computer... and seriously expecting a response.* She thought, rubbing her temples. Time passed and the computer didn't respond. "Don't wanna talk to me huh?" She asked. "I'm really sorry for dropping you if that helps..." She said and looked at what she had done.

Trevor was actually starting to hyperventilate. Raggedy breaths hoarsely whistling out through his changed jaws. His head was spinning. He struggled to focus on Henry's voice. "Uh.. um... stuff happened...and stuff. The explosion... feeling under the weather. Lots of stuff... Don't know about the next time... everyone hung over last night..." He's thoughts were really disjointed. "Wait... you said you had to clean up?"

"Yeah man. I work at that plant. So when it was all said and done I had to help with the clean up. You know they don't want chemicals sitting around on the ground seeping into the dirt getting into everyone's water. So I had to go in and help out. Nothing big. Just cleaning up rubble and any chems that we could find. They are going to call in a backhoe today to take the dirt away and haul it to a cleaning site."

Henry was glad that he did not have to do that. They would have put him on some type of duty where he had to shovel it all.

"Yeah I had an upset stomach after work but feel much better this morning. Any how I don't get to find out what happened until next time I take it. Well if everyone is there ask them when we can meet next. Or are they meeting again today because I have the day off."

Calm down... Calm down... Yeah... Trevor's regular calming methods were not working well. The all depended on setting the mind with the familiar. Licking lips only brought the changes to his teeth and mouth to the forefront. His hand was covered with hair, fur, so chewing on a knuckle wouldn't help. He had tried running his hand over his head, but that only emphasized the ears (which he yelped a bit over since he hadn't realized it before). So he settled for chewing his cheek which staring stubbornly at the city map on his wall as he made the obligatory sounds of listening.

"So... nothing... odd happened to you?" Trevor asked slowly, his tone sounding more desperate than curious. "Out of the ordinary?"

Henry furrowed his brow. Geez he calls off once and he gets interrogated.

"No, I just worked. Are you ok? Sounds like something is wrong."

"Not much... just... everything" Trevor said, forcing himself to look at his trembling hands. He had crossed the imaginary line during the night. And... just and. How... what was he suppose to do now? "Um..." Didn't Marina say something about friends and support last night? At least... he thought so... He... had sorta blocked out a lot of that stuff... But if she and Alex were right, and the explosion had something to do with it... "You... if anything... strange happens, you'll call, right?"

"Sure thing man. If you guys do meet up just call."

With that Henry hung up the phone. Well he had the rest of the day to do anything he wanted to do.

Weekend at Polly's -----

Someone knocked on Henry's door.

Henry stood still. No one ever knocks on his door. No one except the landlord. If it was that guy Henry would not be happy. He had already paid his rent for the month. The small place was the cheapest he could find and his landlord always found something to complain about with him. Last time it was the fact that Henry had locked his doors when the plumbers came to fix the bathroom pipes. Nothing was mentioned about the fact that his landlord sent the plumbers a bout a month after Henry called. What was he supposed to leave his door unlocked everyday until he got robbed.

Henry stomped to the door and turned the lock. The darn thing came off in his hands. Stupid cheap place. He opened the door to see was there.

There was a woman at the door, and she looked up, having heard the noise when he broke the lock, but not being sure what it was, and looked sheepish as she smiled. "Sorry to bother you. I'm Polly. I just moved in." She held up a small bag of cookies. "I'm introducing myself to the other residents."

[Polly: <http://images4.fanpop.com/image/phot...1-853-480.jpg>]

Henry was ready to launch into an argument with his landlord and was taken back by seeing a woman at his door. Last time this happened ... this had never happened before. He calmed down and stuck the knob of the lock in his pocket.

"Names Henry." He said holding out his hand to shake hers. "Welcome to the neighborhood. I hope you are finding everything to your liking. You need any help getting your stuff moved in?" He asked as he took a cookie from the bag and absently munched on it.

"No, I had most of my things already taken up," Polly said, then paused. "Well, I do have some things that might need shifting around... Would you be able to help?"

Henry nodded and followed her. "Sure, I am always willing to help a neighbor out. I hope that you were able to get situated in town with all the noise going on just outside of it. I hear the

traffic was blocked up something awful."

"It was," Polly said, nodding. "My furniture came four hours late because of it."

"That sucks. Well on the bright side atleast it made it in. It could still be on the truck some where when the re-routed all the traffic."

"I try not to think about it," Polly smiled. "On the down side, they didn't have as much time to set everything up."

"Well fortunately for you that you moved next to me. I can help you set up things. So if you don't mind me asking what brought you to the city?"

"Just new possibilites," Polly said, leading him to her apartment. "I'm from a small town. The big city has always been my dream."

"Cities do bring in opportunities for many people which is always good. But, one day I hope to move to a smaller town and put the hustle of the city behind me. It is fun, don't get me wrong but a nice relaxed pace would be welcomed on some days."

Henry looked at his truck as they walked toward Polly's places. It was faded red truck that had seen more miles then it should have. He kept in going with gas, oil, and prayers. It was right were he left it so that was a good thing. There had been a number of car break ins but they never seemed to mess with his truck. Must be that just looking at it made them realize that there would be nothing of value in it the thing.

"So what things do you need help with setting up?"

"The movers just left most of my furniture in the right room, but didn't really place them." Polly grinned sheepishly. "It's too heavy for me to move on my own."

"Good thing for you that I am good for heavy lifting." Henry said with a smile. Not good at very many other things though, Henry thought.

"Then you'll be a big help!" Polly said enthusiastically. It didn't take long for her to open her door to him.

Henry followed Polly to her place and walked through the door that she held open for him.

The boxes stacked around the room were an obvious sign that she really was just moving in, and she was telling the truth about the fact that her furniture was just left in the general vicinity of the room. Polly looked a bit embarrassed. "It's not much to look at, but..."

"This place is in better shape then mine is. So what do you need moved and where is it going?"

"We can start in the kitchen. The boxes of china are in the way, but they are way too heavy for

me to move," Polly admitted.

Henry nodded and went to the first box that seemed to be over packed with fine dishes. He bent down and lifted. The box was oddly light. Polly must have been the weakest person he had ever met. He shift the box to make sure that there was actually something inside. He could here things in there. Hmmm.

"Well were to you want these dishes put. Also these must be the lightest dishes known to man."

Polly's eyes widened with shock and surprise. "Wow... you're really strong! Just put them off to the side so that they aren't in the way."

Henry put the dishes down on a counter top off to the side and started to stack the others next to it. Each box weight just as little as the first one. At the end he picked up two of teh last boxes and put them on the last empty counter spot.

"Ok, those are out of the way. What else you got?"

Polly took Henry from room to room, having him move things from the sofa and tables to a china cabinet. She watched curiously throughout the entire process. The last thing she had him move with the chest of drawers in the bedroom.

Henry was a little shocked that he was able to move all of these things. It would take him and his buddies longer to move all of these things. He was doing it on his own. Things that he wouldn't try to lift on his own felt like they weighted no more then a jug of milk. He was starting to think that this was some type of prank show. Make it look like he was incredibly strong just to make fun of them. He kept looking for cameras or waiting for them to walk in at any moment. If they did he was going to toss the sofa at them.

"Well Polly unless you have more stuff some where I think that was the last of it. You have a mighty fine place here I must say. Makes my place look like a run down shack."

"Oh, I know," Polly said, moving closer to him. "But it's so useful to have a strong man around to help you with things."

Henry raised an eyebrow at this. Awfully quick to go there he thought. He just met the lady.

"Polly I am more then willing to help you with moving things and I will help when you have more but I think I moved everything in this place. I have things I still have to get done today."

Henry said while blushing. She seemed like a nice lady but this seemed like it could get into weird territory fast. He would like to get out or get things back to a friendly nature quickly.

Polly grabbed Henry's hand and smiled at him. "Are you sure that you don't have a few more minutes to spend here?"

[Fascinate Feat \(1d20+6=26\)](#)

Henry just stood there staring at Polly. He did not move nor speak. He could not help but look at her.

"Good, handsome," Polly said, running a hand over his chest. She kissed him on the lips, her magic flowing through the contact and into his mind, urging him to bend to her will.

[Mind Control \(1d20+3=12\)](#)

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3966512/> 11 I am the fail.

"Now my handsome puppet, I need a few more for my plan. I don't suppose you have any friends you can call?" Polly prompted Henry. "Tell a few friends to come here."

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3966531/> 18

Henry fluttered his eyes a little and looked at the phone in his hand. When did he pull that out? hm

"Well Polly seems like there isn't any more to do here so I think I will head on back to my apartment before going out to do some things."

With that Henry put the phone back away and started to head towards the door.

"I do love and hate the stubborn ones," she sighed. She snapped her hand out at him and barked a command in a strange language. "зобов'язатися." A silvery tangle of something flew out and at Henry.

[Web Spell \(1d20+2=16\)](#) vs reflex

Love...Hate...wow she was moving fast. As he made it to the door he was hit with the web spell <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3966560/> 10

"What the hell lady!? What is this?"

Str: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3966572/> 25

Toughness [Web Spell toughness \(1d20+12=15\)](#)

"Raaa!" Henry ripped the web off of himself. This was the worst game show ever! Well he said what he would do so he made a grab for the door to stand up and then proceed to try to rip it off the wall. <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3966584/> 22 (my door)

Polly reach out to him, wanting to take hold of his hand. "Why do you raise a door against me?"

[Touch attack \(1d20+1=5\)](#)

[Bluff \(1d20+8-5=23\)](#) (Oh how I hate castle...)

defense <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3966612/> 17

Henry looked at Polly and then the cardboard door. He could not hit a lady and not on national

TV. So he tossed the door to her. Ranged attack <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3966639/> 7

"Shows over lady" He then made his way out of the house

The door missed, but made an awful racket when it hit the ground. Polly hissed at the retreating man. He proved more difficult than she originally assumed. Perhaps it was premature. No matter. Her plan still had merit. It wasn't difficult to free the true home owners from her trall afterall. She would just try some other time. On the bright side, her spell didn't lie. That comforting thought in mind, she cast her teleportation spell and returned to her real home.

[Defense \(1d20+1=12\)](#)

Henry made it to his apartment and shut the door behind him. He did like the fact that he had just been part of some terrible show or prank or something. Once he got in he leaned agaisnt the door and let out a low breath.

Wind instantly kicked up and blew some dust around.

"The hell?" Henry said to himself.

He tried it again and like a hair dryer it blew again. This was not right. He blew as hard as he could at his living room and things got weird. he knocked over chairs, plates, pictures fell off the wall and the door to the bedroom slammed shut.

"What?"

He walked into his living room area and tried to not breath very hard. This couldn't be a special effect from a show. How could they time it just right each time. If that was true then what the hell happened next door. That was a fun house made of cardboard wasn't it? Henry walked into the kitchen and grabbed hold of the stove. It was an old iron workhorse of a stove. He laughed at the idea of picking this thing up. he wouldn't be able to the thing weights a lot. His landlord said that it better break down because it took three men and a dolly to get it in there.

Henry lifted with his legs and heaved with all his might. He then held on for dear life as he almost threw the stove into the cieling.

He dropped it back into place and stared at it.

"No, no, no, no, no, no, no. That is not possible. I could not move that thing to clean under it and now I can lif it. this was just to strange. Wait a minute. Trevor."

Henry pulled out the phone and got ready to call.

He dialed up Trevor.

Ring Ring Ring

[The following conversation take place alongside { Kitchen, now with Twins }]

Trevor was still in the process of decided on the best way to work around his new tail when his phone started ringing again. He sighed and dropped tossed the pants on the bed as he looked for the noise making device. Incoming Call Henry (Moose). His heart raced a bit. Henry... did that mean something happened to him too? Trevor licked his foreign lips before answering. "Ah, Henry?"

"Hey Trevor. Had a quick question for you. Just what did you mean by strange things going on and happening?"

Wow... straight to the million dollar question. There were all sorts of paranoia going through Trevor's head at the moment. Marina's words (as questionable as they were) popped into his head. *Accept and everything falls into place* Bah... as if. "Strange as in... completely unnatural. Possibly impossible."

Henry thought to himself. Being able to life things was not impossible but what he was doing might tip that scale. But Polly on the other hand shooting a web at him was something all together.

"Well I was attacked by a lady who can shoot webs at me. Is that strange enough?"

Trevor had to blink at that one. "Wait... Shoot webs? As in... spiderman?"

"Well, She was a woman. And I don't know if it was from her hands. Hit me in the back. Also was able to make me just stare at her. Did she come after you?"

"Somebody attacked you? How did you get away?" Trevor asked, demanded really, concerned.

"I don't really know. I broke out and tossed a door at her. She asked me to come over and move some stuff for her. But all the stuff was easy to move. I am half thinking it was some kind of joke. But then she webbed me. I got away and came back to my place. Soooo what happened to you?"

There was silence over the line as Trevor just stood still, his jaw hanging open. "B-back up. You... threw a door at her..."

"Well yeah, it was the only thing at hand. You know how it goes. The adrenaline gets pumping and stuff happened. Why are you avoid my question? Is there someone there now not letting you answer?"

"Huh?" Trevor was a fiction fanboy, so he quickly made the connection between Henry being attacked and worrying that he was too. "No, no. I'm just... distracted by you randomly picking up doors that were laying around and tossing them at girls... Where did you even get the door from?"

"Her door way. The same place a door is always at. A door frame. Any how if you are attacked

by someone you make do with what ever you have. So I take it that you set this all up since you are not answering this. Man I already apologized for not being able to make it last night."

"Aiyaa. I seriously had nothing to do with that," Trevor said quickly. "Just... a lot of odd stuff happened here..."

"So yeah that was my morning. So I think I will head out... You care to elaborate?"

Trevor debated with himself. But considering that the guy apparently tore a door off it's hinges (man, what an image)... "Well... um... Marina melted."

"Melted? How did her character melt? Acid bath?"

"No... *Marina* melted," Trevor paused, took a breath, then continued in a rush. "Marina melted, I-turned-into-a-cat-Erin-started-doodling-random-crap-and-Alex-started-talking-to-computers."

"Eh, what? Melted, turning into a cat? How is that even possible?"
Henry was hard pressed to believe what he was hearing.

"Hence the 'strange as in completely unnatural' statement," Trevor sighed. Damn. He caught it.

"So how are you talking if you are a cat? What are you going to do now? You are going to have a hard time going out in public. And how are you going to explain Marina dieing?"

Trevor realized he was growling an instant after he started. He stopped. "Sorry..." That was the second time he had started without realizing it. "But yes, I am acutely aware of that fact, but thank you for bringing it back to my attention," he took a breath. Yeesh. It seemed like he was the only one having a hard time with this... There was something like a yell from upstairs, but he ignored it. Erin probably burned her finger or something. "But Marina got better."

"How the hell do you get better from melting? This whole thing is a little hard to believe. I mean I am pretty sure someone is messing with me or perhaps those chemicals can mess with your head."

"Would explain Marina," Trevor muttered under his breath. Then he remembered that Henry might hear that. "I mean... Uh... It messes with everything. And I don't know. She was a puddle last night, and normal this morning. And I had a tail... Besides, you just told me you tore a door off a wall..."

"Well I have been working out and I was kind of freaked out. I have heard of mothers lifting cars to rescue children under a car. Not to far a stretch. So you don't have a tail now? And I bet that Marina was just messing with you all. Dumping water and hiding is not a hard thing to do."

"No, I woke up and had a tail," Trevor said, kneading his temples with his finger pads. Carefully. He didn't like the look of the nails/claws, and didn't want to test them on himself. "And a few gallons of dumped water don't talk. Or move. Or take on human form."

"Not unless you are on enough PCP. You have to think about this from my end. You turned into a cat and another turned into a puddle. I mean come on. I know I am a bit slow but this is getting a little to far out there for even me."

"I don't even drink! Why would I do drugs?" Trevor complained. He climbed unto his bed cause standing was annoying. "And how is that any stranger than you being attacked by spider woman?"

"You are the one who said spider woman. It could have been some weird net for all I know."

"You were the one that said web," Trevor countered. "How did you get out, anyway?"

"I stood up. Not a hard thing to do. Had to push a little but got up gave her the door and walked back to my apartment."

"Do you listen to yourself?" Trevor said in confused tone. "You broke out of some bindings, tore off a door and tossed it at a girl before walking away..." He sighed. "Uh... did you try lifting anything else?"

Henry thought for a moment. Trevor was sure interested in his morning when he told him that people were melting and turning into cats. Polly was just some weirdo we was convinced now.

"I picked up some things at her apartment and some things around here. You know..things. So when are you all going to the hospital?"

And back to dark. And he was just building up to a hight too... "I... don't know. Is this the sort of thing a hospital can even help with?"

"They are the ones who are the professionals in fixing things. Well living things. I think you should get it looked at. I mean what if it does not stop at where it is now. Something that can change your body in a day can't be good."

"Get's worse? I have claws. A tail. Fur. Ears. How much worse can it get!" Trevor snapped, his voice getting louder with each word. He took a shuddering breath to calm himself, covering his eyes with his free hand. "Sorry," he muttered into the phone after a moment.

"How can it get worst? What if you lose your voice and can only meow? Turn into an animal. I would not risk it. It might just work for you. Think about Marina. What if she melts again in a shower and gets washed out to sea. I think you all should get checked. I can drive you if you need."

"So that men in lab coats and poke and prod me with needles and probes?" Trevor snarled. "I'll pass..."

"Sure they will test you but then they could fix you. Unless you think this is a good idea to spend

the rest of your life as a cat person. Unless you are making all of this up."

"Shut up... you aren't allowed to make sense..." Trevor complained weakly.

"And yet sense I am making. I think I will stop on over there and take you and Marina to the hospital. Think it for the best."

"Alright... fine," Trevor ground out. Damn. Henry had a point. "Did you eat?"

"Yeah I made a large breakfast but I did just move crap around for an hour or so. Could always eat something. You making something or should I pick something up on the way?"

"Erin's doing the den mother thing for some reason..." Trevor said with a shrug that Henry wouldn't be able to see.

"Yeah, I will just make something here and be on my way. Will be there soon."

With that Henry hung up and made a quick sandwich and ate it. Then made a second one and as he tossed the knife into the sink the darn thing stuck to his hand. Now this was something new. He managed to yank the darn knife off his hand only to have it stick there. Not feeling like figureing that one out he drove teh knife into the cutting board and went out his door.

He locked his door (forgetting tha the lock was broken) and made it to his car and got in. He jammed the keys into the ignition and started to drive. He had some trouble on each turn when he would let the wheel right itself. Normally he would loosen his grip on the wheel and let it move on its own. But it kept sticking to his hands and causing his turns to go to far. He thought it was an act of god that he made in there in one piece.

Morning at the Greysons-----

Erin, shrugging at the computer screen and closed the lid. "Oi... Erin, what the hell are you doing?" She massaged her temple again. "Must ask for asprin later." She sighed and went to collect the others. Trevor made some really good breakfast. "Trevor?" She called, knocking on the door down to the basement. "You awake?"

Trevor heard the knocking, and only curled up tighter, pulling the comforter around his furry shoulders and over his head. To his discomfiture, and adding a bit more oil to the fire of conflict in his mind, his new tail curled around the legs he was holding tight to his chest.

Marina quickly found her shirt, skirt and undergarments and slipped them on in the laundry room before sitting at the big table. Her parents were okay with leaving her alone in the house after high school, so luckily she didn't have to explain why she spent the night. She tried to puzzle through what had happened the night before when she heard knocking. She did wonder: how did she melt? and how could she do it again. More importantly how did she change back?

Erin frowned and thought that he must still be sleeping. Not that she wanted to check on that just in case-- *DAMMIT ALEX!!!* She thought sighing. She looked at the door and sighed. Well, if she gave lot of warning, she should be fine. Opening the door, she almost stomped her way downstairs, being sure to create enough noise that Trevor would be able to hear her. When she got to the fourth to last stair, she jumped down and landed. That done, she knocked on the door again and slowly eased the door open, though looking at the floor.

"Trev?" She asked. "Helloooooo?" She didn't see anything in the living room so she walked forward. "Hello? Is anyone down here at-- Oh. Hey there Marina." She said smiling. "Whoa, you look a lot better now." She said seeing that Marina was in her human form.

"Yeah woke up in the middle of the night and amazingly I was normal again, still feel semisolid though.", Marina said to Erin.

"That could be woese I suppose." Erin said smiling. "Still... For a superpower, I guess you could do worse." She shrugged. "You get a rather spactacular transformtion, and I get to hallucinate that my laptop talked to me."

"The problem is I don't know how I changed back...only then can I figure out how to melt again.", Marina sighed, "And you hallucinate that your laptop can talk now...what does it say?"

"Math problems and told me its power was running low." Erin admitted. "It was tight lipped earlier today."

"Well that's kinda neat...all my laptop knows how to do is stutter and keel over....", Marina joked. "Now...how did I change back hm...", she mused.

"I... Don't know. Why would you want to?" Erin asked.

"You called it a superpower...might as well try...You and your computer thing too.", Marina said cheerfully.

"It's really nothing spactcular." Erin shrugged. "Also, apperently I;ve started sleepwalking."

"Oh...most I had to do was stay in the bathtub all night...what do you do when sleepwalking?", Marina asked.

Erin laughed. "You're seriously asking me?"

"Were you ever going to ask me what being a puddle felt like?", Marina replied.

"Not particularly becuase I don't want to push you or bring back bad memories." Erin said. "I'm sure... basically liquifying was terrifying."

"Indeed but after I accepted it it was actually relaxing...you'll think me silly for thinking this, but you didn't have to hide in the washing machine when the cops came.", Marina said.

"Wait what?" Erin asked. She didn't know about that. "What were you doing down there?"

"Trevor's idea...what do you think the cops would do if they saw me as a liquid?", Marina explained to Erin as frankly as possible.

"I really don't know. Part of me thinks they'd try to shoot you or something for being so freaky."

"Which is why I had to hide...seems I have all the properties of liquid while shifted, including taking the shape of my container...it was actually rather fun by the end of it all.", Marina said, "How are you doing?"

"Could be worse all things considered." Erin shrugged. "I thought you died last night, accidentally brought the cops on us... Then woke up on the couch with my computer on my chest and working on something."

"Working on what may I ask?", Marina asked.

"No flippen clue." Erin said. "If I knew, I'd tell you."

"I see...the laptop whisperer and puddle girl...not exactly superhero material but it still raises more questions than I'd like.", Marina said.

"you're telling me. Anyways, I'mgonna go wake up Trevor."

"I'll come around later.", Marina said.

Trevor could hear Erin climb the stairs, and his dread only grew more and more as they closed. His ears actually folded flat with apprehension. And fact that only bugged him more. He didn't say anything. His well honed skills of denial still had enough clout to reject the thought that she would head to his room. Powers of denial: go!

Deciding to focus on getting everyone together then get to talking, Erin went up to Trevor's door and knocked on it, slowly opening it as well. "Hey Trev? Wakey wakey." She said and saw him underneath a lot of the covers. "Buddy? You awake?" She asked and had a sinking feeling that she didn't want to be here, but Trevor was still asleep it seemed and she really wanted everyone to be awake so they could get organized. "Trev?" She asked, poking his side.

"Go away," Trevor muttered, pulling the covers tighter around him.

Erin frowned. "Trev?" She asked again, now concerned. "What's wrong?" She sat down on the side of the bed, making sure she didn't pin the covers under her. "We're best friends. You can tell me anything."

Trevor said nothing. Mostly because he couldn't think of anything to say. He just lay there.

Erin looked at her friend, burried under the covers. She did her best to scoop the Trevor cocoon up and gave him a hug. "I know that this is a lot to take in, but we're all in this together. We're still us. We just have... Things, really... We're going to be fine." She said smiling, hoping to encourage him to come out.

Marina walked into Trevor's room and sat with Erin on his bed, "You didn't melt now did you? You'd tell us if you did...right?", she said.

Trevor figured he couldn't stay hidden for the entire time. He would have to face it eventually. With a sigh, he let the covers slip.

"Oooh cute kittenboy...see this is not as bad as being a puddle.", Marina said petting the catboy.

"Whoa!" Erin said leaping off the bed. "You could have warned us!" She yelped, trying to keep her voice down. "When did this happen? You should have called us or something!" Walking forward, Erin swatted Marina's hand away. "I'm sure he doesn't exactly appreciate you petting him..."

Trevor growled [Passive Intimidate: 13]. It was... accidentally. He did use to growl and make cat noises to himself when he was alone, and he did sometimes growl and hiss at people, but this one was different. It just... happened. Reflex. He looked away quickly, suddenly very interesting in the patterns of his comforter. "Sorry..."

Marina retracted her hand, "Don't like getting petted mr. fluffykins?", Marina teased.

"Shush!" Erin said to Marina. "He's not a cat, he's Trevor." She backed off a little worried. <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3966709/> Thanks castle!

"I'm only teasing.", Marina said to Erin.

"Cats have claws. And they can use them." Erin said. "And I'm sure you don't want to get slashed. Trust me. Not fun."

"Strangely enough, this isn't helping..." Trevor muttered.

"Don't worry Trev. We're all in this together. We're all in the same both. And you're secret's safe with me. I'd rather die then give up your identities."

"Seems we all have secrets now, we got to stick together.", Marina said.

"Identities?" Trevor echoes, with a raised eyebrow.

"Erin thinks we're superheroes now...I'm not entirely sure if puddle girl, kittenboy, and the laptop whisperer make for a superhero team...maybe we should check on the others.", Marina said.

"Might as well make a team." Erin shrugged, "Any reason we shouldn't?" She asked.

"Because it's a completely derantis idea..." Trevor muttered.

"Point being?" Erin prompted. "And have you considered writing that on your resume? Being bilingual in English and Ancient."

"Point being mr. fluffykins is so cute....I just want to squeeze ya kitten.", Marina said squeezing Trevor tightly with no regard to his boundaries. She then shook him a bit before releasing him....a moment later he was glomped.

"This is going to end in pain and scratching..." Erin said and sighed, backing off.

"And you had a problem with me poking you?" Trevor said, holding back a snarl. His tail shifted awkwardly behind him.

"I really didn't have a problem with that...it just tickled...", Marina quipped. "My apologies Mr. Fluffykins."

Erin backed off, going out of the room. "Well... If you want, I'll make something for us to eat. Oatmeal sound good to everyone?"

"Eggs..." Trevor said. He was still feeling the need for meat. he paused, then looked up at Erin. "Wait... this is my house..."

"Can we make that cereal?", Marina said to Erin.

"Well if you want to be boring," Erin shrugged. "Do you guys even know the way I make that? And yes it is, Trev. It is indeed your house." She snarked.

"Special oatmeal you say?", Marina asked.

"I'll take that as a no then..." Erin said. "Well, I think you'll like it. Not fancy really, but it's oatmeal with brown sugar and butter. Really filling. Though if you really prefer eggs, I can try those I guess." Erin said, knowing she'd have to get a cook book or some recipes. She knew one, but one egg sandwich wouldn't be that good. "Well... I'll make some food." She said and went to make the various things she had in mind.

"I'll try your oatmeal.", Marina offered.

"All right," Erin said. "Thanks. I'll be back in about... half an hour I'd say?" She said and went upstairs.

"Well Mr. Fluffykins, I transformed yesterday now you transform today...and Erin is now the computer whisperer...something is up...any bright ideas?", Marina asked her tone suddenly became serious.

Trevor turned and glared at her. "I've been a bit distracted."

"Sorry again Mr. Fluffykins...I'll let you be...see ya at breakfast.", Marina said leaving his room.

"Argh... wait," Trevor called after her as she walked off, shifting on the bed, half raising and reach after her retreating form.

"What is it Trevor?", she asked turning around before she got to the door.

"Sorry, okay... I.. I just don't get how you're dealing with this so easily," Trevor said slowly. He dropped heaving back unto the bed, more fortune than design resulting in him not landing on his new tail. He looked down at his himself for the first time really. Grey fur. Light grey. Dark stripes patterned on his lower arms, terminating, fading really, on the back of his hands, then a dark line on the back each finger, faint at the base, but rapidly darkening to the point were they touched his nails. Claws. Greyish silver, not looking quite like normal claws. His palm was rougher and bare, pads. Same on the fingers.

Trevor realized that he seemed to have the stripe theme going, from what he could see. Dark grey on grey. It would look cool if it wasn't him. Even his feet... somewhere between planitigrade and digitigrade. "I.. I'm a tall black guy. Not skinny, but not fat either. Good looking, baby faced, and that was me. That's what I know. Now... I don't know who, what I am or am supposed to be."

"When I accepted what had happened everything else fell into place...the good news is that it wasn't permanent", Marina said. "You are mr fluffykins cutest kitten ever" marina said petting him.

"That... isn't really the most reassuring thing you could have said..." Trevor commented after a moment. He sighed. "But I suppose it's not the worst either. Fluffykins though?" He added, raising an eyebrow.

"What else was I supposed to call ya" Marina said to him. "And I know but after last night im ready to believe anything. Something strange is definitely going on here."

"Really now? What was your first clue?" Trevor said, cocking his head to one side. There was really no holding back the snark in response that comment. There were somethings things in life that simply screamed for snark.

"The rampant sarcasm", Marina responded with equal wit. "Wanna go join the others? when you're ready of course."

"Like... maybe putting on some clothes," Trevor said sheepishly, realizing he was still in his boxers. Face the others? Would he ever be truly prepared for that. Even if Marina wanted to act as if it was nothing, the way he was know, the only place he could go without attracting second glances was a convention of some sort...

Cooking with Erin-----

Erin continued making food, multitasking quite a bit. She didn't really have time to go and interact with anyone. Instead, she hoped someone would smell the food being prepared and investigate.

As efficient as always, Jezelle was out of the shower in a couple of minutes and back in her clothes -not entirely dry but she didn't really care- and heading back into the living room to figure out what to do next. The obstacles of today weren't going to go away so she decided to crash into them head-on, so checking up on everyone was first on the agenda.

She heard movement in the kitchen and decided to check there first, locating an Erin. "Well, good morning; still able to talk to computers I assume?" Jezelle asked like it was quite natural as she went up to oversee Erin's progress on whatever she was doing.

Meanwhile, Jezelle finally got frustrated and climbed out of bed in a grumpy mood, wandering off into the shower and kicking it into gear.

"Huh? Oh, hey Jezelle." Erin said. "Not really. I think it doesn't like me anymore because I dropped it the other night." She admitted. "Though I did wake up on the couch with it on my chest. I dunno how I got there though. Sleepwalking maybe? Do you know anything about that?"

"About sleepwalking? Heh, why would I know?" Jezelle said with half a smirk, "But hey, able to talk to computers and sleep-type or whatever, I swear there'd be a lotta people out there that could only wish they could do that."

"Seen the others yet?" Jezelle queried, glancing back the way she came as though Trevor and the others would be mysteriously behind them.

"Yep. Well most of them. Haven't found Alex yet and can you get the microwave?" Erin asked as it went off for the third time. "Making food for everyone." She didn't mention the changes that Trevor went through during the night though or that Marina had turned back to a human form. "And I guess. By the way, do you know much about technical stuff? I would try to find out what the hell it is I'm making, but every time I look at the screen, I zone out and go back to working on it."

Jezelle absently did as bidden while she listened, popping open the microwave and dragging out a sandwich.

"I only know enough technical stuff to get by," Jezelle said with an unfortunate grimace, "Hopefully everything will work itself out; I'm going to take the fact that you haven't liquidated or anything as a sign things aren't so bad. I might go check on the others though."

"All right. Just so you know though... Brace yourself when you see Trevor. He's... A little different. Something happened overnight." Erin said.

"What...? But he was fine like me, where everyone else was melting or talking to computers..." Jezelle said, suddenly troubled again, "Alright, be back." She braced herself and wandered off toward the stairs to the basement and headed down.

"By the way!" Erin called. "You're not allergic to anything, are you?"

"Not that I'm aware of!" Jezelle called as she left.

After a moment the shower disengaged and a minute later Jezelle was dressed, pretty damp and wandering out, going off to investigate the noise of activity in the kitchen.

"Mornin' Erin; You our chef today or somethin'?" Jezelle queried as she entered the kitchen.

"That was fast." Erin said looking up. "Not a fan of cats I take it?" She asked, from her perspective only being alone for a little while with the food. "I did tell you to brace yourself."

"Uh... what? Cats?" Jezelle said in confusion.

"Downstairs... The young man of the house? Trevor?" Erin prompted. "Grew fur last night? Now looks like his fursona, Greycat?"

Jezelle's eyes widened in slight shock and almost a little frustration, quite off balance from the blunt revelation.

"...What... he looked *fine* last night! Now he turns into a cat-person!?" Jezelle said in exasperation.

"Yes..." Erin said. "You did go downstairs, right? He's the kitty in the boxers." She paused. "Are you feeling ok?"

"...Erin, I just got out of the shower, I haven't gone downstairs yet," Jezelle said, agitation creeping up on her and her gaze turned into a hard stare.

Erin tilted her head. "No you didn't... You just went downstairs after helping me a little with breakfast. We talked for a while, I told you I sleepwalked earlier and asked if you knew anything about technology. You said you knew only enough to get by. AND I even asked if you were allergic to anything and you said no. Then you went into the basement."

((Continued below))

Meanwhile in the Basement Club-----

Taking the steps three at a time, Jezelle made it to the basement floor in short order and made a beeline for Trevor's room since he didn't appear to be anywhere else, giving a swift knock as she went to enter.

Trevor flinched a bit. It was one thing to suddenly be able to hear people walking about and know where they are, but he wasn't used to it. And he was still in his boxers... did no one want to give him a chance to get dressed...

Jezelle leaned on the door and gazed in with half an expression of grim concern as her eyes befell on something... furrier... than before.

"That is indeed different," Jezelle remarked mostly to herself, trying her best not to stare, "Trev, you're... furry... is it too early for jokes?"

She still seemed a little tense from the revelation to make the remark about jokes sound genuine, but she far more stable than the last two supernatural occurrences -probably some kind of coping mechanism she'd thrown together overnight.

Wit and humour together make levity, Trevor thought to himself. Maybe a little levity was what he needed. "Go for it."

"That bad, huh?" Jezelle said a little regretfully for a moment, before chipping up a little, "Well at least you're back to normal, you looked *weird* yesterday, it was kinda freakin me out."

Trevor gave her what passed for an incredulous look with his new face, then bend over face in his hand, his shoulders shaking slightly from the silent chuckles.

"Good morning Jezelle, I see you've met Mr. Fluffykins.", Marina said greeting her, "Perhaps we should let Mr. Fluffykins get dressed."

"Unless you like seeing me in boxers," Trevor commented blandly.

"Well actually..." Jezelle began at first, before chuckling the charade off, "Mornin' Marina, I see you decided to stop breaking physics. And I'll see you at breakfast then, Trev."

She stepped clear of the door and moved back toward the stairs.

"Ya know, this makes me the only one left in the 'normal' club... it's almost kinda... lonely..."

Jezelle said after a moment of realization, actually a little surprised that she felt a bit out of place amongst her friends now -which was rather ironic, but still held merit since she was currently the minority.

"Ideally I'd like to try and break physics again.", Marina said following Jezelle out of Trevor's room. Marina thought over what Jezelle said, she didn't just break physics, but biology and chemistry as well. The only thing she didn't manage to break was fluid mechanics and she was sure she broke that too. At least there wasn't a downside...or rather she assumed there wasn't. As long as she avoided drains and sewer grates. "Don't worry about it Jezelle, that makes you the most special.", Marina said before realizing that that wasn't the best thing to say. She walked over to the kitchen where she was sure Erin was cooking breakfast.

Jezelle made a bit of a face when Marina indicated she wanted to melt again, but just shook it off and attempted to forget that she mentioned it, but then Marina made the remark about Jezelle's new found 'specialness' of not being 'special'.

"That makes me feel so much better," Jezelle said expressionlessly, dryly as she stood there for a moment before finally following Marina upstairs.

Trevor focused on getting past the hurdle of actually leaving the save haven of his room. For the first time, he turned to the mirror to get a look at himself, his... new self. Dark grey strips on

grey. It really was the theme. It wasn't tiger like... it was too regular. It seemed symmetrical. Actually, the were perpendicular stripes on his body and lower limbs, but parallel on his thighs and upper arms. Sorta weird... (who was he kidding, this entire thing was wacked out. So what was one more?) Since his attention was one his head... He bared his teeth. Yep. Fangs. Fun. He fingered them contemplatively. Even his eyes. They used to be a brown so dark it seemed black. Now, it was a silvery blue. No whites visible at all. And the cat ears, slight muzzle and nose... He was so screwed... He didn't look anything human anymore... Just... monstrous.

He shook his head to clear that thought. No. He would not sink to that point. On the other hand, he was just realize how acute his sense of smell had become. He could smell three other people. He wasn't sure which scent was which. He could smell the room (he really should clean...) and the soap of the laundered clothes in his closet and drawers (and the sweat of the worn ones). Yet another thing to add to the weird column. Seriously... he was pushing into next year's quota as it was... He sighed again. Wait... He closed his door, then did some more... intimate checking.

Behind him, his tail curled uncertainly. He had no idea how to control it. It was... sporadic at best. How the hell was he supposed to work clothes anyway? He decided to go with the obvious and used a scissors to cut a small hole at the back of his sweat pants. Threading his tail through it took several tries, particularly since the damn limb refused to cooperate. He managed to get it on though (turned out the annoying thing was prehensile... What the hell was he to do with a prehensile tail?) He studied the image in the mirror. The black sweats didn't really do much towards humanizing him, but it was a start. He sighed and looked for a shirt. The ringing of his phone distracted him. [continued in the end of Weekend at Polly's]

The Kitchen, now with Twins!-----

Jezelle looked... a little worried to say the least, though mostly she looked this close to being furious.

"Erin... I just... got out of the shower... this... this isn't a cruel joke is it...?" Jezelle asked, "Because Marina just melted yesterday so I don't know if it's time for joking just yet..."

Marina walked alongside Jezelle as they approached the kitchen. Marina heard voices from the kitchen as she approached. Two distinct voices...there was Erin which she knew about and the other one...what!? Marina had her share of confusion the night before. SO she was partially prepared for what she saw once she rounded the corner. There was Erin talking with Jezelle behind the kitchen counter. There was Marina entering the kitchen with Jezelle next to her. Marina's world started to spin. Marina hurt herself in her confusion.

Jezelle 2 followed Marina idly and frowned a little when she heard the second voice from the kitchen, at first not quite recognizing it until about when she walked into the kitchen herself. Almost instantly she darted back by the door frame and hid half of herself behind it.

"What the!?! Who the fuck are you!?" Jezelle 2 exclaimed in wide-eyed shock, staring straight at the Jezelle standing next to Erin.

Jezelle had a similar shock, except hers included crashing into the kitchen bench as she tried to flee on reflex when she heard... herself...

"WHOA!" Jezelle yelped, pressing herself as far away as possible, meeting the other Jezelle's stare incredulously.

"What the fuck!?" they both remarked simultaneously.

"AHH!" Erin yelped. "What the hell is going on?" She said, looking back and forth between the clones of the athlete. "Okay... Question time." Erin said, wondering which was the real one. Something only the real one would know. "What were we fighting during game time last night?"

"Uh, a bunch of demons and a barbed devil boss," they both said in perfect sync, to which they gave each other death glares.

"That was probably too easy..." Erin said then thought of something else. Something false this time. "What did you get me for my fifth birthday?"

"...Fifth, birthday...?" both Jezelles queried Erin, throwing another death glare at each other, "STOP COPYING ME!"

They might as well have been mirrors, throwing their arms up in agitated exasperation at the same time and style. Though something occurred to them both after the frustration, and they both immediately, wordlessly initiated a game of rock, paper, scissors and both ended up with scissors.

They rapidly switched between gestures in perfect sync, growing more and more confounded and a little incredulous by the moment.

"She's in my fricken head!" they both said in wide-eyed shock.

"Yeah, my fifth." Erin said and faceplamed. "Ugh... This is gonna be interesting. But until we find out which one of you is the real one and which one's a clone or whatever, you're both going to help me here." She said. "You," Erin pointed the Jezelle on her left. "Come over here and help with this oatmeal. You," She pointed to the other one. "Make more of those egg sandwiches. Those are for Trevor. Only two more to make out of ten." She said, not sure how much Trevor would want to eat.

Both Jezelles narrowed their eyes, even a little more incredulous but at the same time it made a twisted kind of sense -especially given all that had happened so far. Marina had melted and eventually reformed, and such an occurrence wasn't going to just go away so Jezelle had to try and deal with it, and it was the same kind of logic here.

"...This... is insane... I can't believe you're serious but I can't think of anything better..." Jezelle said, a little in awe before glancing to the other Jezelle with a bit of resignation in her eyes. She supposed she could try and pretend she had a twin sister for the time being... but this was still crazy...

Marina hurt herself in her confusion, the spectacle was entertaining but extremely confusing. Marina could no longer tell which one was the copy.

The Jezelles pretty much did as instructed though not without uncountable amounts of furtive glances across the kitchen at each other, as if trying to either find something out of place in the other to prove who was the copy/clone, or to keep an eye on them to make sure they didn't try

anything suspicious.

Looking over as the sandwiches were finished, Erin nodded. "All right, get them all to a plate and wait for me." She said, finally finishing the oatmeal and serving it out in various bowls. Brown sugar, butter in the middle. "And we are done. All right, you," She said tapping Jezelle 2 on the shoulder. "See if you can't find Alex and get him to the basement. You," She said to the other one. "Come with me and take a pair of bowls. We're gonna go downstairs. And brace yourself if you're the one that hasn't seen Trevor yet."

Marina helped carry the last two bowls down to the dining area in the basement. She didn't dare look at the two Jezelles in fear of what it implied. She focused on getting the food downstairs and tried her best to stay calm.

The silence between the Jezelles probably said more than enough, as they mostly just glared and watched each other suspiciously, both of them probably afraid of speaking in sync again which was quite maddening to them. Not that they needed to speak in that case, since they both already knew each others responses simply by answering their own.

Jezelle 2 merely wandered off to go find Alex and the other Jezelle just shrugged and picked up a pair of bowls like instructed.

"Yeah I've... wait... no I haven't seen Trevor yet... how strange, I coulda sworn I did..." Jezelle said, spacing out a little as she went to follow Erin, "He's a catman... he was wearing boxers wasn't he... but I didn't see him..."

"One of you did." Erin said. "Not sure which one it was." She got two bowls for herself and headed downstairs. "Breakfast!" She called. "Trev, yours is coming. Only so many hands between the two of us. Jez is looking for Alex by the way."

Meanwhile, Study. Suddenly a call!

Alex was sitting in a sem-trance condition when suddenly his mobile phone rang. Shaking off his thoughts he jumped off the bed and walked towards his jeans that contained the said phone, intending to pick it up. He already guessed who could it be...

...Yeah, dad. Vasily picked up the phone and started a talk, that could be translated like that:

"Hello?"

"Hello. Now where are you?" the voice said, with some sort of suppressed anger replaced with some sort of sarcasm.

"Eeeeh... I had to stay at Trevor's place due to unforeseen consequences." Alex replied, noticing how his voice... Changed. That threw him off the guard a bit.

"What consequences? Playing videogames all night?" the voice in phone replied

"Haha, no. We were a bit paranoid about the gaz event and so until the gazmasks arrive, we don't plan to leave this place." Alex replied, not believing his lie himself.

"Videogames." the voice stated confidently.

"Okay, videogames. I'll get to hom--"

"Don't you know that everyone was worried? You never leave the home for so much time

without telling us beforehand." the voice replied, interrupting Alex and sounding a bit more irritated.

"Huh..." Alex could only reply like that, before getting another reply

"Anyway, quickly gather yourself and get back home. We need to talk." the voice said

"Okay... Later?"

"Goodbye."

And so Alex had some sort of trouble. Not wishing to see (hear?) the wrath of [Khan] his father he needed to get out, but the problem was that he was a little bit feline. So getting out without some sort of damn good disguise wasn't an option. He would probably look like a weird if he would ever have to cover all his body...

"Oi, Alex! Erin's cooked us up some breakfast!" Jezelle 2 called to proceed her arrival at the study door, giving a swift knock before attempting to enter.

"AH." Alex yelled, hearing the knock. Not having any idea how to react he decided to win himself some time "NO ENTRY, I AM NUDE." he yelled. That was the first thing that came to his mind, and it was usually effective to keep away people.

[Alex Bluff: 20](#)

After Marina brought the bowls of oatmeal downstairs she returned upstairs to check on Alex. Noting Jezelle was there at roughly the same time Jezelle was downstairs. Marina decided to deny the existence of one of the jezelles unless they were in the same room together in which case they were treated as one. "Then get dressed, we're having breakfast", Marina shouted back at him.

"Aaaaah, okay..." Alex said, trying to keep up cheerful and relaxed tone. "Anything unusual happened in night by the way?" Alex then asked, remembering his change of state that happened while he was sleeping.

Delivering the food downstairs, All of it, Erin headed to where Marina and Jezelle were clustered. "Hello? Alex? Food's ready. Now." She insisted.

"Nothing too unusual...well, I'm human again...As for the other...well you should come and see", Marina said to Alex.

"Eeh..." Alex had no idea what to reply here. Hoping that it was not that unusual for him to be like that (Marina turned into goo-girl after all) he put on his jeans, opened up the door and peeked out, revealing a feline face with grey fur with black markings, cute feline eyes and a pair of ears with tufts sitting atop of them "...Yeah, kind of a change for me." he said with a small smirk.

"Well see ya at breakfast then, don't take too long", Marina said to Alex before she left to rejoin Erin at the dining table.

"Can't be any worse than Marina's or Tr--Ahhh, forget I said that." Erin said. "By the way, just checking but you're not allergic to anything are you?" When Erin saw what happened, she chuckled. "Guess not. Well, that... could be worse." She said. "Come on, let's go."

Jezelle immediately froze when Alex called out, sighing a little with a slight puzzled expression. And then Marina and Erin decided to come check on Alex as well and she was left sort of staring at them, eyes narrowed a little.

"Why'd you even tell me to come here?" Jezelle queried Erin.

Discovering Alex had joined the furry club as well came as a substantially less of a shock, so much that it was only afforded a small glance of surprise. After all, Trevor had joined the furry club and Marina had broke physics, and Jezelle herself made conventional science go cry in a corner, so seeing *another* abnormality of an existing club was less heart-stopping. In fact, seeing a second one make a whacked kind of sense... much like Alex and Erin both talking to computers, if such a thing could be considered normal it'd be logical to assume it'd occur more than once.

"Because I was busy multitasking and I didn't want you to psychotically maul your clone." Erin said. "I'm sure you or that other person wouldn't want to clean up all the blood and broken bits of furniture in the aftermath." Erin said then headed downstairs.

Jezelle continued staring at Erin for a moment before shrugging and letting out another sigh.

"Well whatever, I guess I'll go downstairs since I'm not needed here," Jezelle said, wandering off back toward the basement.

And then Alex stood with a nearly dropped jaw staring at these three girls that had reaction about him like that of the tourists in zoo. Seriously? He shifted in extreme way and all they've said was... "Come and eat?"

Mad world. Sighing, Alex slowly walked to the kitchen, preparing to see any kinds of insanity - witnessing a Cthulhu would probably could be the only redemptive sight for them.

Meanwhile, down below (that almost sounds like an innuendo...)-----

Well... that happened. So Henry was showing up. In retrospect; agreeing to that might have been a Bad Idea. Possible even a Very Bad Idea. Through... Henry did have a point. This was getting out of hand. He sighed and grabbed a shirt. He was still struggling to get into it (really should have grabbed one with a larger neck hole) when he left his room since he could hear people coming down.

"Hey, Henry called and-" he managed to get his head through the shirt (without hurting his ears) as the second Jez entered the room, the first already being around the table. He did a hasty backtracking and stumbled, falling on his rump. "Ohwhathell?"

"Yeah, there's two of me now," they both said at the same time, causing yet another death glare at each other mixed with exasperation. Jezelle 2 fortunately waved toward the other to give her right of way.

"Makes less sense than liquidating or furrifying..." Jezelle remarked, cradling her bowl in her hands.

Descending down the stairs, Erin looked at the food she had prepared for Trevor and the others. "Hope you guys like it." She said, checking the reactions of everyone in attendance.

Trevor finger waivered between the two Jezelles, confused shock the expression of the moment. "Wha...? Ah.. Ah... E-entropic cccascade failure?"

At some point Alex got down below and stood in another shocked pause as he saw dual-Jezelle and another feline-guy in the basement. "Eeeh..." he muttered, one of his fingers pointing somewhere at ceiling, as if he wanted to say something smart, but forgot what did he want to say initially. By the quick glance Alex could figure out that the catguy is Trevor - or some hobo that they've picked up from street. "Dual-Jezelle? You have twin sister?" Alex questioned and then nodded in direction of possible-Trevor possible-hobo (//takethat) "This is Trevor?"

Trevor manage to tear himself away from the sight of the 'twins' (he knew for a fact that Jez didn't have a twin sister) to the other person. Another cat. This was one of those times that being previously seated was a good thing. He slowly covered his face with his hands. "I need a new weirdness quota... no no, it's a dream... no, better, a shared delusional fantasy... yeah.. that's what it is..."

"No, Alex, I don't have a twin sister, that's why this is weird," Jezelle 2 said, rubbing a temple. "What kinda delusional fantasy has me in two places at once?" Jezelle asked Trevor scrutinizingly, "And besides, this might of been less strange if-"
"-she didn't know exactly what I was going to say," Jezelle 2 finished, and you could swear the other Jezelle nearly had smoke blowing out of her ears as she glared at Jezelle 2.

"Double mint advertisment for hell..." Trevor murmured.

Alex stood, staring at the three unusual sights, probably getting the same effect that Trevor did. "Interesting..." he muttered, staring first at Trevor and then at Jezelle.
<http://img.playground.ru/images/3/1/...-arm-chair.jpg>

Jezelle ran a hand over her face, looking a little tired.

"Can't you just go somewhere else?" Jezelle asked the other.

"Why should *I* go somewhere else? *You* could be the copy," the other Jezelle returned, almost imperious but it was almost like she was reciting the rest of a script.

Jezelle pinched the bridge of her nose and closed her eyes.

"What the hell do I do here..." Jezelle said with a suppressed groan, "At least everyone elses' weirdtime wasn't so... obnoxious..."

"Anyone got any questions? Something only you and the real Jezelle would know?" Erin offered. "I tried earlier, but it didn't work that well."

"That probably won't ever work, Erin," Jezelle 2 said with a little despair, "We're in each others'

heads, or something like that... I got memories of my whole childhood, friends, family, everything."

"But *I* have those memories too..." Jezelle said, eyes narrowing.

"I know, that's the problem," Jezelle 2 returned.

Meanwhile, Alex walked down to the free spot like a ghost, staring into nothing and started slowly devouring the food. Now that's weird. He needed a bit more time to cope with more changes... And entered some sort of BSOD again.

"Henry's swinging by," Trevor said after a moment.

Erin frowned when she heard the two Jezelle's words. "Hmmm... Well then we're screwed to see who's the right one." She thought about comic books since they seemed to be turning into superheros of some discription. Various superpowers being displayed after all. Two Beast boys, a Senetor Kelly from the Xmen movies, and a technokenetic from Mutant X. "Well... This might be a long shot, but maybe you're BOTH the original?" Erin offered.

"What!? Henry!? Why is he coming here!?" the Jezelles said in alarm, the one at the table had a hard expression from frustration but hadn't thrown it at the other, instead looking down and deciding to stuff her face with oatmeal.

"We're a freakshow, Trevor, why is Henry coming here?" Jezelle 2 asked, looking a little worried.

"Something about being attacked by spiderwoman and tearing a door off it's hinges and tossing it at her... and taking us to the hospital..." Trevor murmured.

Jezelle 2 sort of just stood there in silence with an expression that said everything, from slight surprise that Henry was also being changed to anxiety from the idea of going to a hospital.

"That can either be really good or really bad." Erin said. "Still, it'll help to know what's happening to us."

"Exactly what he said," Trevor sighed. "It just seems to be getting worse and worse... What if it doesn't stop..?"

"If you don't want to be a kitty, I'll take it." Erin said off handely. "Though I thought you liked and often associated yourself with cats?" She thought for a moment. "Besides, maybe you'll get mist powers and turn into Greycat."

"The irony of the situation is not lost on me," Trevor growled at her as he got but up to his feet.

"Just trying to be optimistic here." Erin said, palms towards Trevor.

"You can afford it," Trevor scowled, tension making him clench his fist and stiffen his shoulders.. "You don't have any worry about anyway. You are still normal. You don't have to worry about hiding anything. Fear going outside. Worry about what this all means." He stopped

suddenly, the tension in his shoulders fading suddenly as she slumped. He turned and headed back into his room, closing the door behind him... and on his tail.

"Fa saen Dae!" Trevor swore, whimpering and muttering behind his ajar door.

"Ouch..." Erin said wincing as she imagined getting a tail caught in the door. Always an unaddressed problem with newly transformed furies. "You all right over there?" She asked then went back to eating the food she had made. As usual, it was good and very filling, but at the same time, she frowned a little. There was never enough brown sugar... and the sugar/butter ratio was just never enough.

"Shut up! Just... shut up," Trevor whimpered as he rubbed the bruised member. Damn tail. How was he supposed to keep track of this thing. He could hardly tell were it was it was at a given time.

"i suppose its good to know im not the only circus freak among us", marina said jokingly to the others at breakfast. she had finished her oatmeal. "and henry's coming...eh i doubt any hospital knows how to deal with this" marina gestured to encompass the whole circus.

"Fine!" Erin said somewhat hurt that Trevor had snapped at her. "I won't offer to help. If you're gonna be THAT way. Here I was trying to be nice and keep us in good spirits but if you want to be a jerk, fine. See if I care."

"As if you cared in the first place," Trevor muttered to himself. He leaned against the wall behind the door, slowly sliding down to slumped on the floor. Pulling his knees to his chest, he started up with mental mantra again. And immediately hit a snag. There was only so much denial could do. He slowly brought his hands up to his head, the trembling that last started up when Marina melted coming back for an encore. But this time, he was the victim of the impossible situation. Silent tears moistened the fur around his eyes. *This is my space and I control it, so nothing bad will happen in it. This is my space and I control it, so nothing bad will happen in it*, he repeated to himself, over and over. Since his eyes were unfocused and distorted by the tears anyway, he didn't notice the slight wavering in the air around him.

"You clearly don't know anything about me." Erin said nd waved Trevor to go away since she thought he was leaving. Going back to eating, she thought about going to the hospital alone.

"He needs time to sort it out for himself...I got that time inside the washer", marina said to erin

Erin looked at the watergirl then nodded, swallowing the last of her food. "Hmmm... Probbaly. I hope he'll be fine. We'd better not intrude."

In the Man-Cave of Solitude----

Jezelle paused a moment in the middle of her oatmeal when Trevor withdrew to his room, frowning a little in concern as she watched Erin and Marina for a moment, before throwing an indicative glance at her 'twin'. Since there was two of them and they both seemed to know what each other was thinking, this kind of made things convenient -though as if there was another

option, considering having two Jezelles go to check on Trevor probably wouldn't help... "Don't act like you have it all figured out," Jezelle 2 accused the other Jezelle, "We can pass ourselves off as weird twins, Trev's kinda stuck and you know we have no idea how to help." "Just check on him," Jezelle said in exasperation after hastily swallowing a mouthful.

Jezelle 2 grumbled a little and went over to lightly tap on the door to signal she was there. "Trev... are you... um... did you wanna talk or something?" Jezelle 2 asked a little awkwardly, not entirely sure what to say since asking the typical 'are you okay' sounded absolutely absurd.

The knocking disrupted his little mental get away, slicing through his layers of isolation. The scent sorta helped too. He blinked a few times. He was about to say no when the words of ghost Nappa, said when he was still alive, popped unbidden into his head. 'The first step to working out your problems is healthy communication.' Trevor sighed frustratedly. "Goddammit, Nappa... I mean sure..."

Jezelle 2 eased open the door and stepped halfway in, poking her head in and glancing around to locate the furry in question before closing the door behind her and sitting down against the wall next to the door, mostly mirroring Trevor. "...I'll be honest, I don't know how to do these things," Jezelle 2 said a little sheepishly, throwing the odd glance at Trevor.

"That makes both of us," Trevor said, falling back to his tried and tested running his hands over his head method. Even if the ears did detract from the stabilizing factor it normally offered. He exhaled, the air hissing through his lightly clenched teeth. "Every time I think I have a handle on it, think I've gotten it, something happens and I'm off balance again..."

"Heh... I hear that..." Jezelle said with grim humor, hugging her knees a little tighter, "I'm starting to wonder if there's even a handle to be had. I mean, admit it, there's no way science can explain this -not neatly anyway, not without holes. I'm sure there might be some twisted way that turning into a cat-person might be physically possible with enough messing with genetics, but I'm sharing a mind with a twin that popped out of nowhere. You reckon we should even try to use logic or rationality or attempt to explain all this?"

It was an honest question, Jezelle's head was pretty scrambled and everything felt like she was watching behind a haze or some special glass wall -like a TV, stuff that happened on TV didn't have to make sense.

Now that she brought it up, a dozen or so permutations were running through Trevor's head. He really shouldn't have taking all those assorted science classes... On the other hand, it was sorta helpful. In the 'bucket under a leak while you looked for bigger one before you looked into actually fixing the leak' sorta way. "Science is all about not having answers. People just tend to forget that part..." He looked down at his feet thought fully and realized something... he lost a toe... One each foot... Of all the... Okay, the universe was just messing with him now. "It might help though," he said with an exasperated sigh. Points to him, he did break down again. He tried to whip away the evidence of his earlier tearbending. (Another downside of fur; liquid didn't just smear away, it sorta soaked in...)

"But otherwise, how are we supposed to figure this out?" Jezelle asked a little rhetorically, "I mean, what happened to us overnight is more something that takes years to cook up in a lab by a mad scientist or something; evolution doesn't happen that quick, and science isn't this precise." Of course, she wasn't exactly a guru on these matters but from all the smattering of knowledge she'd picked up here and there from uncountable sources, that kind of information sort of just clicked over time.

"Cell mutations tend to show up in the next generation. Or cause cancer," Trevor sighed, wriggling his toes. "The body just doesn't go through enough divisions at once for a mutation to be this... drastic. And it isn't normally something you survive... Not that I'm complaining... being alive is always a good thing," Trevor added quickly. "But what if it's something at the higher bio levels? Like theoretical quantum physics level, rather than the stuff in the general text books?" Yes... quantum science was his answer for everything.

The moment Trevor brought up the cancer idea Jezelle immediately looked poleaxed or something as she stared off into blank space.

"Well... that's... nice... now I'm terrified I have cancer as well as being a fake clone..." Jezelle said, a little spacy for a moment but eventually came to and attempted to push that train of thought aside for a moment.

"And I only covered basic science in school..." Jezelle said indicatively, helplessly, "On the off chance it *is* this 'quantum physics' thing, still doesn't really help... I mean, the world's technology isn't far enough to do this sorta thing."

"Besides," Jezelle began suddenly, nearly tipping herself over as she reached across to grab Trevor's fur, "Does mutation make you grow hair super fast and then stop?"

"Um... sorry about that," Trevor said sheepishly, in reference to the cancer scare. In fact, he was scaring himself with that now... what if he had cancer? Ignorance really was bliss. He yelped when she grabbed his fur. "Um... ow..." he hissed softly. But he quickly ran the question through his mind, comparing it with his two decades worth of horded random knowledge. "Hy-hypertrichosis or something like that."

He paused before continuing. "Wolfman's syndrome. It causes excessive hair growth throughout the body. It's genetic, and can either show up at birth or later in life." He looked down at his hands. Maybe? "But a full growth over night? I don't know..."

"So... we have, twins with some kind of psychic link and two cat-guys who managed to grow a full body of fur overnight... a girl who can change her body state to water and back and two computer-talkers..." Jezelle summed up, "I don't... see a pattern there. We all pretty much changed across a night and a bit so something had to trigger the changes, but... such drastically different changes... I'm sorry, I'm not sure if I'm trying to find an explanation or a reason to shelve this as 'magic' or something and just try and sorta ignore it."

"You said Henry was coming to take us to the hospital, I think it'd be stupid to let you or Alex go but if the effects are different, the possible 'cancer' things will probably be different too," Jezelle said, attempting to puzzle things out -mostly unsuccessful, "But a hospital would at least be able to tell if there was something wrong 'conventionally' speaking, -like cancer. This is going to be a mess..."

"Can you please stop saying cancer," Trevor begged. Yeesh, he was going to have nightmares. Well... more nightmares. Black men were already prone to prostate cancer... wait... did he even qualify as a black man anymore? As a man? A human? He hastily mentally backtracked. He was not going there again. At least, not now. How knows... Henry's planned side trip might end up with him being referred to a vet... Hasty mental backtrack, take two. "The only common factor is the chemical explosion. The most recent one, that is. (Damn... I did not want Alex to be right...)"

"I know right," Jezelle said in incredulous exasperation about the remark about saying cancer, as she herself was looking a little bug-eyed and twitchy, "I just can't stop thinking about it now."

"Chemical explosion huh..." Jezelle said, all of a sudden resuming her slightly mournful, thoughtful disposition, "That kind of stuff can't be stable... hospital sounds inevitable now..."

"Because six people (seven if you count Henry) all experiencing reality altering changes is oh so stable," Trevor commented, an eyebrow (he was not getting caught up in semantics right now) raised. When the snark heard the call, there was no holding it back. "Oh, two points, if your think is quantum related an not a lu-ah... and not just some weird as asexual reproduction, both of you might be the original. And this might just be science outside of what humans now. There are people in Inuit communities who think the internet is magic, and tribes in the Solomon islands who believe a radio and tv are great works of the spirits. Magic is just unknown science."

"Razzum...frazzum..." Jezelle grumbled at Trevor's snark, her arm blurring for a moment as she punched his shoulder grumpily, "Shaddup I'm trying to brood..."

Such vague and easily understandable logic Trevor presented, it was easy to get swept up in it but the constant banter of quasi-merged thoughts in her mind of the other Jezelle were one hell of a way to make her skeptical of everything.

Both being the original seemed... too convenient? Or perhaps she just couldn't get her head around such a thing, because there was clearly one of her before she woke up, and there had only been one of her in her memories. She was supposed to bend her head around the idea that there were simply two of her now? One soul, two bodies sorta thing? That just sounded stupid and impossible...

"Heh that... didn't really hurt... huh..." Trevor said curiously, rubbing his shoulder. Odd. "But apparently we aren't allowed to brood, according to miss optimism out there," he said. His tail actually pointed in Erin's direction, not of his own accord. Strangely enough, he might have been the optimistic one if things were reversed... Okay, not optimistic, but the one who would be waiting for the bright side to come around.

"Don't make me hit you again -eh, I think we're all a mess, given the circumstances," Jezelle said with a sigh, "It seems like nothing is going to be sorted out until we check if we've got... um... until we go to the hospital. If they give us a mostly clean bill of health then anything else is basically out of our hands unless we want to become guinea pigs for some secret science... thing."

Trevor sulked a bit, his ears dropping. "That's the part I'm afraid of..." He blamed fiction. So many stories about people in similar situations ending up being research subjects, for better or for worse. And the worse part, he could see some validity in it. What if they were contagious of

something? What if they were quarantined for further observation by the CIDPC? What if his house was quarantined because Marina's melting contaminated it? Did his poking have anything to do with it? And the cops that showed up... where they virulent?

Trevor took a deep breath to reign in the herd of thoughts that were running rampant. "Great..." he muttered. "Now I'm all disconcerted and anxious again..."

"Hey..." Jezelle objected sternly, poking Trevor's shoulder, "Anxiety ain't gonna fix this. Shit's out of our hands for now, worrying won't change it."

"I give you permission to worry *after* we've been to the hospital," Jezelle said with a smirk.

"Does that mean I can... blame you if this does turn out to be a Bad Idea?" Trevor asked after a moment. He would have said punch, but he already had that notice from last night... No need to add fuel to some embers.

"Sure, but relax, we have backup now, there's two of me," Jezelle said with a joker's confidence, raising a strong arm and patting a bicep.[d]

"So... two people to blame when things go wrong?" Trevor said with a slow smile. "Three if you count Henry. He's the one who suggested all this." [Donavon]

"Even better! Me, myself and you can all blame Henry if this goes south!" Jezelle said with rising mock-zeal.[d]

"Remind me again why I'm encouraging this," Trevor chuckled. Look! Humour and level headed happiness had returned! And that street sign! He was on Rue de Récupération! ((Curse being in montreal...)) "You know... if there was another one of you, you could pull off the Me, Myself and I routine."

Jezelle turned her head slowly and sort of stared at Trevor, kind of a small smile on her face but otherwise looked expressionless -save for the fact her left eye was twitching ever-so-slightly from the thought of *another* of herself.

"Yeah, yeah, I know, horrible idea..." Trevor said quickly, raising his hands defensively. "Please don't try to hurt me."

Meanwhile, in the basement great room-----

Marina didn't say much all breakfast. Preferring to focus on eating and then thinking. She thought of a great many things, several of which are best not mentioned in pleasant company, the rest were half formed and best mentioned after she figured stuff out. She also considered how best to try to change back to water. So far it amounted to want to and it would happen. She was hoping for an actual trigger.

"So..." Erin said looking to Alex. "How are you holding up?"

"Ah?" Alex said, getting out from his trance-like condition. "I... Dunno..."

"You know, if you ever need a hug for comforting or anything like that, all you have to do is ask." Erin said. "Unless you're going to be like him," she said pointing her thumb towards the door Trevor had retreated behind. "By the way, I think I'm gonna need help with identifying just what the hell I'm doing on my laptop."

"...Eeeh..." Alex said being confused "Okay..?"

"Thanks." Erin smiled, waiting for him to finish the breakfast she made. "And I guess if you want an egg sandwich you can have them. Trevor's not coming out anytime soon."

"I hate eggs." Alex replied, still considering the stuff that happened to him for past two days.

"Ah... Still, if you need anything like a hug or whatever, just let me know." Erin shrugged and took one to eat.

"I don't." Alex replied, raising an eyebrow, wondering why would Erin be such pushy about hugs.

Erin finished off the sandwich and relaxed as she waited for Alex to finish off his food and to see if anyone likable wanted some comforting. Though with Jezelle's Cloning Blues, Trevor's jerkass attitude, Alex being rather meh from what she could tell, and Marina being strangely happy for some reason, that didn't seem likely.

And down the rabbit hole we go.

:: Day One: Down the Rabbit Hole? (p. 2)::

:: Sunday March 10th, 2013::

:: Time: 9:49::

Meanwhile, in the Henrimobile-----

//Na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na, Henry!

Henry pulled up to the house after some very interesting driving. He parked it on the street and turned the engine off. He took a deep breath. This was going to go down one of two ways. They were either pulling his leg which would cause him to get pretty angry. Or, they were telling the truth which would be ...he didn't know. Scary. Either way he was not going to figure it out here.

Henry got out of the truck and walked up to the front door and knocked. He readied himself for what ever he would end up seeing. Be it a changed person or a practical joker.

knock knock

Erin heard a knock on the door and looked to Alex. "Hold that thought." She said, referring to her request for help on the thing on her computer. "I'll get it, hang on!" She called both to let her

friends know where she was going and to the person at the door know someone was coming. Standing up from the table with quite a lot of the food still uneaten and making a face. "Guess I made to much..." She muttered and headed up the stairs. as usual with stairs, creeks came out from her footfalls and she looked around a little for the direction the knocking came from. She guessed it was probably the main door and opened it to see who was at the door. "Oh! Henry, nice to see you. Come in, come in."

Henry walked into the house and looked around. It did not look any different from the last time he was here. Except for the fact that Trevor's parents were not there. He looked at Erin.

"So I am here to take some of you to hospital. Doesn't look like much has changed though."

"Not with me, no." Erin admitted. "Physically at least. Some of the others though..." She said thinking of Marina, Trevor and Alex. "I don't think they'll want to come outside though."

"They have something wrong with them. I don't care if they are all too pretty they need to be checked out. This could be the build up to something much worse. It is best to have the professionals take a look at it."

"Well... If you say so." Erin said. "Let me just put it this way. You'll no longer wonder what exactly a catfolk would look like in real life." She said and started to go into the house. "I think me and you are the most normal ones here." She frowned. "Never in my life did I think I would ever refer to myself as 'normal'."

"I never thought what a cat person would look like. If I did I would just go watch Cats and be done with it. So where is everyone? We will need to get going before the hospital fills. If this was in fact caused by the chem spill then there are going to be a lot of sick people."

"Follow me then. They're all downstairs." Erin said, heading to the basement.

Henry followed her downstairs to the basement.

"And here's where everyone's hiding," Erin said. "Trevor's off sulking. let's see... There's two jezelles. One's in Trevor's room... DAMMIT ALEX! [Oh My...]. Anyway... Alex is the cat right there." She said pointing out various things about the group.

Alex stared at Henry with sceptic expression and waved at him as he was pointed out by Erin.

"Ah, Henry, good to see you've come", Marina said moving to greet him. Hey it was something besides water girl so there was something. At least she was hydrated...so there was that...

Trevor fell silent after the knock and the subsequent announcement from Erin. Permission or no, he was anxious. Henry, at the moment, represented to many concerns and fears. While he was part of the group, he wasn't part of 'the group,' the one that had a sudden baptism into the weird the night before with the water works. Before grumpiness could fail him, he grabbed [his (Ohhhh my. Still, good to know he has a girlfriend. I knew it would be seem that way ^^' His as in there are

two of them, and only one was with him ^^)] Jez and pulled her out with him. It was comforting to have her at his side.

Henry took one look around and then stared at Erin. They weren't joking. The two of them had turned into cats. Cats... that was just wrong. How can that even be possible. This should not be able to happen. Such a change in such a short time. Something was going on here. But what could it be? He had no clue. He had seen things in the morning that hinted at a broader reach but he was able to wrap his mind around it. All he could do was stand there and murmur

"Got a ride for the hospital....Cats...."

"Yeah... that's pretty much the expression I've been having every five minutes or so," Trevor sighed. "Honestly, I don't know if I should be comforted by the fact that Alex changed too or further terrified."

"Shouldn't we get some blankets or something to cover the two up so they don't scare people?" Erin asked, knowing that seeing an anthro kitty would be pretty damn shocking for anyone that wasn't in their gaming group.

"And suddenly I feel like a leaper.." Trevor grumbled, shifting awkwardly on his feet.

Marina figured Henry had bigger, more kitten shaped things to worry about than her greeting, but was still annoyed he had neglected to even acknowledge her presence. She stood by regardless. Moral support was about all she could give right now.

"Yeah there will be no dropping of body parts in my truck." He tried to think for a minute. "Yeah I got nothing.... we should get to the hospital. They might know something. Perhaps the chemical company has something that fixes this chemical reaction. Either that or you all were exposed to something weird."

"To hospital?" Alex repeated, questioning and added sarcastically "Best idea ever, always wanted to be sent to a governmental lab as a guinea pig."

"Dropping of body parts..oh...?", Marina said shocked, "And that is what I suspect...I wasn't feeling strange until after the chemical explosion the other day...I still don't know how I changed back." Marina noted her body was still semi-solid,, but felt it safer not to mention it to anyone.

"Where did that come from?" Erin asked, tilting her head in confusion. "By the way Henry, you're not the person to talk to on technical stuff, right?"

"Where did what come from?", Marina asked.

"The dropping off body parts stuff." Erin replied. "What brought that up? Unless we somehow got on the topic of Dead Space? Leapers, dismemberment..."

"No clue...ask Henry I guess.", Marina said to Erin.

"That's why I asked where that came from earlier." Erin said.

"Trevor then, he mentioned leapers.", Marina said.

"I guess we did get on the topic of Dead Space then...? Somehow...? Oh well... Another conversation I must have missed. So, kitties first, Marina and Jezelle second, then me last. I guess."

"Sounds about right.", Marina said

Trevor's temples were really getting a work out. Honestly, he had no idea how they got to that topic. Dead space? What was that any way? "Leprosy is a disease. Was common in the middle east two thousand years. Lepers tended to need covering up when they headed out."

"Ohhhh... you mean LEPROSY." Erin said, her confusion vanishing. "Now that makes sense. Leapers are an enemy from the game Dead Space, like I said. The game focuses on dismemberment since just shooting the monsters in the torso won't kill them."

"Meh in both cases body parts fall off.", Marina sighed.

"The world doesn't revolve around video games, Erin," Trevor sighed. He was furthering that topic. "How many people can your van take, Henry?"

"You know, most guys would kill for a girl that plays video games..." Erin said.

"I wouldn't say kill there Erin."

Henry just nodded and numbly grabbed his keys. Moving in a very robotic way he turned around and started to head back toward the door. What the hell was going on here. People turning into animals? This place was turning into an asylum for the genetically messed up.

He concentrated on putting one foot forward as he moved. One foot then the other. Ever slowly marching toward the truck. At least in the truck he knew what was going on. Turn the key give it gas. Simple. He got to the door and fumbled with the key. Finally getting it open he sat in the driver's seat and looked into the rearview mirror. Seeing his own eyes looking back at him.

"Ok this could be worst. Honestly, movies have worst things. They just need to see a doctor. Doctors, modern medicine is the solution right?"

"He never answered my question," Trevor sighed. In fact, They might have broken him. "No one else drives, right?"

"I don't have a car but I do know how to drive.", Marina said.

"I don't know if we all can fit in his truck," Trevor said. Sheets he supposed. He and Alex could

cover with them or towel. "I have my car, but it's old. Low slung and wide easy to see through windows."

"Well I CAN drive..." Erin admitted. "I just hate it."

"How surprising..." Trevor sighed, tossing a sheet at Alex for him to use as a cover, "neither answer is very encouraging."

"Maybe the more normal looking take Trevor's car while Henry takes the kittens", Marina suggested.

Jezelle 2 was a little startled when Trevor dragged her out the room but otherwise didn't really react, just tapping her forefingers together and gnawing a lip as she wasn't sure how to respond. Both Jezelles had offered Henry a very short and small wave but mostly kept quiet to minimize the sudden quantity of paranormal stimuli.

However there seemed an odd problem in the transportation to the hospital, and the Jezelles were left in an odd kind of grey-area since they were technically normal, there was just two normal Jezelles now... if that made any sense...

"So... what, a Jezelle for each vehicle?" Jezelle said mostly rhetorically, sort of wondering if she should put up her hand for potential driver but with another line of thoughts in her mind from the other Jezelle, she wasn't so sure it'd be a safe idea...

Trevor tried to do something sensible with the towel that didn't just look like a cheap mock-up for a school play. In the end, he said screw it and went back into his room, scrounging up a hoodie, tuque, sunglasses and scarf. He was wrapping the latter around his neck when he came back out. The tuque was a bit... awkward over his ears, but it would work.

"Let me change the question slightly... who here has driven regularly recently," Trevor amended. 'His' (the ownership was technically still his parents) car was old enough as it was. He really didn't want someone crashing it. And with the less than stellar and confident responses from Marina and Erin...

"Heh, maybe Erin or Alex can just ask the cars to drive us there," Jezelle 2 said with a small laugh, while the other Jezelle was having difficulty keeping a straight face or giving her double a stern glare.

"You sure cars are smarter than computers?" Alex wondered, not sure if Jezelle was sarcastic right now. He then placed a hat on his head (a fedora one), covered his face with a scarf and sunglasses, along with putting on long hoodie and a pair of jeans to cover his stuff. The tail went hidden under the said hoodie and as he was done he returned from study (the room he used to change). That was a bad idea to go to hospital though...

All together now; let's do the temple massage! Either way, amidst much hustle, bustle, and even some tussle, the group got divided between the truck (since some people refuse to acknowledge it being called a van) and the car. Since the former had the tinted windows and the higher clearance, both making it harder to see from outside, the suddenly middle easternly garbed Alex

and suspiciously criminal in appearance Trevor bundled into the back seat of Henry's ~~van~~ ~~[You'll never stop me! *leaps off cliff*]~~ ride, with one of the Jezes, mostly to chaperone so Henry didn't break any further. He was pretty sure it was the one he was talking to. They really needed to get name tags or color coded head bands...

Erin, Marina and the second (or first, they really did determine that yet) Jez took his car. (So help them if they crashed it somewhere...) and they began their ~~long quest to retrieve the Chalice of Everlon, which would provide...~~ {Dude! Wrong script!} <Huh? You sure?> {Yes you twit! Here! This one!} <Ah... that makes so much more sense... sorry> {~~*dope slaps*~~} journey of a minor duration towards the Francis Memorial Hospital. ~~One Ring to {Don't. You. Start. You've never even read that book!} <How do you know?> {'Cause I'm you, dolt! *dope slaps* Don't make me revoke your narrator license!} <... fine. *mutters*>~~

Inside Cobie [Erin, Marina and a Jez]-----

Erin happily rode in Trevor's car. Instead of driving, she had placed her bag on lap and simply waited for them to arrive. Partly because she didn't trust anyone else with her computer and partly because everyone would likely be going their separate ways for the week ahead. Erin herself, being the most normal of the group, likely still had classes to go to. She sighed. "Why couldn't I get any furry forms or stuff like that..." She sighed as she waited.

"Seriously? Trevor and Alex might be turning into cats, or they're merely stuck in forced hermitage for the rest of their lives and you wanna join em?" Jezelle asked a little incredulously. Driving seemed to have become a little easier than she remembered, but Trevor's car seemed agonizingly slow so she didn't feel particularly worried about any feedback from her other copy causing any detriment to her driving.

In fact she was able to pay more attention to conversation, this trip just felt so slow.

"Well... part of me wants to, yeah. I mean I can talk to computers. I'm pretty sure I got the shaft on this particular superpower lotto." Erin said rolling her eyes. "You have a clone, Marina can turn into water, Trevor and Alex both had the powers of a predator, Henry has superstrength."

"You know Erin, technically the two of us aren't exactly patients...well I think the others will need more intensive care...unless I melt again.", Marina said to her.

"Still, we really should get this looked at." Erin shrugged. "Well, no matter what you do, I'm gonna have myself looked at. as thoroughly as possible." She added.

"Still, we really should get this looked at." Erin shrugged. "Well, no matter what you do, I'm gonna have myself looked at. as thoroughly as possible." She added.

"You have the least to worry about among us", Marina said, "I'm only alive right now because I choose to remain ignorant of how melting has affected my body"

"Like I said, I think I got the shaft on this particular superpower lottery." Erin said, shrugging.

"Just be happy your superpower isn't cancer that's what happens when you touch nuclear waste.",

Marina said, "And you don't have to worry about going down the drain"

"I suppose. Still, when your body is made out of water, you're pretty much like the T-1000. The liquid metal one?" Erin offered in case Marina hadn't seen that movie. "I guess we'll see how it goes though..."

"Everyone's body is made of water, and without knowing how it happened I can't do it again.", Marina said.

"You know what I mean though." Erin replied.

"What do you mean?", marina wondered.

Erin facepalmed. "You can turn into water. Automatically drown people, control water, maybe add more water to you, suck water vapour out of the air and into you thus making it REALLY hard to breath around you, basically you hve control over one of the classical elements and probbaly one of the most vital of the four."

"I think you're getting carried away I can't do any of that stuff", marina replied.

"For now." Erin said. "Thing about superheros with newly developing powers: They almost always get stronger."

"I think we shouldn't speculate about things such as that but I suspect that means you haven't fully developed your own powers" marina said.

"Still, if we're going by the 'powers' I currently have, I think I'm gonna have some pretty sucktastic things unless we need todo some hacking or computer programming in general. Also, no. I swear that I will never create Skynet, HAL 9000, SHODAN, GLaDOS or any other homicidal AI."

"I didn't say anything about that", marina said, "but perhaps you have technomancy"

Jezelle mostly kept a pokerface after the first response -with a hint of exasperation- and remained silent as she pursued Henry's van like a bad stalker, partly zoning out to 'listen' to the stuff the other Jezelle was receiving.

She pulled up at the hospital after a moment and peered up at the building for a moment with a sigh, killing the engine, unbuckling herself and opening the door.

"Kay, so, Erin, do your best to keep your extra stuff contained, we may need some contingency plans if things go south -maybe you can tell the security cameras to shut down or something -I dunno. I don't fancy any of us becoming guinea pigs," Jezelle said with a slightly grim expression as she pondered what might come.

"Like I said, I swear to never create any homicidal AIs." Erin aid teasing.

[Timelines! Unite! Ish!]

Inside the Henrimobile [The Cat's, The Broken and another Jez (they were having a special. Two for one)-----

"So... what's our plan for Worst Case Scenario?" Jezelle asked idly, "By that I mean doctors attempt to kidnap us when they see freakish mutations or whatever."

"You've just thought about that?" Alex replied in a slightly irritated tone.

"I'm hoping basic rights would prevent that," Trevor said, trying to find a comfortable place to stick his tail.

"Technically the rights are for humans, so we don't have them." Alex remarked semi-jokingly, and then suddenly became more concerned as he guessed that a lawyer could actually make this seem so.

Trevor turned and snarled at Alex, fangs bared and muscles tensed before he even realize he was doing it [poor Henry...]. "Never. Say that. Again."

"Awwkay." Alex said, grinning. Right, he probably got his soft spot. Next time he'll need to troll Trevor he would know where to strike.

"Yeah, yeah it's fairly obvious there'll be some types of people who'll be tempted when they see all this, I'd just prefer we had a contingency or two planned..." Jezelle said with a small concerned frown.

"Crowbar in a pocket, throwing knife in a pocket, shocker in a pocket, those would get the best plans." Alex stated "...Actually, I have no idea how would we get out from such sticky situation, if it'll happen (and I bet that it will)."

"Aces and sleeves, I guess," Jezelle surmised, "So whoever can hide their extras, hide em and spring em for the element of surprise, and then just run? Obviously I can keep one of me with the cars for surprise backup and such -or quick getaway..."

Extras. Lovely. Trevor settled for glaring out the wing at the shades tinted world. He was a bit... embarrassed by the outburst, but he wasn't going to apologize for it. "Should probably send someone in first and ask for a nurse of something..."

"ER. You need to go in and check in. Say you have a head injury. You get put at the head of the line. Someone can look to see how many people are in the waiting area."

"I won't go in. As probably shouldn't Trevor, as our unusual qualities are obvious." Alex stated and added "As was my statement..."

"Walking through the front door just doesn't quiet hold any appeal," Trevor commented.

"Well I can go in and check. Nothing too terrible."

Henry pulled the truck into a parking spot and killed the engine. He got out and looked at the three in the cab. Would be interesting to see how the doctors fixed them. He had to get them inside first.

He headed towards the main doors and entered the waiting room. He took a look around to see just how many people were there.

As Henry was checking, Alex decided to skim through radiowaves in case he would find something interesting.

[Radio] Alex's fledgling talents were still developing, so it was still a bit fitful. Focusing on one particular station wasn't exactly as easy as he would hope. (DC15 notice to flip channels I suppose)

[Alex Notice: 14](#)

[insert "BIG NOOOOOOO!" here][Inserted]

Inside Franklin Memorial-----

Franklin Memorial was not the largest of hospitals, and did not deal much with long term patients, sending those instead to the larger hospital downtown. It mainly served as the local clinic, a place for trauma treatment and for minor surgery. Both work in their favour as it meant that there was not a lot of people in the waiting area. A nurse looked up when Henry entered and gave him a smile, though a somewhat worried one.

Henry nodded at the nurse. "Mama."

He looked around and saw that the waiting room was pretty much empty which was nice. He just felt bad for the nurse as her world was about to get rocked.

"If you do not mind me asking about how long would it be to get to see a doctor? A friend of mine is under the weather. Wanted to see if this would be faster than another hospital."

"We haven't had too many extreme cases as of late, but a couple people well have turned up complaining of side effects that we have been presuming are from yesterday's explosion," the nurse, her name tag branded her as Julia Allen.

"Well nurse Julia should I have them come in now or wait? Also they have a sensitive spot for others seeing them in the state that they are in. Would it be possible to have them come in some how out of the view of the public?"

"I assume they are out in your vehicle?" While not the normal procedure, it also wasn't something unheard of for people to have a desire to remain out of the spot light. Julia checked the roster to verify who was on call. "Dr. Caine, would you please report to the waiting room," she said into her small radio. "He should be down shortly," she said with a polite smile.

"On Behalf of my friend, thank you. He really didn't want to disturb anyone and it was a difficult act to get him here. When the doctor comes tell him it is the old red Ford F-250 in the parking lot. I am going to tell him the good news."

In the Parking Lot (Damn... we have to pay!)------

Trevor wasn't quite sure what Prince Albert was up to when he sorta zoned out, but he just wrote it off as thoughtful and contemplative reflection. No need to worry that it was some further mutation related blacking out or something. (Great... now that idea was stuck in his head, just like the cancer one... AUGH!) He was performing another one of his trademark one handed temple massages when he noticed (passive 17) his car pulling in the lot.

"Hey, Jez, you think you could catch your attention?" Trevor asked, poking her shoulder (actually... I'm not sure were people are seated... I figure the cats would be backseats to attract less attention... but Jez has free reign of front or back...). "Man that sounded weird..."

"Wait, what?" Jezelle said looking a little confused, running over Trevor's question in her head. Though conveniently enough the Jezelle outside next to Trevor's car stopped and looked at Henry's truck with a slight puzzled expression.

"Well," Trevor blinked when Jezelle (the other one) looked around. "I suppose that works..."

Erin meanwhile simply waited and took a seat, laptop still in her bag, bag still on her lap. She simply waited for the doctor. *I wonder if this'll be like Emily and her time at the hospital.* She chuckled.

"Huh... well I guess she knows everything I know..." Jezelle figured, swaying a little as she juggled the train of thought, though she was still partly a little suspicious at her copy...

Trevor waved out the window at the riders in the other car, then stopped suddenly, pulling back. Furry hands. Yeah... he probably should have grabbed a pair of gloves. Damn... this was going to get very awkward when things warmed up...

Henry left the waiting room and walked out the entrance of the hospital and went to his car. He climbed into the drivers seat and spoke to the others.

"Ok a doctor is going to come out to see you in the truck. It is a slow day in there but there is always going to be people in the waiting room. This way less people will be disturbed and less issues will happen."

"You actually got them to agree to that?" Trevor asked was a fair bit of surprise. "Ah, not that I'm complaining, cause it's good thing and all." One less thing to worry about.

Alex left his trance-like state and looked up "So you did call the doctor..." he said, a bit sleepy

(for some reason it seemed so). "I just wonder if you actually still think it was a good idea." Alex repeated himself and yawned. He didn't see the global picture right now...

Henry looked at Alex and Trevor. Both covered in fur looking like Cats rejects.

"Yes, I think it is a good idea. Because that is just not right. Sorry if I am looking out for your health in this situation but I think it is for the best."

"Oh, yeah. *In the name of science.*" Alex said, subtly hinting who'll get better from the situation.

Erin looked to Alex and thought about calling him over. Opening her bag, she put the computer on her lap and looked at the designs trying to focus on them long enough without going back to work on them... Unlike last night though, she didn't feel the urge to work on it and looked at what she had doodled throughout the night. "Hey Alex?" She called, not sure what

"I'd rather find out about any complications sooner rather than later," Trevor said blandly.

"Well..." Alex replied, walking to Erin. "I already regret coming with all of ya." he then muttered and stared into Erin's screen "Yes?" he wondered, this time not quietly.

As the group remerged and mingled, a man emerged from the waiting room, looking around as if he lost something. He was garbed rather formally, and had a name tag clipped to his shirt.

Jezelle 2 figured it was about time to put the aces up the sleeves so she headed off around the corner of the hospital to hide and watch the truck from a distance carefully. She had a link to the other Jezelle so she wouldn't exactly miss out on anything.

"Well... I was wondering if you could help with telling me what this thing is?" She asked handing the laptop with the designs to the kitty.

"Eeeh... Apparently I am not a good computer controller..." Alex sighed, seeing that she actually managed to break through his command.

"Oh... Yeah..." She said hoping he wouldn't bring that up. "I... Dunno how I did that. I just woke up on the couch with this thing in my lap."

Henry spotted the doctor and honked the horn once and waved. He then opened the door and got out. He walked around the truck.

The man visibly brightened, having looked a bit concerned before, and headed over, not quite with a jog, but with a quick walk. "Good morning," he greeted as he joined them. "I was afraid you left when I got to the desk and you were gone. I am Omar Cain, general practitioner. I was told you had a few friends who you wanted looked over?"

"Yes sir, they are in the truck over there. Hey doc have you treated any people from the chemical spill? Just wanted to know since it was everywhere?"

"A few have turned up," Cain admitted. "Mostly check ups. People concerned with what the chemicals in the air might have caused. But there have been a few... drastic reactions."

Alex stopped examining Erin's schematic and looked up at the new person. Probably a doctor. First idea was to run, but that would be rather pointless, so he decided to keep a low profile and not mention anything. Nor he'll be obvious about his presence here as well...

"What kind of drastic reactions we talking about here? Like death? Or something different?"

"Patient confidentiality prevents me from saying anything more on the subject," Cain said in a sombre fashion.

Erin looked at Alex stopped seeing her computer and put it away once more. A doctor was walking up and she hesitated a little to get out of the car, but being sandwiched between two others, she had to wait for people to get out before she did.

"Well then. I guess it is time for you to check out the people then. They are in/by that red truck there."

"I see," Cain murmured. He thought back to his morning so far. "I take it this has something to do with the incident as the chemical factor?" he asked as he headed over.

"Heads up," Trevor whispered to Alex, the closest one to him. "It's the point of no return."

"We think it has something to do with the chemical incident but we can not be sure. We hoped that you would be able to help or atleast shed some light on the subject."

"Goddamnit." Alex replied, looking down and trying to cover as much of his body as he could

"If you cover up, I cannot examine anything," Cain commented when Alex reacted as he did. He supposed that might have something to do with their reluctance to actually enter the building.

"If you're nervous," Erin said. "I can go first."

"What would you like me to examine? You're symptoms?" Cain asked.

"Well," Erin said, squirming out. "I don't have a whole lot... I think I've started sleepwalking." She admitted. She thought for a second then told him everything that happened. "I know this is going to sound insane, but I've also spoken to my computer. It talked to me..." She said and looked down embarassed. "Let's see..." She said thinking. "That's about it... But I've also got something going on my laptop as well. I'm trying to have someone look at it and tell me what I'm drawing..."

"Ah, I don't think that's in my area of expertise," Cain said after a pause. "Hearing voices and art

is more something for a counselor to address."

Marina exited the car last...she went to find the truck just as Henry said. Fortunately they parked close. Though as it turned out she was likely much lower on the priority list than she thought.

"And sleepwalking?" Erin asked. "I know I didn't do that before. Though if you can, could you put me in touch with a counselor?"

Marina waited for her turn, if it was going to come to that...her priority was likely slightly behind the cats.

"Perhaps," Cain said, checking Erin's pulse and lymph nodes for any abnormalities in her body. He didn't find anything of great significance. "No major indicators of an infection or illness."

"Thanks," Erin said. "Well... If something does change, I can come back to see you specifically, right?" She asked, not trusting anyone else with... whatever was going on.

Trevor was fidgeting, the impatience and nervousness of the entire situation getting to him. And watching the doctor putter about with Erin was just agitating him. It got to the point where he really couldn't handle it anymore. He swallowed the majority of his apprehension and thrust his hand under the doctor's nose. "What about this then?"

"Oh my," Cain said (after he recoiled and gasped a bit.) He slowly returned and took hold of Trevor's hand.

Jezelle made no effort to conceal her scrutinizing stare at the doctor as he went about his examination, suspicious and watching for any sign, though you couldn't really say there was hostility in her disposition, just quirky over-watchfulness with a hint of paranoia.

He paused in his examination. "This is concerning. Is there any other among you with such dramatic reactions?"

"Um...I melted yesterday, does that count?", Marina said to the doctor. She wasn't sure if it was right to tell the doctor so soon, but she had to.

Cain paused in his examination of Trevor's fingers and their articulation. "Melted..?"

"I got better.", Marina said a moment later. She knew it would be hard for anyone who wasn't there last night to believe her. In any case she figured it was important anyway.

Jezelle burst out laughing randomly at the similarity to Monty Python, struggling to continue hiding behind the corner. [she's outta earshot btw]

"She turned green too," Erin offered, hoping that would help. "Kinda like green slime with the consistency of water."

Cain was still skeptical. Trevor was beginning to feel somewhat awkward with the doctor holding his hand like that. "Him too," he said, pointing to Alex. Cain looked at Alex (and his poor getup). "Ah... fur, not melting."

"Interesting..." Cain dropped Trevor's hand.

"So Doctor is there a way to help him?" Henry said.

"I would need to perform more extensive check ups then a parking lot would allow," Cain said, looking at the group in a new light.

"The cats require your attention more than I do I'd wager.", Marina said.

"I figured I'd just need one of those ECG things, but maybe we should all get a ca-... um... we should get a *scan*..." Jezelle said, suddenly going pokerfaced.

"Those are costly procedures," Cain said, transitioning from surprised to professional. "I should, however, be able to arrive at some appropriate conclusions within the realm of the standard health insurance."

"I'd of thought there'd be some medical loophole, ya know, what if we're carriers of some super virus that might kill everyone eventually? No obligation to check?" Jezelle asked a little dryly, "It can at least turn people into furies, so that's some serious gene-screwing."

"We will see what is needed," Cain said.

"You're taking this well..." Trevor commented.

Henry looked at the Doctor and started to catch on very slowly.

"Doctor I know you are to keep other medical history private but have you ever seen anything like this? I think it might bring piece of mind to them if you have. Also what would be the next step?"

Cain gave them a puzzled look. "No one has checked the news?"

"You could say we've been a little distracted..." Jezelle said stoically, eyebrows furrowing in disapproval.

"Sir, I can barely afford to put gas in my truck. I can't afford a TV nor cable." Henry said sheepishly

"I've been a little busy managing all these people," Erin admitted gesturing to the group. "Also being jelous of them..." She blushed.

"Jealous? It's like being jealous of some with a potentially terminal illness," Cain said. "There have been several reports of people suffering various mutations throughout the Greater Toronto

Area, and several miles out. Three confirmed fatalities so far linked to it."

"No one ever said the Green Eyed Monster ever had to make any kind of sense... I'll look into this as soon as I can..." Erin looked to her friends and her heart sank. "Still... Three out of how many?" She asked, hoping that none of her friends would die to it.

"...Ffffffffuck...." Jezelle said, dropping her head into the seat back-rest as a substitute for a desk or something. Already fatalities... probably the worst indirectly related omen they could get... "I don't suppose we know the specifics of how they died? Organ failure or something? Or did their new mutations get them killed in a more mundane sense?" Jezelle asked, grasping at straws.

"Three confirmed. Only because the manner of their death was rather dramatic." Cain said after a moment. "I only say this because it might be relevant to you. One fell through the bus he was riding in a was run over. Other died after setting a building on fire. The tapes confirmed it. The third's body somehow converted to something akin metal and he suffocated. None of those cases were here, but in Toronto."

In a very obscure way, Jezelle felt a little relieved -doubly so considering Marina apparently survived a situation similar to one someone suffocated in...

"So... supernormal-accidents and one account of mutation mishap..." Jezelle summarised and let out a steady breath, "Thus far we haven't had any life-threatening mutations that've caused suffocation so I'll take that as a good sign. So if we just make sure we don't have super-cancer or something and maybe analyze some brainwaves we should be all set right? We can see if something needs fixing or not?"

"I guess I'm in then, I'll take out a loan if I have to," Jezelle said with grim determination.

"I'm more concerned about the super cancer thing," Trevor said quickly. And he really didn't like the way 'fix me' sounded. Call it personal bias.

"As I said, there are test we can run to check for those things," Cain said. "As for a remedy... that would take time and much research into what actually caused this." Fortunately, they might have a leg up on that point.

"Well you can be sure that if it'll help others, I'll stay as long as you need to make something for that. Something to regulate powers I mean." Erin said. "I can't speak for the others though." She looked to them.

"Time as in weeks. Possibly months," Cain clarified.

Erin shrugged. "If it helps, it helps. I really won't mind."

"I would start with a check up to make sure that what they have is not leathal. After that they can figure out what they are going to do." Henry said as he looked at Erin. How in the world is she going to make something to regulate powers when they did not know what the hell was going on?

"Doc, my main question is simply: How am I alive, you say that one turned to metal and suffocated...so how am I alive?", Marina said in fear.

"That is not something I can determine at the moment without making a series of major assumptions," Cain said, once again repeating his earlier statement. "But I would need to take you inside for that."

"I'll wait and see what the others have to say then.", Marina said with some concern.

"Ok then, Let's go in. This is why we came here right? To get people checked out to find out what is going on. Well we are here and now we have a person who can look at you and knows how to use the instruments inside." With that Henry started to make his way toward the entrance.

The following sequence is filled with near epic display of the hospital layout and staff habits as Cain took the through the back/side entrance and the hospital and around the building to his practice in one of the secure assess section of the building. I suppose that it would be cool to have all that described and laid out. Wouldn't it?

He took them to the suite, leaving the main waiting area that branched off into the sectioned off examination rooms. He would generally have two nurses working with him, but they were not on duty yet so he started pulling equipment from the storage locker. "I will need blood samples to work with. From all of you."

"Of course," Erin said, rolling up her sleeve.

Jezelle just sighed and rested an arm on the bench and waited. She might've called her other self in but she figured they'd both have the same blood if they were identical every other way. She more figured there'd be something messed with her brainwaves if they were able to share thoughts.

There was paperwork first, since he wasn't running a charity, and he got the information for their insurance. For Trevor and Alex, that was... tricky. In the end, he had to take it on good faith. He started on Erin; taking the typical readings and checks before trying, locating, swabbing and pricking with practiced efficiency. He took a complete vials o blood, tagged and stored them before moving on. It was much the same for both Jezelle and Marina.

Marina felt a prick on her skin and a small amount of blood was extracted. it looked fairly normal as far as blood went..although a bit more watery than usual. Regardless she looked healthy enough.

Erin winced as blood was removed from her. It took a little longer then when she was getting a flu shot, but she didn't complain. When it was done, she got up and went off to sit away from the others in silence.

Jezelle too, was in silence, sitting aside with her head propped up with an arm as she pondered the situation. The other Jezelle still chilling outside, the tangled thoughts gave much to

contemplate about, both wondering what was going to happen.

When the results came in she could be faced with possibly years of being experimented on to find a cure, or maybe a death sentence so she'd have to spend her last moments, or maybe even absolutely nothing and she just had to put up with a second of herself.

Things seemed like they could quite easily explode again, and just after everything had more or less calmed down...

Trevor and Alex were quickly becoming the bane of his treatment. The fur made things difficult when he was doing the tests, so he eventually stood, eyed them, then made a simple order.

"[Url=http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PS2F_aiINcY]Both of you, Strip."

After a short moment to register what the doctor said, Jezelle's eyes bulged a little as she tried to not immediately look over there, trying to figure out how to respond.

Meanwhile, Jezelle 2 outside was despairing.

"OMIGOD FREAKIN LOOK!" Jezelle 2 complained melodramatically.

"Um... what?" Trevor questioned after a moment, not really sure if he heard the doctor right. He had lost most of his disguise already, the scarf and shades namely, but... what?

"Remove your clothes. I did say I need a full examination. Which means a check of your anatomy to see what changes have occurred, subtle or not. Shirt." Cain gestured as put away the vials from Jezelle and Marina and made a few notations on a sheet.

Erin had to take a second to process this. "Ummm... If you don't mind, I'm gonna step out for this." She said, not wanting to embarrass Trevor or Alex. "Just ahhh... Just call me back in when this is over?" She offered and walked towards the door.

Stripping for the Doctor-----

"Huuuuuuuh, it's really needed?" Alex wondered, knowing what the answer would be. He mainly waited for Trevor to start first - if he thought it was a good idea.

Cain had moved over to the cabinets and pulled a file which he was consulting at the moment.

"You have undergone a radical physiological change. And it is not just limited to the... 'fur' growth."

For a moment Alex considered saying something like "You don't say?" but didn't. He glanced at Trevor with a hopeless expression and removed most of the cover that was around his head. He had no idea how could he act in other way, but this didn't make him feel any better.

"Yay... stripping in a doctor's office... nothing more fun," Trevor muttered as he got rid of his shirt.

"I meant in one of the examination rooms," Cain said as he returned with a folder.

"Up to what point do we undress?" Alex wondered, as he was hoping (or not ;3) to keep at least some clothing on.

"Shirt and pants will be fine," Cain said.

As Cain clarified what did he expect from them to do, Alex reluctantly removed the clothing that covered most of his body and felt considerably better as his fur was now not itching due to the clothes that covered it fully. And the temperature became much more acceptable. He could swear that he did sweat a lot in these... The tail, that was now free from the said clothing started tapping nervously, indicating Alex's uneasy state, but at least the doctor didn't tell them to undress fully. Awkwardly staring at the doctor Alex wondered "This is a lost cause, yes?"

"Far too early to make conclusions," Cain said as he took readings for their temperature and other physiological standards. "Hmm... slightly higher than the norm, but no sign of overt stress or distress," aside from the expected, he commented mentally. He made notations on vertebrate count, bone structure and musculature, particular in the tail and ears.

"A theory then," Trevor suggested. He shifted uncomfortably as Cain did the intimate examination of his tail, partially because he was the first person to touch it (he himself hadn't done so yet) and he really wasn't used to the sensations.

"There have reported cases in history, but view documented this extreme. I have done so research into similar phenomena... but it was inconclusive."

"Reported cases in history? Such as?" Alex wondered, looking somewhere far away from. at something that is obscured to ordinary human's sight.

"Wolf men in carnivals across Europe and North America, pygmies in the jungles of South and Central America, hoofed or hairy men in the African rainforest, babies born with tails in India," Cain said absently as he lightly squeezed his way up Alex's arm, an action he had already performed on Trevor, noting the bone structure beneath the muscle. "Of course, some of these have been quickly explained as genetic diseases and random mutations, but there are always those who suspect that there is more to it. Say 'Ah,' please."

"Eeeeh--" Alex said, opening up his mouth. The new teeth were a bit weird, and he figured out that they might be purely predatory ones - Cain would surely figure that out too.

Cain held Alex's tongue down with a depressor then did a quick count, check and tossed it away, making a few more notes. "Hmm... I will need to schedule some sessions in radiology for both of you..."

"That's... X-ray, right?" Trevor asked. Cain nodded as he switched sheets and compared a few things.

"Huh." Alex didn't know what to say at this point. So he just waited till it'll get to it's conclusion.

"Still... you both seem healthy, considering. As far as I can tell without further testing of the samples," Cain said, jotting some more things down.

For they whom wish to grant privacy-----

Henry really did not feel like stand around for this. Things were about to get personal and he was not going to stand there and watch. He walked out after Erin and would wait for them to be done. This Doctor seemed to know what he was doing and was taking things in stride. Made Henry wonder how many other people were here because of the chemical spill.

Henry turned to Erin. "Hey you told the Doctor that you talked to your computer. Did it responed to you? Do you think you could talk to one of hte computers here and find out if there are others here who have been exposed to the chemicals and see what reaction they had?"

"Yeah. Yeah it did." Erin replied. "I could, but I don't want to somehow accidentally screw something up somewhere."

Henry raised an eyebrow. "Looking at a persons chart would mess something up?"

"I dunno..." Erin shrugged. "Still, I suppose with supervision I could. Just in case I accidentally mess something up somewhere. Inadvertently switch out... I dunno... some sort of heart medication for something else. I have no idea how my powers are gonna develop or if they're gonna do something else once I get into the system."

"I just thought you could ask it to display something. Don't need to edit it. Just pull up the file so we can read it." Henry explained

"All right. Still, I'd prefer to do it supervision." Erin said and wondered when the doctor would be done with the two catmen. "So..." She said, attempting to change the topic. "How've you been holding up with all this?"

"I don't think the Doctor will let you look through the private files." Henry said while shaking his head. "Well other then seeing two friends turning into cat people and one turning into twins I think I am doing as fine as I can be at the moment."

"That's good. That's good..." Erin said. "And hey, you think that's bad, you should have seen Marina melt. I screamed so loudly it brought the cops down on us."

"I can see how that would be scary. Haven't seen her do that yet but I figure that I won't be to surprised after what I have seen today."

Marina quickly exited the room along with the other girls. It was for the best, although she didn't like that any answers regarding he condition would have to wait until weeks later. "At least I didn't melt in his office, though I'm not sure if he even believes me.", Marina commented to Henry.

Looking at Marina. "I am not sure if I believe most of this. It is all just too weird. People falling though buses, turning to metal, turning into cats, talking to computers... A lot to take in. I just want to know if it is going to kill everyone."

"It's easier to believe when you felt it happen...I didn't change back until this morning.", Marina mentioned to him.

"And I appreciate that," Erin said. "You not melting in his office. The last thing we need is for someone else to be traumatized by your little display." She looked around the hallway looking for some other computers to remotely interface with and shrugged. "Oh well... I'll find something to do eventually to show you what I can do, Henry if you really want to see it."

The hallway was understandably bare. You did not want a bunch of obstructions to be in the way if you were moving gurneys or wheelchairs down the hallway, not to mention all the other carts, carriers and other equipment that might need to pass through. At the moment, there was not much activity. This was the research block, not the general practice, so people would not be heard without reason.

Actions:

Examine the door, Examine waiting area

Erin looked into the waiting room, wondering what was there. "Wonder if there's even a TV in there... Who knows, maybe I can talk to it." She chuckled at the ridiculousness of her statement. *TELEVISION!* She commanded mentally, joking. *DISPLAY THE WEATHER CHANNEL! ERIN O'NEILL COMMANDS IT!*

Notice taking 10=10

If there is a tv in it, use feat: Machine Control to change the channel.

Unfortunately for Erin, there was no television in the room, just a few cushy chairs on the beige carpet. There was a small table and a magazine rack on one wall. From what she could see, they seemed to be science or biology related. There was a filing cabinet in the corner, behind it was clearly the administrative section.

Henry looked around and saw a door that went to the waiting area. Seeing as he needed to wait he moved to the door and went through. He found himself a seat and waited.

The magazines on the table before him begged to be read. Or at least looked at. *Read us Henry,* they begged. *Let us feel those strong masculine fingers sliding over our sheets and turn pages.*

Erin shrugged. "Normally there is a TV in here..." She said, knowing that a lot of the hospitals she went to had a TV. During one Christmas in particular, she managed to watch a bit of the second and third Star Wars movies while her dad had cut himself pretty badly with the new set of kitchen knives she had gotten him. Instead, she took one of the magazines that interested her, a magazine and began looking through it.

The magazine Erin picked up turned out to be a scientific journal, The Journal of Genetic Medicine, published some five years before. Her brief flipping brought up articles to do with gene mapping and genetic disorders.

Marina sat in the waiting room and boredly flipped through magazines. There weren't many

interesting ones but she still sifted through the pack of old ones.

At lot of the others were the same, but not. A good number of the magazines had something to do with genetics. Others had titles like Biochemisty in Life, Medical Insights to the Disorders or Journal of Adaptive Anatomy, one was even titled Physiology and Evolutionary Dependence Society. Of course, there were also the obligatory National Geographies, though the issues always had something to medicine or biology.

The passing interest in the magazines might have distracted them from the small group that approached, or it may not have. Either way, three people were coming up the hallway, talking quietly to themselves.

Erin perked up from her read as she looked at three, wondering if they were the doc and the two kitties.

Notice: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3977984/> 20

Henry was just sitting there while the others were reading. Wishing there was something to do that did not invovle reading. Reading was for smart people. Psh... what good ever came from reading. [BLASPHEMY! *tosses purifying heals and incense around*]
<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3978005/> 18 to notice the people coming

The paused in the doorway, obviously not expecting anyone to be their, much less four people. Of the two men, one was more or less average. Thin, pale hair cut short on the side but a bit shaggy on the top. The other... wasn't. He was somewhere between 6'3 and the ceiling. And about three at the shoulders(what? 3feet wide. Exaggeration. Only about 2 really ^^). Dark skin, bald with a surprisingly gentle face, he looked like he could take the football team and toss them aside while apologizing. The weren't as attention grabbing as the girl before them. Stunning was the word. Mediterranean features, only about 5'4, and a eyes that would put a model to same.

"No one was supposed to be here," she said after a moment, her voice even more appealing that her eyes.

Erin couldn't help by look at the trio, her eyes widening a little. "Whoa..." They certainty weren't her friends and the doc unless one of them had undergone instantaneous sex change surgery and something rather drastic happened with the mutations they had. The woman sure was beautiful... Finally, she looked back down at her magazine.

Marina looked up and noted the three that just arrived inside. New cases, it was reassuring to know they weren't the only ones who were affected by the big bang. Marina still firmly believed the chemical explosion was responsible.

Henry looked at the three since he had nothing else to do. The lady was sure pleasing on the eyes but he had already dealt with a pretty woman who turned out to be crazy. The other two men were interesting in their own right. The tall one was a mountain of a man that looked like he could destroy the area. The last was normal by average standards but that made him look out of place compared to the other two.

"Sorry, we came in to see a doctor and he brought us back here. They should be finishing up soon. There are plenty of seats here so please join us."

[For the Jez outside]

Being on watch is a boring task, even if you could eavesdrop on your other half. Only about twenty minutes after the lot of them headed inside, a sixteen foot cube van pulled up to the delivery gate, and three people, two male and a female, vanished inside.

Jezelle's idle frustration about the other Jezelle was interrupted by the arrival of the van, which she watched for a moment hiding most of herself behind a corner.

Oh snap! They're coming for us! Jezelle thought in the most over-dramatic terrified way she could before silently laughing it off, recomposing herself and examining the van closer.

The timing was awfully nice and vans were the common vehicle to raise suspicion, so she figured a little snooping might be in order -to alleviate her boredom, if nothing else.

First she'd make sure there wasn't a driver or anyone who would fit the 'guard' position in this little Mission Impossible, and then she'd slink over to search the van -keeping an eye on the door into the hospital of course.

Search?: [1d20+1=12](#)

The Jezelle in the office had similar ideas, since she was apparently left on her lonesome. After getting over the miniature heart-attack the other Jezelle had given her through their funny mental link thing, she too would attempt to inconspicuously search the place with an eye on the doors. She'd probably start with the desk and then the bookcase.

Search?: [1d20+1=16](#)

[Quickness halves Search time, so 3 seconds per 5 foot square/cube]

Because invasion of privacy is the best way to secure the continued support of a doctor, even if you would have to pay him. Anyway, the search didn't turn up much new on the bookcase, just more books and journals in the sciences and some book ends and decorative items. There was a filing cabinet, but like any good filing cabinet, it was locked.

[Jez outside]

The van was disappointing. The only windows were to the cab, and the doors were locked, the back door to the actually bed backed against the loading dock. Inside the cab, there was a bag on the seat, two cups from Tim Hortons and some detritus on the floor.

"Sorry, but we can't have you here right now," she said. She closed her eyes and started singing, a soothing song that seemed to set their mind at ease.

[DC: 16 will to resist sleeping] [1d20+4=20](#) (Will keep singing for a while

Erin looked up. "Wait, what do you mean? We were escorted in here by Dr. Cain." Erin said, shrugging off the effect of the song. "You're a really good singer though, I have to say."

Will save: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3979181/> 18

Henry had had a pretty long day. Moving boxes, driving people all over the place, finding out that half of your friends are turning into weird creatures. It was a lot to work through and it was making him sleepy. Oh so sleepy.

will save <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3979191/> 16

[Major Vulnerability: Sonics. DC: 22 (max save is 21 anyway)]

As Dr. Cain worked, Trevor tried not to be distracted by the noises all around. It was working out so far. He managed to tune out the buzzing from the lights and the voices and movements of the others. What he didn't tune out with the singing. A wave of exhaustion rolled over him, and he pretty much collapsed.

Dr Cain fell asleep. [1d20+2=10](#)

Marina heard singing, soothing music. She enjoyed it, but it was still something of a lullaby. Marina felt drowsy, but forced herself awake. She noted the newcomer. And immediately agreed with Erin. And yet the singing was nice...relaxing too.

Marina's save <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3979397/> 18

"She's a knock-out, she is," the smaller of her companions guffawed. The larger man rolled his eyes.

"Wait, what's going on?" Erin said, confused. "Hey! Guys! Wake up!" She said raising her voice before the song began effecting her to and soon fell asleep.

Will save 2: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3979216/> 8

Marina noticed how her friends were all asleep, she oddly didn't feel concerned about it at all. The song was relaxing...she had no troubles anymore. And with that thought in mind, she too succumbed to slumber, and fell limp in her chair.

[1d20+1=2](#)

[Alex Save = 17](#)

[Alex Save = 20](#)

Alex looked around and noticed how the music started (oh god, he even figured out where it was coming from. Thank you kitty ears.) and how it suspiciously came roughly at the same time as he started to feel sleepy and his friends literally fell asleep. "No way..." Alex muttered, focused, switched to the first radiowave that could provide him some inspirational music and then closed his ears with their muscles, adding his paws as additional means of protection. Aggressive song users? Bards? Sirens? Doesn't matter. They are dangerous. Alex took a safe spot where he could hide and looked around for something to cover his ears efficiently with...

[Alex Search: 17](#)

(Seriously... what is with you people and searching through the doctor's stuff?)

[You find the typical doctoring goods. A supply of gauze and bandages, extra tongue depressors

and syringes and such. No scalpels though. Gloves, cotton balls, swabs, specimen cups]

[Alex Stealth: 22](#)

[Jez1 Save = 17](#)

Jezelle had frozen when the singing first met her ears but it was evident that it wasn't because of someone entering the office so she mostly relaxed -jolting suddenly when she realized her eyelids were drooping and her mind had drifted blank for a moment.

Seriously? You're falling asleep? the other Jezelle said disapprovingly.

Aw shaddap, sleepiness doesn't have to have a reason Jezelle1 replied in annoyance.

What about extreme molecular decomposition in the brain? Jezelle 2 suggested skeptically.

OH MY FUCKING GOD SHUT UP! Jezelle1 replied in wide-eyed fury, hoping to suppress that thought since nearly everything seemed suspicious right now.

"Why is the other me so hopeless?" Jezelle2 said with a sigh, examining the van from a few other angles before heading back to her hiding place.

[Jez1 Save2 = 6](#)

Sleep finally claimed her like a rolling breeze of sedation, Jezelle's eyelids fluttered and she fell asleep in the chair in the doctor's office.

[Out in the waiting room]

The girl let her song fade once they were all asleep.

"Can we get what we came for already?" the smaller guy asked.

"Yes, yes," the girl said reassuringly. They didn't say much more, thought they headed to the offices. They didn't go to the one Jez was in, but the second office. The big guy grabbed the filing cabinet while the other two took some other stuff. That done, they left without bothering to wake the sleepers.

Some time after the people left (and of course Alex missed that), the hiding kitty took out his makeshift protection out of his ears and to his amusement the song wasn't here. Whatever it was... Alex kept the cotton balls with him and slowly walked to Cain and Trevor, waking them up. "People, wake up, something weird happened." Alex said quietly, in case the person was still here.

[Assuming waking protocol Albert includes physical maneuvers]

Trevor blinked blearily and rolled over. "Hmm..?"

Cain pressed a his hand to his mouth to smother a yawn. "I seemed to have drifted off there..."

"Short story long, but something did a song and you've both passed out. I didn't - got some protection and apparently it did happen." Alex said with a low tone.

"You hearing voices in your head again?" Trevor asked, yawning. "Foil cap, Prince Albie."

"You didn't hear singing?" Alex wondered, becoming concerned.

"I... don't know. I just got sleepy," Trevor admitted. "Maybe its another side effect?"

"You certain likely like making rash assumptions," Cain said sighed, rubbing at his neck. He made a quick physical inventory before heading out to the waiting room, were all the others were sleeping. He rocked Erin and Henry's shoulders.

Henry was awoken from his sleep and wiped the drool off of his chin. Looking blurry eyed around he asked. "What happened?"

"I am not quite sure," Cain admitted. "We all seemed to have blacked out. Nochin believes he heard singing though. Though Greyson mentioned something about him hearing voices before..."

"Uuuggggh..." Erin moaned as she was slowly woken up. "Five more minutes mom..." She said, flailing her hands in the vauge direction of Cain's arms. With the thing that tried to wake her up, in her sleepy mind, gone, she rolled over to get comfortable and go back to sleep.

"There was a woman with two guys who came in. He started to sing and then.... well then I must have dozed off. It has been a hectic day." Henry said while clearing the sleep out of his eyes.

Cain raised and eyebrow at Erin. Five more minutes mom? Wasn't she 23? Back to the matter at hand. "Three people? They must have had a keycard to gain access..."

"I am going to go out on a limb here and suggest something. Could these people have abilities like the others? They might have been able to get in that way. But why come here and what did they want? They didn't need checking out. Perhaps they stole medicine while they were here."

While the others were talking Marina was still sleeping soundly in a lounge chair in the doctor's waiting area, the one next to Henry's in fact. She was having a nice nap.

"My thoughts as well," Cain said, heading off. "I need to check my office. If you would wake Miss Fisher."

Henry got up and walked over to Marina. He shook he should to wake up. He was interested to find out what the people wanted at this clinic. Also it happened to be the second women he had met that day that used some weird ability thingy on him. He was getting a little tired of this.

Marina stirred, "Oh good morning Henry...and I was having such a nice nap too..." She sat up and looked at him.

"No more talking... Too early..." Erin complained, rolling on the ground, accidentally rolling onto her keys. Sharp pain hit her thigh and she woke up fully. Her eyes flew open and she looked at where she was. "Oh... right." She said and got up. "Where'd the siren get to?"

"Don't you mean siren?", Marina said groggily, "Ah forget it...what happened?"

"Whatever," Erin said shrugging and got back onto the chair she was sitting on before she had slumped over and fallen to sleep.

"But did you notice anything before you went to sleep, I could swear I heard singing.", Marina said to Erin.

"Some woman and two dudes came in, woman started singing, then we all went to sleep." Erin said recalling what had happened. "And I felt fine until she opened her mouth. That's why I called her a Siren. Woman, made music did stuff to us..." She shrugged. "Makes sense to me."

"But sirens only lulled men to jump off of ships...that doesn't exactly fit...", Marina began to protest. "I presume Trevor and Alex aren't done with thier physical yet...."

Erin shrugged. "I just kinda woke up here. And I wasn't all that good with specific beasties in Greek myth aside from the movies and games." She shrugged. She had seen the movie Heracles, played and immensely enjoyed the God of War games, but those were as close to the original myths as Transformers was close enough to a documentary on AI development.

"Same, did Cain come by at all?", Marina asked.

Erin pointed to the good doctor... Or at least where she last saw him. "He's... Oh. No he isn't." Erin said chuckling a little. "Well he did come by to wake us."

"You guys maybe...", Marina said, "Alas, looks like the doctor hasn't finished with the kittens yet."

Henry really did not know what to do. This was the second time this day that things had gone sideways. Perhaps it was three times...he really did not want to keep count. Seeing as the two ladys were talking about history and his head started to hurt. Too much thinking involved and he was not one to think when he did not have to. So he went after the one who was doing something.

Henry jogged a little to catch up to the Dr. "Hey Doc. see anything missing or perhaps they are still here."

Marina followed Henry, she jogged a little, but still stayed a good bit back, until Henry caught up. She said nothing at first, though she had a few questions.

Dr. Cain's office wasn't far, just on the other side of the waiting room really. So he was still by the door, a bit taken aback by the site. His desk was out of order, his bookcase shuffled and unorganized. "Oh Dear..."

Henry looked around and it looked like a lot of offices that he had cleaned in his day. A desk and other pieces of furniture. When the doctor spoke of course Henry had no idea why were was surprised.

"Umm Doc is there something wrong?" Henry asked while looking around.

And that's when Marina revealed herself, as if the others didn't already know. She remained silent, standing close by.

"Someone's been searching through my belongings," Dr. Cain said, entering the office. He saw a leg peeking out from behind his desk. "And it seems they are still here."

"What was taken?", Marina asked, she presumed this occurred when they were sleeping but still wasn't sure. Her own questions could wait until this was sorted out.

"I would know if I had a chance to check," Dr. Cain said. Honestly. Fisher never gave him a chance to run any tests or checks before she expected answers. He was more concerned about the person behind the desk. He clapped his hands sharply to wake her [notice DC:8]. "No time for napping."

Utter Wake Up Fail = 7

Jezelle mumbled a few times but ultimately kept happily snoozing in the doctor's chair.

Cain frowned. Quite the conundrum. He crossed across to behind the desk and ~~kicked the arrogant female out of his limited edition, hand-crafted leather office chair~~ rocked Jex's shoulder.

Jezelle's eyelids fluttered open and she glanced at the disturbance, the focus came to her eyes and they subsequently widened before she lunged backward and whirled her hands up before her kung-fu style in defense -before she'd properly woken up...

"Whoa!" Jezelle yelped in alarmed, blinking a few times and properly taking in the scene before putting her arms down, "...What the hell happened? I don't get tired randomly like this..."

"Seemed to be somewhat infectious," Cain commented. "But shouldn't we address what you are doing in my office?"

She threw a few quick glances around the office, wondering whether he'd somehow already figured out she'd investigated his stuff, or if he was just picky about trespassing and whatnot. Probably the former...

Jezelle immediately adopted a critical, imperious disposition bringing her hands before her contemplatively and touching her fingertips together.

"Do you, work for a secret military or science research organization whose interests may include but not limited to kidnapping subjects possessing mysterious anomalies in order to extract secrets?" Jezelle asked first.

Dr Cain gave her a look of complete bafflement. "You come with legitimate health concerns about your friends, and use that as an excuse to search through my office? Do you have an undiagnosed psychological disorder?"

"Then neither of us have anything to worry about," Jezelle said abruptly, spinning on the chair and stepping clear of it, moving off to the other side of the desk, "But I am curious about that van

in the loading dock -a woman and two men? I assume you'll say they're not affiliated with you - either way I don't have anything to prove they are or aren't but they had rather interesting timing."

Marina facepalmed at that last comment. Though she said nothing, she wouldn't want to be seen as an accomplice after all.

"How do you know that there is a vehicle at the loading docks?" Dr Cain asked. "But that aside, this is a hospital. Dozen of vehicles come and go from the docks carrying everything from supplies for the kitchen to laundry and equipment, even the movers who handle our furnishings. But that still leaves the question; why are you in my office?"

"Looking for suspicious crap obviously!" Jezelle said in exasperation, throwing her hands up, "I think I'm permitted to be a little out of my mind right now since I saw a friend liquidate before my eyes yesterday like some fucked up sci-fi horror flick, and I might have passed that off as some crazy hallucination except hallucinations aren't *solid*. And then the next day it gets better! Two more of my friends turn into cat-people, and apparently I got a clone whose mind is connected to mine. Forgive me if I'm getting a little paranoid that a normal doctor might see an opportunity here!"

Henry was confused to say the least. Here they were at a hospital where they had a Doctor who went along with their wishes for privacy and was starting to help them. And the first thing that Jezelle does is ransack his office? Henry could understand the being freaked out part but what would Dr Cain have to do with it? He wasn't going through all his stuff and Henry was just as out of it as the rest. Weird things were going on here.

"See... an opportunity?" Dr. Cain echoed questioningly. "Forgive me for not living up to the standards set by mass media, but I became a doctor to help people. It's a passion of mine. And you were the ones to approach me with your issues. I took a oath, and I do follow it. While I might not see colleagues melt, I do see disturbing and traumatic things on a semi-daily basis. I see people come in from accidents with less than a twenty percent chance of survival. I see men and women who drugged themselves to near death. I see others whose survival to that point could only be considered a miracle. And never have I seen them as more than a opportunity to help." [yeah.. done.]

Every word out of the doctor's mouth felt like a stone added upon Jezelle's shoulders, to the point she was having trouble remaining standing after the doctor was finished talking.

"I don't know what's going on..." Jezelle said, barely containing a whimper as she brought her hands up and clutched her head, "So much happened... too many thoughts... too little time... what am I supposed to do...?"

Her knees finally gave out and she landed on all fours still trembling from the mental weight. "I can't... do anything..." Jezelle whispered with creeping despair.[d]

Dr. Cain decided to treat this as any other patient who discovered they had a potentially terminal illness. "The first thing you learn to do is cope with the now. At the moment, barring further

changes, you are all stable. And further changes does not seem extremely likely from my observations thus far. More intensive tests will take time. And considering the situation, I think I would limit outside involvement as much as possible."

Jezelle's breathing had become laborious and she looked a little wrecked, but she heard most of what the doctor said and her own scramble of thoughts were starting to string the mess together again.

"...Sorry..." Jezelle mumbled, still staring at the floor on all fours, "My entire world got turned upside down in 24 hours... hard to... keep a grip..."

She slowly stood up again which seemed to be a vast effort for her all of a sudden, swaying on the spot tiredly and a little ashamed.

"You shouldn't have to worry about me again..." Jezelle said dejectedly with a large sigh afterward, partly catching her breath, running a hand over her face to try and wipe the exhaustion away.

"I don't even know if I can change...for all I know melting last night was a one time thing", Marina said.

"Which is why more testing is needed," Dr. Cain repeated to Marina. Honestly, he focus was more on Jezelle. "I would actually be more concerned if you didn't show any worry."

"When's the earliest time we can get X-rays and such? Whether I've got super-cancer or this cloning thing is completely stable, I'd rather have some closure," Jezelle said a little lifelessly. Though she still had no idea what would turn up in her blood or X-rays or otherwise that would give a hint towards this cloning effect, as even the bit of science she learned at school couldn't even offer the smallest of hints at what could have caused it. She figured the best chance of seeing something might be brainwave-related since she knew everything the other one did.

"Not today, if that's what you are asking," Dr Cain responded. "Will have to book a room. For privacies sake."

Jezelle let out a sigh in resignation, her gaze still mostly lowered.

"Then... I guess we go and hide in our basements until you call us...?" Jezelle said semi-rhetorically.

"I don't see why you would hide, but yes," Dr. Cain said. "As far as I can tell, you are not contagious in anyway." Dr Cain turned to Henry. "I will need a sample from you as well. For base line comparisons."

"Baseline comparison? Why would you need my blood for that? I am just fine. If you need more blood take your own. I like my insides on the insides." Henry said nervously. He did not like needles and tried to avoid them at all costs.

Marina listened she was slightly perturbed that she wouldn't get results for a while. "I just hope

we can get help...As for hiding...what if I melt again and it isn't in the comfort of home."

"Needles are not something to be afraid of," Dr Cain said with a slight smile. That was something he was used to. Many people still had that fear, and most doctors had to deal it with it ever so often. Still, he did wish he could tell some of them to stop being babies and suck it up. "This is a rather small sample size, a group of six people, four of whom have reacted to the stimulus, two violently. You and Miss O'Neill's samples allow for statistical comparisons, as well as a resource for other tests."

"I'll just wait on the results then, hope to hear from you soon.", Marina said.

Henry thought about it and still had the same idea. That he did not want to be tested on. He did not have an issue and did not want to be lumped into the group. He was just fine with his normal self.

"Sorry Doctor. If you really want a sample then you can take one from yourself and test that. I am going to have to refuse. Now we just have to wait for the results and a date that they can get an x-ray done."

"Perhaps another time then," Dr. Cain said. It really wasn't in his power to force the man, even if it was the proper course of action.

"Well then Doc. You need to test things and set up times for us to come back. How long until we need to get back here? Also if it is going to be a while can you write out a note stating that for medical purposes they can not go back to work or school. With aid with any ... symptoms."

"I could probably continue school but what do I do with the second me? I'll go insane if I have to stay cooped up somewhere," Jezelle half-muttered.

"I think we need to take time to figure things out. You don't want to find out that more of you could pop out in the middle of class. Or in a common area. I do not know now how everyone can figure out what they are able to do but one thing is obvious. There are others out there that already figured out what they can do and have been using it for their own purposes."

"It would be awkward if I melted in public at all for that matter...And Henry, for me it was pretty obvious that I melted.", Marina said.
[Timelines; Unite! (Down below)]

Meanwhile, in the examination room.....

Alex took his clothes and replied to Trevor "I swear, I've heard singing. You honestly don't remember that?"

"Last I remember was talking about X-rays," Trevor said taking his cue from Alex and grabbing his pants to restart that complicated process of getting a tail in place.

"Huh. You fell asleep quickly actually..." Alex remarked and started putting his disguise slowly,

concealing everything he could conceal.

"You; shush," Trevor muttered. He still didn't know what caused it. He finally managed with the uncooperative tail and got his hoodie, tuque and scarf, successfully managing the suspicious character look. Great. He flicked an ear to the waiting room area and didn't really hear anything. "Think it's safe to head out?"

"I have no idea. You go first." Alex said and poked Trevor so he would go first.

"You better hope I didn't get nine lives from this," Trevor muttered under his breath at Alex. "Cause if I did and something happens, I'm coming back for you." He carefully poked his scarf and tuque covered head around the corner while he tried to get his tail to setting back into belt mode. Nothing overtly suspicious. Next corner; the waiting room. Where... only Erin was in sight. Now, was that a good thing?

"... Loso?" Trevor said tentatively.

"Hello," Erin said relaxing a little. She had spent the time waiting keeping an eye out for any other people that would do odd things to her. *Dammit Alex!* She thought. "We ready to go?"

"Eh'uuu," Trevor shrugged. "'Pends on what doc says."

"Ah..." Erin said and sat back down. "By the way, how do you feel?"

"Fuzzy," Trevor said with a less than amused face.

"I mean besides that." Erin clarified.

"I apparently turned into a perfectly healthy crossbred subspecies of humanity, as far as the doctor can tell," Trevor said. It was a bit more than what Cain said (everything basically needed more research) but he didn't say it was bad.

"That's good, I suppose." Erin said. "I mean it could always be worse. And the fact that he didn't find any problems is even better. Course it does lead to some other possible problems later."

"... You need to work on your motivational thinking," Trevor muttered behind his scarf.

"Heh... Sorry." Erin smiled, remembering how Trevor screamed at her, but tried to put it behind her. They were still friends after all. "By the way, if you want, I can bring you your homework and stuff. If you don't want to go out and back to school I mean. Just be glad March Break is next week, I think."

Alex walked out of the room and looked around, figuring out that it was safe to leave, since he could hear Trevor's voice. "Aye." he said and waved at Erin, who, oddly, was the only person in the room. "Where are everyone?"

"They're not with you?" Erin asked and took a better look at the two cats and didn't see anyone else with the two of them. "Oh, they walked into the office."

"Um.. joy?" Trevor shrugged.

Behold, for the timelines have fused together, forming a warrior of unparalleled power!

"I should be able to secure use of the facilities within a few days," Dr Cain said, heading back out to the waiting area after a visual inventory. "Securing permission for you to withdraw from your various requirements will be a more difficult prospect, if necessary. It would be wise for you to take a few days to see if there are further developments..." He nodded and started working the wording that would be needed.

Erin was partially relieved when she heard that. *Yay! I don't have to lug 40 pounds of camera equipment half way across town this week! Woohoo!* She thought. Part of her though was a little dissapointed. She enjoyed the television newscasts the class did, despite her early thoughts that she wouldn't like it. "Well my class is gonna be a bit pissed off, but doctor's orders." She shrugged. "And my teachers are pretty understanding. It shouldn't be that big a problem. Umm... Can I use a computer? I'll need to e-mail my teachers. It'd be faster, really. And save you from writing one note."

"What facilities are we talking about here? I figure I'll be staying indoors until I can guarantee I won't melt again..", Marina said to the others then turned to Trevor, "Trevor...is it alright if I crash for a few days?"

"The radiology labs," Dr Cain said, "We did talk about it a few minutes ago."

"Ah for the X rays, don't know why I was thinking of something else.", Marina said sheepishly.

What an odd, paranoid bunch, these are, Cain thought with a repressed roll of the eyes.

Trevor could only look back blankly for a while. Just when had his place turned into the bed and breakfast for all people weird and odd? And didn't she have parent who might be concerned where there daughter was? Crap... his parents. No telling when they would be back. Their business trips had a tendency to slip off schedule. In the end, he just made a somewhat cryptic murmur and hand gesture that was neither here nor there.

"I guess it's for the best I go back to my house...just wasn't sure how my folks would take it if I melted...", she said to Trevor.

"Well, unless you need me for something else, I'll be heading back to my dorm." Erin said shrugging. She'd just need to catch the bus to university and take the day off playing a video game of some sort. Tokyo Jungle had lost a bit of its novelty. She'd need to look through her collection.

"Must you keep saying 'melting'," Trevor muttered, mostly to himself.

Cain chose not to comment on the sudden onslaught of planning that the odd group was doing.

Henry did not know what to say at all of this going on. He reached into his pocket and fished out his keys. He looked at the others.

"Well I think it is time to get going. The Dr. here will call when there are openings."

In one of those coincidences that almost seems planned, the good doctor had the notes, letters ready, as well as the general invoice for the check up. From there, it was merely a matter of pleasantries and escorting them back out to the lot.

Heading back to the truck, Erin got her bag, bus pass and student ID. "Well, I'll see you guys later," she smiled and started walking to the bus stop. "I really should get back to Deus Ex... never finished that one." She muttered.

"Henry, can I get a ride back to my house?", Marina asked him.

"Sure thing." Henry replied.

"Great, thanks.", Marina said to him.

Catching the bus Erin as usual, pulled out the latest book she was reading. The Lycanthrope Club, which she had gotten last year. In silence, she spent all of her bus rides like this. Much later, she arrived close enough to her home. Getting off the bus, she entered her dorm, took off her boots and coat, and sat down in front of her game collection. "Ah ha!" She said after a while. "Found you!" She pulled out the third Deus Ex game, and with practiced motions, turned on the PS3 and slid it in. "All right Jensen," She said using the main character's name. "Let's dance, shall we?" Sitting in a comfy chair with the wireless PS3 controller, she went to work going on her usual non-lethal play through.

With Henry ferrying Marina, the cats were left with the much more visible Trevormobile and the super twins. Trevor eyed his car with something far more on the side of trepidation than concern. "Um... yay?"

"Well... this could have been planned better..." Jezelle1 said a little grumpily as she stared hard at the car, "The most obviously mutated people all in the same open car... As much I could pass for identical twins, the first moment such information reaches my parents somehow, hell will break loose."

Probably didn't help that both Jezelles were in the exact same outfit -you'd sort of expect identical twins to at least want some degree of individualism.

"I guess I'm driving again?" Jezelle1 assumed, climbing into the driver's seat.

"I don't exactly want to sit in the passenger seat..." Jezelle2 said, looking a little puzzled as to how to do this since it didn't seem the best idea to have either of the cats up front either.

"Worse doublemint ad ever," Trevor sighed. "You two can pass as a pair of very close sisters,"

he said with a shrug, heading for the back seat. It was hard to see who was in the back. He should have brought a coat or something to hang by the windows. Ah Epimetheus; ever the giver. "I suppose we should just keep our head down. Wait, which one of you drove last time?"

Both Jezelles paused at the question, zoning out a little as they scoured their memories, and frowning as they were both coming to the same conclusion.

"I... am not sure... wait... I was the one that went to the doctor's office right?" Jezelle1 said, rather perplexed, "I went from Trev's car to the doc's office... no that was the van to the doc's office... ugh..."

Alex meanwhile silently and sneakily arrived on the back seat, probably being unnoticed by all.

"Oi... This is going to get far more confusing before it starts making any sense, won't it?" Trevor signed, doing his patented temple massage. He probably going to be working through bone by the time this was all over. "Okay... which one of you did I talk to earlier?"

The Jezelles looked a little frantic now, a melodramatic worry taking over them.

"Um... I think... I was the one checking out that van... and I'm pretty sure... the one in Henry's truck went with the doc..." Jezelle1 attempted, but still looked rather muddled.

"Why is this important?" Jezelle2 grumbled.

"Um... cause..." Trevor got sorta... fidgety. He scratch under the brim of his tuque. "You both... kinda smell the same..."

Cue synchronized suspicious eyebrow raise, both Jezelles had an expression of one not entirely sure what Trevor meant or where he was going with that but suspicious all the same.

"It just seems... important to me..." Trevor really didn't know how else to put it.

"We both look the same, why would smell be any more important?" Jezelle1 queried.

"It's... just more important than it should be..." Trevor half turned to Albie, as if looking for some validation. Though the other cat didn't seem all that interesting in the goings-ons of the others.

"Huh..." Alex breathed in heavily and looked up at Jezzes. "Well, if you smell the same, it does only mean that you were the same entity at one point, and that's obvious, so I don't think that does matter much."

"Uh... yay...?" Jezelle1 said in confusion. She supposed questions about the 'original' or the story behind where the copy came from were inevitable, but there was a part of her that honestly didn't want to find out, as she had no idea which of them was the first. Which only meant everything she had thought she had experienced in her memories, wasn't quite her...

Either way it was complicated, uncomfortable and Jezelle didn't want another breakdown so she didn't want to probe.

Jezelle2 merely climbed into the passenger seat and the other started the car.

"So, where to?" Jezelle1 prompted.

"Trevor's home for the Weird and Odd," Trevor said with a sigh and half snort. Erin had run off (though he was sure she left some things at his place.) And Henry had turned chauffeur for Marina. "I need food anyway."

Tests of all Kinds

::Time Line::

Saturday; March 9th

7:45am - The Big Bang, a gas explosion at Deneson Chemicals. The explosion vaporized several tanker's load chemicals due to the transported out. Vapours mixed with the morning smog and spread over much of the GTA.

8:07am - general broadcast declares explosion harmless, 7 fatalities, 23 injured.

5:03pm - Game Night, hosted at Trevor's. Erin, Marina, Jezelle, Alex arrive

10/11pm - Henry finally finished clean up on site.

11:02pm - Marina... melted...

11:19pm - Cops turned up. After several failed lies and attempted cover stories, Trevor gets off with a warning, not domestic abuse, and Jez and Erin don't get charged with Interfering with a police investigation

Then they all had a sleep over.

Sunday; March 10th

4:00am - Marina woke up human

8:30am - Lots of things. Erin went to the kitchen, Trevor and Albert woke up as cats, Jezelle 2 woke up.

8:35am - Jezelle 1 gets out of bed.

8:45am - Henry calls.

9:00am - Polly invites Henry to her parlor and they had a rough time knocking each other around.

10:00am - Henry arrives and suffers Mind Break before carting the others off to the hospital.

Monday; March 11th

Tuesday; March 12th

::The Second Day: Might as well Get this Over With::

::Monday March 11th, 2013::

[Look, for there is a place for Jez1 and Trevor, innkeeper at The Home for the Weird and the Odd, to do stuff. Maybe Albie too. Not sure what's in his future.

The general idea was: there was no other Jezelle at the campus, Jezelle was simply staying at Trevor's and possibly visiting the campus every now and then when necessary on the off chance the other Jezelle was seen.

Be that as it may, Jezelle1 could never shake the feeling of anxiety and perhaps a little empathic restlessness for her other self, as the boredom was being channeled in with great intensity.

So Jezelle just attempted to keep calm and wait the day out, attempting to act as though everything was perfectly normal and she had a normal legitimate reason for staying at Trevor's house again.

That being said, she was kind of terrified of getting out of bed...

Trevor had three things on his agenda; food, sending off scanned copies of the letter via email, and calling his folk. Well... four. There were certain callings that one could only put off for so long. But food. In the safety of the garage, he was more than eager to shed the disguise before heading in. He never opened the blinds anyway, so leaving them closed for privacy wouldn't attract any special interest from the neighbours. So long as there was no more screaming. The little outing had some... unforeseen, though positive, outcomes. With doctor's prognosis of apparent good health at the forefront of his thoughts, and the fact that he had gone out, albeit undercover, bolstering it, he was in a much better and self-controlled mood than when he first left. Not quite contentment, but piece of mind. Knowing he wasn't quite dying, and that someone professional was looking at things...

So he got himself some food. (Which brought up the issue of the limited stores in the house if this was to go on for any prolonged period of time...) He did offer the Jez that stayed behind [and Albie] something too. Then off to his printer to scan and email to his teachers before venturing to the Hall of John. He had a shower too. Which... turned out to be something of a bad idea since fur did not dry easy, and he couldn't quite pull off the shake yourself dry thing dogs did either. So he dripped his way upstairs and found his mother's hair dryer.

The last major hurdle was taken out of his hands when his phone rang and his mother was on the other end of the line. "Imagine. We have one son and he couldn't call to find out if we reached alright." Yeah... he really couldn't lie to them after that, not when he was barely on the near side of breaking. Took over half an hour to explain things. Another to convince them to stay out of town, then they insisted on speaking with Jez, which was a whole another issue...

Alex was indeed staying at Trevor's place, deciding that he would claim the study. Managing to persuade the dad that everything was alright was hard (those two were so alike, one may wonder if Alex was simply cloned...), but Alex did perform such feat of diplomacy and even managed to get his laptop - although his look made his dad more than suspicious (furred hands, long, covering clothes. If not the voice, Alex would have been unrecognised at all). And so, he spent the time playing the games and having lulz with his computer, talking with it from time to time (and getting a nice feeling of knowing that the machine isn't smart and can't take over the world).

Trevor headed upstairs and tentatively knocked on the door.

The knock inevitably broke Jezelle's little reverie or mantra of hoping there wasn't another Jezelle when she woke up, hoping that since she could only hear the thoughts of one other meant there was still only two of her.

Except what the hell did she know about this kind of stuff?

"...Am I the only me here...?" Jezelle asked the door, hugging her pillow defiantly.

"My parents want to talk to you," Trevor said without pause. No need to beat around the bush.

"...Erm... okay..." Jezelle responded a little awkwardly, partially climbing out of her little nest to await the door, though still half-hugging a pillow for support, "Come in I guess?"

And he did. He had permission after all. Trevor's eyes unconsciously roamed over the room as he handed the phone to her. "They know," he said softly. He would have mouthed it, but he had seen his jaw/muzzle/mouth. Honestly, it was a miracle he could still manage clear speech without mangling words.

With an uncertain, polite smile, Jezelle took the phone and brought it to her ear, looking a little 'deer in the spotlights'.

"Um... Hi, this is Jezelle," Jezelle said politely.

"Yes, hello," a male voice said. David Greyson. The stalwart head of the family who tended to appear at the beginning of every gaming night before vanishing. "Trevor was saying you all have been having some problems?"

"Uh... Yea-ha I guess you could say that..." Jezelle said with an anxious smile mixed with a stare at Trevor, "But we wouldn't wanna worry you guys, we're adults-ish, we're handling things."

"So he claims as well," David, Mr. Greyson really, said. "But with all he's said..." Trevor could actually hear both sides of the conversation. His tail just twitched uncomfortably though. "He has been trying to convince us that it's all both real and that we shouldn't come back right away."

Jezelle let out a quiet, steady breath as she took back a hold of her nerves.

"To be honest, Mr. Greyson, a little time would probably be a good idea right now. For some problems, more people involved just complicates things and ultimately the best solution is simply time," Jezelle said with a slight sombreness to her tone, though she sounded more grounded and serious at the moment, "And maybe letting us work this out on our own might teach us something, who knows."

"That is my son," a female voice interrupted. Rose Greyson. Apparently, they were on speaker. "My only child who is going through all that. And you want me to stay away!?" There was a slight scuffle over the phone. Trevor sighed soundlessly and gave Jez sort of a hopeless shrug.

The moment the mother arrived in the conversation it looked as though Jezelle had just been suddenly saddled with a sack of bricks, soundlessly swearing as Rose drew the maternal instinct card.

"Uh-h, well... you see... as I said... c-complications, might make things worse... um..." Jezelle floundered, clenching the corner of pillow tightly, "It's just... I'm not sure... what any of us can do... like, all of us, you guys as well... sort of... argh..."

Jezelle was kind of grasping at straws here, still quite off-balance from the mood change with the parent change.

There was some indistinct murmuring before Mr. Greyson continued. "Trevor when through a lot of reasoning for why he didn't want us around."

"I didn't say it like that," Trevor muttered.

"I do understand. Somewhat." Mr Greyson paused. "Trevor said he invited you to stay?"

"Yeah," Jezelle said promptly, managing to suppress a stutter, "That's what friends are for right? Parents worry and the friends help."

She had a weak smile in her voice at the attempt at humor, sort of quietly sighing a little afterwards.

"You know what I mean, sometimes you need a friend -one you don't have to worry about... worrying..." Jezelle attempted to rectify.

"And friends are closer than parents," Mr Greyson side. One his side, he was doing the Original Temple Massage. Who would have suspected it was hereditary? Or taught. (Maybe there was a long line of Greyson men who did it, passing the art of stress reduction down through the patrilineage for generation to generation.)

"Agh! No I meant..." Jezelle said with a quick moment of despair and frustration, wiping a hand over her face and taking a quick breath, "I meant, in his shoes, I probably wouldn't want to worry my parents over it until I knew it was something worth worrying about... so... the next best thing are your friends?"

"He. Turned into. A Cat." His mother again. "That's something worth worrying about."

God damn Jezelle wished the father would just stay on, Rose kept throwing a wrench into all this.

"Well, yeah, but... to what end?" Jezelle struggled, "If he somehow turns back into a real boy in the next couple of hours or days, all that worry would have been for nothing. We've already talked to a doctor and we're just waiting in line for X-Rays, there's not much more any of us can do -safely, at least..."

Unfortunately this was triggering a few things in Jezelle's own head, suppressed concerns and whatnot she had attempted to shelve until the doctor arrived, so she was slowly becoming a mess on the inside.

Trevor found a spot to perch on and chewed on the inside of his cheek as he watched and or eavesdropped. "He told us," Mr Greyson said. "But I think giving you time to cope is fair. And he also said it was for our own protection. To be honest, we heard about it on the news. Included about those who died." He paused. "Just watch out for our son. I'll call."

Jezelle let out a final, quiet, longwinded breath of relief.

"Okay," Jezelle sort of whispered in her attempt to contain herself, staring hard at the floor as the hand holding the phone dropped to her side. She sort of unfocused and shook ever so slightly, but otherwise looked at least as though she was hanging in there.

"...None of us can do anything..." Jezelle said vacantly.

"We can try and get answers," Trevor suggested.

The short and simple suggestion snapped Jezelle out of it for a moment, she blinked a few times and looked at Trevor.

"Huh...? Where exactly would we get answers for this...?" Jezelle asked, more confused than concerned right now.

"Internet," Trevor said. "I lost a molar... got a premolar... Not in important I guess... But we can look up stuff."

Jezelle scratched the side of her head with an expression torn between skepticism and validation, thinking looking this kind of thing up on the internet sounded stupid initially, but what the hell, fricken everything was on the internet these days.

"Alright I spose..." Jezelle said with a helpless shrug, looking a lot more stable than before - namely due to having a task to focus on and distract her from worrisome thoughts.

"On the down side... I don't now what to look for," Trevor admitted. "I just started with the teeth..."

"It's not like the internet's precise, you'd probably even get something from teeth," Jezelle said with a shrug, "And I don't think the net's all that serious either, we could probably type in anything stupid."

She climbed off the bed though she was still hugging the pillow, ready to move.

"We can check journals too," Trevor said, choosing not to comment on the pillow. "But the teeth seemed... a good place to start." He brushing his teeth when he noticed (well, really noticed) the changed, took a shot with his cellphone then hit google. "And I have good research skills."

Onward to the laptop they went. While the basement might seem to the better choice, Trevor was still feeling the pressure of being exiled from society, so he had set up in the dinning room. When he woke up the sleeping machine, it was on a screen with several shots of various feline jaws, two equations of some sort and a couple other pictures of lower quality. Trevor's ears folded flat and his tail actually puffed out slightly (Yay... new reactions to learn to control) as he quickly minimized it.

"At least it wasn't porn," Jezelle offered with a shrug as she continued to hug the pillow and watch the screen.

A very good thing he didn't decide to do photographic research on that particular change. "Um, yeah," Trevor said, sitting and bringing up the net. "Let's start with... news I suppose."

[No way I'm writing out a full news article. Though I suppose I could ask journalist puppy... Meh. More or the same in relation to what Cain was saying. They don't specify what killed them though.]

"Encouragement... dwindling..." Jezelle said, her expression falling like her stance as she hugged her pillow tighter.

"We survived," Trevor said firmly. His tail decided to snake over and rest on her arm. He looked at it. Was that supposed to be comforting?

"Grar!" Jezelle grumbled in frustration at the impending low mood and lunged forward, smooshing the pillow between herself and Trev as she leaned over him and typed away at the computer, "You're slow!"
A dozen tabs proceeded to fly up everywhere.

"Yeah?" Trevor protested, confused as Jez suddenly gave him a bear hug of sorts. But her concern wasn't him so much as it was the computer. The processor was suddenly earning it's keep as Jez's fingers flew, opening tabs like there were going out of style. He blinked for a moment. "Okay; How?"

Jezelle took a bit of a breath as she quickly scouted through the tabs, not really paying too much attention to Trevor -whose shoulders and head she was still using as a leaning post of sorts.
"Well, seems like the mutations causes the deaths early on from fairly predictable things -I imagine if Marina had fallen down a plughole in her water form it'd be that kind of thing," Jezelle said reasonably, still looking a little grim, "The fact it hasn't happened yet is a good sign I suppose, like you said."

"Yeah, I know... and the doctor seemed to think we were fine, considering," Trevor said, trying not to let himself get derailed. "The shower idea was pretty risky in retrospect..." maybe she should tell Marina to only have baths from then on, "But that computer magic thing... what was that?"

"Hmm..." Jezelle murmured, suddenly also concerned about Marina and plugholes now that her fool self mentioned it, but then Trevor changed subject, "Eh? Computer magic? What Erin and Alex were doing? Thought you had some funky psychic explanation for it."

"I mean you. I'm pretty sure you don't usually read that fast..." Trevor said.

Jezelle stopped for a moment, quite lost.

"...Huh...? I've always read this fast..." Jezelle said, frowning a little and looking down at Trevor.

"If you're sure, I guess..." Trevor said slowly. Maybe he was just imagining it. Paranoia making him see things that where not there.

"You slowing down there Mr. Furball?" Jezelle said with a light taunt, poking Trevor in the nose before going back to typing and sending the browser sprawling with windows and scrollbars flying.

"Where the heck do we find more specific information on this damn internet," Jezelle grumbled.

Trevor chuckled then batted Jez's fingers aside. "You athletic types," he teased, claiming three tabs for the university library, it's database and google scholar. "Do you know anything about the place that blew up? Deneson Chem?"

"Wrooong person to ask that," Jezelle said airily for him, folding her arms on top of Trevor's head and resting her chin on them as she lazily stared at the screen, "You really do seem to have slowed down..."

"So I turn into a cat *and* get slower? Wunderbar," Trevor complained half heartedly. He brought a bit of what he could find on the company. Nothing all that grand. They made chemicals and supplied chemicals rather than making produces themselves. Been in business for a while too. Over ten years. With good toes with the local enviromntal groups... so no major red flags.

Erin's Day

Erin's day was uneventful as it always were was she had time off on weekends or didn't have any work to do. Usually on Fridays since they were the days after the newscasts. As such, while her roommates went off have lives, Erin slept in and when she woke up, she made breakfast, played video games, then when she got bored of that, she hopped onto her PC and laptop combination and began to watch episodes of Stargate Atlantis and various new episodes for the many youtube channels she had. Unlike what the others would likely have done, Erin didn't call her parents about the changes. What could she really say? "Hey dad, I think i can operate computers with my mind and I'm drawing something weird?" Unlike the others, Erin's powers weren't spactacular in the least.

Throughout the night though, she sleepwalked and continued to improve the plans she had on her laptop. The morning of the appointment, she noticed that her room started to collect some scrap metal from somewhere. She had no idea where she got it from, but Erin shoved it all in a corner and hoped the problem would go way by itself. Getting dressed for going outside, Erin went onto her laptop and surfed the internet until it was an hour and a half until her appointment.

Marina's talk with her parents when she got home were loud. She had in fact forgotten to call before sleeping the night at Trevor's place, but they were forgiving. She just needed to promise to do so in the future. The afternoon was uneventful, aside from a call from Dr. Cain mentioning the date he had reserved the lab. She took a hot bath that night, the feel of the water reminding her of how she had melted before. Since she melted that one evening, she noted she had stopped sweating. And so it was strange that she started sweating again lying in the bathtub. Before she knew it she had melted again. Her mom knocked on the bathroom door, wondering what was taking her so long.

Her parents took it surprisingly well, especially since she didn't change back to normal until about the next morning. Marina mentioned she had already seen the doctor about this. The second day, she remained inside. She worried that since this water thing wouldn't end, she had to stay inside and away from any sort of drain. Her parents were accommodating, and she didn't need to give tours at the aquarium for the next few days. Marina sat in the bathtub taht night trying to figure out what was it that caused her to melt. So far the conclusion came down to the sensation of being in water combined with heat. Marina slept that nght in her bed. The next day

was the doctor's appointment.

For Jezelle², she had quite possibly the most annoying day of her life -cooped up in her room for the most part and doing her absolute best to remain unseen whenever she left, so it was understandable a very active athlete like herself got insanely restless.

She'd ran rings around her room and did all kinds of flipping nonsense and maybe punch her bed several hundred times, or sometimes drawing or writing or throwing pencils at the wall. It probably wouldn't have been so bad if it hadn't felt like the god of clocks had decided to be such a prick, as she was never happy with the time spent whenever she checked the time.

The truck rumbled away from the clinic as Henry made his way to Marina's home to drop her off. It was a pretty uneventful ride as she kept bringing up about her melting in-between giving him directions. He dropped her off and went back to his place.

It was just as he left it. The door was propped up in the frame which reminded him that he would need to fix that. It would be something that he did the next day as tonight he was going to work things out. Working things out for Henry started with a six pack and would continue until either he figured it out or passed out. It was a tried and true method that he used and it had yet to fail him.

He was three bottles in when he received a phone call from one of the managers. He had never meet this guy but he was calling to explain how things were going to work in the wake of the explosion. All scientists were out of work until the plant rebuilt. The same went for administration. Custodial workers were going to be retained once they had figured out the extent of the damage. If it was deemed a safety issue to rebuild there then a new plant would be opened. So the long and short of it was that Henry was going to get paid to sit on his rear while the egg heads figured out just how screwed the environment was in that area.

After finishing off the six pack he called it a night and headed to bed to sleep this day away.

The next morning went pretty good for him. He had zero hangover from the drinking the night before. He made his breakfast and got ready for the gym. The good thing about a larger company is ways to improve the health of the employees to drive down the price of health care. One way was to offer discounted gym memberships. Henry took this options for two reasons. One was to keep in shape and the second was because of the TV they had all over the place. You could run on the treadmill and watch TV. That meant that he could have cable for pretty much free with the gym membership. Yeah perks.

At this time of year most people had abandoned their New Years resolutions so the gym was pretty much dead. Suited him nicely since he could now watch what ever he wanted. He turned on the news since Dr. Cain mentioned it before. As he ran he heard a lot of talk about how the clean up was going well and that there should be no problem since the chemicals were harmless. There were more people coming forward with mutations and illness. So said the reporter who was in front of one of the largest hospitals in the area. This concerned him as he just lived through this just yesterday. Did this mean that what they said was true? The whole experience yesterday seemed to much like a dream to be real. But now the news was reporting on it. Which

made him wonder.

He went over to one of the weight machine and put his normal weight on it. Simple bench press that he just had to push. It was as if he did not need to try. He looked around and saw that the other people were all too busy doing their own thing. He quickly pulled the pin out and put it in all the way at the bottom. Max weight that he should not even be able to move. He gave it a try anyway. The damn thing barely gave any resistance. So this was happening. But how much could he lift? With this in mind he drove home wondering how this would even work. He was lucky that his outward appearance had not changed.

He made a few errand runs while he was out and then made his way back to his one bedroom apartment. Before going in he looked around the street. Seeing no one he bent over and tried something that would look completely ridiculous any other day. He reached under his truck and lifted. The whole front end lifted. Clear off the ground. He put it back down with a shake of his head. This was going to be an odd thing to get used to.

Henry fixed the door and ate again. He planned to do work around the apartment and get all his chores done around town. He felt that things were going to change.

::The Fourth Day::

::Wednesday March 13th, 2013::

::Time: 9:30::

Once more the party had gathered in the ever special parking lot of the hospital. In much the same arrangements as last time. Though there was an extra member; Jez's new sister Jez. On the bright side; they figured out who was the original (mostly). The down side; an extra mouth for Trev's limited resources to feed. Okay... there was more downsides than that (awkward didn't begin to describe how he felt when Jez had her existential moment, and she didn't know how to get rid of them [though it didn't seem like they could share food, even if they could share stimulus]). Oh, and he had his gloves this time.

Erin came back with, as usual, her bag and everything she normally carried. Three books in her bag that she swapped with the various bus rides she had to take, various school supplies, headphones, and the laptop charger. "Hey everyone," Erin said, waving to the group. "How are you holding up?"

The truck rumbled into the parking lot and into the nearest space he could find. With a quick turn of the key Henry killed the engine. He was back at the clinic with people in tow. He did not feel like an outsider this time but it was still weird. He got out of the car and returned the wave of Erin.

"Doing ok. How have you been in the past few days?"

"A soap opera," Trevor muttered.

"Like our various games are any different," Erin teased. "Anyways, I've been good. Haven't done a whole lot really. Playing games. One of these days, I should invite some of you over to play with me or something."

"... What?" Trevor said after a pause, scarf hiding the slighting hanging jaw.

"Let's see..." Erin said, counting off the games they had been in on her fingers. "With yours specifically, there was After, TP might be going that route. Too early to tell. There was that experimental game Jezelle tried to run, knowing Marina, the one she has in development, by the way guys: we gotta get on her about that one, would probably turn out that way. The one--" Erin stopped herself. Trevor knew she was planning a game. He had to, being the one helping her get everything ironed out. But she'd prefer to keep it a secret until she was ready. "Nevermind. I didn't say anything." She smiled.

Although out of the pit of despair and depression, Jezelle still felt so awkward it wasn't funny, hearing the thoughts and getting the feelings from the other two Jezelles, the three sort of walked in sombre procession, the clones flanking the original.

"Soap opera... huh..." Jezelle said vacantly, looking on the verge of empathetic sorrow as she attempted not to look at the other two.

So... awkward... seeing two of herself apparently cowed by inevitability, like they'd been whipped into line by something beyond her comprehension -and they were her, so she understood just enough to make the awkwardness a thousand times worse.

"Spanish soap opera," Trevor sighed. "And I still think you should have gone with the coloured tags..."

"Did I miss something?" Erin asked, then looked to Jezelle, seeing her look so down. "Hey... you all right, Jez? And... Jez... and Jez?" She asked, blinking as she saw the three of them. "Wait, what? How'd this happen...? And where'd the Spanish come from?"

"...Apparently if I get torn between a decision like say... wanting to go left or right... another me appears to take the option I didn't..." Jezelle explained a little gloomily, "And... the copies can't remember that brief moment of pause in the decision-making..."

"It was... interesting, to say the least," Trevor said, shaking his head.

"I can imagine. And I suppose that's a good a reason as any. It's the key concept behind the multiverse theory." Erin said and shrugged. "What about you, Trev? Anything interesting happen with you?"

He had an hair ball. But Trevor was not about to share that one. There would want the story about what led to that, and he wasn't about to share it. "No."

Marina arrived soon after having convinced her mom to drive her to the hospital...her skin now had a light greenish hue...not too noticable, but still worrisome.

Marina stepped out of the car and her mom went to find a parking spot...it was a monumental effort for marina to convince her mom not to escort her to doctor cain personally.

"Hey guys...whats up", she said to the gang.

Alex meanwhile was located nearby, wandering in his own dreamscape and trying to figure out where the stuff's located (What stuff? No idea.) "Hello to all who I hadn't seen." he said, leaving his dreamscape, noticing new people.

It was interesting to think about all the times a person had to decide what they wanted to do but he could not imagine that each time a new copy of himself would spawn off. It would make him second guess everything he wanted to. It was a good thing that he did not have this mutation or power or what ever they were going to call it.

"Well I hope there is a limit to how many yous there can be. Or you are going to need multiple cars pretty soon." He felt bad for her seeing her all sad when she was normally very lively.

"According to the news there are a number of people with mutations going around. Many of them have checked into the main hospital but, like us, it seems that there are many who have not. Things are going to get interesting. But any way we ready to go in?" Henry said as he made his way to the clinic's entrance.

Marina poked her own skin, her finger was wet for a moment, her skin an odd texture of jello. It seemed that the second time she melted had left after effects.

"Hey Marina," Erin said. "How've you been?" She asked.

"Peachy...Ever had to explain to your parents that the green water in the bathtub is you...didn't think so.", Marina said to Erin sarcastically.

"No need to be sarcastic about it..." Erin said.

"At least I didn't go down the drain, but my skin is like jello now...must be a side effect of the mutation taking hold", Marina said with some concern, "Hey Alex, any misadventures over the last two days?"

"Oh look, and I've started to think I became invisible or something." Alex replied with a neutral tone and expression (although he was obviously sarcastic) "Not much - had to lie a lot to my dad a lot tho. And figured out that one certain technique became possible for me to perform due to my new for-- Won't name it here, by the way."

Part of Jezelle held a little desperation to find at least something to deal with this... condition... thing... so she was all too ready to follow Henry towards the clinic disregarding all else. Problem being that there was an nigh-insurmountable wall of doubt in her mind that this doctor wasn't going to be able to do really anything for her -she copied herself every time she had a crisis of options, what the hell could modern science and medicine do for her?

In the end she just wanted to believe there would be *something*, which was why all three Jezelles

were moving swiftly after Henry.

With the aura of the self confidence of having an appointment and directions gathered around them like a mantle of true power. Either way, they moved through the hospital with little challenge, and found doctor Cain waiting for them outside the fourth floor elevator.

Erin, not being one to let this kind of opportunity pass her by, did her very best impersonation of a world famous cartoon character. "Ehhhh, what's up doc?" She asked, wishing she had a carrot to munch on to complete the impersonation.

"Can we just go get scanned or whatever," Jezelle sighed, moving past with both copies in tow, "On the off-chance it's good news, I could really use some right about now."

"The good news is that I have finished most of my analysis of your blood samples, though the results might be either or," Cain said, turning to escort them to another part of the building. Those of the keen eyed nature might notice the sign that point out the Radiology Department awaited them in that direction.

Trevor was too distracted by the place to afford much attention to the sign. It smelled of... He couldn't name it. It was a mix. Traces of sick people with traces of all the cleaning agents they used to get rid of the sick people smell... He sneezed a couple of times into his scarf. It wasn't this bad in the last area. There just smelled like cleaning agents.

"You all right, Trev?" Erin asked hearing him sneeze, quite loudly. As she walked, she kept an eye out for the siren lady and a fire alarm. Whichever she found first. Fire alarm would hopefully drown out her music. It made sense to her.

"It smells off here," Trevor muttered, rubbing his nose through the scarf. "And what's with the loud talking?"

Unlike Trevor, Alex got used to strange annoying senses. He kept hearing the white noise, managing to find the frequency that had no radio station broadcasting on it, letting him to hear people quite well (seemingly better than he used to actually). And the weird smells that he was able to pick up didn't put him off much, although he could understand Trevor's concerns.

"By the way, doc, did the police find out something about that stolen stuff and sleep inducing singers?" Alex wondered

"I'm not..." Erin said. "This is my normal speaking voice." She was very confused, then probbaly realized tht it was because of Trev's big ear. Why he was only bringing up that concern now, she didn't know.

Marina followed along quietly, silently happy she hadn't fully figured out how She was looking forward to hopefully getting this whole issue figured out. And for the moment the answers lay in radiology.

"No. And the camera's somehow failed to record them as they entered or left. All they took were the files from my associate's office." Dr. Cain shook his head slowly, at a loose. It was a rather baffling situation.

"Heh... maybe they had someone like Erin and Alex tell the cameras to shut down or something," Jezelle said with dry humour.

"I wouldn't discount the possibility, but personally I doubt it.", Marina said.

"Why do you say that?" Erin asked.

"Wouldn't that be... I don't know, too convenient?" Trevor asked.

"Convinient like everyone was asleep at the time of the theft?"

"I don't get what you mean. I mean it's more weird then anything else. But with everything that's been going on, I'd say that's a good enough reason. Besides, Siren lady seemed a lot more... I dunno, confident with herself then we do."

"They already had that show girl you told me about, (I think Siren is off... they charmed men, not put people to sleep), and you want them to have more convenient mutations? Isn't that a bit... unfair?" Trevor murmured.

Erin shrugged. "She's a woman that sang. and the song made us do involuntary stuff. Cloe enough for me. As for that other thing, well... If you were going in to steal something from a hospital where there were security cameras, wouldn't you want to have someone disable them?"

"Wasn't Cloe the harvest goddess or something?" Trevor mused. "What does she have to go with this?"

"Close!" Erin corrected. "Meant to say close. Close enough for me." She gave Trevor a look. "Smartass." She teased.

Trevor smiled, though it was hidden behind his scarf getup, so it wasn't really noticeable. The idle chatter had passed the time to the radiology lab.

Marina continued to follow along in silence.

"Natalie King is the lead technician for Radiology," Cain said as he opened the door, nodding to the some what stout woman who was storing some thing in a cabinet. "She will get you prepped for the X-ray sessions. Trevor, if you would come with me for a moment."

"Hm? Me?" Trevor blinked. Cain nodded and motioned him in a different direction.

Henry did not know anything of these historic characters. He just kept plodding along.

Cain and the confused Trevor headed further down the hall while Natalie waved the remaining members of the group in. "No need to stand there gaping like fish. Dr. Cain and I had to go through too many hoops to get this done."

"So who's going first?" Erin asked, looking for a magazine to see what kind of reading material was here in the room before they went in.

"Should I just volunteer now?", Marina said walking up to Natalie. "Or do I wait for my name to get called..Cain forgot to mention the procedure."

"Consider yourself as having volunteered for first place," Natalie said with the kind severeness common to some teachers. "Go in there," she pointed to a door on the left, "then undress and put on the robe. The second door leads to the actually theater." She handed Marina a clipboard from the stack on the table, a pen stuck under the clip with the form. "Fill this out, and make sure you check the list for things that can't be taken in."

In the X-Ray Theatre-----

Marina filled out the necessary paperwork and made sure she was safe to even enter the x-ray room. Having finished that she handed the clipboard and pen back to Natalie. That done, she entered the changing room and dropped her blue dress and undergarments, replacing them with the hospital gown. She stepped out and moved quickly and quietly through the second door.

"If you would stand over by that line," Natalie said as she positioned the apron so it cover only Marina's lower body.

Marina moved over to the line as Natalie got the lead lined apron ready. She stood still as she waited for the technician to do her job. "I honestly don't know what you guys will find that relates to this problem I've been having, but I hope we can isolate the problem.", she remarked while she waited.

"It's a step, it's a step," Natalie said, working through the series of exposers. It didn't take long. Flash. Pause. Adjust Apron. Adjust emitter. Flash. Within a minute or two, Natalie King had them all. "You can change back now," she said, pointing Marina to another door beside the one she came in through. "It opens back into the first room."

Marina went back into the booth for a moment to get her clothes back and get changed. Then she stepped out to rejoin the group.

With the Common Folk (during Marina's Stipping Time, but before Xray time---

While the inherent depression and awkwardness and existential/identity crises were still in the 'con' section of all this, having three of herself made things alarmingly convenient, as one filled out the paperwork, the original went ahead and the last looked at Natalie.

"You're a good friend of Cain, huh?" Jez2 prompted.

"Work partners. But I did meet him during his first residency," Natalie said, giving forms to the

remaining four. She had one left for Trevor, who still hadn't returned. "But he and I had similar interest in our studies."

"Out of curiosity, what's your take on all this stuff?" Erin asked not finding any magazines that really interested her. If it got to be really boring, she'd take one and try to find something that interested her.

"Yeah, what happened when Cain walked in and told you about the circus that rode into his office?" Jez2 added.

"That Cain's sailing off into uncharted territories, and the maps he thought were right really aren't," Natalie said in a parting, heading in to deal with Marina.

Alex grabbed the form and started filling it out carefully, taking lots of time to write the letters carefully, as his handwriting was equal to handwriting of maniac. Or a mad scientist. Or a doctor (unless doctors in Canada write better than doctors in Russia)

Henry filled out his form seeing as one was handed to him and he was now he was one of the individuals that had a mutation. He did not know what an X-ray would show for him but it was worth a try. He was already exposed to various chemicals so what could a little radiation do to him?

Natalie returned in about five minutes. "Who's next?"

Erin filled out her form when she couldn't find anything that interested her. Taking the form, she filled it out easily enough and looked to the others wondering who else would be ready for going in.

Alex got up and waved his hand "I'll go.", he said, walking towards Nata.

Natalie paused. This was one of those extreme cases Cain has described to her. And extreme it was. No medical condition she knew of could adequately cover it. And, according to him, there was another one like that. "Same procedure. Take off your street clothes in the booth, make sure you don't have anything metal on you and put on the robe before moving to the theatre. I will be with you in a moment."

In the X-Ray Theatre-----

Alex followed the instructions, changing the clothes and ensuring that he had no sudden tongue piercing (or other forms of metal) and then took on the robe, moving into the needed position. "Aye, I am done." he said, feeling a bit awkward as he stood obvious with his new form to a stranger. And because of this, his tail swayed from side to side, indicating that he is indeed nervous (although one may think he was afraid of x-ray. He wasn't.)

To say that she wasn't distracted would be lying. Even forewarned, it was still... something. He appeared to be nothing more than a sentient, bipedal cat. In fact, there was no real way to verify

he was even who he said he was aside from blind faith. She paused. He was under-aged, but he had clipped a letter signed by his father to his form. She dismissed it and went ahead with the procedure. Complicated by the extra appendage. She did manage to work around it. And get shots of it as well.

With the Common Folk (during Alex's Stipping Time, but before Xray time---

Henry tapped his pen on the clipboard that held the paper work he had just filled out.

"So, anyone do anything fun over the past two days?"

"Depends on your definition of fun," Erin replied.

"Anything entertaining."

"Does playing Deus Ex Human Revolution in my PJs count?" Erin asked.

"Depends if you had fun. I did not think it was a difficult thing to answer." Henry responded

"Well, I'm pretty sure I'm the only avid video game player of the group. Other people might think that games are boring." Erin shrugged. "But that's what I did. And I had fun. Got lots of stuff in there and got pretty far into the plot."

"Sounds good." Henry really did not understand computers and what not. He had used them at the library and knew that there were a lot of things that one could do with them. But, they were expensive and he felt that they were a little beyond him. It was good to here that somebody had a good time over the two day wait. Things before hand seemed to be dark and here they were back at the clinic about to find out who knows what.

"Yeah, I definitely need to invite you over for a video game night... You and everyone in the group." Erin said, mostly to herself.

"They move pretty fast which could be fun. Do you have any sports games?"

"Uhh..." Erin thought, recalling her collection. "Don't think so. But I do have a couple driving games. Driving, flight simulators, FPS, few games like that." She said, thinking of the games that Henry might like. Driver San Francisco, Mercenaries: Playground of Distruction, Practically all of the Ace Combat games, God Hand-even if that one was amazingly difficult- Skyrim on her PC, but that was iffy. There were a few others on her wishlist, but those had yet to materialize.

"I think I would like simple games. Played football in high school. Something along those lines." Henry felt that he would get frustrated with a game when he knew that he could do more then the game.

"If it helps, I can teach you all the controls. And have a little bit of a playthrough to show you. Just a little bit of one, so as not to get the rest of you bored." Erin said.

"Meh. Sounds a lot like school. Thought it was supposed to be fun not a lesson."

"Well the tutorial stages for the most part are pretty boring. Unless they're done right." Erin said. "Only a few games do that though. A tutorial stage done right I mean. But anyways, we'll see how it turns out."

"We will have to see I guess I wonder how getting pumped full of radiation is going to help us? I don't have any broken bones."

Erin smiled, and recited a line from Portal 2 said by her favorite character in that game. Besides PotaDOS. "Best case scenario? We'll get some more superpowers. Worst case, we'll just get some tumors which they'll cut out."

Henry looked over at Alex and shook his head. "I do not think getting any more mutations would be a good thing. Nor would getting any tumors. Then again I do get yearly x-rays of my teeth so I guess it cannot be that bad."

"If you count turning into green liquid during my bath and having my parents barge into the bathroom entertaining Henry then yes....though having to explain to them wasn't as fun.", Marina said to him.

What was wrong with these ladies. Did they not know what entertaining meant.

"Well if you feel like that was entertaining then we have very differing views on what is considered fun." Henry replied.

"Aside from that I mostly stayed in and played video games...couldn't exactly do my usual job given the circumstances.", Marina said to Henry.

There was a slight commotion at the door. It opened to admit Cain, who had a contemplative look on his face, Trevor, whose cover garb was somewhat haphazard and disheveled and looked distinctly confused and slightly shell shocked. Behind him, and closing the door behind them, were two adults. Familiar ones. Mr and Mrs Greyson.

"Uh oh..." Erin murmured and waved hi to them. "Hi," She said, a little awkwardly.

Henry stood up and walked over to Trevor's parents. He put his hand out to Trevor's father first.

"Hello Mr. Greyson."

"Henry," Trevor's father said with a nod. "Have you been drawn into this too?"

"Little bit. It is a hard thing to grasp and this is why we came to see the professionals. Glad to see that you are here as support." Henry looked at the others and did not see their parents anywhere.

"I couldn't stand aside while my son went through this," Mrs. Greyson said seriously. She was hovering protectively near Trevor, as if she could prevent anything further from happening just by being there.

"Well then we can all find out what's happening together." Henry gave Mrs. Greyson a smile.

"I'm sure everything's going to work out for the best," Erin said, hoping to reassure the Greysons.

"That's difficult to believe when my son is going through what he is," Mrs. Greyson countered levelly, a cool glare directed at Erin.

Erin looked down and suddenly became really interested in a random magazine on the table, opening it and finding something to read. That woman had one hell of a stare. Terrifying even.

"Perhaps Dr. Cain over here knows something of what is going on. From what I have heard we are not the only ones who have had mutations." Henry looked at the Doctor. "So have you found anything out yet?"

Harken to me, for it's your birthday Natalie's return, as well as the return of Trevor Mr Exposition Cain, with guests. Oh, Albie's back too----

Alex returned from X-Ray room soon-ish and looked over everyone "I got radiation poisoning!" he said and then corrected himself "I mean, radiation scanning. Anyway..."

Trevor's parent both looked a bit more than a bit taken aback by Alex. Even if they were told about it, even if they had that time with Trevor before... Trevor held his mother's arm, ironic in the sense that she said she was there to support him, and his father looked to Cain. "Yes, you said a bit earlier, but I could tell you were holding back."

Natalie has slipped back into the room as well. Two of the six tests were done, but she didn't really want, nor think it best, to interrupt the revelations of the preliminary tests. While she had done her part to help him, and had a brief synopsis, she honestly didn't know everything.

Cain consulted his ever present notebook, as if getting a point of reference, before he started in his report. "People have been steadily turning up at different hospitals and clinics throughout the GTA. We have had more than a few here as well. Most have not experienced anything as serious as Trevor, Alexander or Marina, which is a blessing.

"As for this group. I the tests only showed a single commonality. A blood factor that seemed to have been derived from the theoretical make up of the gas."

"So much for patient confidentiality," Jez2 grumbled, walking off to grab a magazine and sit down, while the third Jezelle continued to pace.

"I still haven't decided if I'm ready to let the world know about this condition of mine," Jez3 said, sighing and folding her arms. She did throw a couple of glances at Mrs. Greyson, inwardly frowning a little that Trev's mother apparently wasn't going to let them sort things out on their

own -and behold her being here doesn't really change much, just like Jezelle had said.

Henry looked over at Jezelle and shook his head. They were all here together and knew that each had a mutation. Aside from Trevor's parents the mutations were common knowledge.

"Doctor, if this was indeed caused by the gas why isn't everybody gaining mutations. That crap was in the air all day. Shouldn't there be a quarantine or something?"

Henry looked around and realized that he just interrupted Cain while he was explaining this all to them.

"Sorry Doctor, please continue."

"There was no breach of confidentiality, I assure you," Cain said, a bit irked that she thought so little of his professional ethics.

Jezelle first stared hard at Cain, then at her copies, then at Trevor's parents, as though trying to make the connection for him.

"Are you asking us to leave?" Mrs Greyson said quietly.

"No point now, obviously," Jezelle sighed in resignation, her posture slumping.

"Of course not. Not after the call we got from Trevor and you," Mrs Greyson gave Jezelle a smile that would, under any other circumstance, be considered cordial. At the moment though... it was severely undertoned by the sharp look in her eyes. And the lines under them hidden artfully beneath foundation.

"Well if no one else is up for it, I'll go in next." Erin offered wanting to get away from the scary, scary parents of Trevor's.

Natalie King didn't really want to leave, but she nodded and pointed Erin to the changing room. Mrs Greyson spared a glance for Erin and Natalie, though her attention was mostly split between Cain, her son and Jezelle.

"While the tests did reveal much, there are something things that still need more time before they can be determined. Still, what was found is curious. Miss Fischer's blood sample has traces of a substance that I have been yet to identify. "

"What sort of substance?", Marina asked the Doctor. Surely, blood was nothing more than hemoglobin and water and a couple other chemicals Marina didn't remember. What more could there be?

"As I said, I have not been able to identify it as yet. It is not any of the common blood or plasma components, and its mass does not correspond to the standard viral units," Cain said.

"But isn't this the same blood factor as everyone who was affected by the gas?", Marina tried to justify it.

"No, it isn't. That factor was the only common factor between the samples. Their were other results in the tests," Cain said.

"Anything more you can tell me about these results before I presume you must perform more tests.", Marina asked.

"At the moment, the further testing will be done with the blood samples I already have," Cain said as he flipped a page.

Henry listened to all that was going on. Seemed like the Doctor was getting some where after all. The others had something in common but something different all the same. When the doctor was done telling what he has found Henry would need to pull him aside and have him take a sample from him.

"I didn't really find anything of great notice in either Miss Rivers and Miss O'Neill's samples asside from the blood factor I mentioned earlier. Though, both had signs of an unbalanced diet, Miss Rivers seeming slightly diabetic and Miss O'Neill seeming to lack some minerals."

"Greyson and Nochin... there is no other way to put it other than there affliction appears to be at the genetic level," Cain announced without much fanfare.

"Wow." Alex said, without much intonation of surprise (tone a la dull surprise). Well, that was obvious that he didn't have DNA of human anymore...

"Well I guess the next question is if this process can be fixed? Can you take the chemicals out or is this something that everyone must live with?" Henry asked

"Genetic technology is still working at means of successfully and reliably altering the genes of gametes that they can identify as being at risk factors for disease. Unfortunately, the science isn't at the point where genetic manipulation of developed organisms is entirely viable." Cain shook his head slightly.

Henry scratched his head at many of these words. He had not done all that well in school and could follow only some of these science words. "Ummm. Doc what does that mean?"

"How these changes happened isn't understood. Or the extent. I tried doing a simple analysis of the samples, and got differing results each time for the two," he nodded in Trevor and Alex's direction. "Miss O'Niell also showed what may or may not be genetic change. Because I lack a baseline sample to work from." He might be able to find something for Trevor and Alex, due to them being immigrant, but that would require filing a request to the government, a process that would take time.

Name... later?---

Erin headed into the change room and switched her clothes with the thing she was supposed to wear for this. She had never done an MRI before, so she was a little nervous, but at the same time, confident. What would they really find? She looked and felt normal, lots of normal things had happened to her.

Natalie, though she lingered a bit, still reached the theatre before Erin, and started setting up.

"This isn't gonna hurt, is it?" Erin asked nervously. "I've never done this kind of thing before..."

"You have never had an Xray done? Not even at the dentist?" Natalie asked.

"Well dental ones, yeah. Not anything more then that though." Erin replied.

"It's the same thing really. Just with a larger X-Ray tube," Natalie said, tapping the device mounted on the swing arm.

Erin nodded and waited. "Well... Ready when you are. Just lemmie know where you want me."

Natalie pointed to the marked spot in the center of the room and arranged the apron before running through the project of pointing, retreating to the shield, and triggering with a low whump.

Erin walked to the spot and held her breath as she always did when she was getting X-rays. She felt that it helped her stay still, more so then just standing there. She was by no means a master at doing such things, but it would still hopefully be enough to take the X-ray.

Natalie did her thing and in due time announced that she has all the pictures she needed. "You can go though the other door and change back. The signs lead back to the front room," she directed Erin.

Erin exhaled and inhaled several times as fresh air flowed back into her lungs. "All right," She said. "I hope they turn out well enough." She headed into the change room once again, changed back into her street clothes and headed out to join her friends.

Whence the timelines Merge-----

Erin looked at the group again. Scary Parents were there and she nodded as she took her seat again, catching the last of Cain's statement. "Wait, what?" She asked. "What do you mean genetic change? You can tell that from an X-ray?"

Marina listened to the explanation from Cain, but this stuff about genetics was beyond her. Though at least she only had to deal with melting in the bath. Marina figured things were fine...well for now.

"What does this mean for my son?" Mr. Greyson asked about the same time as Erin. Mrs Greyson gave Erin an unreadable look, though she was thinking that if Erin wanted to know, she

shouldn't have left.

Erin backed off, pressing her back against the door into the lab. *Scary parents are scary*. She thought.

"At the moment, it's unclear, Mr. Greyson," Cain said. Trevor was content to let him ask the question. He did mouth 'Blood Test' at Erin though. "Both his and Mr. Nochin's genetics are none standard, and until we do a full chromosome analysis, nothing more would be gained."

Due to Trevor's new feline mouth structure and Erin's inability to sense or read people, she tilted her head in confusion when she interpreted what he said as "Beef hoverboard". She mouthed back 'whaaaaa?' before shaking her head. 'later'.

Sense motive (to understand what Trevor means) :

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4003980/> 2...

"So, yeah...what do we do now Doc?" Henry asked.

"I figure we wait till they can show us the xrays.", Marina said to Henry.

"None of my testing thus far as indicated anything in the way of carried contagions," Cain said. "The best I can say is continue as you have. This problem is not one that will be answered in two or three days, maybe not even two or three weeks."

"Well then I think I will take my turn getting blasted by radiation. Do you think that lady is ready?" Henry asked and pointed to the door that Erin came in with his thumb.

This time Cain was surprised. "I did not expect you to be taking part in these tests."

Meanwhile, the Greyson's were having a hushed underbreath conversation. Trevor wasn't quite comfortable, and the only thing keeping his tail from lashing was the fact that it was tucked in a loop to keep it quiet when he was undercover and he hadn't released it.

"Well somethings have changed since then. Let's say that it was a rather rough day that we came in." Henry said sheepishly.

"Do you mind sharing? Or would you rather a more private setting?" Cain asked.

"I wouldn't mind a more private setting if you do not mind." Henry responded while looking at Trevor's parents talking in hushed tones.

"Then if you would accompany me to the theatre," Cain nodding as he moved towards the door Natalie had been using. "Natalie, if you will give use a few minutes." The radiologist nodded her assent.

Henry followed the Doctor through the door on the way to the theatre. Was this a theatre like a movie theatre? He would soon find out.

Cain and Henry go to the Theatre...

The Xray room was fairly boring. A few screens were set around the room, with a solid looking one in the corner. The boom arm with the tube projector hung from the ceiling around the marked area. "Privacy assured."

Henry looked around and saw that there was going to be no way to show what he could do in here with out breaking anything expensive.

"Hmmm. Don't know if there is anything here I can use. You have anything heavy around here?"

"That's not bolted down? No, I'm afraid not," Cain said. Then he paused. "Well, there are the filing drawers in the next room..."

"Well I can tell you that I picked up my truck the other day. Don't know how much I can lift though. Was going to show you but I think you can take my word seeing as you have been working with our little group."

"You lifted your truck? That's... over a ton, isn't it?" Cain said. This was rapidly leaving questionable biology and bordering on questionable physics. Well... an overnight physiological overall did too... as did conversion to water... This was going to be an interesting research project. "I take it you are ready to provide those blood samples?"

"As long as you are the only one that uses it I should be ok with that. The last person who asked for blood turned out to be something very different. As for my truck, I have no clue how much it weights." Henry looked around the room and asked. "Am I to get my x-rays here?"

"That is correct," Cain confirmed. He supposed the weight of a vehicle was a somewhat random figure to know.. "I'll send Natalie in to process you, and I will have us stop by my offices to take the sample when we are through here."

Cain stepped out, and Natalie turned up shortly after. She was scanning through his form and gave him the same reassuring smile she gave the others. "Would you mind changing into one of the robes in the small room, hun?" she said, pointing to the changing room

Henry went into the little room and changed into the robe. He then came back out to stand in front of Natalie.

"Ok, got this thing on. Now what?"

"I need to stand right over here," Natalie said as she guided Henry to the box marked on the center of the floor. She moved to put the protective apron that would cover the areas not being scanned over him, "and put this on like so."

Satisfied, Natalie did her magic with the X-Ray emitter, and soon had a collection of revealing

shots of Henry. "There, all done, hun," she said. "You can grab your close and change back in the back room. There are signs to follow back to the front area."

Henry walked around to the small room and changed backed into his normal clothes. He checked to make sure that he had everything in his pockets and then made his way back to the waiting room where everyone else was.

In the room without-----

Erin meanwhile was still trying to figure out what Trevor was mouthing about. She didn't want to ask because Scary Parents were still here. "Ummm... Well," she said awkwardly. "Does anyone want to get some Timmies or something?" She offered. "I'll buy."

"Sounds good, but let's wait till we're done here.", Marina said to Erin. Marina figured she'd have to wait for later to learn more about her mutation, well at least until after the xrays were done. In the meantime she could continue hanging out with friends.

"At the moment, I have covered what I have found so far with your samples, so if you wish to walk around, feel free," Cain said.

Henry walked in just as the Doctor said that he covered everything and they were free to go. He did not feel like going to snag coffee and he wanted to leave Trevor's parents with him so he headed after Cain.

"Hey Doc. Let's get this over with. I have to tell you that I do hate needles."

The Trypanophobe Corner

Since he was willing. It didn't take Cain too long to borrow some supplies from the closest nurse station, and to arrange for it to be taken down to his lab. He sat Henry down, swabbed his arm and pulled out what every trypanophobe does not want to see. A silverly needle. "Hold still please," Cain said as he found a vein and started to push the point through Henry's skin. Toughness save DC: 16

The second the swab touched his skin Henry started to get nervous. Getting blood taken was not that big of a deal for many but to him it was one of those things that he would rather eat glass over. He took some deep breaths and then the needle came out. Cold sweat broke out over his brow and he tensed up. This did little normally except making the viens stick out that much more. This time something a little extra might have happened.

toughness roll <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4007187/> 29 (Henry really doesn't like needles)

For some reason, there was no progress made. The needle barely dented Henry's skin rather than penetrating as one would expect a needle to do. The question was was this just chance, as it did sometimes happen, or was this linked? Coincidence was not the best thing to believe in at the moment. "Let's try this again..."

Toughness DC 16 (Work dammit!)

Henry was not liking the whole situation which was worst now that the Dr. did not know what he was doing. It was a needle. How hard could it be?

toughness roll (can't all be winners) <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4007229/> 10

"This is just be a theory, but this might be a part of your own reaction," Cain said, the needle finally getting through Henry's skin. He got the cap and the the vials in place to collect the samples.

"Hmmm. Needles have a hard time getting in to me? Wonder if it would work on other things too. Well that is one thing I am not going to test seeing as it could end up with me getting very hurt."

Henry stood up once the blood was taken and looked at the doctor. "Doc you said that stuff was taken the last time we were here. What kind of stuff was taken? I find it odd that some people with mutations would break into a clinic just to steal some paper work and not the drugs."

"You are not the only one to think so," Cain said. "The only took file cabinets, records and such. No equipment, no medicines. Very perplexing."

"What was in the cabinets? It must ahve been something worth stealing from a public building in the middle of the day." Henry inquired.

"The part is confidential information. But four different office blocks had records taken. And it's not as difficult as you would think to take them. There are often internal moves between floors and offices during the days," Cain said, packing away the collected vials.

"this case wasn't a move though. It was people with powers coming in and taking certian items. They knew where they were going. I know that the information is confidential but we do not need names. Were these files on people or research?" Henry asked.

"Your concern is appreciated, but the fact still remains that you are a patient and civilian," Cain said gently as he removed the needle from Henry's arm and held a piece of cotton over the prick. "This is a matter between the management and the authorities."

"Heh, against a bunch of people with powers. Will be nice to see how they fare. We atleast would be on more even footing. Now more then ever since some of us are starting to figure out how this stuff works. Would get a lot of people out of harms way." Henry stated.

"While I don't exclude the possibility of there being people with abilities, there are explanations that don't rely on the strange and unusual," Cain said.

"Just odd that a group of super powered people come in rob a medical place and make off with paper work. They could have robbed anywhere for money but they chose here. Well seems like the only people who will know why are either long gone with the paper work or just won't say

anything." Henry stated as he stood up.

"Just be glad your group is free of suspicion," Cain said, privately amused by Henry's insistence on the super powered alternative.

"And here I was trying to help you out. At least are not under 'suspicion'. Our group the greatest thieves that fall a sleep on the job." Henry spat out as he left the room.

Apparently the irony was lost on Henry. Or the slipped information. He sighed. What a loss. Cain finished up his organizing and handed off one of the nurses with a request if she could have it sent to his offices before heading back to the radiology room.

Two girls and a cuppa joe; My Coffee is the Coffee that will pierce the heavens!-----

"See ya later then," Erin said a little too quickly and left the room in the same hurry. Scary Parental Units left behind, Erin headed for Tim Hortons.

"It's actually kind of nice to see Trevor's parents here...shows that they care...I think my mom's still in denial.", Marina said to Erin as they walked along.

"Oh yeah, I'm not saying its a bad thing. But they're scary. Really scary." Erin said. "To be honest, I haven't called my folks yet. I mean... nothing's happened to me yet."

"That means your lucky...I still can't figure out what causes me to melt...I'm living in fear of when it might happen again.", Marina said to Erin.

"Maybe once we're done here, you should head home in that case. I can imagine how scary it would be." Erin said.

"Where are the rest of you going after this?", Marina asked.

And they reached the elevator. Or stairs. Whichever you're taking.

"I'm gonna go back to my dorm unless you guys want to talk. Or you can come over and we can have a video game day." Erin shrugged. She really had to show off the library she had.

"Just us two...what about the others...you'd think after something like this happens we would stick together more.", Marina said to Erin.

"Well, if they want to come, that's their right. I'll bring it up to them. Though I did earlier in the day. I think Henry was kind of interested." Erin shrugged.

"You sure we can fit everyone in the dorm?", Marina wondered.

"Oh yeah. We've had game night over at the dorm that one time. Everyone fit into it." Erin replied.

"Then count me in.", Marina said to Erin, "Though aren't you curious about your mutation...that seems to be more interesting to me at least."

Erin blinked. "Really?" She said as the elevator went down the floors. "You can melt. My mutation is I suddenly have the urge to sleepwalk and I'm good at art now." She shrugged. "I mean compared to you, Trev, Alex and Jezelle, I'm boring."

"We should all hang out...I spent 3 days in the house trying to convince my parents there was nothing wrong...", Marina said to Erin.

"Well, it's good that your parents care though." Erin said. "You think I should let mine know?"

"Probably, but honestly i only had to explain because they found me melted in the bathtub...I need to get that under control if it's going to happen again.", Marina said.

Erin nodded. "What do ya think I should say? They're over in North Bay and I haven't really had anything go on with me." In truth, she was more than a little scared with the news. There were things in her brain. Deposits of some sort or lumps.

Marina shrugged, "I have no idea if you feel nothing's wrong then there's nothing to say."

"Good point." Erin shrugged stepping out as the elevator stopped on the ground floor. Heading to timmies, she got her money out.

Marina followed and got herself a cinnamon bun and found a cafe table to sit at and chat with Erin.

It wasn't near the lunch hour yet, and it was past the breakfasting time, so the place was relatively empty. There were only two people working in the Timmie's, and another in the hospital's own kitchens. Aside from them, there were only three other people in the area. Two were together, EMTs by the look of their clothes, probably taking a short break. The other was a man hunched over two table over, mutter to himself.

"Hello," Erin said as she approached the counter. "One large double double and a frosted cinnamon roll please."

"No problem," the clerk said, furious that the player wouldn't RP a simple NPC on their own a smile. One bagging, steaming, pouring and mixing later, Erin received her collection of carbs, sugars and fat and a cup of water, contaminants and stimulants.

Erin paid for her food, paid for Marina's food and sat down, keeping an eye out for the others and enjoyed the warmth of the coffee in her hands. She happily relaxed and closed her eyes as she sniffed the coffee. Part of her was still worried about the things in her head, but she tried to not let it worry her too much. She saw the others in the area. EMTs, another guy. Still, probably best not to bug him. Besides, she did that a lot herself.

Notice check: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4009464/> 2

The EMTs, laughing and joking, gathered up the remains of their meal and started to head out. The stopped by the man, concerned by his odd behavior. The rocking, hunched posture. "Are you okay?" the female asked.

The man looked up with hollow eyes. "No... you are just like all the rest... Never different... No, never... all the same..."

"What are you-" she started, but it was cut off with a scream, and she fell to the ground, thrashing the writhing as if in pain. Her partner, stunned and unsure, tried to help her. Moments later, he too was on the ground, screaming his head off.

Fantastic, I'm back here again----

*cookie to who get's this reference**no cookie for anyone! It's DBZA!*{noms the cookies}

Parents always asked the awkward questions. And tended to pull out ones that you didn't consider before and stumble over answering, which leads to even more awkward questions about fifty percent of the time. As such, when Natalie pointed out that there were still scans to be done, Trev jumped at the chance. He shot Erin an apologetic glance as he abandoned her to his parents. Whom Erin had already ran from...

Mrs Greyson, who seemed to be the most aggressive one in all these contacts, eyed the Jezelle Trio. "Three?"

"Uh... yeah?" Jezelle returned, making a lot of effort to take the sarcasm out of her tone, rathering she didn't antagonize anyone in her low mood at the moment, "Were you expecting more?"

Okay, that one she couldn't reduce the sarcasm for...

"Less. Two days ago it was two of you, now it's three. Three days ago my boy was my boy, today..." Mrs. Greyson's voice broke and she angry[?] turned away from the triplets and faced the suddenly interesting wall and it's rack of storage.

Sense motive: 14 I guess...

Jezelle paused for a moment, quite surprised Mrs Greyson knew about there being two of her before -which immediately turned into barely bridled frustration at Trevor since that had to be the only way they knew.

But alas he had fled and smacking him upside the head in front of his parents might not look good... and perhaps anger wasn't helpful right now considering Mrs Greyson, as she almost seemed worse than Jezelle right now -in a different way of course.

She took a breath and put a hand over her eyes, rubbing both temples with a finger and a thumb as she attempted to calm down a little.

"Well, it certainly doesn't seem like Trevor's getting worse, and he's still Trevor, just... well he was kind of a furry before anyway but... anyway, I don't think we're getting worse, my...

condition is just the copying thing -I just hope there's a limit or something..." Jezelle attempted, though not really in the right condition to console someone. Not only did she have this mutation thing, but there was crushing amounts of despair and depression coming from the other two.

"It's hard for everyone," Mr. Greyson said quietly. "Particularly for the ones who want to help but really can't do much."

"I can understand that..." Jezelle said with a small sigh at herself, as it called to memory the not-too-distant past that she wasn't overly proud of, "I don't think anyone can help with this madness. Our good doctor might be able to tell us if it's stable or whatever, but I bet that's it."

"There is more than just the physical health to consider," Mr Greyson commented. "There is the mental well being. Being here helps us as well as Trevor. Even if he might not admit it yet."

"Well, physical health is the only thing we can't help with," Jezelle restated, "Your mind is fixable -I guess..."

She sort of threw a concerned glance at her copies, as their moods had yet to improve -probably not that surprising considering the severity.

"You still have to start somewhere," Trevor's father stated.

[Leaving a bit of space for a bit of heart to heart]

[Also, insert the Triplets appointment with the King here.]like, RP it or is it just assumed/offscreen?

[They've all been really semi off screen... 'Come into my parlour' 'Sure!' 'Imma Paparazzi! Woot!' More or less]

A moment of Exposition----

Nurse King was certainly... enthusiastic about her work, judging by the attention she paid. Of course, it would be written off as a result of dealing with not one but two majorly non-standard skeletons within a few minutes of each other. Either way, he was somewhat relieved to trade places with one of the Jezelles, even if it put him back in parental reach.

Henry walked down the halls with measured steps back to the waiting room.

Natalie King (shouldn't have gotten into the habit of the first name basis. Alas) and Cain had a sort moment of collaboration and comparison of notes before Natalie gathered her wits and wiles and launched into the post-procedural summary conclusion. "Judging from what we saw between today's readings and Sunday's... you are fairly consistent. We will need a few more checks to make sure, but at the moment, it seems so."

"Mason, since this is your first check, I cannot say the same for you definitively," Cain added, "but most of your checks were within the norm, aside from the pulse, which can be attributed to the increased cardiac activity. Miss Rivers, your checks are normal as well, but I will be testing your blood again, looking for signs of any deterioration between you."

"As for the X-Rays," King said when Cain was finished, "While Greyson's and Nochin's were...unusual, and Mason's somewhat denser, they all seem to be in correct working order. In short, nothing we have found so far is detrimental to your health."

"Well this is good news. Now we know that we will not be dieing from these issues. Now I guess the next question would be if these will fade over time or if they are here to stay. I figure that this question will take some time." Henry thought on this a bit and figured that his would not be too bad to have forever. Being strong could help out in his line of work. But some of the others were having a rougher go at then he was. Perhaps with time Cain could help them

"While I'm not sure, my initial thought... is yes." Cain said carefully. "At least for Rivers, Greyson and Nochin." Trevor's mother whimpered. Trevor bit back any reaction he would have made. "For the latter, I have seen genetic change. Not something the human body can correct. For the former, though I am unclear of the means they are formed, I have taken samples from all of them, and have yet to see deterioration. For you, I cannot say with certainty."

"In that case I will try to not rely on them in case they give out or go away. At least until you find out otherwise. Is there anything else that you will need us for or will you just contact us when you have more information?" Henry asked.

Even if it was seemingly 'mere' modern science checking her for possibly lethal signs of this mutation that was beyond normal comprehension, Jezelle felt a degree of relief wash over her when Cain stated a basic conclusion.

She figured most things that would kill a person would have to appear in blood or an X-ray, didn't matter how 'magic' it was, so it was something.

Which left the depressed pair of copies next to her to deal with...

"So... I guess I gotta live with two more of me now...?" Jezelle said mostly rhetorically, "I don't suppose you can tell if making copies shortens my lifespan or something? Or if there's a limit to how many copies will appear? Three of me is going to be hard enough to hide as is..."

"At the moment, it will depend on more testing," Cain said in response to Henry. "I would like to see you again in two days, just to record your vitals to see if there is any change. Otherwise I will contact you with my findings." He gave Jez a slightly sad and empathizing look. "I am afraid not."

"Trevor invited you, and that invitation wasn't taken back," Mrs Greyson said, the first thing she said since her comment to Jez. "There is space for you."

Jezelle jerked slightly when Mrs. Greyson spoke up again, a little surprised as she wasn't expecting such a thing right now, but was a little grateful regardless.

"O-oh? Thanks..." Jezelle said, a little off-balance.

Both parent's nodded, Mr. Greyson with a slight smile.

"Well then Doc, it seems like I will be seeing you in two days for a vital check up. Thanks for all

the work you have been doing and keeping it on the down low." He turned to the others sitting there while standing up and fishing the keys out of his pocket. "I guess I will see you all around."

Cain wasn't quite surprised by Henry's quick departure. He felt he was on fragile standing with the man. Oh, well. Trevor's parents were directing more questions at him and Natalie, so that took up his time.

Trevor was occupied with getting his cover back in place. He had practice now, so it didn't take as long, but it still wasn't a swift action.

Jezelle had moved to her copies and put a hand on their shoulders, a solemn but determined expression as they had a silent conversation. Depression was no fun, and even though Jezelle had no idea how to help, she was willing to try everything she could to help her copies -herself, more or less. Finding out your entire past could be a lie... that was pretty harsh...

The fire alarm rang out. Trevor winced, and covered his ears the best he could to protect them from the shrill sound. His parents looked confused and shocked, as most people did when an emergency happened in an unfamiliar place. Cain and Natalie looked up, but moved quickly to get them out of the room and into the hall. "What's going on?" Cain asked the first worker he saw. "What is the alarm for?"

"I don't know!" she said with controlled panic. "There was a call a little while ago about an emergency in the food court, but then before they could say anything else, the fire alarm went off."

"Wha... wait... wasn't Erin and Marina going to the food court?" Jezelle said with wide-eyed dread as she turned from her copies to look at the others.

Behind his cover, Trevor's eyes widened and his face dropped. "Where's the cafeteria?" he asked over the alarm.

"One the other side of the building, first floor."

The sentence was barely finished before all three Jezelles shot off for the fire-stairs at top speed. Though something curious happened when they sprinted down the stairs and the momentum nearly smashed them into the wall -taking a few steps on or along a wall is nothing special for an athlete all-too-familiar with momentum, except... she kept running... along the wall... all the way down...

If she felt she had time to think she might have paused to consider that abnormality...

With as much urgency, though much less speed, Trevor was running after them, ignoring the yells of his parents behind him. Jezelle's, the Jezelles' speed was shocking, so he did stumble a bit, but he steeled himself with the concern for the other two. Was it Marina? Did she melt again or something worse? Was it Erin? Did something finally happen to her? He made up a few seconds by leaping down the stair. He already used to take them three or four at a time, and the last time he jumped in the house he had hit his head on the ceiling. Besides, cats landed on their

feet, right?

Right. So he kept running.

As the events happened, Alex looked around, trying to figure out what did happen. Having his ears covered he looked at Trevor and saw him running. Figuring out that he didn't have much other options he followed him.

[/i][Also, **DMs little corner of realization.** Due to rising questions of confidentiality among the peon- I mean pup-players, there is a minor retcon in which Natalie takes the extra five or some minutes to explain to you what the wonders of your naked skeleton are. As such, there will be short and spicy paragraphs in which the gist of these miraculous findings are summaries. And a minor instance of a check of the biometrics (blood pressure and stuff)[/i]

Marina of the Lake:

I see the future in your bones hun. You need to drink more milk. Get some calcium in your system. Pretty normal. Nothing to see here. This is not the anomaly you are looking for. You can go about your business. Move along now.

Erin, Isle of:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jYj7T9eEQ4U> There are... things in your brain. Like calcified deposits or something. It almost seems metallic... Still, there have been medical cases of this sort of thing [not up for google fu at the moment] happening. It's just under your skull... above the language centers it looks like.

Prince Albie:

Bleeping ferret balls! Interesting anatomy... there seems to be some parallel with feline anatomy... detached shoulder blades... the coccyx distended into that short tail... the thickened distal phalanges, anchored nail, claw really... etc, etc. Leave me alone, I'm more behavioral biology, not medicine or anatomy...

Henry the Great:

It's Henry the great. You cannot ignore his girth. The thick bones... seems somewhat denser than one would expect. Possibly stronger... judging from the slight shading... the skin is likely denser...

Trevor Industries:

Holy Space Llama! [Much of the same... but with altered distal phalanges for the claws, the prehensile tail, 23 vertebrae. Um... detached shoulder blade should be free floating clavicle (I was right the first time...) Funky funky jaw structure, meh... anatomy...

Jezelle of the Pledge:

You're completely normal. And you are to. And you. Sure you're not long lost identical triplets? Hm... slight haze... maybe this thing is getting old... [The spatial connection thing. Maybe? *shrugs*] But... a fresh blood sample.

::Time Line::

Saturday; March 9th

7:45am - The Big Bang, a gas explosion at Deneson Chemicals. The explosion vaporized several tanker's load chemicals due to the transported out. Vapours mixed with the morning smog and spread over much of the GTA.

8:07am - general broadcast declares explosion harmless, 7 fatalities, 23 injured.

5:03pm - Game Night, hosted at Trevor's. Erin, Marina, Jezelle, Alex arrive

10/11pm - Henry finally finished clean up on site.

11:02pm - Marina... melted...

11:19pm - Cops turned up. After several failed lies and attempted cover stories, Trevor gets off with a warning, not domestic abuse, and Jez and Erin don't get charged with Interfering with a police investigation

Then they all had a sleep over.

Sunday; March 10th

4:00am - Marina woke up human

8:30am - Lots of things. Erin went to the kitchen, Trevor and Albert woke up as cats, Jezelle 2 woke up.

8:35am - Jezelle 1 gets out of bed.

8:45am - Henry calls.

9:00am - Polly invites Henry to her parlor and they had a rough time knocking each other around.

10:00am - Henry arrives and suffers Mind Break before carting the others off to the hospital.

Monday; March 11th

Not much really. Marina stayed home. Jez and the cats hung out. Henry went to the gym.

Tuesday; March 12th

Same. Boring day.

In the World of Henry---

Henry then started to make his way to his truck. He found out some interesting things about himself this day. He had found out that he had more dense skin and bones. This would account for him being strong and the fact that his skin stopped the needle from the doctor. He would find out more in two days. Perhaps some light will be shed on the subject. Until then he had some free time.

Henry was nearby a guard, security having been increased since Sunday, when the radio crackled. "All units on alert, there is some sort of situation in the food court. Nearby personal place investigate."

Henry over heard the conversation on the radio and slowed down and stopped his thought process. The food court and a situation. Well he could at least check it out and see what was going on. Wasn't that were the two girls went? Henry made his way toward the food court.

Henry wasn't alone in his journey to the court. Some had heard the two screams. Others were

garbed in uniform, dispatched by the radio message.

Hearing screams Henry started to move faster. A lot faster.

There was a clump of people two or so dozen meters ahead of Henry, presumably the security for the general area, and the fire alarm went off a little while before they raced in.

Only to be hurled back out with some force. The double doors swung shut with almost equal force, the sound echoing down the hallway. There was a man in a Tim Horton's uniform panting by the junction down from the door.

"Sir what the hell is going on!?" Henry spoke as he looked at the guards who were thrown to the ground.

The guards groaned, and the closest one managed a response. "A... man... inside with two girls. Then something knocked us out..."

Two girls in Tim Hortons? Wait wasn't that where the girls went... crap. Henry squared his shoulders and walked to the door and pushed it getting ready to walk through. He did not know what was on the other side but it was able to toss a bunch of grown men.

The door instantly met the resistance of the locking mechanism, giving on a millimeter or so before it was stopped.

Henry pushed harder. Pushed with all his strength. This door was going to open or he would bash it to pieces.

init <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4009746/> 19

//Ho kay... Mew decided to have Marina yell out help, so you can hear that. Actually, toss up an init to see if you hit the door before or after refrigerator Airlines took flight.

//.... Castle hates you <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4009750/> 20

The doors were just about to give when something crashed into it from the other side, knocking Henry back a foot or three, but otherwise doing no damage to him. The doors hung on, with several cracks through them

[Door toughness save: 25, DC 15+11](#)

Trauma and Drama in the Food Court---

Erin looked at the two EMTs and gave them a nod as she tended to do when she crossed paths with any emergency service workers. She took a bite out of her roll and was about to sip her coffee when the female started screaming. She stared at the scene for a grand total of five seconds, then leapt out of her chair and took off. No way she could help anyone like this.

The man slowly turned to look, and Erin found herself lifted off the ground, her churning feet doing nothing. "All the same... nothing different... all hate or scared or hate and feared and all confusing..."

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4009586/> Grapple Check 20

Erin tried to struggle, but wasn't able to. Instead, she just squirmed futilely. "Help! Someone help! Please! Why are you doing this!?" She yelled, trying to get some kind of an answer from him before he broke her body as well.

Oppose Grapple: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4009614/> 8

"Erin, that lady...what happened to her.", Marina stammered out between bites of a cinnamon roll. Marina rushed over and grabbed Erin and tried to prevent her from being moved.

Marina Oppose Grapple:

[1d20+2=15](#)

Marina couldn't see what was grabbing Erin, what the heck was going on now!?

The fire alarm blared. The clerks. One ran into the kitchen. The other out the door. Between them, someone must of pulled the alarm. A short while later, security guards burst into the room. "What's going on here?" they demanded.

"Noise... fear... anger... NOISE!" The man roared, clenching his head between his hands. Erin dropped to the ground, and his fury turned to the security guards, and they were bodily hurled out the room. The doors shuddered, then swung to slam closed, the impact causing the latch to loosen from the open position.

Feeling herself drop, Erin took this opportunity to get to her feet and run once again. She battered herself against the door with a shoulder barge, hoping to break it down so she could get out. She had to call the cops! Fast!

Strength check: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4009681/> 7...

"I don't think we should be going towards the thing that moved you with his mind.", Marina said with some concern. "If only I could still melt...this door can't be watertight...", Marina sighed.

"Got any better ideas!?" Erin said, starting to panic.

"Not really....actually how about this...", Marina said to Erin. She then turned back to the door and shouted, "Help!". Marina's mind raced, it wasn't often she was stuck in a cafeteria with an angry telekinetic. Heck it never happened before. Her thoughts turned to how she melted the other day. She still didn't know how Still she knew it had something to do with the sensation of being in water.

The man yelled again. "End the NOISE!" There was a wrenching sound, and the refrigerator from behind the counter tore from from it's spot and hurled towards them.

[Throw \(1d20+2=6\)](#)

Something clicked in Marina's mind, but it was buried under the cluster of other thoughts. Most of which were: Holy crap there's a flying fridge! With nowhere to run, Marina dove for cover, she had no time to consider if Erin was still fine. The moment after the fridge missed Marina's breathing was getting faster. She could feel her heart beating faster, and a sweat broke out. She

had one glance at the color of the sweat before she remembered what was it that clicked earlier. Within seconds there was a puddle of green liquid. In it floated a blue dress and assorted undergarments. "Great....and now this.", she said in alarm. She slowly reconstituted in her mostly humanoid form.

Erin yelled in fear as the fridge was tossed her way and dodged it. No place was safe now! How could they run from someone that could kill them with anything not nailed down

"No... all the same... all fear, hate, anger, confusion." The man yelled out a meaning sound, and small items started floating. And larger ones. Including the two girls, mass of water and bundle of flesh both. He held his head as if it were glass. "You... noise... different noise. Noise like me?"

Henry was forced back as something on the other side of the shoved back. There was the sound of something heavy hitting the floor. This door was not going to stop him from getting through. Henry spit on his hands and clapped them together. The sound off of clap was very loud and moved some of the dust and smaller pieces of wood away from him. (Woot super clap) He then pushed on the door once more.

"Damn door. Open sesame!" Henry shouted. And the door obliged. It swung open with a loud creaking, the refrigerator scrapping along the ground.

"Yes, Noise like you.", Marina said to the man. She was stuck in his telekinetic grasp...could barely move and then she barely managed to break the hold for a moment and flowed down to the floor, where she reformed as a puddle of green liquid.

Marina Escape Artist: [1d20+5=23](#)

DC: 15 (Damn ??? has horrible rolling luck... also lost the link...)

"Only because you're giving us more then enough reason TO fear you!" Erin yelled and attempted to struggle once again. "HELP! SOMEONE HELP US! PLEASE!" Somehow, she fought her way out of the telekenetic bond and with the door now open, she wasted no time in fleeing.

Oppose Grapple: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4012663/> 21

... Why does castle hate ??? 17

"Why won't the noise end!" The man wailed, falling to his knees. With a slight rumble and a whump, a shock wave of force.

:: Perception means he needs no AR

:: Toughness Save: 15+6 (He's new to this) Cone Blast... huge. Just call it huge... cause it is...
Need to check for the walls...

Erin yelled in pain as she was hit by the attack and was thrown straight into the wall. She felt like she was about to pass out and she pretended to be unconscious, hoping that by playing dead, the psychopath would leave her alone.

Toughness: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4013728/> 11 Stunned and Staggered

Toughness 2 (Knockback): <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4013770/> 18 Bruised, Prone

The door opened and Henry did not know what he was looking at. Marina was on the floor wet and there was a refrigerator on the floor. A man was not too far off and seemed to be having some trouble. As he went to step forward something pushed out. The force was very powerful but he was able to stand his ground. There was also Erin flying by. There was something fishy going on.

Seemed like this guy was the one who was causing the issues. This would be the third time he had run into a super powered person. First one shot a web at him, the second time he was put to sleep and now he had this guy. He was getting tired of getting pushed around so he bent over and picked up the fridge and started to move toward the man.

Marina DM save....

[1d20+3=22](#)

Marina remained flat on the ground when the shockwave hit and thus mitigating a bit of the effect.

The man didn't say anything this time, he just looked up with eyes somewhere on the borderlands of pain, fear and hate. A chair beside him rose, then launched items at the fridge toting Henry.

[AR=16](#) Toughness DC: 25

Defense of 17

Henry saw the items coming at him and did the only thing he could. He held up the fridge to block any of the shots. To his surprise he was able to do just that. Stuff was bouncing off left and right which meant the attacks were going to keep coming. But this would be his first time to get to attack one of these super powered people.

Henry charge the man and swung the fridge over head like a giant club and brought it down on top of the man.

Attack <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4014849/> AR 18 now with out str toughness DC: 24

Toughness Save: [1d20+6=12](#)

There is really little you can say when a fridge is falling towards you. Aside from thinking *Oh Crap*. Whatever it was that went through this one's mind, he was seeing stars for a while.

Bruised, Staggered, Stunned.

The puddle known as marina expanded until she had reformed her humanoid form, and then she lashed out with her right arm. Oddly enough she found her arm extended to the point where she could reach the psychic man from her current location. And with that she attempted to engulf the man in her liquid hand. Hopefully she could drown him and this whole thing could be over.

Suffocation Attack:

[1d20+1=14](#)

Fort DC 12 to negate

Erin heard all the sounds of fighting, and forced herself to stay still. She couldn't fight. Not at all. She had to make it seem like she was dead or something similar. She remained perfectly still, trying to keep her breaths shallow so she wouldn't be seen to still be alive.

Bluff (Not moving, doing her best not to breathe visibly, etc.) :

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4014971/> 16

Fort: $1d20+5=12$ Fail

Con: $1d20+2=12$ Pass

Stunned, only reactionary struggling.

Henry saw that the man's face was covered in water that was coming from Marina. He sadly had to drop his weapon or risk hitting her as well. His mighty weapon was not that good and discriminating friend and foe but his fists could. Henry pulled his fist way back and let a punch go aiming for the man's stomach.

AR <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4014996/> 7 don't think I need to roll damage

Marina held her watery hand over the man's face as best she could. She rushed closer to the psychic man while maintaining the hold over the man. Somehow her extended arm remained in midair despite gravity's protests. If need be she would find a way to submerge him completely.

Actions

Maintain Suffocate Power as a Standard Action

And Move 30 ft closer.

Con Check DC 11 or fall unconscious

Erin winced a little. The position her foot was in was a little awkward and that might have gotten some attention. Plus her leg had an involuntary muscle spasm which she got from time to time. Very rarely, but it was still something she had. She still hoped this would be enough to play dead and not attract attention.

Bluff: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4015077/> 15

Noise. Water. Noise and Water. Force. The man. Close. Anger. Fear. He screamed. He screamed as much as he could. And his abilities responded. A burst of power surged out, his entire body the point of origin, tables and chairs blasted away as well.

[Con. Check=21](#)

Psychokinetic Burst: Toughness Save: 25, fifty foot radius.

Reflex DC 20 to lower Toughness to 20.

The guards, who were outside with fresh reinforcements and recovering, sorta had to duck again when the shockwave reached them, though they were just outside its influence.

Marina Reflex:

[1d20+6, 1d20+3=\[20, 6\], = 26](#)

[Toughness: \[1, 3\] = 4](#)

Toughness 2: [1d20+3=17](#)

Unconscious, thrown into the wall, and bruised again.

The last thing Marina felt was a sharp pressure wave strike her center. She was flung back against the wall, upon impact she splattered. She could not feasibly describe that sensation, but she didn't need to as she dripped down to the ground where she reverted to human form. Clutching herself in pain, she passed out.

Erin tried to resist the pain as something hit her once again. She yelled as something hit her and tried to fight it, but from the previous injuries and this one, she passed out.

Reflex: (possible autofail since she doesn't see the attack and tht would give it away that she's not dead.

Toughness: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4015086/> 16 fail Unconscious

Henry reflex <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4015065/> 17 = fail

toughness <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4015072/> 28= success

Another blast of something that Henry could not see washed over him. He ground his teeth together and tried to hold on. He saw Marina go down under the pressure and flew across the room to...splatter on the wall. She splattered...how in God's name did that happen. This guy just blew her up!

He looked for something to hit this guy with and the only thing near was once more the fridge. he picked it up and tried to smash the man. He just wanted to put the man out of the fight. Let the cops deal with him them.

attack of <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4015118/> 4

The man hardly registered the fridge impacting beside him. Instead, a look of pure bliss overtook him. "Silence... at last..." and he toppled over to the ground.

"Oh pooh," a vaguely familiar voice said from beside Henry.

Henry turned at the voice to see who was still up. He still had the fridge in his hands incase it was somebody that still wanted to fight.

Much like how she appeared to Jezelle and Trevor, the lady slowly faded into view, outline then substance. "I was so hoping that would turn out better. Still, you pulled through, my Henry."

Polly looked the same, but different. Gone was the girl next door porno look. Instead, it was the super model come hither aura [Will save: 12 Control Emotion Love].

Notice DC: 25 for something else

will <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4015147/> 14

"Polly...you have returned. So you are the one behind this. Well let me just say..."

Henry tried to grab Polly as he let the fridge drop to the floor. He knew that she was dangerous and really did not want to deal with her shooting webs at him. He reached out and tried to grab her before the webs started to fly.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4015197/> 11 attack

"Oh, now you want to get your hands on me," Polly said sultrily, slipping away from his reaching fingers. "I'm afraid I can't come with you, but you can come with me if you like." She slowly blinked long eyelashes at him.

Henry was irritated that he was not able catch Polly. She did have a way with words and she did look very...no. This is how she almost got him last time. He tried to not meet her eyes and reached out again.

attack <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4015240/> 13

//to hold her, right? Toss up the grapple check

grapple <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4015278/> 27

she takes 4 damage. Crunch!

Toughness: $1d20+4=19$ huh...

"How forward," Polly teased. The number of people out in the hall was fluctuating as they moved the injured guards away. She didn't fight Henry, letting him draw her close. "If only you acted when the bedroom was so close."

Henry kept his eyes focused off of her face. He figured that part of her charm came from her eyes. He had no idea if that was right but he figured it was a good plan. In the mean time he kept applying the pressure to Polly.

"As much as I would like to talk some more," Polly sighed, "There are other things for me to do. Till another day, my Henry, Ära, minu lemmikloom." Unlike the spell she used when she showed up, this one was quick acting, strands of silk weaving across her skin and around her body like a time lapse video, then sagging as it took her somewhere else, leaving Henry holding a bundle of silk.

Henry threw the silk down. More powers that he couldn't deal with. At least the Jedi guy was down. Henry looked around to see if he could find the two girls. He was able to see one of them and went to her. He grabbed her and slung her over his shoulder. He then walked over to the man on the floor and noticed that he magically was gone as well. Shaking his head he walk toward where all the guards were. It was the way back to the clinic and he felt think Marina could use the services of a doctor. As he walked threw the door and spotted Erin laying there. He reached down and picked her up as well.

Erin was still out cold. Totally limp and offered no resistance. She was pretty well beat up and had more then a few large bruises on her.

Marina was passed out and entirely naked as her clothes were not affected when she melted. If anyone cared they were still in the cafe, possibly lost due to the rubble. Her body on the surface

looked fine, but she wouldn't know the extent of any internal injuries till later.

She woke up minutes later still slung over Henry's shoulder. "What happened!", she yelled in alarm.

"The fight is over. He knocked you both out and threw you across the room. Then Polly came in and took him away. Know we are going back to Doctor Cain."

"Where's my clothes! And who is this Polly?", she said as she thrashed in his arms. "Put me down."

"I have no clue where your clothes are. Why did you take them off in a fight? But Polly is a lady I ran into the first day. Tried to get me to call all of you over to join her. Going by what I just saw here she has the man working with her or for her."

"It's the melting...my body literally becomes watery...clothes don't stay on.", Marina said embarrassed. "I think it's something to do with surface tension." Marina sighed, it didn't look like Henry was about to set her down.

Henry carried Marina over to where he saw Dr. Cain checking on a guard. He dropped her next to Cain and set Erin down.

"Doc These two got injured by a man that caused all of this."

Marina immediately moved to hide her private parts by curling up. "Does someone have a towel!", she asked, while huddled.

Erin was still out cold, completely limp and unresponsive to anything that was happening around her. "Uhhhhh..." Erin complained. "Shut up screaming thing..." She said and reached over with her eyes closed, trying to smack Marina as though she was an alarm clock.

Con check: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4015592/>

Marina melted onto the floor of the doctor's room. She remained still as a puddle on the floor. Slowly the puddle rippled and her head and shoulders formed. "Darn, it happened again...haven't gotten the hang of it yet.", she said to the others.

b]Back up to the rescue!?!-----[/b]

The three Jezelles ran like the wind (Pocahontas? wat...? just... wat...? You know... run like the wind. no I don't recall that at all..) and came up to a door packed with people -one person in particular she recognized too easily, and it seemed Henry was thinking of acting upon these new events likewise. From what she overheard from the guard talking to Henry, though it sounded somewhat distant, it definitely seemed Erin and Marina were involved somehow which made her a little worried.

She hung back a bit to survey things, a little alarmed about the crash when Henry was attempting

to open the door -and the subsequent failure of the man to open the door at first which kind of surprised her.

A moment later, with a heavy creak, Henry started to make progress, before something hit the door with great force and he was forced to back off.

"The heck was that!?" Jezelle said in surprise, attempting to move closer to peer at the door.

Henry didn't respond, but instead moved to show the doors who was boss, and pushed it open like a baas.

At first Jezelle just watched, and then her eyes widened as she discovered there was an entire fridge behind the door -and judging from the position and grinding noise, Henry was pushing the fridge with the door. It was a *fridge* that hit the door earlier...? Where the flying... did it even come from...?

Trevor finally manage to catch up around this time, though he didn't quite have a line of sight into the room. He was panting somewhat. He also had a most quizzical expression on his face, which the scarf and shades mostly hid. "Ah... how... did you?" he groped with one hand, waving at their location and the way they came from.

"S'matter with you?" Jez3 asked lazily, standing with arms folded at the back while Jezelle and Jez2 continued watching.

"That... you... move... then... gone... I mean... that wasn't natural!" Trevor managed finally.

This was the second time Trevor mentioned her movement... was he slowing down or... maybe... but she honestly didn't *feel* faster, and who knows what all that genetic-futzing did with Trevor... "I'm an athlete Trevor, running fast is one of my many talents," Jez3 said with a sigh.

"That... that... oi..." Trevor gave up. "Are those people okay?" He asked instead, referring to the groaning, and in two cases prone, security.

"I dunno, probably. They're still breathing," Jez3 said with a shrug, not seeming to be paying much attention.

However, regardless of Jez3's carelessness, Jez2 apparently moved over and squatted down in front of one of the prone security guards to check on them, moving to check his pulse and for any concern-worthy bruises.

Her prompted altruistic actions were hindered by one little detail... she couldn't touch them. Her hands slipped right through them without them even noticing.

Trevor, having moved to watch, skipped back, making a sound somewhere between a hiss and growl in surprise.

Jez2 nearly leaped out of her skin in shock, launching herself backwards and crashing awkwardly,

the attentions of the other two immediately snapped onto the prone security guard with wide eyes.

Jezelle immediately went to touch Henry's shoulder to confirm something.

Henry's shoulders were a bit occupied. What with hefting the fridge and all.

Jezelle just stared and blinked at Henry casually carrying a fridge, smiling a 'just-snapped' smile before thrashing wildly and going to punch the door.

"I'M SICK OF CRAZY SHIT HAPPENING!" Jezelle yelled in fury.

With wide eyes, Trevor looked from the guard to Jezethree, to Jez, then back again in reverse. Then he looked to Henry. Somehow carrying a fridge as if it was nothing... Okay... one thing at a time. Cautiously, he reach out and poked Jezetwo's shoulder.

Jez2 jolted slightly from the poke, and she immediately poked Trevor back in the shoulder.

Partly to verify, partly because... well, because pettiness happened, Trevor poked again, though this one was a bit firmer.

Jez2 smacked Trevor in the shoulder again, looking a little unimpressed.

"Okay, ow..." Trevor said, rubbing his shoulder and holding up a warding hand. "So you are... solid?" He tapped the wall. "And the walls are too... and Henry is playing appliance ball..."

"How does this even work? We both spontaneously grew new superpowers that make us intangible to other people?" Jez2 said grumpily, sympathizing with the outburst from the original.

"Not quite," A female voice said.

"Oh great..." Jez2 groaned, covering her face with a palm as the other two moved back over to her to investigate.

Trevor jerked away from the source and whirled, because he had somewhat gotten somewhat used to being able to track the sounds of people. Strange how he had gotten somewhat dependent on it...

"This is turning out to more interesting than I expected," The voice said. Slowly, a figure faded into view, foggy outline that filled with transparent color before the solid form of a woman was before them. <http://image.worldcosplay.net/upload...c10209-740.jpg> With a more normal hat though...

Jez2 took a deep breath, surprisingly calm and probably more frustrated than anything.

"I make copies of myself, Trevor and Alex turn into furies, Henry picks up a fridge like it was nothing, so why the hell not," Jez2 said in resignation, turning upon the woman, "What's the big idea? Why is Trevor the only one I can hit?"

Trevor choose not to question why she would won't to hit him the first place, just... backing her up instead.

The lady looked into the Cafeteria were Henry and the man were duking it out. "I couldn't exactly have you two interfering, now could I?"

Jezelle took one glance back into the cafeteria and all three had a rapid heel-face-turn in their moods, now well aware things were very amiss.

"You're setting something up?" Jez2 asked suspiciously, "Henry just lifted a fridge, and you're worried about *us* interfering?"

"There are four more of you, and only one of him," the lady said sultrily. "Hardly fair."

The Jez Trio's fists clenched tightly.

"And something makes you confident that the four of us aren't going to harm you for stopping us from making sure our friends are safe?" Jez2 said with barely gritted teeth.

Trevor draw into himself a bit. Sure, Jez had a point. The fact that he hadn't seen Marina or Erin was troubling, but... this body was still three days new. He didn't even know how everything on it worked yet. Claws nervously slide in and out of his fingers. Not even at will.

"Oh, I am quite confident that you will try to harm me. In fact, I was counting on that attempt. My Henry is important to me, but his friends would be nice to add to my collection." She smiled. "But I am confident that you won't get to me. Not when I have another playmate for you."

She drew a strand from her hair, whether plucked of something already stored, and let it fall. Only it wove into a large cocoon, that split open, leaving a yawning mixed race man in a sleeveless top, sweatpants and flip flops standing there. "Aw, whi'dda have to go wake me up fer?"

"I need you to entertain these for me," She said as she turned, walking away, slowly fading again. "Don't hold back if they prove challenging. Try not to kill them."

"Uhuh... right... yep... makes sense..." Jez2 said lifelessly with the other two Jezelles flanking her.

Then without apparent warning all three shot forward in perfect sync to kick the new guy and run all the way past him. She was beyond giving a fuck now.

[Jez Trio Move-By Attack!: 18, 7, 20](#)

DC 17

He manage to catch one kick on a forearm, but the other two got past his guard, which wasn't up anyway. Of those, only the kick to his gut did actually damage him somewhat.

[1d20+5=15](#)

[1d20+5=22](#)

Initis:

Trevor: 23, Jezelles: 22, New Guy: 11

Alex caught up with Trevor later. He somehow lost him half way and had to find him again using his ears, and so he ran into the room, noticing the mess. "GAH." he said, noticing the bodies around there. "Not the time for me to arrive--" he muttered, looking around, backing off.

There was definately something off about the Jez... they should not be moving that fast! Either way, he tired to add his own two cents to the... Never mind.

[1d20+1=2](#) Miss...

Far too annoyed to give the man any breathing room, the Jezelles immediately spun around and shot by for another triple strafe to effectively end up where she started of sorts, maybe further if they could manage it.

[Jez Trio Move-By Attack 2!: 6, 18, 2](#)

One strike, two strike, three. The second hit actually got past his guard again, and the cat person... the less said the better. Not only did the blow get past his defense, it also left another bruise. "Woman, that just woke me up."

[Toughness=16](#)

He pressed his hand against the wall and, like a wave, his flesh darkened and got rough, taking on an apparence much like stone. The transformation flowed quickly, and within seconds his entire body was a living carving. He made a pair of fists, and aimed at a Jezelle and at the cat. Don't kill them. Fine, fine... He only formed blunted projectiles. Both of them cracked into the wall rather than hitting a target. Lovely. He was out of practice.

[1d20+3=4](#)

Well, damn... If it wasn't for the hat, though he has moved the shades and scarf of out the way, his ears would had flattened severely... First, it was a fairly intimidating brawler they had to face. Now... it was a brawler either a) made of stone or b) covered in stone. Neither was a particularly inspiring thought. He ducked in and tried to scratch him again.

[1d20+1=10](#) (still hated...)

"Are.. you... shitting me..." Jezelle complained emphatically, glaring at the now stony opponent, "What... I... screw it."

All three sprinted off again for another strafing run, Jezelle's mind working over time as she figured out a rough idea and attempted to choreograph something in her head for the others. She was kind of glad of all of that gym practice now...

Jez2 came first, doing a neat cartwheel, a flip and a dive at the stone man, shooting right between his legs and stomping for the backs of his knees; Jez3 jumped smoothly over him with a foot aiming to use his face as a stepping stone, while the original brought up the rear and made for a grand stomp at his left knee.

Though after all was said and done, they rolled with their attempts and continued sprinting away,

not willing to give the stone man a chance to do something in close range.

[Combined Fail!: 13, 4, 14](#)

Let's do this better this time. The three sisters were proving to be of a greater annoyance than the cat, so he turned his attention to them, clenching both fists and launching two more chunks at them.

[1d20+3=16](#)

Targets; Jez 1, 3. Toughness: DC18 each.

[Saves 1 and 3: 13, 11](#)

Jez 1 and 3 are sent flying 2 feet each, both stunned and bruised. Acrobatics lets them stay on their feet and suffer no extra damage, DC would be 7, base Acrobatics modifier is +10

Crap... he took out two of them... Seemed like... the first one and the most recent. Trevor didn't say anything, just growled silently and struck at the living carving, ripping the top he wore before he interposed himself between the enemy and the girls. Chivalry. Because almost every other sense said get out of there. On the bright side... he might have hit somewhere important.

[1d20+1=21](#) I was wrong.

[1d20+1=7](#) of course... Damn Troll...

Toughness DC: 18

[You damn Troll...]

[1d20+9=19](#)

"That one almost hurt," the man taunted.

Jez2 froze in shock as the other two of her were laid low in single strike, causing her a degree of alarm to say the least. What the hell was she supposed to do now? Her numbers were the only reason she felt she had a chance in this little fight.

She was so tired of feeling lost and afraid, and herself specifically like she was just a fake, it wasn't her in her memories, she wasn't the original. Just so tired...

"Trev, let's get the hell out of here," Jez2 said tiredly, "This stony idiot won't be able to catch us like that."

"You run first, I can catch up," Jez2 assured, standing her ground next to the other two and readying herself.

[Total Defense +4 Dodge Bonus]

Trevor shook his head firmly, even if he he was somewhat shaking in his boots. "If we run, it means leaving Erin and Marina. I can't do that."

Instead of going for the ranged option, he decided to get up close and personal. With the sound of grating stone, he clenched a fist and his hand form a rough mace. Instead of going for the ranged option, he decided to get up close and personal. With the sound of grating stone, he clenched a fist and his hand form a rough mace.

"Since you want to be first!" The man swung his macified hand at Trevor as if it were an oversized fist.

1d20+5=6

So Trevor moved. The wrong way, stepping forward and grabbing the man's arm and trying to throw him off balance or something. Though he did manage

AR=17

Grapple Check (1d20+5+2) (forgot the attack bonus) = 15

Opposed roll (forgot the AB again...)=19

Jez2 sighed and shook her nonsensically, "I wasn't going to leave them..."

The other two Jezelles groaned a little and straightened their stance, twisting a few muscles and glaring at the stone man. All three appeared to be slightly trembling with rage, she was all so tired of this, of the maelstrom of emotions from all that had happened, and even the original had taken upon much of the endless frustration the copies had about their seemingly useless existence.

She just stopped caring; there was nothing more in the world she wanted more than to simply punch this asshole in the face, even if he was a goddamn rock.

All three broke into an outright run, fists clenched so tightly they hurt; Jez2 and 3 leaped past the man, both twisting mid-air for the strongest roundhouse kick they could manage.

Jezelle and Jez4... well, apparently Jezelle split as she arrived at the stone man, one on either side of Trevor. Jez4 went a kick for a his shoulder and Jezelle just outright threw herself behind a punch right for the stone man's face.

[Jezelle Standard: Duplicate, Move To Stoneman, Extra Effort: Surge: Standard: Combined Attack]

[Jez4: Standard spent, Move to Stoneman, Extra Effort: Surge: Standard: Combined Attack]

Jez Squad Attack (Aggressive): 14+2, 19+2, 18+2, 6+2

Toughness Save=11 Staggered and Stunned. (Castle is a Fickle mistress)

Conc. Check DC 16 (1d20=10)

(very fickle.)

Knockback: 6-6-1 = -1

Something for Albie to Do----

Trevor's parents caught up with Alex by the end of the hallway, Mrs Greyson not being a runner, and Mr. Greyson not going to abandon her. The alarm had not yet been silenced, so it was continued background music to the incident. Mr Greyson put a hand on Alex's shoulder. "What's going on?"

Alex nearly jumped up as he felt the hand on his shoulder. He looked back at Greyson and just managed to conjure a word "Fighting." before shutting up and considering how to act next. After few seconds of silence, he decided to add "Some dude fights with Trevor and Jezes, and probably that same dude has beaten up two guards. Mess everywhere."

"My son in in a fight? Where?" Mrs Greyson demanded. A few more security had moved up to help those that fell.

Alex pointed in the direction where the fight was had. "There."

"The only thing I see is a group of security guards," Mr. Greyson said after a moment. No son, no Jezelle, no 'dude'. Just the six guards who had been downed earlier, and two others trying to move them out of the way.

"It's further in there, I think." Alex replied.

The couple gave Alex a look, then moved to see if they could lend a hand to the guards. The moment they entered the hall, the sound of their footsteps and movements seemed to take on a hollow, faintly echoing timbre, seeming not caring about the fight that was happening in the same vicinity.

Figuring that whatever may arrive next to grab him, Alex followed Trev's parents, just in case.

As they got closer to the fight, Trevor's parent didn't seem to even notice it, instead, calling out to the fallen guards. "Do you need a hand!?"

Alex stared at the pair and then glanced at fight. What the hell is this? Looking back at Trev's parents he wondered why would they care about wounded without caring for themselves at first.

Whatever it was, he didn't like it. Just to make sure that either him or the parents were insane, he called out to them "THE FIGHT IS OVER HERE!"

//Welcome to the fight club ^^

Welcome to the fight club, now with 50% more cats, and 25% more Jezelle---

Inits:

Trevor: 23, Jezelles: 22, New Guy: 11

"Alex!?" Trevor asked, surprised. There was a rumble coming from the other room, but didn't pay much attention to it.

The guy staggered, head ringing from the attacks the three, no, four girls had let loose on him, and he could barely manage to keep to his feet. His control slipped, and the armour fades away.

Not when the guy was finally down. Well, not down, but his skin lost the carving look. So Trevor stuck out again, his claws out as swipped at the man's face.

[1d20+1=13](#) (thank you stunned...)

Toughness Save: 18

Head ringing as it was, there was no real way to properly guard against that in his normal skin. The blow took him off his balance and he dropped hard.

Toughness Save=7 Stunned + Staggered. Stacking Staggered: Unconscious
Knockback: 3 - 2 = 1

[In a little while, he vanishes much like Polly did, leaving some silk [as in spider, like a cocoon] behind, then with a bit of wavering light, they are released as the spell Polly used ends. Dumping in the hall suddenly.]

[soon]

<http://i0.kym-cdn.com/entries/icons/...%20%281%29.jpg>

bookmarks

//spose we have to wait for night to get back on a computer...?

Some time Later. When things get sorted out and temporal streams are organized----

Cain was of great help in sorting things out. Trevor took off without much in the way of goodbyes. Muttered something hastily about too many people before heading out the fire escape. Jezelle unit Two of Four followed, adding something about keeping an eye on him so he didn't do anything rash and stupid. Alex did follow them too.

With One of Four and Four of Four nursing ouchies and Marina and Erin recently recovering from an unexpected nap, Henry played responsible adult and wrangled Cain into the role of care giver. He prescribed bed rest for One and Four of Four, and asked Erin and Marina for them to stay the rest of the day for observation. Got them a shared room too.

Erin laid out on her bed and relaxed as she was looked at and had fun things stuck in her arm. "Owwww..." She groaned from the pain. "How bad is it?" She asked Cain as she clenched her teeth. "Am I going to need to stay here?"

"Superficially, mostly," Cain said to Erin. "While there is some trauma, it's no more than if you had taken a bad fall. For the moment, we have you on a basic nutrient mix, and I would like if you stayed the day for observation."

Erin nodded. "That's all right, sure."

Marina oozed across the floor to Cain. Reforming into her water girl form "How bad does it look doc?", she asked, keeping her "hands" folded across her chest. She oozed onto the bed anyway, just to keep things as normal for herself as possible.

Cain raised an eyebrow. Interesting echo there.

"Uh... Marina, you're made of water... I'm no doctor but I'm fairly certain no one knows if you're even injured..." Jez3 pointed out. The three Jezes were sitting in a neat little row on the one bed.

"I have to agree with her," Cain said. "I wouldn't know where to start."

"I know but I'm stuck like this until I'm asleep or something like that...If only I could control it.",

Marina said to the two.

"Interesting," Cain said. "Would you mind if I took a sample?"

"I guess...but I'd rather not find out if my liquid body can separate.", Marina said

"I meant a blood... fluid sample, not removing a limb," Cain said.

"When my whole body is water, does it make a difference...but sure you can have a sample.", Marina said to him.

Cain was gathering for himself quite the collection of samples to test. First the blood, then the bit of fur from the two, the second set from the Rivers, now this one. "There is a chance a sedative might work," he said after he got his sample.

"I'd prefer to stay like this for a while longer...fall asleep normally, that sort of thing.", Marina said to Cain.

Cain made the sounds of acknowledgement and left the two to rest.

"All right... Note to self, I'm gonna stay at home for... anything. Not that I didn't do that anyways to begin with." Erin said. "Especially with all these crazy people running around."

"Hey I risked my life to stop mr. psychic...", Marina said to Erin, "We're not all crazy."

"You have powers though. You can fight. All I have is that I can talk to computers and I'm not even 100% sure I even have that." Erin countered.

"I could barely survive against that guy.", Marina said her entire water form rippling as she spoke.

"Still, you have something that can be used to fight." Erin shrugged. "If I had the chance, I'd fight. Believe me. That whole 'I fight to protect those I like' thing that I have my characters usually adopt? That's how I am. If I can at least."

"I'd prefer to hang back...stay alive if possible...and what I really need is clothing that doesn't flow off of me when I shift...", Marina said embarrassed.

"I'm sure something will figure itself out. Maybe you'll just get used to it and adopt that goo thing you got going for good. I dunno." Erin said and closed her eyes. "So... Any computers here able to hear and talk to me? Or am I just going insane too?" She asked no one in particular.

"Maybe I'll get used to not being able to go out in public...", Marina said tensing up. Her body stiffened and slowly changed back to human. She immediately curled up to hide her private parts. "So that's how I change back....", she said to no one in particular.

Marina focused her thoughts...maybe she could use this time to figure out how to transform. She focused on the water, the puddle girl that she was able to become. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. She looked down...at least she was no longer naked. She poked the odd short black leotard she was clad in, the same one from her old gymnastics lessons. Skin texture...which meant it was part of herself...She sighed and lay down on the bed. What the heck was happening to her? She inspected her arm, she was pale by this point and she could see her veins...inside it was a familiar green liquid, she had a number of wild theories. "Erin, did you see what happened!", Marina asked her.

Erin opened her eyes. "Huh? What happened?" She asked. "Oh, that was fast. Where'd that come from?"

"Not sure...but it's not real clothing..it's somehow part of my body.", Marina said to Erin, "Almost as if I have the malleability of fluid in human form."

The Jezelles sort of watched in only mild surprise, for the most part trying to sort of rest. "That's awfully convenient. I suppose these mutations come with a few more upsides than expected..." Jez3 remarked, "I suppose I probably wouldn't have fought that stony guy if there weren't four of me..."

"I don't think I would have stood up to Mr. psychic without powers either...", Marina said to the Jez's, "Still would be fun to see what the limits of our powers are...first rule of superheroes...or at least Spiderman."

Erin shrugged. "What do you think I've been trying to do for the past few days? From what I could tell, my powers were computer based so I was playing games to see if I could get the PS3 to talk to me again or something... and it didn't work."

"Heh... I think for me at least, copying myself is pretty straight-forward... maybe there's a limit to how many copies I can have but I'm not so sure I really need more ya know..." Jezelle said, looking at the other two, "Well, at least Trevor is on the bandwagon I suppose, Alex probably is - he hasn't stated he's not interested or anything."

"This water form thing has just become deceptively complicated....you'd think turning into jello would be straightforward but alas no...", Marina said. "And now this...", Marina thought. She then focused on something new. She pictured herself dressed which lead to the skin leotard. "I feel like trying something...any ideas for what?", Marina asked.

"Turning into jello... straightforward...?" Jez3 said, rather lost, "Well okay... Maybe turn into a wrecking ball or something, with spikes, and then Henry can throw you at the next opponent!"

Marina pictured the ball shape in her mind, black steel, with spikes...no wait..spikes hurt...dang lost it again. She redoubled her focus on just getting the ball shape right. Unconsciously she curled up into a ball and the others could clearly see her skin rippling.

Power Control: [1d20=16](#)

In moments where a 19 year old girl lay now lay a black ball, perfectly spherical, but without spikes. Marina knew she was unable to replicate the properties of steel, but she did manage to mimic the appearance. And slowly her body stopped rippling. The morphing was complete.

"Hah! That's actually a little crazy, turning your body not just into water but objects... thinkin' about where all your parts go is kinda trippy..." Jez3 said in applauding surprise, though the thoughts of the other two were quick to enter her mind and she was already wondering exactly where Marina's eyes were at this point, or her ears, or feet... etcetera... She could only wonder how strange it was...

Marina could barely move in this shape, but she tried to hold it together as best she could. She would try to figure out the science eventually, or maybe she would just ignore all that, damn physics messing up her fun.

Erin muttered something incomprehensible and huffed, rolling onto her side in a poor attempt not to show how jealous she was.

Sulking Kitty, Other Kitty, And a friend---

The one bright side of this entire mess? With the confusion of the fire alarm and authorities showing up, and the time between the initial pulling of the alarm and the guarding reporting what happened, it was easier than it might have been to slip out and slink away. And slink away he did, hiding in his car.

Though Trevor would discover he had more than a physical tail, as Jez2 was quick to pursue - being the healthiest Jezelle at the time- and found herself sitting in the car with Trevor, regardless of what the cat may have wanted, since she was particularly fast for some reason.

Trevor looked over at her, then just gave up with a sigh. "You okay?"

"Me...?" Jez2 asked with a bit of surprise, a little suspicious and sarcastic, "The other three are maybe a little uncomfortable. I chased you out here to make sure *you* were okay."

"Physically, fine I guess," Trevor said. He flexed his hand a bit. "A little sore, but fine. Mental... shell shocked I guess? You Albie?" he said, moving the attention from himself.

"Eh, not a scratch." Alex replied

"I notice you go another sister," Trevor commented as the silence stretched on for a while. "Not that it's wasn't a good thing, if would have gone the other way if it wasn't for you, but..."

"Yeah... get pissed off enough and you stop caring about consequences... and adrenaline probably made it easier, it's probably too hard to explain the desire to hit someone as two

people," Jez2 said, looking quite calm and a little placated, "Somehow, finally snapping makes it all easier to cope with. Yeah a strange out-of-phase lady took us out of phase and put us in a fight with some dude that turns into a living statue, but it doesn't actually bother me any more..."

Trevor laughed, if only because of how ridiculous the entire thing sounded. Toss in the fact that a cat was fighting too... "Seriously... Just when did our lives turn into a comic book?"

"Since the explosion on the factory?" Alex replied without much emotions in his voice.

"Rhetorical," Trevor said, lightly punching Albie on the shoulder.

"Maybe I should put on a mask and cape and run around as Miss Army of Me," Jez2 said with lifeless humour before metaphorically head-desking on the dash with a drawn out sigh, "What the hell am I going to do with 4 of me..."

"Considering OOP lady somehow got two people to fight us, all because she was interested in Henry for something, it may not be a bad idea," Trevor said, holding his head in his hands. "You still have that... hive mind thing going on?"

"Yeah, why? Wanna use me a telephone now?" Jez2 asked dryly.

"Why not. Free collect calls," Trevor responded with a casual smile. "How are the others doing?"

Jez2 just had to burst out laughing at that, sitting up properly with a jovial smile lingering on her face.

"Well two of em tired and they're all sore from mr stony's ranged punches," Jez2 replied offhandedly, "Erin seems alright, Marina's watered down again, Cain's doin' the doctor thing and everything seems fine."

"So basically only me, you you, Henry and Albie came out of this in one piece," Trevor said thoughtfully. Just three really, cause Albie hadn't gotten involved. "We need to get a handle on this..."

" 'One' piece huh..." Jez2 said philosophically, trailing off with the thought.

"Unscathed then," Trevor smiled. He raised an eyebrow at Albie. "Feeling cheap?"

"Eh, no?" Alex simply replied.

Trevor pouted. Wittiness lost. Ah well. He shifted back to the more serious matters. "We need experience."

"As if these attackers won't let us obtain some." Alex said, deciding to shift through the radio channels to find some news frequency.

"Where the heck would we even begin?" Jez2 queried airily, "And why are we suddenly thinking

about that? Are these mutations giving you suspicious ideas?"

"I only hit that guy twice," Trevor said, the innuendo flying over his head. Normally, it would have made him flustered, but he was a bit distracted. "The first time by luck, which he didn't even seem to notice, and the second time only because the thr-four of you knocked him around." He sighed, and clutched at his knees. "Cain isn't sure how these changes happened really, much less trying to fix it... someone's out to get Henry, and seems interested in the rest of us... last time we were here someone broke in... I just think it's time we... I dunno... figured out what we can do?"

Jez2 head-desked the dash again with a long sigh.

"Mask and cape... I shoulda shut my mouth..." Jez2 mumbled though loudly enough to hear, "Sure... let's see what we can do to prepare ourselves for any future encounters."

Yep, she definitely seemed to be less worried about absurdities and impossibilities ever since snapping, it was almost... refreshing, perhaps? Just go with the flow... don't care about anything...[d]

"Mask and... cape?" Trevor echoed. Okay... he was sure he didn't say that much. "Opinions Albie?"

"Opinions on cliché superhero suits?" Alex said obliviously to the actual point "As for preparations, I have no ideas. I would have said that I want to play videogames all that time, but since the day computers started talking to me, it's not that much of a pretty option, so I have a lot of time to spare."

"Super... heroes? Bit of a... jump..." Particularly considering he more or less abandoned them to duke it out on their own, Trevor thought, a bit bitterly. Yes, he was still a bit sore about that.

"Aw come on, am I the only one who connected the dots?" Jez2 said with a sigh, "Comic books, mutated powers, and you come up with the idea we should be ready for another attempt from someone else who has crazy mutations? I mean, wouldn't people normally try to stay out of this kind of thing?"

"You know, I hope it's not superheroes fiction setting we got ourselves in, because if it is, I am not being able to be genre savvy in this, as I've never read any comixes'n'stuff." Alex said semi-jokingly.

"I was just talking self defense," Trevor said, his ears flicking. "I mean... we were just targeted by some crazy person who actually knows what she can do. And we were staying out of it. This is the second time I'm leaving the house since this happened..."

"Yeah but would you really consider defending yourself without some help, against someone with mutated powers, if you didn't have your own?" Jez2 asked Trevor pointedly, "Doesn't really matter in the end I suppose, things will turn out however they're going to. Question remains how are we going to defend ourselves better considering the ones targeting us?"

"Familiarity, I guess..." Trevor said, momentarily stymied by Jez's thought process. Dammit logic... Still, he told himself he still would have. Even if he didn't have fur and claws. "Um... you think you could talk to the other three, see what they say?"

"Well Erin's already brought up 'investigating our limits', but honestly, you think we can really hide from these people? That woman was doing the out-of-phase thing, she could be anywhere and we can't see her," Jez2 said.

"Eh..." Trevor raised his hand, index finger up (though his claws were retractable, there was still a sliver of it visible through on the slit that ran along the top of his finger), ear perked and ready to counter. But no argument came. His voice trailed off and his finger and ears fell as his expression turned from confidence to pale. As much as he could with fur and dark skin. (Well... the pads on his hands and feet were...). "And there goes the paranoia level... Thanks for that..."

"If she does some magic-like shit, it means we can totally counter it." Alex said, not believing himself "We just need to figure out how that works..." Some time later he added "Actually, it's not that much of a good idea, since we have no material to work with and probably won't get any."

Trevor groaned and contemplated this option. Where were they supposed to get information anyway? On the other hand, this third party communication with limiting... Hold on... He had other options...

Together in Spirit, if not in Body----

It was into this awkward jealous silence that Erin was fueling that the phone in the room, sitting on the small table between the beds, started ringing.

After a short while Marina reformed into her usual self...it took a while but she returned to her normal form. Wherapon she found the hospital robe. She put it on quickly and returned to the bed.

Erin meanwhile waited for Cain to come back. It was probbaly for him. She knew of some phones that could and did default to inter-building communications and needing the press of a button to have an out-going call.

Marina walked over to check the caller ID on the phone.

The cheap hospital phones didn't have one. [Seriously, the ones I've seen have a ton of buttons, but no ID.]

Seeing as all the semi-responsible adults were preoccupied, Marina picked up the phone. They were likely looking for Doctor Cain. "Hello?" She said sweetly.

"Hello? Marina?" Trevor asked. Damn this was awkward. Cell phones were no made for muzzles. At least his hearing was good enough...

"Yes, this is Marina, what's up?", Marina asked. WHY was Trevor calling on the internal hospital phones. And how did he figure out the room....Cain might have told him. Anyway she mouthed the words, "It's Trevor." to Erin and turned her attention back to the phone.

"Meh, got tired of the voice messaging option," Trevor said with far more levity than he was feeling. "The operator is nice and all, but the connection has a bit of lag." [strong chance of Two of Four hitting him here ^^]

"Well at least I'm nice..." Jez2 muttered, arms folded.

"I see, well I can hear you just fine...Erin and I are just resting up...some new mutations for me, but aside from that not much...you guys safe?", Marina rambled.

"Albie hid, and Second and I managed to avoid getting hit. Only First, Third and Fourth (Dun Dun Dun... just one more...) didn't get out so well," Trevor sighed.

[Possible Albie/Jez comment]

"Third, told me something about a stoned man she was fighting...just so you know I almost died today.", Marina rambled on.

"Yeah, that crazy lady friend of Henry's really has it in for us," Trevor muttered. "I really need to ask him what he did to her."

"Henry has a crazy lady friend?", Marina said with some alarm, "He did mention it once, but I didn't see her today...you say she's responsible?"

"You don't know? He didn't tell you? The Jez's didn't tell you? You didn't tell them?" The last one Trevor directed at Second.

"Not like it wasn't going to come up!" Jez2 said defensively.

Trevor sighed. "Crazy lady. About five five, five six. Smells like spiders. Has a thing for Henry... actually, I'm going to put you on speaker. Does your phone have that?"

"It's a hospital phone, so probably.", Marina said to Trevor. "Found it.", She pressed the button for speaker and waited for Trevor to speak.

"Um... yeah, what was I saying..?" Trevor's thoughts were a bit scattered. The phone had a slight feedback to it. "Right... crazy woman with a fixation on Henry. She pulled this weird out of phase thing on me and Jez. Said she didn't want us to interfere."

"Hey Trev," Erin said, somewhat surprised to hear his voice. She rolled over and looked to the direction of the phone. "How are you holding up?"

"Fuzzy and hungry," Trevor responded. "And confused. Very, very confused."

"That seems rather elaborate, then again I was unconscious when she was supposed to arrive....I think...maybe...wait interfere in what?", Marina asked.

"Ie'unno," Trevor said with an unseen shrug. "She said something about 'her Henry' and adding us to her collection... Honestly... it was kinda creepy. [Didn't help that she smelled like spiders....(DC: 15 notice)]"

"Wow... She sounds like one hell of a slut..." Erin muttered. "And wait, how do you know what a spider smells like? Wait... Backspace, If I was to ask 'how do you know what a spider smells like?' would I regret it?"

Notice: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4018891/> 19

"Because shut up..." Trevor muttered.

"I think you already know the answer to that.", Marina said to Erin, "We'll need to keep a lookout for this lady, but for now there's nothing we can do....unless one of you is batman."

"You have two cats. Isn't that good enough for you?" Trevor's hurt voice asked over the speaker.

"There are never enough cats." Alex replied.

"Catman does have the same ring to it...puddle girl though...doesn't really work now does it...", Marina said to Trevor.

"Worked for puddle jumpers," Trevor quipped.

"And meanwhile there's me with nothing useful... Useless Girl more like." Erin sighed. "And a Puddle Jumper is a ship class, not a superhero name."

"Don't be so hard on yourself...I'm sure you have something....", Marina said.

"We've been through this before..." Erin sighed. "All I can do is talk to computers... More like talk at them since they don't talk back.and that's not even a superpower. Anyone can do that."

"Anyway...like I said Trevor, we can't do anything about her so don't worry about it....maybe regroup at your place sometime...", Marina suggested.

"We can practice," Trevor said. "That guy almost wiped the floor with us. He almost took out First and Third with one hit."

"And that psychic lunatic knocked me out without even trying." Erin complained. "You guys can

go ahead with practicing. I'll be off doing something else... probbaly sulking at how useless I am."

"Have you ever been splattered on the wall sans psychic shockwave....it doesn't feel good.", Marina said, "And yeah, if your parents are willing to let us have the house."

"Have you even been targeted by a living statue that shoots rocks at you hard enough to dig into the wall, and ignores every hit you give him?" Trevor said blandly. "It's not fun either. And they aren't even the one's who planned all this. She called him out as an afterthought when Jez threatened her. Oh, and she can apparently go out of phase at will, so we can't tell where she is... Jez has got me all worried about invisible watchers now..."

"We could argue this all day, that still doesn't solve the problem...shall we regroup at your place then...", Marina said.

"Meh... you guys might as well not wait up for me. I'm a liability more then anything. Suppose I could rent out a camera and record. What time do you want us all there?" Erin said and laid on the bed, attempting to form a script in her mind.

"Why is it always my place," Trevor muttered under his breath. "Fine I suppose... but I was more thinking in the woods or something. And you can sulk or come, whichever you prefer, but if you show up with a camera, I might not let you in," he added in response to Erin's comment.

"Oh... Nevermind then. I guess I'll be along if anything comes up I suppose." Erin said, deflated.

"I think the woods might be better space-wise...depends on what the others say I guess...I just think we need more practice as is.", Marina said to Trevor.

"Space wise? I'm more worried about damage," Trevor said with much emotion. "My parents still have a job doing out of town, and they said Jez and Albie can stay over, but I don't think they will like it if they came back and it was burned down or something."

"Is there some other location we can use as a secret base if these two don't work out?", Marina asked, "And what sort of damages are we talking about?"

"That's the point, I don't know, you turn into water, Jez splits and I swear moves faster than a normal person should, me and Albie turned into cats, Erin's hair bleached out, Henry tore the door off his apartment by accident..." Trevor was counting them off on his finger as he spoke, even if they couldn't see it.

"Yeah I see what you mean...but then the woods aren't that much better are they...", Marinsa said to Trevor, "We need somewhere more secluded."

"I can't think of anywhere more secluded," Trevor said. "Jez, Albie, you?"

"We can always leave the city and go deep in forests, and I bet that unless someone of us will

turn into a walking GPS navigator, we won't get out." Alex said "We can also search for abandoned landmarks in the city, such as empty warehouses or unfinished construction sites, although as we all know they tend to be visited quite often by kids that search for either adrenaline, deep secrets or a place to get some drugs into their bloodstream. The only good option for me is to find something underground, like an old Cold War bunker of some sorts, or use Subway systems (unused tunnels and stuff), or find a whole lot of explosives and shit like that and make ourselves a nice cave. Here, I've listed our options. Oh wait, I also can suggest building an underwater base, using a big boat or a yacht or travel abroad (for example to Russia where most of the land doesn't have any sort of population at all). Now I am done here."

"Um... yeah. That's Albie," Trev said, blinking. "The city's too young for the tunnels though." The downside of suburbia. New York? Dozens of old forgotten tunnels and stations.

"Hah, I don't really have anything better in terms of seclusion and damage control -I mean I mighta been able to hire out the indoor court at university for a little while but that's not really useful," Jez2 said with a helpless shrug.

"So the woods it is," Trevor said with false enthusiasm. He wagged a finger in the air. "Wohoo." Then he sneezed. The fur on the back of his neck briskling momentarily. "Ugh... nasty..." he groaned when he realized that there was now a palm full of mucus to deal with. "Ah, and it's in my fur... augh..."

Alex giggled at Trevor, although it gave him really bad thoughts. First world problems.

He would have to face the same fur cleaning problem too. No way he is going to lick THAT off him.

"We didn't need to hear that Trevor.", Marina said to Trevor.

"Gah... where'd I put the tissue..." Trevor muttered. The phone was sitting on the arm rest, so his little... incident, didn't do anything to it.

"Thanks for sharing," Erin teased.

Power Training in later Winter

**Morning at Greysons. Again.
Thursday, March 13**

``It's the circle of life, And it moves us all, Through despair and hope...`` The opening scenes of Lion King played on the television, Trevor laying upside down on the couch, his head hanging over the seat and his leg hanging against the head rest. He was pretty much ready to go, cargo pants with detachable legs to make them shorts, his hoodie for his cover, playing the movie for no more reason than to pass the time.

His parents had stopped by the night before. They talked. For a long while. They eventually were

satisfied and even did a bit of shopping. Erin and Marina got the evening in the hospital. Trevor and the other residents of HFTWO left shortly after the call, so he didn't find out how the two girls dealt with stuff, or how Marina's parents handled the news. But now, at this moment, it was time to get to the woods (conservation area really). And he seemed to be to only one ready.

"Aren't you ready yet?" Trevor called up.

Alex woke up early as usual and spent the time, you would not believe it, playing videogames. "I am!" he yelled down in reply to the question - he was ready long ago.

"Then why aren't you here?" Trevor called back. He made a face and considered how to address the other laggard. "Little Miss Call Center, were are you?"

"Call center... cute..." Jezelle said with a small grumble as she plodded out of the guest room with her three others in tow, "You do realize I have but eight hands with which to slap you upside the head now?"

Now that most of the drama about the mutation was out of the way, Jezelle's mind was free to fully realize the pros and cons of having identical copies, and this morning definitely revealed a few glaring cons. The magnitude of her regular thoughts increased, and she discovered just how frustrating she could be; she could scarcely believe she was actually getting *picked on* by *herself*. At least she was a lot less merciless when she did it to her friends... and she knew her every quirk and discomfort to know exactly how to rub her the wrong way.

"We're all ready, furball," Jezelle said with a huff, folding her arms.

"Finally," Trevor said, rolling off and up into the correct orientation. "Now if Albie could join us..."

Alex appeared silently and sneakily, fully ready to head out "Let's go, komrad." he said in a horrible accent that sounded like a mix of Russian, English, French and German.

"And so, our stalwart heroes ventured forth, leaving the safety of their fortress, riding the mighty steed Cobalt, braving the unknown." Trevor gave them a look. "I'm allowed to narrate."

Over At Erin's Place, where Marina's parents apparently Let her stay over. Despite having being in the hospital... hmm...

Against her better judgement, Erin headed out to meet her friends in the forest without a camera. She had been ble to partially salvage her laptop. It wouldn't really turn on. It would, but the moniter was smashed and destroyed. She worked throughout the night to transfer the files onto the PC... and after she had began muttering to herself about wishing that computers would work better and if there was a way to speed up the process, that's when she discovered that she wasn't hallucinating before. Her PC and her laptop started talking to her. Needless to say, at first, she passed it off as sleep deprivation due to working all night, but as the night wore on, she quickly realized that the PC was actually talking to her.

Marina helped partially to save Erin's laptop, though it was mostly just helping her to dig through the rubble. Marina had a mostly restful night at the hospital well despite mumbling at Erin's bed. She would say something and then somehow get a response. Perhaps her jealousy had led her to find an imaginary friend. Marina wanted to speak with Erin. "Erin, you sound like you're about to crack, is everything alright?"

"huh?" Erin asked, breaking off the conversation. "Crack? what do you mean?"

"You've been speaking with your computer...but I don't hear any responses...where are you getting those responses from, ya hearing voices in your head?", Marina asked. The girl sat up in bed and looked over to Erin.

"The computer," Erin said simply. "It was giving me a discription of the thing that I was apperently working on at night. Apperently after about 3 hours of sleep, I got up again and began working on it and using Paint to draw out something. two things. First sounded like a pair of pistols of some kind and the other... It couldn't say. It was some sort of... thing." Erin shrugged. "Couldn't discribe it that well. I apperently just started on it last night after you went to bed."

"Some sort of thing, could you explain?"

"An ovel like object with detailing on it that resembles computer circuitry and... that's it." Erin shrugged using the discription the computer gave.

"Doesn't sound too complicated, it's just being designed right?", Marina asked, "And are you still jealous...seems like you're working on some pretty cool stuff yourself."

"Now that I know I actually HAVE something that can be considered a superpower, not as much anymore." Erin replied. "I still think I got the shaft in this particular superhero lottery though. And besides, all of this is still involuntary. Given the chance, I'd make a railgun or an energy weapon made for stunning."

"A rail gun doesn't sound too promising, too big to be practical...but a lightsaber is much more elegant.", Marina said.

"Henry could weild a railgun, I bet." Erin countered. "Though I think a HF Blade would be better for close quarters stuff."

"A HF Blade?" Marina asked.

"Yeah. HF blades. Stands for High Frequency. They're typically swords or stuff like that that vibrate at a very high frequency. This vibration typically increases its sharpness to the point where it can cut through anything cleanly EXCEPT another HF Blade. More practical then a lightsaber when you get down to it."

"But lightsabers were on par with vibroblades in star wars.", Marina said, "Well today's the day isn't it....And my parents know I'll be hanging out with you guys today so I have the day

free...Still haven't said much to me since they learned of my condition."

"Thing is, lightsaber isn't lasers. Otherwise it'd be much larger then it was. I watched a bit of n episode on Daily Planet where they tried to explain how it worked. They came up with a plasma beam which would have the cutting power, but plasma is basically gas. It expand to fill a container so to contin it, they used the Strong Nuclear Force, one of the four key components of the universe and the force responsible for keeping atoms together. So the Jedi's Force is the Strong Nuclear Force and they're able to manipulate it to use the lightsabers. Least that's the conclusion they came to."

Marina listened to the explanation, most of it made sense. She did take a year of physics so she knew about that. "Interesting, well at least you can stop being so passive aggressive...", Marina said to her.

"I'm pretty sure I'll feel much better once I have all these things that I'm apperently making. Even if they will be prototypes."

"I look forward to seeing them...", Marina said to her, "and you saw how I could morph yesterday right...I think this mutation is spreading to my normal body..."

"Oh and since I seem to be a tech based hero I suppose, I suppose I'll have you as my witness to this." Erin cleared her throat. "On the chance that I do make an AI, I shall program it with a firm grounding on philosophy. In particular the philosophy of what is right and what is wrong, in addition to the laws of Canada to ensure that it will not rise against me and attempt to take over the world. If it somehow does, I will also remember to program in a killswitch."

"Who said we were heroes...but yeah, we can dream...I still feel AI is hard to make properly, and a grounding in philosophy would just slow it down tremendously...regardless, I am intrigued by what you come up with.", Marina said, "Now before I forget...why don't we start early...I'd like to see if I still remember how to morph as I did yesterday."

"By all means," Erin said and shut up to let her concentrate. She would have gone on, but didn't want Marina to mess up. A solid grounding in philosophy would take longer to make, yes, but it would overall make it smarter and more human.

"I think it's more fun if you suggest what shape to try next...", Marina said to Erin.

"Oh dear..." Erin chuckled. "So tht little fetish Tempest had of taking on other forms isn't just a thing the character only had?"

"Nah that was just the character...I just know the forms I think up won't be as challenging as what you guys can come up with.", Marina chuckled.

Erin shrugged. "Try me then. I mean I'm right here. Should be pretty easy, right? Or the old me."

Marina nodded, she looked at Erin, and then focused her mind...this was mostly a cosmetic

change anyway. "Here goes...", Marina said.
mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 2

Marina was then distracted by thoughts of lightsabers and the ineffectiveness of any sort of AI uprising. She got the hair and maybe the eye color, but aside from that Marina had barely managed anything resembling Erin. "Sorry got distracted...maybe I'm not as good at mimicking humans...", she said to Erin.

Erin looked at Marina's eyes. "Huh..." She muttered. "I really do look like I have Gou'ald eyes. I'm amazed Trevor wasn't freaking out when he saw that. And it's all right. Don't worry about it for now."

"Maybe we should try something else for me...and if you insist I can try something along the lines of Tempest...but there's no need to go that far.", Marina said to Erin.

"Dunno... I mean it's whatever you want to try. All I can really think of right now is humans. Or some Stargate aliens if you want to make Trevor squee."

"Damn it, and now all I can think about is Tempest and Shego's merry adventures...remember that Erin...", Marina said to Erin.

"I remember," Erin said. "And I admit that really was my fault for how out of control it got. Still fun though."

"Might be fun to try with my new powers eventually...I promise things will never reach that level of out of control...", Marina giggled.

"I hope so, cause that made everyone look at us like we were crazy and made for fun fun awkward times." Erin chuckled. "Anyways, let's get moving. Don't want to keep people waiting."

"Agreed.", Marina said hopping off towards the bathroom to wash up. "You're driving.", she remarked.

"Hey! Ummm, no. No car and I hate driving. It's walking or the bus." Erin said, a little shocked. She normally liked to have at least some warning when she was being told to drive. She could do it, but she didn't like it at all.

"Do you know if the bus gets to the meeting place Trevor mentioned?", Marina asked.

"Probably not to there exactly, but we can walk the rest of the way." Erin said. "Seriously though, I'm not gonna drive."

"As long as the walk isn't too long I'll be fine.", Marina said to Erin.

"I'm sure it won't be." Erin said. "By the way, you got your phone? I'll have to show them that I'm not going crazy so I can talk to the phone and relay the information. which you can confirm or

disprove."

"Can't you show them when you get there?", Marina said to Erin.

"Thanks," Erin said and pocketed it, keeping quiet for now. "Let's get going then." She said and got up, heading to the door.

Marina followed, she worried slightly about how Erin mentioned Tempest earlier. But Marina had it under control. Then again unlike Tempest she was limited by mass and volume. You just couldn't screw with physics like that...well more so than she already did. Though she considered it would be interesting to try something similar to what Tempest did, just for once. She wore her gymnastics clothes including her leotard and sweatpants and coat.

Look, someone finally get's their wish to do some practice----

Ah, Nature. Such a wonderful thing. The skies were partially cloudy, the birds singing cheerfully, a soft chill wind shifting through the trees, the ground was only slightly frozen, raining washing the ice away, and they were here because they didn't want to break a house. There had to be something wrong about that...

Finally, Erin went out to meet her friends to observe on what her friends were going through. Already, she was thinking of going back to the sales department to see if she could get another laptop.

The workhorse of a truck rumbled towards the entrance of the wooded area. He pulled into the area and parked out of the sight of any passerbys. He killed the engine and got out. He locked the door and leaned up agaisnt a tree and waited for the others to show up. He hoped that this was the site that they were meeting at.

Erin arrived with Marina nd walked forward. "Hey guys." She said and waved. "How are you?"

Marina walked alongside Erin as the two approached the clearing. Compared to the morning the walk was uneventful. Marina had spent her time before she left Erin's dorm to revert her failed attempt at mimicking Erin's features. She didn't think she had talent mimicking people...that required attention to fine detail that she just didn't have the concentration for.

[Bah. When Blanda shows up. In two hours... But look! A wild Nightling!][909]

The familiar shape of Trevor's battered and pampered chevy pulled up and found a parking spot. After a suitable pause for covers to be adjusted and seatbeats unbuckled, the residents of THfTWaO clambered out. Trevor muttered something that might have been an expletive of some sort. "I told you we would be the last ones here."

"Yeah and I said I couldn't give four shifts," Jez2 said with a dry smirk.

Jezelle wasn't entirely sure why she was here, as much as she was a part of this group of mutated she didn't really see what there was to practice with copying herself. She didn't have extra

strength or strange options available to her, and teamwork wasn't exactly difficult when she shared thoughts with her copies and more or less behaved the same and agreed with the same ideas.

Henry waved at the others as they arrived. He was glad to see that this was the right place and that they were all looking well. He did not really get to stay around after the fight as he was lead away and questioned for a while. Now that was in the past and he had gotten off free of any charges.

"Morning folks. So, what is the plan here?" Henry asked

Trevor somewhat hurried over, smothering a yawn as he did. "Fin' a spot, see what happens," Trevor said on the tail end of the yawn. "In a nutshell."

"Mornin Kitten.", Marina said to Trevor when she located him. "Got anythng specific you guys wanted to practice?"

"Just a few stereotypes," Trevor said, a slight bit evasive. "For starters."

Erin thought for a moment of how best to bring her new sketches up. "Out of curiosity," She asked. "If you could have any sort of thing that a superhero could have, what would it be?" She asked.

"Tony Stark's income and investment," Trevor said promptly. "And his house. There were some sweet rides in that garage."

<http://www.forbes.com/special-report...tional-15.html>

"Immortality and invulernability?" Alex commented, breaking his unspoken vow of silence (Got that? Unspoken vow of silence! Hahahaha--*cough*, yeah, not funny.)

"Yeah, I'd say being rich..that or the ability to control time...then everything goes my way..but honestly I'm satisfied with what I got.", Marina said to them.

"I mean in terms of technology." Erin corrected.

"Stark industries," Trevor said, just as promptly.

"Sooo....Iron Cat suit and all the stuff that goes with it?" Erin asked.

"Eh...I think Iron Catsuit means something slightly different Erin...now an Ironcat Suit...that would be something...", Marina said to Erin.

"I was more thinking the company. So I could profit," Trevor admitted. Fur in an iron suit didn't should all that appealing. What if it got caught in a crack or joint? And where would his tail go? "Wait! Better yet; a stargate! Oooo! A 304!"

"Okay, now you're just being ridiculous Trevor." Erin teased. "I mean something catman portable. Like a force feild."

"Riddikulus?" Trevor said, not able to resist. "But fine. I'd settle for a 302. Or a jumper."

"That's hardly catman portable..." Erin said. "But I can see what I can do."

"Of course it is," Trevor insisted. "All I have to do is hold the controls to move it."

"I think this discussion has reached the absurd...Trevor didn't you call us over here to practice or something...what are we standing around for?", Marina said to Trevor.

"Tunno," Trevor shrugged. "Erin stopped us." With great flourish, he pointed towards the depths of the woods. "Onward!" he declared before charging in.

Erin got up and followed the others, while she thought of stuff to make. *Hand device? Pet replicator? Nah... that'd just make him freak out even more. Maybe one of those Asguard power suits. Those seemed pretty tough.* Various other pieces of stargate technology entered her mind and she put them onto a rapidly growing mental list.

Marina ran after Trevor, eager to see what the others had planned for the day. She herself had a few things she wanted to see to.

"By the way, anyone here read or watch Lord of the Rings?" Trevor asked.

"Tried watching the first movie, wanted to go home after they beat the balrog since it just got so dull... other movies were okay, but only ever watched them once really." Erin said. "Why do ya ask?"

"Eh the others are just as entertaining, but why do you ask?", Marina asked.

Trevor paused long enough to fumble in his pocket, and pulled out a ring. "Just because."

"And what's that supposed to be?", Marina asked.

Erin smirked, but resisted her comment.

"One Ring to Rule them all," Trevor intoned with great gravity.

Erin couldn't resist. "Oh Trevor! you got a special someone?" She asked. "Congrats!" She didn't give him any time to counter this and she hugged him. "Congrats! Who's the lucky girl? Or guy?"

"Hey, see these?" Trevor said, smiling and tapping a cuspid with his thumb. "Teeth. Lotsa them."

"Ah..becoming more catlike each moment...how does it feel? And who are you proposing to?",

Marina asked.

Erin smiled. "Well I'm sure that you're special someone will say yes. You're nice... Well, most of the time, great sense of humour, smart," She watched his face to see his reaction as she spoke, deliberately trying to embarrass him. She turned to see Marina. "Now, now. Let's wait and see."

"Ego stroking," Trevor pointed out. "And it was just for the Lord of the Ring Gag. Honest."

"Uhhhh huh. Suuuuuure it is," Erin teased and winked.

Henry followed at a bit of a slower pace. He did not see a point in running into the woods if they were going to be practicing something there. He still did not know what they were going to practice. Maybe he could teach some of these girls how to throw a punch. That would be helpful if they ever got into another scrap.

Henry caught up to them pretty quick since they seemed to have stopped and Erin was hugging Trevor who was holding up a ring. She was congratulating him which just threw Henry into more confusion.

"So where are we going to do this practicing? And what are we practicing?"

"Um, yeah," Trevor employed the time honoured and classic means of escaping a grasp, A well placed tickle, and a twist, to break out of Erin's hold. "There's a clearing a bit further in. People don't usually go there. As for what... whatever. That's kinda the point of this."

And yeah, Alex was here all along, letting the people figure out their stuff while listening to this goddamn radio that he forgot to switch off. Needless to say that this was his internal radio and no one could hear whatever was in his mind.

"Hey Little Cat...you feeling alright?", Marina asked Alex.

Alex jumped up, already being out of the "real life" due to his semi-trance state and yelled "Woah? What!"

"You kinda spaced out there for a minute.", Marina said patting him on the shoulder.

Alex meowed and looked up at Marina with a sceptic expression "Well, I did have a reason for that." he lied blatantly.

"And what's that?", Marina asked.

"A reason far above usual human understanding." Alex replied with a grin.

"I don't think humans understand what is happening to any of us...", Marina replied petting him again.

"I wonder what that woman plans to do to deal with all of us at once," Jezelle wondered aloud as she kept in pace, a little distracted to go along with the antics of the others right now, "I don't think she could take us all at once, not unless she has more... people... stored."

"I'd rather not worry about that right now...", Marina said to Jezelle, "We just need to focus on figuring out exactly what we can do and go do that...I think that's different for each of us."

"See? My point in twenty or more words," Trevor said, dropping to free his tail and unzip his pants. He ditched the shoes then pulled the now detached tubes of fabric, turning his long cargo pants into shorts.

The Puddle and Short Circitable

Erin pulled out Marina's phone. "Hello there, phone." She said. "You can connect to the internet, right?"

"Negative", the phone replied in a monotone voice.

"What are you doing?", Marina asked.

"Oh..." Erin said and looked up. "Your phone can't go onto the 'net, Marina." She walked to the goo girl and passed it back. "Not sure what else I can do with it then. Unless you want personal info to be raided."

"Please don't Erin...", Marina protested and snatched her phone back.

"So... Anyone got anything that CAN connect to the internet?" Erin asked. "I can't really show off what I can do otherwise."

"Your own laptop for instance?", Marina suggested.

"We spent all night trying to get that thing to work again. we could only download the files onto a USB stick which i'll transfer to my comp when I get back. The laptop itself is busted."

"Then we'll get back to that later, right now we have other things that can be done...remember what we were discussing before we left the house?", Marina suggested to Erin.

"Yeah." Erin replied. "Still got nothing for what you can turn into besides people though."

"And I was thinking something other than people would make for a greater challenge", Marina suggested.

"Which is something that I can't really help with." Erin said.

"The only other thing I can think of is attempting to submerge people, but I'd rather wait on that...any ideas?", Marina said to Erin.

"Iunno. See if you're an invertbrate now?" Erin suggested.

Marina stretched trying different possible stretches before concluding that she still had bones on the inside. "Only in water form it seems, you need any help with anything?", she asked Erin.

"Not really. Not at the moment t least. Maybe when I sleepwalk or something?" She thought about her folks again, the number coming to mind instantly and thought about calling them to let them know what had happened.

Suddenly, Marina's phone began beeping as though making a call.

"What the...", Marina examined her phone..."Your parents? Wait how are you doing that?", Marina said in surprise.

"Huh?" Erin asked, looking at marina s the phone connected and was picked up.

"Hello?" A female voice asked.

Erin looked at the phone and walked into the woods to talk with her mother, confused as to how she got the call to work by just thinking it. Instead, she settled for telling her everything that was going on. It was stressful for her and very worrying for her mother as one would expect. She couldn't lie and say that she was feeling fine either. She had been getting some headaches lately, probably caused by the deposits forming in the brain. If this went on for much longer, she'd have to get some sort of surgery at some point.

Erin started to cry as she spoke, scared of what would be happening to her. She apologized for taking four days since the blast, apologized for pretty much everything bad that she ever did, and did her best to remind her mother about the happy times they had... Just in case it would be the last time they had. She promised to keep her mom and dad up to date and would call her father soon as well to tell him what was going on as well. Tearfully, Erin hung up and sat on a nearby rock, crying to herself.

The Cat and the Puddle. (Wait... don't cat's hate water?)-----

"So Trevor how are you doing this fine morning?", Marina asked.

Trevor was struggling out of his coat, leaving jut his light t-shirt and his cargo shorts. "Hmm... excited I guess," he said with a slight laugh. "I guess... actually... I've spent all this time fretting, this is the first time I'm actually really looking for the... bright sides of everything."

"That sounds good...I'm excited too.", Marina said to him, "You know something strange happened the other day in the hospital...I don't even need to be in water form to be jello now...there's so much to practice...not sure what to start with. Maybe you can help here..."

"It's called 'How do I shot Web'," Trevor grinned, rolling his shoulders, just to see how they felt. "I don't know where to start. I'm just gonna follow the example of Peter and Heather and try

things that seem sensible."

"I was going to see what the limits were on my current body, seems I am just as malleable outside of water form...Jez got me to form myself into a ball...I figured it would be neat to try more...see what I can do...and then later work on perfecting water form.", Marina said to him.

"Um... " Trevor really wasn't sure how to respond to that. "Good luck with that?"

Henry walked up to the two talking. He still did not know what he was going to do here in the woods. He could lift a heavy rock or something. But he didn't know if that was needed. He would just go and see what the others were doing.

"What's going on folks?"

"I'm... not really sure..." Trevor said hesitantly, mostly cause he wasn't sure what Marina intended to do. Honestly, it sounded... suspect. "Say... wanna arm wrestle?"

"I don't know if that is a good idea. I hit a man with a refrigerator yesterday like it was a bat. I don't want to hurt you." Henry stated.

"Yeah I dunno...you two arm wrestle then...I'll just try a few things here and there...", Marina said. She then stretched a bit before allowing herself to relax, then soften...then she felt herself flatten. She began folding...

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 3

"Then hold back a bit," Trevor said to Henry. "It's just a test really. It's hard to tell how strong you are without something to compare it to. And I can't really just go to a gym like this..."

Marina fell to her knees as the morphing continued. She bent back more than a normal person should and then clutched her ankles. And then nothing.

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 6

And with that she was stuck...She rolled onto her stomach and tried to scrunch up before trying again.

"Alright then let's try this then." Henry said.

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 14

She unraveled on the grass and stretched before trying again. She wiggled a bit before she managed to do it right. Her body rippled and had a faint green tint while it reshaped. Marina tried her best to keep her eyes open during the process. In time a girl sized cube lay on the grass. Slick and deep green, she had managed to cause spots of the numbers 1-6 to form on the sides of her new shape. And with that her first experiment was a success. "Third time's the charm", she thought, "now how to get unstuck?"

At this point Alex figured that he'd better back off from Marina, in case he might hit an exposed nerve tissue or something. Or she would go insane and try to kill him. Paranoia ftw.

Trevor looked around. And lo, there was a convenient boulder nearby! (Those are found in clearings. So shush). As well as... "We can use the boulder, or the convenient large dice that I didn't notice before. That's seriously creepy though," he added, poking the dice with a toe.

Marina winced as she was tapped, but otherwise was unable to move.

Henry walked over to it and knelt down in front of the rock. "This will do I guess." Henry put his elbow on the rock and waited.

Trevor ~~ran fled retreated~~. He missed the human to dice transition, completely by accident of course, caught up as he was with his gripping conversation with Henry, and didn't really want to see the dice to human one. There were some things that one did not need, or want, to see. "Yes, Henry! Let's get this over with."

He positioned himself opposite Henry and put his fuzzy hand (willing those claws of his to stay in hiding) in Henry's. "Ready?"

She slowly reshaped into a skin colored blob with some black spots. She concentrated on something new to try. Only now did she realize she was nude. "Dammit...where do I find a supersuit...", she cursed. She then shifted again, whatever she could do to practice.

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 8

mew77: mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 8 10:16 PM

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 5 10:17 PM

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 1 10:17 PM

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 11

It took a while for her to start shifting again. But this time, she knew she would do this correctly this time.

That outburst caused him to slip up a bit, but will power (and chivalry) kept his focus on Henry.

"Ok. I will try to not break anything." Henry looked over Trevor's shoulder and saw Marina changing shapes. He did not know what the hell was going as she turned into a cube and then into a flesh blob thingy.

Henry pushed and was able to drive Trevor's arm all the way down to the stone. He was glad that he did not hear anything snap. He did not know how much raw power he had and was a little nervous to let loose. He did not want to break any bones or kill anyone.

And exercise in futility. That was the best way to describe it. Though he put up a valiant (so he consoled himself anyway) effort, there was really no holding back the guy that picked up a fridge. "Okay... ow..." Trevor shook his hand to clear away the tingles. "Well, that definitely wasn't the smartest idea I've had."

"What are you trying to find out? If it is how strong you are we can find things around here to

see how much you can pick up. Although if it is on the same level as me we might need to go to a truck weigh station." Henry said eyeing the boulder they were at.

"Ah, yeaaaaaa-no," Trevor said, shaking his head. "If I'm gonna try lifting things, no why I'm starting with a boulder. Those things are why too heavy. Something small... like a person..."

"I was just saying. I know that I can pick up my truck so this over grown pebble shouldn't be a problem. I did not know if you have a similar ability to me." Henry replied.

Marina and Alex---

Marina finally settled down in the form of a 20 sided die. Entirely jet black, she rolled to a stop shortly.

Alex looked up at Maridie and crouched "Interesting..." he muttered "Can you do a crowbar?" he then added with a grin as a joke.

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 12

The die rippled and shifted until Marina's face formed on the side roughly where Alex was. "Good, so I can do partial morphs...and a crowbar!? I think I'm limited by my total body mass so you'd get one dang large crowbar that would probably be useless...unless I'm mistaken I don't take the properties of the stuff I morph into, just the shape."

Alex performed his favorite "Meh" sound and walked closer to Marina a bit "Okay... So you can control your puddle-shape and limited by size? Can you increase your own density? This will decrease size..."

"Nope...I'm more like clay in this shape...Though right now I'm just looking to challenge myself...not the crowbar...is there anything else you can suggest for me to try and morph?", Marina asked. Her excitement caused her to roll over a little bit.

Alex thought for some time and then grinned "Can you replicate someone? Like, do a copy of me?"

"Erin already tried that one...I don't seem to be very good at fine detail.", Marina said to Alex. She tried anyway.

mew77 rolled a die. The die showed: 5

And promptly collapsed into a flesh colored puddle which reformed as a naked 19 year old girl. She knew Alex was around and screamed before covering herself up. "DON'T LOOK!", she shouted at him.

Alex averted his gaze, although he could notice the details for a moment "You might seriously need to find a way to reform yourself into clothed person." Alex said, covering his eyes with his paw.

"I've had little success with that...Quickly now....next form to try.", Marina said to Alex.

"Eh, a PC mouse?" Alex suggested.

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 20

Panicked she began shifting, in time she had formed the ellipsoid shape and the buttons, but couldn't get much beyond that. She was also unusually large for a PC mouse. Her face formed between the buttons. "Hm...most things are impractical at this size....there's gotta be something more to it...", Marina said to Alex, "Something more practical..."

"Hm... A motorcycle? A bicycle?" Alex then suggested.

"Maybe...but again...I have the shape not the functionality...", Marina said. "Wait...I know..."

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 13

And within seconds the giant mouse had flattened and turned jet black. Marina panted a little as she fully molded herself into the right shape. Where once the giant PC mouse lay, now lay a large black buttonless trenchcoat, too heavy and too large for most people to use.

"How much do you weigh?" Alex wondered, staring at the trenchcoat "Because I bet I won't be able to wear it comfortably... Although, someone may manage this."

Marina's face formed on the side and spoke, "You really think so...And it's no business of yours how much I weigh...and to think I told myself I would never try clothing..." She did however decide to hold her current form for longer than usual, had to start somewhere right.

Alex felt himself awkward, as he always forgot what questions shouldn't be asked.

Trevor, still a bit down at the ease at which he lost to Henry, wondered over, then stopped when he realized where the source of Marina's voice was coming from. He might have good hearing, but he could only follow so many things at once. "I'm... not sure if I should ask if Marina is a coat, or why a coat is talking..."

"The two questions are kind of the same thing...", Marina called out, "This is the most complex thing I've managed so far...kinda just savoring the moment here."

"A-tatata!" Trevor said, holding up a hand (paw? He really need to get this terminology thing down) warning-, and warding-, ly. "I **really** don't want to know...." Jeeze... he even forgot what he planned to ask.

"Then don't worry about it.", Marina said to Trevor. She would attempt to shift back later when she was alone...didn't need Trevor finding out she was naked.

"Ah'sa paasen," Trevor muttered under his breath. "Okay... I was just doing a strength test. Arm

wrestling wasn't the best idea, but I figure I still have the rest of the day to come up with worse ones. So... how heavy are you?"

"You and Alex both want to know huh...Why do you need to know?", Marina asked.

[insert albie here?]

"Henry," Trevor point over his shoulder to his companion ((I'm dragging you along!)) "thinks we should try lifting stuff. He suggested boulders and cars... I said no."

"And you want to lift me?", Marina asked in embarrassment, "Do I need to morph into a barbell? Wait...this doesn't have to do with the fact that I'm a coat at the moment does it Trevor?"

"What? No. Nonononononono." Trevor's denial was emphatic. "You're current.... wardrobe-dom is completely incidental." In fact, the implications of that would probably strike him a bit later, but for now, Puddle Girl turning into Clothes Girl was just another day for the proprietor of THfTWO. "I just came to check the smallest folk around. Jez already threatened to slap me four fold this morning, and Erin's on the phone, so..."

"So that left me...Well, if you insist, I kinda need a break anyway...and I'm about 120 pounds I think...", Marina said, "Need me to morph back or something?" She was unsure about this whole thing, and also rather embarassed. Trevor had worded his reply so carefully, but she figured after so many shifts in such a short time she deserved a break.

"Ah... no, no. I'll just lift you... as a coat..." Trevor sighed and did a patented one handed temple massage. "Seriously... life just keeps getting weirder and weirder..." He tentatively and carefully bent down, considering how to do this. He had made an effort not to look directly at the face on the coat, but the motion ruined that. "You have no idea how creepy that looks... It's like that thing from mad..." [d]

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 6
mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 3
mew77 rolled a die. The die showed: 4

"Sorry...and now's the moment when I can't remove da face part", Marina said before closing her eyes and holding her mouth shut. Hopefully she wouldn't look any more creepy than usual if she did that.

"... marvelous," Trevor mutter. He poked the... fabric? It was warm... and was he imagining that movement that would have been blood flow? He supressed a shudder and considered folding her, but decided... against it. Just... picking the coat, her (pronouns were going to be the death of him... terminology in general) and standing. There was a momentary tug when it, she, felt heavy, but it passed and it, she, was light as a feather. "Um... you sure you don't lose weight when you... whatever?"

"It's like I told Alex...I think I'm limited by my full body mass so every morph is the same mass

as my usual self...Why do you ask.", Maricoat explained.

"Frig!" Trevor said, tossing the coat away when she started talking in a panic. It flew (fluttered?) about five, maybe eight, feet before it landed heavily, like the 90 pound girl it was. His ears, originally flat from surprise, now stayed that way because of shame, and he winced.

She could see only the grass and the trees. She felt herself getting thrown so that must have been what happened."Oww...did I scare you...where'd you go?", Maricoat called out.

"Phhhessheshshsh..." Trevor made a complicated shuddering, part sound, part movement. "Sorry, sorry.... Just... jhahhhssh..." He slowly padded over. "Um... are you... okay?"

"I've got good news and bad news...I can still feel pain...though I seem to have more air resistance...please don't do that again...", Maricoat said when she noted him enter her point of view.

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 7

"Looks like I'm too lazy to morph back right now...", Maricoat said, her form rippling a bit but otherwise stayed as is.

Erin heard a spactcularly bad Fist of the North Star impersonation, and a whole bunch of other... sounds comming from Trevor. Finally, she looked up through the tears in her eyes to see that a coat had somehow materilized out of nowhere and looked back to the phone. "Mom...?" She asked. "I'm really sorry... I'll call you back. I promise. Okay?" She asked timidly. At first, her mother didn't want her to go, but after some convincing and bringing up the phone bill who this was going to, she accepted and Erin hung up to see just what the hell was going on.

"My phone better still have everything on it Erin...", Maricoat shouted up to Erin.

"Marina?" Erin asked. "Where'd you go?"

"I'm the black trenchcoat...couldn't resist.", Marina called back.

Erin double facepalmed. "Didn't I say something to this effect as in 'Don't take the fetishes of Tempest?' I'm sure I did."

"This has nothing to do with Tempest...", Maricoat replied.

"So you're a coat because...?" Erin said, wiping the tears from her eyes and hoping no one had seen that she was crying.

"Because I can, because it's difficult...Right now I'm just taking a break...you alright?", Marina said to Erin.

Like had been mentioned, Jezelle had no idea what she was supposed to be doing at the moment,

as much as it might have been entertaining to watch the results of the others, there were four of her which had it's own problems in the thought-side of things. For example, they continued to pick on her a little, bringing up all kinds of weird and worrisome ideas to twist Jezelle's mind. So for the most part they stood watching and thinking.

"Fine..." Erin said, trying to reassure herself, even if it was obvious that she was probbaly lying.

"Hmm..." Trevor didn't really have much to say. Particularly since Erin brought up all the things he had been trying not to think about. And considering he had just noticed the set of clothes strewn on the ground. Which looked suspiciously like the set Marina has been wearing a few minutes before... While he couldn't exactly pick them up and check, they smelt like her things too... So he had been holding a *naked* girl turned coat. Wonderful.

Erin was thankful that Marina dropped the tears thing and held onto Marina's phone. "By the way, I think I can... I dunno, operate things remotly. If Henry would let me, I'd show you by starting his truck."

"Now what?", Maricoat asked the others, "I'm not about to shift back just yet...Trevor I think you know why."

"What? I wasn't- I mean, yes?" Trevor said, shaking his head to clear the thoughts that were gathering.

"Yes will suffice...Hmm...I dunno...what do you want to do now? More weightlifting?", Maricoat asked Trevor.

"Um... Jez, you want to take a whack at it?" Trevor said, not getting to close to the demonic talking coat. "I'm not sure it's she's actually light or not..."

"Weightlifting?" Jezelle repeated, "Please, I use to be a cheerleader, throwing people was pretty normal."

She flapped a hand at the task, content to just stand there and watch.

"Trevor thinks I'm very light for some reason...I think he just wants to have a benchmark.", Maricoat said to Jezelle.

"Benchmark," Trevor agreed somewhat absently. Damn... the thought would not get out of his head.

"Oh whatever," Jezelle sighed, walking over to the Maricoat and gingerly reaching down to pick her up. Though she found herself getting into a proper lifting stance and using both hands to actually make it a little easier...

"Well... she seems to weigh the same as a person..." Jezelle said tightly, dropping the coat back to the ground with a degree of surprise, "Heaviest garment I've ever seen..."

"Oww...please don't drop me like that!", Maricoat yelped after she landed.

Jezelle jumped a little in surprise.

"Oh... sorry... treated you like a coat... a little surprised you can feel pain in that form but what would I know," Jezelle said, a little off-put now.

"You have nerves like that?" Erin asked.

"I seem to take on the shape, not the properties of whatever I try to morph.", Maricoat explained briefly.

The Cat, the Puddle and Legion

Trevor inched back over, despite the thoughts, now attempting to be accompanied by imagery, intent on moving in. "So..." Trevor circled so he was closer to the trees than to the rock, at the head of the coat rather than the split tails. Dammit... "Um.. yeah. So you said it was heavy?"

"As... heavy as a person is supposed to be...?" Jezelle said, as though not quite getting it or perhaps not wanting to.

"Um... hold still, please?" Trevor asked/ordered.

Jezelle's eyes narrowed as she suspected what he was technically asking.

"...Fine, but you watch yourself..." Jezelle said, not quite warning or threatening but there was something underlying her tone of that sort. She folded her arms and waited.

Trevor calculated the probability, but then realized he wasn't a numbers man anyway. So he ducked, grabbed her around the waist and lifted her with more ease than should have been likely. Greycat rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 17 2:30 AM (power check pass)
Greycat rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 17+2+3 (grapple) 2:28 AM

Mew post: maricoat listened to jez and trevor talk a little sadly noting she had been forgotten..
"Dont talk about me as if i wasn't present" she called out...

The talking coat = Marina thing still hadn't clicked. This time, instead of throwing the held object, also known as Jezelle Prime (or First), Trevor jumped. And that's when his second major physical ability, fourth directly feline related one, showcased itself as his jump launched him into the low branches of the tree. Not gently either.

"Holy-" Jezelle's exclamation of surprise was cut short with Trev's flight from the talking coat met an abrupt stop, causing her more than a little discomfort as she was taken along for the ride.
"Put me the hell down you crazy cat!"

"What's going on now!?", Maricoat shouted to the two. She wasn't sure if the others expected her to attempt to morph back yet...though she figured she could just form into something simple with locomotion and avoid being seen naked. Hmm...she got it to work that one time in the hospital, maybe she'd try that.

Trevor yelped when he more or less crashed into the trees, something the tree took great offense to considering the unyielding responses the branches gave. His grip on Jez slipped and she fell away, though the tree wasn't quite as forgiving to him, and still held him close.

Greycoat rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $1+8=9$... Toughness DC 18 Bruised and stunned

Greycoat rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $5+3=8$... Power control

Greycoat rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $20+8=28$ Tree Grapple Check... 6:27 PM

Jezelle immediately grabbed onto a branch upon collision and looked down with a bewildered expression.

"What the hell? You been drinkin gummi juice or some shit?" Jezelle said in surprise.

The other three jogged over and looked up problematically. Jez2 shrugged and stepped away from the other two as they connected hands and crouched a bit, Jez2 then jumping onto the joined hands, crouching and then proceeding to be flung skyward cheerleader style by the other two and jumping at the peak.

Her efforts let her snag onto Trev's right ankle.

"Ow... ow... G-gummi juic- OW!" Trevor yelp when Second snagged his leg. "Ow! Isn't there a gentle way to do this?"

"Possibly," Jez2 said honestly with a helpless shrug, "Not as fun though..."

Maricoat could see a cat in a tree, dang it why did cats always need to be rescued from trees.

"Jezelle, any ideas how Mr. Kitty got up there?", Maricoat asked Jezelle.

"He... jumped... last time you spoke?" Jez4 offered, "That mutant stuff certainly put a spring in his legs..."

"And how are we getting the cat out of the tree?", Maricoat asked, "I'd like to help."

"Har, Har," Trevor said, wiggling a bit.

"Well, I was gonna try putting more weight on him to break him out of the tree..." Jez3 replied, looking up at Jez2 dangling from Trev's ankle, "Ya wanna fly too?"

"Maybe, or I morph into a wrecking ball and we can bludgeon him a few times until the branch gives way.", Maricoat suggested, "or I figure out how to morph into a ladder or something heh", Maricoat joked.

The Jezelle squad merely stood and stared into space for a moment at the first suggestion, and then looked a little blank and slightly off from the second suggestion, due to the nature of things. "A ladder *would* be helpful but... that's kinda weird... I wouldn't know what part of you I'm stepping on and technically you're naked..." Jez3 said, her expression a little unreadable as the thoughts entered her mind.

"I might as well morph back anyway...not much a coat can do in this situation.", Maricoat said to Jezelle.

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 3 5:53 PM

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 15

It took a while to reform, but where once a black trenchcoat lay now lay Marina, her usual blonde hair was slightly wet, she was "wearing" her usual black leotard. Careful inspection would reveal that the leotard was formed directly on her skin as part of her. "Ah good to know I can still do that.", Marina said to Jez as she struggled to her feet. "Now about poor Mr. Kitty...what to do..what to do", she said.

"You want his left ankle?" Jez3 queried with a mischievous grin as she looked up at Trevor. Three and Four joined hands and crouched again to provide the cheerleader springboard, glancing at Marina.

"It's fun and pretty easy," Jez4 assured, "Just jump as we throw you."

"Not entirely sure if this is the best way...and I'm technically still naked.", Marina said sheepishly to Jez4.

"Oi! No throwing naked girls!" Trevor protested.

"Eh, good ideas aren't always fun -and as long as you don't go rubbing up against anyone it probably won't matter," Jez4 replied.

Marina nodded, "If that was the goal you could have just flung me when I was still a trenchcoat." She got into position to be flung up. "I'm ready Jez.", she said.

"Oi..?" Trevor said weakly. He struggled a bit. "Get kitty down, not more people up!"

"That's what I was suggesting, but it seems wrong for me to morph into a ladder...", Marina said to Trevor.

"We *are* getting you down," Jezelle corrected, poking Trevor in the nose.

Three and Four flung Marina up to Trev's left ankle.

"I'm pretty sure this thing can't hold 5 people's weight," Jezelle said, patting the tree branch -with a very slight lack of confidence in her voice, though zero concern...

Marina grabbed onto Trevor's ankles as she was flung up. She was tempted to wave to Jez2 who was hanging out alongside her but decided against it. "Now what?", Marina called down to Jez.

"Ow! Again with the ankle?" Trevor complained.

As though in answer to the question, both groundbound Jezelles leaped up and caught onto Jez2's ankles, dropping a substantial weight on Trevor more or less.

The branches creaked, and Trevor's whining intensified, because branches were hard and trying

very hard, and successfully, to get through his fur. Just when he was going to tell them to let go, they snapped and the lot of them fell to the ground in a pile of limbs and skin and fur and wood. And pain. Lots of pain.

The Jezelle copies at least were ready for it, as Jez2 fell down into the arms of Three and Four, landing chair-like, cheerleader style. The original wasn't so lucky...

ANd then while Marina was wondering what was going on, she landed. the fall hurt, a lot, but she was alive. "Ow...Ow...Ow Jez can ya warn me next time?", Marina shouted.

"Ow," Trevor agreed. "Better yet, call the fire department. I can deal with being a stereotype if it means less pain..."

"I hate myselfes..." Jezelle grumbled, not moving more out of frustration.

"I hate yourselves too, at the moment," Trevor muttered. Great... he had another bruise... On the bright side, how often did he get to be a part of a pile of women? (One of whom was naked, for that matter.) He smiled ever so slightly. "Though I suppose I can forgive you. Thanks, by the way."

Marina crawled out of the pile of bodies, "Next time I don't need to be involved in this scheme...why do cats get stuck in trees all the time anyway..."

"It's Trevor's new superpower: Tree Nemesis," Jez2 laughed. Jezelle likewise crawled out and sat up grumpily.

"Seems he needs more practice, that tree almost beat him if we weren't around to save the cat.", Marina joked.

"You... shush," Trevor muttered. "I'm new to this. Give me a break. Besides. Coats aren't supposed to talk."

"What does that have to do with this?", Marina asked, "So what...I just morph into a boring non-talking trenchcoat, what's the point of that?"

"What's the point of turning into a coat anyway? I thought you were about water? How are you turning into things anyway?" Trevor countered, picking twigs and bark fragments from his fur. The bright side; no splinters.

"Seems some of that water seeped into my usual form, think of it like this...I'm like clay right now and when I fully morph I'm like water...As for the coat thing...I just wanted to see if I could.", Marina explained again, the concept seemed simple enough to her. The physics and biology behind it she opted to ignore.

"Any practice is good practice?" Jez2 offered as Three and Four put her down, idly stretching a little as restlessness threatened to creep back in.

"Anything you wanted to practice Jez?", Marina asked the four clones. It felt odd appearing clothed but still being naked. It would make her inevitable shift into water form much smoother though.

"What am *I* supposed to practice? Making more of myself? I can barely stand those three as it is," Jezelle grumbled, glaring at the three copies.

"Your telepathy?" Trevor suggested after sticking his tongue out at Marina. His tail proved a challenge cause it latched on a branch and for the life of him he could not get it to let go. It had done the same thing with his shirt two days before...

"Telepathy? It's not like I can hear your thoughts and know what you know," Jezelle returned.

"Telepathy Trevor?", Marina wondered, "Do you mean between clones or something?" Marina stood back, this telepathy thing was a strange assertion.

"Our brains are more or less linked," Jezelle explained, referring to herself and the copies with a quick gesture, "I'm still arguing with them over the tree shenanigans..."

"So not much to do then...unless...you think the brain link is limited by distance or if there is a sense link as well since all of you are the same...I think.", Marina suggested.

Trevor gave up the tug-of-war with his tail for a moment, and jabbed Third in the shoulder with a claw.

Jezelle and Jez3 jumped in surprise with a yelp, immediately clutching the assailed shoulder and glaring furiously at Trevor.

"Eight fists of paaaain..." Jez3 hissed with a menacing glare, shaking a fist at Trevor.

Jez4, meanwhile, attempted to steal the branch off Trevor's tail...

Jezelle, however, looked a little bit worried as she rubbed her shoulder.

"Empty promises," Trevor grinned. His tail resisted Fourth, then yeilded (kinda Trevor's fault, since he was wondering what would happen if...) when Fourth was at the peak of a yank.

Jez4 reeled from the sudden release but fortunately didn't really fall, merely staring at the branch and then at Trevor's tail.

"The hell's with your tail? I thought you were being stupid earlier playing tug-o-war with it..." Jez4 queried.

"It's a new limb," Trevor said, hidding the smirk behind a scowl directed at the appendage in question. "It's... handy and over helpful. And gets in the way. And only does what I want it to half the time."

"So we're all unfamiliar with how stuff works now...though how I'm managing to create the illusion of being clothed is...well...interesting.", Marina commented, "Though it looks like the

brain link works for negative feedback as well."

"A-tatata," Trevor said again, casting Warding Palm in Marina's direction. "Don't want to hear this. Lalalalala..."

"I'll just be here in my little corner then...need me to help with anything yet?", Marina asked the others.

"Well, what else can we do?" Jezelle prompted, getting to her feet and taking a rejuvenating breath, looking around for inspiration.

"I'd suggest a race but Trevor is slow so no point," Jez4 said with a smirk.

"You think so? Second, come stand here for a moment, would you?" Trevor called.

Jez2's expression dropped and she stared very hard at Trevor.

"Forgive me if I'm a little hesitant to do what you say a second time..." Jez2 said, wandering over to stand next to Trevor but staring at him with extra warning in her eyes. You could almost hear 'Eight fists of paaaain' echo in those eyes...

"Wait, what..? oh... I blame little miss wardrobe over there," Trevor muttered, jabbing a finger over his shoulder at Marina. "Okay, Fourth, you wanna run over to Albie for me?"

"What'd I do?", Marina said in faux innocence. Trevor snorted.

Jez4 looked at Trevor with a somewhat confused expression, but shrugged and ran off over to Alex.

Okay... one thing Trevor did not expect was the sudden... urge that over took him. He just saw someone, something, running from him and this time he didn't have the over arching concern for someone's well-being to worry about.

"Um...Trevor?", Marina said walking in front of him, "You feeling alright?" But he was already gone, must have been something important.

Trevor moved before Marina could get between him and the luscious one [[shuddap]] a leap that cleared her anyway (much better than the one that landed him in tree) and was darting after Fourth on all fours, moving... faster than you would think. (not full speed, but near speed one.)

"Dang Trevor...", Marina exclaimed as she watched him bound off after Fourth. She could only stare as he ran on all fours moving faster than any human and possibly about as fast as some jamaicans.

Once again the link proved useful, as Jez4 discovered Trevor was chasing her because the other three were watching with wide eyes, causing Four to turn her head and confirm her pursuit.

"OHWHATTHEHELL!?" Jez4 exclaimed, outright sprinting now to keep away from the crazy Trevor, circling the area like some racetrack.

After a moment of confusion the other three shot off too to maybe detain Trevor, not entirely sure what was going on...

Trevor kicked up the speed, and closed the gap between him and Fourth, but over compensated when he tried to leap on her.

<http://orokos.com/roll/103469> Grapple 12...[1d20+7, and I get 12...]

Where the Tree is Jezzed. (Wait... is that an innuendo?)(I think so)

A little shocked at Trevor's sudden burst of speed, the Jezelles couldn't do much other than panic a little, not sure what was going on with Trevor and losing control of the situation -all three Jezelles chasing Trevor did a mad leap for him while the Fourth despaired and turned mid-step, throwing up an arm to try and shield herself as she fell over.

She didn't know what was going on, what Trevor was doing, he would have warned her right?

The air rippled around her as the tension built up to unbearable levels in her mind and then quite plainly she disappeared -though a nearby tree suddenly shook violently as though something had just landed in it at a decent speed.

Marina watched as Trevor attempted to pounce on Jez4. Marina blinked and the next moment Jez4 was gone. Where the heck did she go. She scanned around frantically before spotting Jez4 in the branches of a nearby tree. "Two questions: How'd you get up there? and Do I need to rally the clones to rescue you too?", Marina asked rushing over to the tree.

Little more than grumbles and groans issued from the tree, a few branches and leaves rustling as Jez4 attempted to move.

"I dunno what the hell just happened..." Jez4 mumbled.

Marina looked over to where Jez4 once was to see three Jezelle's dog (or was it cat) piling on top of Trevor, "Need to get down from there or anything?", Marina asked.

"In... in a minute..." Jez4 grumbled, tangled up in branches and more than a bit disorientated,

"Teleporting is... more than I bargained for..."

Jez4 sort of crawled out of the branches and more or less fell to the ground, hitting with a neat tumble and pretty much laying down in the same motion.

"Ugh... still spinning..." Jez4 mumbled.

"Hope you feel better...I can't imagine teleporting being easy...heck I didn't even think the trenchcoat thing would work, but once I got it I was stuck. Still not entirely used to these new mutations over all...and look at me still rambling...you probably have it worse.", Marina's troubles and thoughts started pouring onto her new captive listener

"Still... trying to get my head around this... and the other three chattering in my head about it isn't helping..." Jez4 said, laying an arm over her forehead as though it might stabilize things.

"Still getting four times the work done between you is rather convenient no?", Marina said, "I can only change into water...water...well now I'm more like clay but still, nothing compared to that stunt you just pulled...can you still walk?"

[TIME LINE MAGIC ACTIVATE! FORM OF: UNITED STREAMS!]

In Which the Cat is Piled.(Okay, that has got to be an innuendo...)

For his part, Trevor's leap turned head over heels tumble and he landed in a slight (the ground was still sorta frozen. Sorta) puff of dirt. He barely had time to process this before the sun was eclipsed by three femi figures.

"Sweet mother of-" was all Trevor could get out before he was involved in a second bodily pile up involving females for the day. And he wasn't even on top this time. [... Oh My...]

"If that chasing shit was a joke I am going to beat the hell out of you!" All three said angrily in sync.

"Wait, what happened this time?" Trevor said, panicking. He couldn't even run, not buried between three Jezs. "I'll admit I've pictured things like this before, but it was far more enjoyable. And less painful."

Cue synchronized suspicious glare, Jezelle was tempted to smack Trevor in the nose or something.

"You were chasing me like a freakin' animal, or did you just forget?" Jezelle growled.

"Um? What? Ah, when? Uh..." Trevor tried a series of responses, then managed to get a hand free and hold it between his face and the glare. "Please don't hurt me?"

"Grar..." Jezelle grumbled, before the three begrudgingly climbed off, confidence regained seeing Trevor behave normally again, "What was the big idea with chasing after me on all fours? And running so fast? I'm quite sure you didn't know I could teleport so you can't have been chasing me for that excuse..."

The Titan and the Tok'ra

Henry walked through the woods a bit looking for things to pick up. He already knew he could pick up a truck so many of the branches that were on the ground did not hold much promise. Trevor seemed to want to know how much he could pick up but didn't know if he was in the same league as him. He wanted to help him since he did not know what he was going to get out of this day.

The only thing he was going to try were the two weird things he did on accident. The first was one he did in his apartment. He took a deep breath and blew out as hard as he could. As he did a strong wind picked up and blew leaves all over the place. Even some of the branches that were on the ground moved pretty far. He wondered if he could use this on a person. It seemed like a possibility.

Henry then looked at his hands and thought about the day before when he clapped them together before trying to force the door open. This time he slapped his hands together as hard as he could.

The result was a little shocking. First there was a thunderous crack and then his hands started to sting.

"Great. Now I have to worry about clapping around people." Henry sighed.

"Hey Henry,' Erin asked. "Can I test out something with your truck?" She asked, now that she spotted him gain.

"That depends on what you want to do with my truck?" Henry replied.

"Just start it up." Erin admitted, not telling him the whole story.

"Let me say this first.... If you damage my truck I will have to murder you. If you are willing to risk it then I would allow you to start it up. Just be willing to pay up if anything goes wrong." Henry said with a stern look on his face.

Erin nodded and looked at Henry's truck. Her eyes suddenly flashed, glowed and then the truck started by itself. With Erin not having the keys or being inside the truck at the time. With another flash of her eyes, the truck turned itself off as well. With what Henry said, she could guess she probably could take it for a spin, but she didn't want to die. "How's that?" She asked. "To be honest, I didn't think that would work."

"As long as I can start and stop it on my own then I am good with that. You have a career ahead of you as a car thief now." Henry then thought that he would need to get a better security for his truck now.

Erin frowned. "Well... Thank I guess. That's not exactly what I was going for though."

"Well I guess it is time to find a rock." Henry said while looking for a "rock" on the ground. He could use the one he and Trevor had used but that would be too small. He needed something bigger

"If you need help with anything," Erin said. "Just lemmie know. I think you might be able to keep the truck where it is if it started heading for ya."

"The truck is fine where it is. But that..." Henry points to a large boulder. "...Is just what I need."

Henry moved over to the boulder and started to push it to loosen it from the earth.

"All right. I suppose we can play "So Henry Thinks he can Dodge Traffic" some other time." Erin said, chuckleing.

Henry shoved the boulder out of its dirt home and tested it by lifting it (a few bugs skittered away). It was a little hard to get a good grip but once he got one he could lift it with no problem. He put it back down and looked at it. It was bigger then he was and weighted about as much as his truck. This would work.

He rolled it over towards where the others were.

Hark, for the hard rolling of a boulder causes both the Titan and the Tok'ra, as well as the Jungle King, Legion and Puddle to congregate!-----

Slowly, that little stint in amnesia-ville passed, and that high speed chase action, complete with magical vanishing ~~prey target~~ Jezelle came back to him, and Trevor's eyes widened. "... Crap..."

He might have said more on the matter, but a rather intrusive grating like sound demanded attention as Henry pushed a boulder like he was auditioning for the role of an ant.

"Hey Trevor I found something you can lift. See if you can pick this one up. I think it weights a little more then my truck. Should be a good base to compare. If we can find the max you can lift we can work out way down. Or we can crack this thing and use the rocks to practice dodging. But I don't think any one would like that method." Henry stated as he pushed the rock one last time.

"And tell me Trev, Do you think I'd make a good car theif?" Erin asked, a little hurt that someone could see her as that.

The Furies had released Trevor thanks to his grovelling, and he pushed the revelations of the past few moments (honestly... all that took moments) and looked over at Henry. "Basa kataa?" he swore, pushing himself up right. He bonked his head painfully on something, though he could have sworn there was nothing there, and a quick check verified it. Odd.

"Okay... I'm not going to ask the Fridgemancer how he got that here, but what makes you think I can lift that? I couldn't match you in that arm wrestling, remember?" Trevor paused and looked at the Jez trio. "Wait... where's the other one?"

"Suffering teleportation nausea..." Jez4 mumbled as she staggered onto the scene, using Three as a leaning post, "Apparently that's a thing now."

Marina followed close behind, she was shivering slightly but only really took the time to fold her clothes and stuff them where everyone else's stuff was before rejoining the group.

"Well you couldn't beat me but that doesn't mean that you can't be very strong. We never know until we try and try you must. We need to know the max you can deal with or at some point in the future we might rely on you to do something that you can't. Better to know now then at that mentioned time." Henry explained.

"Yay?" Trevor said with extreme hesitation. Dammit logic, why did you have to make so much sense? "How much do you think this weights?" He asked as started towards it when something clicked and he paused mid stride, letting his foot fall, ear cocked curiously. "Wait... what was that about car thief?"

"Apparently Henry thinks that I'd be a spectacular one since I can turn them on remotely." Erin shrugged.

"I said that you had a career in it not that you would be a spectacular one."
Henry corrected.

"That's even worse..." Erin muttered.

"Ah, I see," Trevor said, totally lying. "Perhaps we should have a little recap. Coles Notes like?"

"Well, I can start Henry's truck remotely like I said and use Marina's phone when it was in her pocket. If anyone's got anything else, I can try to practice on that too." Erin said.

"Huh... we had an... interesting?" Trevor asked Jez, "Interesting time."

"Do I want to know?" Erin asked.

"Oh he just nearly tried to eat me," Jez4 said, throwing the remark away like it was nothing important.

"Ah! Gah! Kee! Jee..." Trevor gesticulated, then sighed, covering his face with his hand. "Yeah... sorta..."

"OH GOD!" Erin yelled. "Oh god! I can't know this!" She backed up. "Look, what you guys want to do on your own time is your own business, please don't inform me about it."

"Hah!" Jezelle laughed.

"If *only* it were innuendo..." Jez4 sighed.

"Lalalalala! not listening! Bye guys!" Erin said and left the area. Henry's truck. Yes, she could talk to it. Something normal... Normal and not pervy in any way. Nope... Nothing wrong with that.

"Tried to eat you? Like actually eat? Trevor what the hell?!"

"That's my gag," Trevor muttered at Erin. Oh the shame. His hand was still over his face, and his tail was curling around his legs. If it didn't move soon, he was going to trip over it. Give him a rock to hide under or something... "Look, it was momentary lapse. She started running and... I sorta... blanked out for a while... It was only a couple seconds..."

"Thank god I can apparently teleport, I do *not* want to know what would have happened had you caught me," Jez4 said, eyes narrowing a little.

"Kill me now," Trevor muttered.

"Be careful what you wish for Trevor..." , Marina commented

"Well that is something that we now have to look out for it seems. We know have to protect our selves from our own friend." Henry did not want to think what might happen if Trevor had gone after Erin.

If this were a manga, that comment would have arrows lancing through Trevor's chest. You what they say about Sticks and Stones and Word? They **lie**. *'This is my space and nothing can hurt me...'* Same mental mantra from day one, running through his mind again. Still, Henry was right. He honestly didn't know what came over him.

"Well if nothing else, the chasing shenanigans did show me I got yet another trick up my sleeve," Jezelle said, feeling a little sorry at the moment and attempting to rectify, "What're the odds you guys have got extras too? I can't say I could predict I was gonna be able to teleport as well as copy myself..."

"Well you can count morphing as an extra, but that still feels like it's related to water form in some way...", Marina said to Jezelle.

"I have tried things that have happen by accident and found that they are things that I can do. Seems like I can do more then just lift things which is helpful. But I do not have any type of crazy speed or teleporting or morphing powers." Henry replied.

"Now it's crazy... I'll be over there... trying not to get stuck again..." Trevor murmured, wandering off.

"Call me over if you ever get stuck in a tree again.", Marina called out to Trevor as he walked off.

"Marina's Naked," Trevor called back. Poke fun at him was she? Ha!

After trying and failing to get any kind of useful or interesting conversation out of the truck, Erin finally gave up and went back to the group, hoping that the inuendo had died off. She heard "Marina's Naked," and facepalmed and considered talking to Marina's phone to keep her busy. "If you guys wanna let me know when you're done with the inuendo, lemmie know!" Erin called.

"Aww but I was just about to break out the black leather!" Jez4 called back to Erin. "Black leather huh..." Jezelle said contemplatively, connecting some more dots in her head, "I wonder if we'll have to worry about our identities when the woman attacks us again... I mean, Trev and I were out of phase, invisible or something, but I don't suppose the same thing happened with the other fight. Bystanders would have been watching."

"I was water for most of that fight...but someone might have seen me melt...", Marina said to Jezelle, "And black leather eh, didn't think anyone here bothered with that stuff."

"Eh, gotta respect the classics, if nothing else then for jokes at least," Jez4 said with a helpless shrug, "Doesn't mean we can't involve black leather somehow though, that could be entertaining..."

"Don't tempt me, I could do another impression...it'd be pointless but I could.", Marina said to Jezelle.

"Anyway, the point stands, it might be worth investing in masks at least -as cliché as it is," Jezelle said, folding her arms with some concern, "It'll only take one recognition for this to start going downhill."

"Eventually I'll try morphing one for myself...", Marina considered, "What do you think it should look like?"

"Maybe stick with something basic until we find a design we like?" Jezelle offered, "It may be cliché, but that doesn't mean we have to adopt fancy designed masks and stuff. We're pretty much focusing defense aren't we?"

"Yeah...I'm basically combat support if it ever comes down to that again.", Marina said, Jez would be able to see Marina's face ripple and then reform.

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 8 12:34 AM
mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 7 12:34 AM
mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 4 12:34 AM
mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 20

It took several tries to get her face to reform as something not cartoony, but when she had finished it looked as if Marina was wearing a black mask. "Suppose something like this would have to do.", she said, her voice significantly muffled by the skinmask.

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 4 12:59 AM
mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 2 12:59 AM
mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 16

In time Marina morphed her face back to normal. "Well we better get to the hard stuff now.", Marina said.

"I think something is needed. After the fight I got pulled aside and questioned about my involvement. It will be hard to pull the same excuse again. I would really rather not get caught plus these people who are attacking us once they find out who we are can start picking us off one at a time. I know Polly knows where I live but I do not know if she knows about the rest of you. She might know your name and face but she would need....." Henry's jaw drop. "Oh shit! That is what Cain was trying to say."

"Those people that came in and put us to sleep in the clinic stole files. They were on patients of the clinic. What if those files were on people with the same mutations as us? Could this be how Polly found those two men to fight for her? Will there be others and how many? We might be going up against a bunch of people fighting us against their will. This is going to get messy." Henry thought out loud.

"Which really just means we need to be prepared...though how soon do we really want to start combat training?", Marina replied.

Trevor squatted by the tree and sulked, being in general the image of a sad kitty. He was listening though. While he didn't know what conversation with Cain Henry was talking about, he figured it would have to be on they had during the tests Henry did, it did make things a bit more... daunting? Troubling? One of those.

"Combat training..." Jezelle echoed thoughtfully, "Also gotta figure out this teleporting thing... so much on my plate all of a sudden. We all got lives to worry about here as much as working out how to defend ourselves. Trev and Alex in particular, and I'm not sure how I'm going to fit more of myself into the picture without raising suspicion. How are we going to balance all this?"

Erin came again within hearing range after pretending to be really interested in a tree. Coming back, she shrugged. "Not sure. We'll have to make time for it though. Worst comes to worst, we can try the Blue Beatle or Infamous route and tell people what's really going on." She shrugged.

"Translation for those who prefer a different form of entertainment?" Trevor called over.

"We tell whoever needs to know the truth." Erin clarified. "Professors, bosses, doctors, police, boyfriends or girlfriends, parents for those that haven't done so already. People like that."

"You have a boyfriend?" Trevor asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Hypothetically speaking." Erin said.

"Uh-huh..." Trevor said sceptically.

"What?" Erin asked. "I don't have one..." she mumbled, thinking of the hunky cat she was talking to. Yes, she was a furry. She thought catboys were pretty cute.

"Any way, I raise you Stargate SG1; The Road not Taken," Trevor pointed out.

"What's that episode got to do with anything?" Erin asked curiously. She remembered that episode. "Wouldn't a better one be... Bad Guys I think?"

"Bag Guys started with them being throughout as terrorist, not them telling people. Disclosure would have been a better counter-counter point," Trevor said, rolling his eyes. "The Road Not Taken follows a reality where they revealed the SGC to the world. What followed was a year of civil war and three or civil unrest in America. Disclosure had them reveal it to their major allies. It almost ended with China declaring war on them. Small Victories had Russia detect the Biliskner's crash. It almost lead to nuclear war."

"Soooo... Overall you're saying it's a terrible idea to go with telling the people that need to know." Erin clarified for those that might have gotten lost when the two began talking about

Stargate. [It's not 'talking.' It's a way of life. The Church of Stargate. :I Hallowed are the SGC Officers.]

"Nah, I'm just saying it can go either way, and I don't want camera's in my face," Trevor muttered.

"Depends on what I get sent to cover, but we'll see." Erin said.

Trevor only growled at her.

"Hey, it's a little late for me to change what I'm studying. Hell, my parents will probably kill me for changing courses. Again. Plus this is the last semester and year I have."

"Well anyway, we're not going to get stronger in one day, so let's pace ourselves. I might focus on this teleporting, getting a hang of it sounds useful, but we should all make getting a mask a priority, and somehow we need to keep in contact with each other, in case the woman tries focusing on one or two of us," Jezelle surmised, "What's everyone else's plan?"

"I haven't given it much thought to it. I figured that I would see what all everyone can do. If Polly is going to keep coming after us I will need to start putting her guys out of the fight. I hear that you held your own in the fight. Just some of us are not cut out for battle. I would hate to see us getting picked off one by one. I just can't figure what she wants."

"If we use 'my Henry' as a hint..." Trevor smirked. Woot. Hurray for passing funks.

"She must want what she will never be able to have. Will need to give her something the next time we meet." Henry clenched his fist as he finished the statement. He knew that he gave her a taste before she left last time. Perhaps next time he could break her arm or something.

"I was gonna go work on the... things that I'm making. Start taking naps since I apparently only work on them when I'm sleeping. In the meantime, I was going to try talking to other machines and stuff to see if it's a universal thing or if it's just a Christmas Spirit sort of thing. Cookie to anyone that gets that reference as obscure as it is... Actually, I'll make you a whole batch of cookies if you know what that is." Erin added.

"Bleh, I have no idea what to do... I'll just... focus on teleporting for now," Jezelle said, head getting a little muddled so she wandered off to get some distance, her copies in tow before attempting to figure out the trigger on teleporting.

"Is there by any chance a body of water around here?", Marina asked.

"Or in that case a heavier coat...I didn't expect it to be this cold...", Marina said quickly getting her pants and gymnastics outfit on along with the thin coat she remembered to bring, "Thist won't do", she remarked. She had a set of bad ideas, some of which she was considering asking Trevor soon. "Hey Trevor", she began, calling him over was the first step.

"Meh?" Trevor responded, ears twitching. Something told him he was not going to like where this conversation was about to head.

"I was just wondering if we can move these practice sessions indoors...at least until it gets warmer out...though the likelihood of stuff breaking will increase so....hm...not sure what to do about that.", Marina rambled on.

"Not if indoors in my house." Trevor said, narrowing his eyes. "You don't like helping the cleaning up process after a game night, much less this..."

"Fair enough...I should have brought a thicker coat...I imagine that fur helps you deal with it...And given that water form seems to be incompatible with clothing...I'd rather not end up an ice statue in this weather.", Marina said to him.

"Note to self: Make something to fix that." Erin said, mostly to herself.

"Then do something to get your blood flowing," Trevor said, cocking an eyebrow at Erin. There was something very... concerning about that. Almost super villain ish. (Great... now they had him doing it...)

"Easy for you to say, Mr. I -have-super-speed.", Marina said to Trevor, "And Erin what are you muttering about?"

"Of course, Miss I-Turn-Into-Green-Water-And-Dusters," Trevor grinned. "Henry, you said combat training. And... boulder pushing?" Why was he getting the Master Roshi feeling? If Henry suggested strapping something heavy to his back...

"Dusters? And I guess I might as well practice in water form..Any thoughts as to precisely what?", Marina wondered.

"You said that you wanted to lift some heavy things. I brought this rock for you to try. Thought it was pretty simple test. I believe I told you all this already." Hmm perhaps turning into a cat has damaged his memory some Henry thought to himself.

"Huh?" Erin said. "Oh. Just thinking of something that I could possibly make to help you with this time of year. And next winter. Unless you can control ice eventually or something."

"First things first Erin, I need an outfit that stays on when I morph or melt....Think that's doable?", Marina said to Erin.

"I dunno. Maybe it can be implanted or something and hold position in your body. I dunno. Might not even happen." She shrugged. "Not like I can control this sleep creation stuff at all."

"But... a boulder?" Trevor muttered weakly. So what if he could jump higher, run fast and stuff. It was still a boulder. "Do I have to lift it first? Can I try... pushing it?"

"You can do what ever you want with it. I was trying to help you with something. Unless you want me smashing it and start throwing small rocks at you all to learn how to dodge." Henry thought about this for a moment. That wasn't to terrible an idea when it came down to it.

"Hey, hey... It's not a terrible idea. Better than most of mine, so far. And we can do the rock throwing I guess... It would get Miss... Itigwad," Trevor jerked a thumb at Marina, "Active and warm."

"Why not try smashing or uprooting trees?" Erin suggested. "I'm pretty sure those are tougher to move then giant rocks. The roots and all.

Trevor gave Erin a level glare for the... third? Was it third? He needed to start keeping tabs or records on that... Anyway, call it third, time for the morning. "Right... I say a boulder is much, so the logical thing to do is find something harder. Lovely." He toed the boulder (with a toe of course). Bah...

"That was for Trevor actually." Erin pointed out.

"So what did you want to lift anyway...if you don't try you'll never know...", Marina said, "Although I can think of much lazier ways for me to get warm...But that usually involves someone else's bodyheat...and yeah I'll stop talking now..."

"Lifting stones and boulders like rocks are big and heavy and look at the trail..." Trevor muttered as he tried to find a good place to grab the rock. Marina distracted him. "Wai-wa-wa- What?"

"Ummm yes. Stop.Talking. Please." Erin paused. "Thank you." She winked a little at Trevor knowing that he'd get this reference.

"Don't that that quoting Hermoid makes me forget that..." Trevor muttered. Bah... no sense wasting more time he supposed...

Greycat rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 18

"Sorry Erin, is there anything you wished to do now that Trevor is preoccupied with a giant rock?", Marina asked.

"Not that I can think of off the top of my head." Erin shrugged then looked to Trevor. "It also makes you say the word 'that' three times in the same sentence."

"Giant... rock!" Trevor grunted as he barely managed to lift the thing off the ground. He shifted one leg back, trying to keep balance as he held it about chest level. "Very... heavyrock!"

"I just can't think of anything specific to water form that I need to train at the moment...", Marina said to Erin.

Erin watched as Trevor worked out, almost missing what Marina said. "Huh? Oh... Well I suppose that you don't have to train then."

"At least until we get to somewhere warmer where I don't have to risk freezing in water form.", Marina sighed while watching Trevor struggle. Ah well, Marina tried to remember the sensation that she had felt when melting before, the freedom of no longer having one's molecules fixed in a solid state. And with that she melted into a green puddle. The puddle reformed and swirled until Marina formed into the shape of her usual body. Her clothes again strewn on the ground. "And that's why I need a supersuit.", she said to Erin.

"Nice job Trevor! That rock is about the size of my truck. This is good. You can put some hurting on some people with that. So...now what do we do?" Henry asked.

Rocks made noise when you let them crash to the ground. Lots of noise. They also made there very own cozy little depression. Trev found both these fact out when he let the rock fall. In retrospect, he should have made sure his toes were clear, because the impact was closer than he would have liked. He flopped over the rock, ears flat, and let out a gusty breath. "Okay..." he gasped, "big difference between 'lifting' a rock and 'weaponizing' one..."

"But that means in a fight you can use items around you that will throw the other guy off. Think about it. Would you want to fight a guy who can use a car a club? It will take teh fight right out of them. This also lets me know that if something is heavy that you can help me lift it." Henry was glad to find this information out.

Marina's body rippled and slowly color formed on her surface. She was now green with a hint of puple. "Well good to know I can still do that, but there's gotta be more to be done.", she said to no one in particular.

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 5 5:46 PM

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 2 5:46 PM

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 6 5:47 PM

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 19

"Handy men, um, man and cat, we are," Trevor said, twiddling a finger in the air. "Woot. Hey, Henry, you think you can... break the rock or something?"

"Will try at least. Might want to step back."

"Running away, check!" Trev said, hurriedly moving. "Generally announcement! Henry's gonna break a rock!" he announced.

Henry stood in front of the boulder and took a deep breath and let it out slowly. Squareing his shoulders Henry balled his fist and pulled it back.

"WAIT!" Trevor said suddenly, urgency on his features..

"What?" Henry said as he readied himself to strike the rock.

"Say something cool. Like 'it's clobbering time' or 'Henry Smash'," Trevor urged.

Jez3 wandered up behind Trevor with a hard expression before smacking him upside the back of the head.

Trevor chuckled and was a good sport about it (it didn't really hurt anyway). "Hey, I wasn't the one to come up with this 'super hero' stuff."

"I am not going to say that." Henry stated flatly and then punched the rock.

Greycat rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $1+10=10$ vs $24 = 14$ fail

His fist made contact right in the center and then something pretty amazing happened. Where there was once a large boulder there was now flying bits of stone and dust as the over grown rock blew to pieces. He was nicked here and there by the flying stones but nothing that would be to terrible.

"HOLY SHI-" Jez3 dived for cover mid-sentence.

Marina took cover mostly by flattening herself at Jez's feet, "I'd prefer more warning next time.", she said reforming her head to speak with him.

Trev covered his face, trusting his fur to hand the pebbles and shards (also doing the manly thing by standing between the Girls and the Rock, then peaked out with a slightly stunned expression.

Henry looked down at what was once the rock and then to his fist.

"Damn! Well that went better then I had thought. I figured I would be hitting that thing for a while." Henry was more then a little shocked by what just happened. He was also surprised as the cuts on his hands and arms started to close and the pain started to dull.

"And that is new."

Thursday, March 14

Dodgeballrock

"Would'a been cooler if you said something catchy," Trevor pointed out. "And, for the record, I did give you guys warning."

"The good news is we can predict the same result if that rock was a bad guy...", Marina said reforming.

Henry reached down and picked up a stone about the size of his fist and gave it a little toss to test its weight.

"So who wants to practice dodging today?" Henry asked with a slight smile.

"You know... I'm suddenly having flashbacks to that episode of DBZ Abridged," Trevor said, ears dropping.

"Hahahaha-fucking no," Jez3 replied to Henry as she stood up, "I'm going to stay over there..."

"Um, no", Marina said following in Jez3's footsteps.

Of course they would back away... Still... he didn't want them to get hurt... and he still thought that there was some merit to Henry's idea...

"Is this the part where we play dodge the guy wanting to chuck rocks?", Marina joked with Jezelle.

"Oh, no, no one would want to play dodgeball with four of me," Jez3 said, a hint of evilness in her tone.

"Then it's a good thing I'm on your team.", Marina said forming herself in a ball of water then just for fun allowing a few tentacles to form out the sides of the ball. She held that for a moment before returning to a puddle state.

"Well if no one does then you all better get ready for when a real opponent comes a knocking."

Erin for the most part just watched seeing that she wasn't going to be doing a lot for combat. At least not until she had the equipment made. Yawning, she lay on one of the moss covered rocks and wondered what the second thing she was making was. That first one looked like a pair of grapple pistols, but what was the other one? She had no idea.

"Bah, I ain't afraid of no rock!" Trevor bragged. "So long as they are little, I mean. Big rocks are my duro. Unless you are like Henry and can Hulk out on them."

"A real opponent would have a lot more to worry about than throwing a rock at someone," Jez2 said defiantly, folding her arms, "I bet the four of me could ruin someone's day now that I'm a bit more ready for all this."

"Yeah! We all have to start somewhere. Not all of us are track stars you know," Trevor muttered. "The only fu I know is of the google variety."

"Easy for the group's new track star to say.", Marina said. "You and Henry are the most capable in combat right next to Jez dogpiling people...me...not so much...And Erin's still wallowing in self-pity...good job team."

"Bah," Trevor muttered. He still wasn't sure how that speed trigger worked... For all he knew, it was hunger dependent... "You do realize Jez knows how to fight, right? And if you call randomly sprouting claws and fangs and fur and a tail without the instruction manual on how to use them, sure..."

"I'm not wallowing," Erin said defensively. "I'm thinking about what that other thing I was developing is."

"Just saying, the best I can do is splash some water on them...if I'm lucky.", Marina said.

"You can't force yourself down their throats and drown them?" Erin asked. "Or go into their bloodstream and take control of their actions?"

"What kind of comics have you been reading, and can I borrow them sometime?", Marina called to Erin.

"Just some ideas I had in mind. I can keep thinking if you like." Erin said. "Helps that I've also played lots of games to back up the comics."

"Well the first idea worked for about a moment before mr. Psychic splattered me on the wall, and I don't have nearly the fine control needed to perform that second thing you suggested...", Marina said.

"Well you could always go chest burster on them." Erin shrugged. "Get in then blast out leaving a massive gaping hole in them."

"Yeah, no...not to mention how disgusting it would be to get inside in the first place.", Marina sighed.

Trevor watched with flat ears and wide eyes, fiddling with this tail. "Um... should I be worried about how... lethal Erin's idea's are becoming?"

"Not at all, most of those ideas are infeasible given what I currently know about my powers.", Marina said.

"Shutting up then," Erin shrugged. "And hey, it's either them or us. That psychic maniac probably would have killed us. If it comes down to that, I'd rather have it be them over us."

"Now's when you get worried.", Marina said reforming into a cube of water, it would seem morphing was easier in water form.

"... I don't think I'm allowed to associate with those with sociopathic tendencies," Trevor said carefully, watching Marina out the corner of his eye.

"How is that-- Never mind... Back to thinking." Erin said, dropping it and went back to thinking.

"Good thing I'm still sane...well besides the whole being water thing...that's a side effect", Marina said.

"Does that mean I'm not allowed to listen to the voices in my head?" Jez2 said to Trevor with a cheeky grin.

"All I'm saying is, I may be impulsive, irresponsible, egocentric, and or superficial at times, but I don't spend time plotting how to use friends to... kill people..." Trevor said softly, counting off

the points on his fingers.

"Maybe Erin's a part-time mystery writer?" Jez2 offered.

"Or a part time, serial killer...both of which I'd doubt.", Marina said.

"Jordan did say the two were the same," Trevor said. "And Castle did say that it's always the quiet ones..." Trevor looked apprehensively at Erin.

"Oh please, we roleplay in our spare time with characters that can be anywhere from psychopaths to hulks to innocents," Jez2 said casually.

"Again, why I feel Trevor is overreacting...what Erin does is mostly harmless.", Marina said letting her liquid body swirl around.

"Okay, one," Trevor said, counting off on his fingers again. "We roleplay, we don't think about using it in the real world. Two; I chase someone, and I'm a maneater, and Erin rolls out plans for murder and she's normal? And Three; What the hell are you doing Marina?"

"Because her plans require us to do things...in my case things I know I cannot do.", Marina said. She settled down as a sort of water snake. "Just getting some practice in Mr. Jumps at Coats?"

"One: There's a big difference between thinking and doing -I could use all four of me to drag you into traffic but it's not like I'm going to; Two: I was more or less kidding but you did terrify me for a moment there so I was a bit vindictive," Jez2 responded plainly.

"My point exactly...Erin is mostly fine...I think...as for you chasing someone, the fact being that you did in fact chase her down...therein lies the difference.", Marina said. She reshaped herself into a ball of water.

"I said I was sorry..." Trevor muttered.

"It's pretty obvious you're not the type to hurt friends, but when a large cat chases you faster than you can run, it's kinda scary..." Jez2 said, "No harm no foul, at least we discovered two things with no real consequences. Gives me a headstart on teleporting training and you a lot more warning about your instincts."

"We're not blaming you, I was just illustrating a point.", Marina said.

"Seems like we are learning all new things about ourselves today." Henry squeezed the rock in his hand and turned it to pebbles and let it fall to the ground. He could smash something that was standing still but he still did have a hard time hitting moving targets. This would be something that he would work on next.

"Bah... So... dodgerock?" Trevor asked. Why did everything invariably end up being about him again?

"Are we allowed to throw rocks back...?" Jez2 queried, evilly rubbing her hands together.

"Wouldn't be training other wise." Henry replied

"Are we limited to throwing? Cause I generally can't hit a barn," Trevor asked.

"Well if the thing i'm making is some sort of weapon, you can be the first to test it." Erin piped up.

"Gee, wouldn't that hurt?", Marina complained to Erin.

"What are you going to do? Eat them?" Asked Henry.

"Not it!" Jez4 instantly called.

"Okay, fair warning. I am going to hit you. I am going to hit you very hard," Trevor muttered, growling under his breath.

"Ok let's start this." Henry said and 'tossed' a rock at Trevor.

"Hey!" Trevor complained when the stone bounced off his head. He rubbed the spot as he jogged to put some distance between himself, Henry and the others. "But good on the power though..."

The army of Jezelle immediately shot off into the forestry for a moment to collect a rock and came flying back out, two rocks for Trev and two for Henry.

Henry took a deep breath in as he saw Jezelle speed off. He might be strong but a rock getting thrown was still going to hurt. As he saw the rocks coming at him he let the breath out right them. A massive gust of wind kicked up and pushed out towards the two throwing rocks at him. necar rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $5 + 4 = 9$ trip attack
40 foot range
reflex of 14 to avoid the attack...if it hit in the first place

Shift left, then shift right... Two rocks whizzed passed him. The second one coming a lot closer than the first. He needed to work on the second step... Either way... Okay... there was no way Trevor could ignore Henry's new career path as a blow hard.

Trevor sighed and snagged up some stones and he moved, leaping, in a much more controlled manner this time, into a tree.

Marina extended a long pseudopod of water which shot off and anchored at a point deep in the woods. "Just a little more!", Marina exclaimed, "And there!" She allowed the rest of her to snap towards the initial tentacle. The effect was much like a rubber band, or in this case a geyser of water that rushed to rejoin the rest of her.

Actions

Elongation + Extra Effort
for 50 ft. of reach for 1 round.

"Waugh! What the heck?" Two and Four exclaimed in surprise as Henry blew them over, but they both did a practiced back flip handstand and straight back onto their feet.
[Acrobatics modifier is +10]

Almost immediately afterward did all four Jezelles flee for the treeline again, poking their heads out a little to keep an eye on things.

Trevor skipped through the tree, moving as carefully as he could, anyway, then poured a few pebbles down on Erin's head from above.

Erin looked up as pebbles hit her. "Ow! hey! what was that for?" She asked and looked up, moving to the side to evade some more pebbles if they were going to fall.

Henry picked up two large rocks and took off toward the trees that the others seemed to be hiding in. Throwing the rocks at the trees above the twins trying to have it rain down on them. The sad part was the first rock missed the tree completely. The second one hit a branch to far up and knocked a few sticks down. Well atleast that one hit a tree.

"Artillery!" Two cried dramatically.

"Flee!" Four played along, diving clear -except she disappeared and reappeared upside-down smack against a tree.

"I may have discovered a problem with over-thinking..." Four mumbled, slumped upside-down against the tree, "I'm out for a moment..."

"No absences allowed for this exercise," Trevor said cheerfully, though Henry's tactics were proving to be something of a major distraction. "All must play!" He lightly tossed a larger stone in Erin's direction.

[[Call it taking ten so 11 Miss)

Erin yelped and lept off her seat to avoid it. She looked for something she could use to throw back at the kitty and wished she had some catnip. Partly to see what it'd do and partly to see how he'd react. "You just wait until next time!" Erin teased. Picking up rock from the ground, she threw it, but missed by a mile.

Attack: <http://orokos.com/roll/103966> 5

Henry kept the heat up but was out of rocks and did not feel like bending down in the middle of this to pick some up. He slammed his hands together once more and the sound of a thunder clap rang out.

range 40 feet

reflex of 14 to avoid damage half damage

damage 4

BOOM

Two and Four sort of rolled out of the way behind a tree on reflex, freezing up in surprise afterwards as a blast of air flew by them

blazinvire rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 20 +4 Reflex

blazinvire rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 16 +4 Reflex

"What the hell happened to Dodgerock?" Four complained.

"I was trying to get you all ready for another attack. Get you used to one thing then throw something completely sideways at you. What I did not figure would happen would be that everyone would just hide the whole time. Jez, I feel that you and I are going to be doing the lion's share of protecting the others at this point. We should talk about how we can better deal with these things. I am going to stop attacking now."

Henry put his hands down at his sides and waited for Jezelle to come out of the trees. He figured that some of the others would have kept together for the training. He figured Erin would keep out and Marina left before anything really happened. He did not think Trevor would just leave as well. He was even the one who was pushing for this to happen. This just reinforced to Henry who he could rely on in the next fight. It was a good thing that the one person that he could turn into four others.

Two and Four peered out from behind the trees with narrowed eyes of suspicion, and unfortunately seeing an unarmed Henry no longer looked harmless. At any rate, Henry didn't seem like the deceptive sort, and there were two more of her hiding about the place so it wasn't like deceiving only a pair of them would be strategically sound.

Nevertheless they were a little on their guard as they moved from the trees and moved toward Henry, looking a little curious. 'Lion's share of protecting' was an interesting phrase and topic to bring up, and Jezelle couldn't say she wasn't a little worried about everyone -she was the only one who was never truly 'alone' thus had an advantage in the event she was singled out.

"Hiding is a valid tactic..." Two pointed out, though she trailed off as though to say she understood both sides of the issue here.

"Protecting, huh?" Four said with a concerned expression, folding her arms contemplatively,

"You and Trev can lift big things and chuck 'em 'round, I've only got what I've always had -just more of it. What's your plan?"

"If we all hid then how many normal people would get hurt....get killed. We were up against two people in total. The one I was up against was throwing around the normal guards like they were a bunch on tennis balls. Hiding is not an option for us anymore." Henry said flatly.

"I already know that..." Two mumbled with a huff, folding her arms, "I was being silly."

"You mentioned that you can teleport and obviously there are more than one of you and from what I have heard you are linked to one another. So that turns you into the greatest scout that you have. Plus you can overwhelm with sheer numbers. I know that I can tie up one person and wrestle them to the ground for the others to beat on until they are knocked out. That leaves use

with two cats, a walking puddle and a sleep walker."

"From what I have seen Polly is leading a group and there might be another lady leading a second group seeing as she showed up at the clinic. I don't know anything about the second group but I know that Polly can talk you into doing things. We need to drop her first and the rest might give up. Although the whole disappearing act is going to get annoying as she can do it when I am holding on to her. Anyhow that is what I am thinking but I am not the greatest in that department. You have any ideas?"

"Still getting the hang of teleporting..." Four said contemplatively rubbing her stomach from an empathetic phantom wound -having precise knowledge of another's injury certainly made it easier for the mind to trick you, "So she has some kinda persuasion thing, and she can pull strong minions out of her hair that she stores with spider-web-stuff... that's a rather aggravating set of powers to have with a dimension-altering thing..."

"Any ideas I mighta had are useless until we actually have a way of catching 'Polly', if she can just keep phasing out whenever she's backed into a corner then we're a little screwed... she can just skirmish us until we fold under pressure..." Two said with concern, "I mean, we could try some kinda overwhelming pre-emptive, counter-attack thing... she seems fixated on you so you'd make good bait, except we'd only get one shot to knock her out. It's doomed to fail, so we're stuck with an enemy we can't catch -unless there are limitations on this dimension-phasing thing."

In the silence, trees rustled softly in the wind. Notice: 20 (auditory), 15 (visual is looking at the sky's general area)

blazinvire rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 19 +6 Notice (BAM) You hear a buzzing drone like a single propeller plane flying overhead.

blazinvire rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 2 +6 Notice (Two didn't see nothin...)

necar rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 5 +1 fail x1

necar rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 5 +1 fail x2

blazinvire rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 10 +6

blazinvire rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 14 +6 (Four Sees something!) Four Seasons Hotels! She also sees something flying across the forest, about 100 or more feet away. Looks sorta coptery, hand flies somewhat jerkily.

"Uuuhm... what is that...?" Four said, a little rhetorical with more concern, "Henry, prepare those hands of yours, my paranoia is flaring up again..."

"What is what?" Henry said looking around at the ground and trees as if something was going to pop out of it and trees as if something was going to pop out of it.

"That..." Four said, reluctantly pointing at the flying copter drone, "I have the urge to knock it out of the sky... it's a cliché, but still..."

"What is that thing? I don't think we should break something like that without knowing what it

is."

"Yeah... it's probably a kid's toy... but, if I didn't check it out now and later discover it had a camera on it or something watching us do all that superpowered stuff, I would regret it immensely..." Four said grimly. Granted, the last time she was paranoid she ended up crumpled on the floor from shame, but this sorta seemed different... sorta... her head was in a better spot at the moment so surely her rationality wasn't so messed up...

"That is a very good point. Can you catch it or are we going to throw rocks at it until we hit it?"

"I... might be able to catch it..." Four said with a degree of surprise as she looked at the copter again, trying to judge the distance. Yeah she couldn't jump that far, but teleporting...

"Teleporting might end up bad, throw Two at it just to be safe," Four said cheekily, indicating the other copy before sprinting off.

"Wait, what? You talk too fast!" Two exclaimed in surprise -surprise because she didn't hear the thought before she heard the idea vocalized... or something like that.

The air rippled around Four and she disappeared in plain sight, appearing up next to the copter drone and launching out a hand to snare it.

blazinvire rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 6 +1

And so, attempting to grab something mid-air turned out to be a bad idea, as Four's reach fell short and she was left to plummet back to the ground with a lot of nice pointy branches everywhere to land on.

Two face-palmed and shot off afterward, parking herself underneath the falling Four with arms ready.

blazinvire rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 11 +10 Acrobatics = 21 -5 =16ft reduced

blazinvire rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 10 +1 Toughness = Four fails.

blazinvire rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 16 +1 Toughness = Two succeeds

blazinvire rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 13 +3+1 =17 =Feedback negated.

Four's Bruised and Unconscious

The bug bobbed a bit, but fly on unperturbed by the feeble attempt to grab hold of it. It's wings churned strongly and it shot off faster than the pace it had set before.

Henry stood there trying to see what was in the tree tops. The one Jez vanished from sight while another moved off and stood there with her hands out. Henry just scratched his head in wonder.

Four plummeted back down, neatly twisting mid-air so she could land properly -though the distance was a deal further than she expected, for both of them, as she crashed quite magnificently onto Two and they went in a somewhat-guided sprawling heap.

"Shit..." Two grumbled, climbing off Four and looking back up at the sky, "Henry it's gonna get away! It was right above us!"

"Where? I can't see the damn thing. Did you get a good look at it?" Henry shouted.

"Rrrrr..." Two growled, despairing a little that Henry couldn't see the damn thing, quickly getting to her feet and sprinting after the bug. If she couldn't grab it she'd see where it fled to.

Henry put his hands in his pockets as he watched Jez run off leaving one of the other behind. She did not seem to be worried about it so he figured that it might go away or just be laying there. He wasn't about to freak out if she was not worried about it. So, Henry headed back to his truck. If there was something in the sky there was nothing he could do about it plus he couldn't even find the thing.

The Slackers Less Proactive Players

"So Erin... you think we should just hang around here and let them have their fun?" Trevor said. His voice was filled with false cheer and just a bit shaky. Hell, he might have paled if he could. Instead, he settled for mood eyes and a tail wrapped around a branch.

"I'm fine with hanging myself." Erin said and wondered if she should apply that literally as well as figuratively. "Want some company up there Cheshire?"

"Meh... I'd need some teleportation gimmick to pull that off," Trevor said, waving his hand, He rocked forward, then rolled back so he was hanging from the branch by his knees and tail. "In the very least some invisibility thing."

"still, it's kinda fitting with how you look now." Erin said and went to the base of the tree. Testing the strength of some of the lower branches, but couldn't get a good grip on any of them. Climb: <http://orokos.com/roll/103971> 4

"Hah, funny. As if we haven't made enough 'Cat in the Tree' jokes," Trevor said flatly. "I'm supposed to be the cynical joker around here."

"You're rubbing off on the rest of us." Erin said. "We're catching the snarkyness, Cheshire. And yes, I'm gonna call you that. Just cause." She tried again in an attempt to get up to where Trevor was and once again couldn't get a good grip on the branches. "If this is gonna end up like that obstacle course you had us go through in TP, I'mma kill this tree." Erin said. Climb: <http://orokos.com/roll/103995> 11

"Oh, keep at it, I'm sure you'll get it some time within the next hour or so," Trevor said with a smirk. "Like a caterpillar. Just keep on trying."

Marina had to take a moment to catch her breath, she would have to avoid straining herself like that. Regardless, she reformed and staggered through the woods. She was scanning the trees, if Trevor or anyone was going to ambush her she'd be ready. Extending one tentacle arm out, she attempted to get up in the trees.

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 3

And nothing...that last exertion was too much and she lost her grip. Then again water couldn't

really grab things very well. She continued trudging through the forest. She shivered as she walked. If nothing else she needed to keep moving. And with that the amazing puddle flowed through the forest. Slowly though, she didn't want to get lost. Though she could feel several bits of dirt and twigs submerged in her.

"Laugh it up, fuzzball," Erin said looking up and tried once again, but between the cold getting into her mittins, the red ones sold during the olympic season to be exact, and the general non usefulness of mittins, she still wasn't able to get a good grip.

Climb: <http://orokos.com/roll/103998> 6

"I just don't think God intends for you to be in trees," Trevor said blandly with a quirky expression, rocking gently from his branch, arms folded behind his head. He spared a glance towards the latest rumble coming from the Henry/Jezlegion side. "Otherwise, you would be a lot better at this."

"More and more reasons for me to make a little suprise for you at somepoint," Erin said. "One you're not gonna like. Or maybe you will. You'll have to tell me," She laughed, starting to climb then slipped a little and winced as her foot hit the ground in a slightly akward way.

Climb: <http://orokos.com/roll/104003> 13

"Oi, You two just hanging out up there?", Marina called to the guy in the tree. She could see one of them hanging precariously from a branch and the other...was that Trevor? And then Erin fell..."You alright there?", Marina asked, oozing up to her.

"Oh... so close that time!" Trevor said, "Just a little more!" He looked over at the source of the sound. "Hmmm... is that wise?"

"Remind me," Erin said cryptically. "How much do cat supplies cost again?" She looked to Marina. "Yeah, we're fine. This tree apparently hates me though." She pulled her fingers and thumb out from the slots meant for them so she could ball them up to warm them. One thing she always had that never seemed to change: she had somewhat poor circulation and her hands and feet almost always got cold.

"Depends on the type of cat and the pet store I guess.", Marina considered, "The trees have bested me today too, I'm getting cold, but my clothes are all the way back at the rendezvous point."

Trevor rocked so he could look towards the clearing they were using. "Did you fold them and set them aside or something?"

"Indeed, they would be with...Henry actually...darn it!", Marina sighed, "Knew I should have thought of something to deal with that before I got here today."

Trevor tried to hold back a grin. It didn't work. (Hey, his face was only four days old. His thrice daily practice in the mirror still didn't mean he had perfect control). "Yeah... that realization was just as sweet as I thought it would be."

Marina seriously wanted to punch him, but she wasn't feeling too well, too cold and all. "I'm punch, you for that, but I'm not not in the mood right now.", Marina said. And with that she began morphing. This day had been one bad idea after another...why not finish it off. And within moments, Maricoat had returned. Marina continued to shiver.

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 1 11:53 PM

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 15

"I am going to shoot you if you talk," Trevor said, making a gun with his hands like Yusuke from Yu Yu Hakoshu.

"Does Mr. Yelps at Coats have the willies?", Marina said after she had formed her face on the right coat pocket.

Now it was Erin's turn to laugh. "Marina, I might need your help with a little evil plan of evilness then." She smirked.

"What is this evil plan?", Maricoat asked in curiosity. She looked up at Erin, all this morphing really gave her a different perspective on things.

"Bang!" Trevor said. It was a joke. He swore, it was supposed to be a joke. Hell, nothing before this had even hinted it was possible. But a silver grey burst of... something flashed and cracked into the ground a few feet south of Marina. He was stunned and just hung there, mouth not even open (because it was slack jawed so gravity kept it close.)

<http://orokos.com/roll/104005> AR: 5, Damage would have been 17

"Now, now, if I told you that to the victim in question, it wouldn't be a surprise." Erin smiled and pointed to Trevor so he knew that he was the target of this trap... Instantly, her smile faded as soon as she saw the attack and yelped, leaping backwards in fear. "WHOA!! WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT!?"

"What the hell was that!", Marina shouted. Her sleeves formed into fleshy tentacles. "Why you!?", she formed the words just before attempting to strangle Trevor with her newly formed tentacles.

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 16 for morph

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 10 +1 for grapple check

Opposed 14 <http://orokos.com/roll/104011> [nd]

"I didn't know! How could I have known!?" Trevor protested, knocking the... coat... sleeves(?) away. <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vrLagfL0sS4>

Marina settled down and morphed her tentacles back into coat sleeves. "At least you missed, but that begs the question: How did you do that?"

The air shook around the branch next to Trevor before Jez3 appeared, smacking clean into it and

doubling over it, dangling from the branch letting her look at the ground and partly at Trevor.
"Urk... what happened over here?" Jez3 attempted ask normally though rather winded and dizzy, not to mention splayed over the branch.

"Um..." Trevor said, looking at the coat, the hole, then Third. "Please don't hurt me?"

"Suddenly... I get the impression... I should hit... Trevor..." Jez3 managed to say through groanings, attempting to reach over and barely poke Trevor's knee, which seemed to be a great exertion.

Cats have this thing were they sorta draw into themselves when they think they are doing to be hit with something or splashed (and don't feel up to running). Trevor did a remarkably accurate reproduction of that. "I didn't know... How could I have know?"

Maricoat latched onto Trevor's back and pulled herself up until she was on Trevor's back in coat form. She folded around until she was essentially worn. "Sorry about this, but the better to strangle you with if you ever try that stunt again.", Maricoat said to Trevor.

Marina's tendrils failed to hold him properly and she could feel him shake free. She wasn't really known for her strength to begin with and he had already proved he had super strength.

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $11 + 1 + 1 \text{ str} = 13$ to grapple

Greycoat rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $7 + 2[\text{melee A.}] + 2[\text{str}] + 3[\text{s.str}] = 14$ opposed

Greycoat rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $12 + 6 - 1$ (Marina's grapple?) = 15 climb? DC 20 (15+5 for height?)

He had no idea how, but Marina somehow got on his back. She didn't get a good grip, but she did manage to make him lose his grip. And out of the tree he fell. Right on top of her too.

Three let out a long groan as she slowly picked herself up and properly perched on the branch, still looking a bit worse for wear from the teleporting mishap but otherwise fine.

"Alright, alright, rewind, what the heck did Trevor do?" Three asked plainly, "I heard Erin and Marina and assumed something mutation-based happened."

"And what the hell are you guys doing...?" Three queried blankly as she stared down.

Fortunately Marina wasn't too hurt by the falling kitty, luckily she had merely flattened in coat form and had not been seriously hurt, rattled and staggered but not badly injured. "Trees 2, Kitty 0.", Maricoat mumbled.

Toughness save: mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $10 + 3 = 13$ 🤖

"Okay... ow..." Trevor groaned. "Trees... bad..."

Greycoat rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $2 + 6 = 8$... Stunned and bruised... (Why the hell can't I just get bruised...)

Erin looked at the chaos unfolding around her and blinked. "Ummm... Trevor? you ok?" She

said, taking a stick and poking his side with it.

Trevor knocked the stick away. "No pokie..."

"Yer squishing me", Marina mumbled as she flailed around a little.

Trevor grudgingly rolled off her. "It's yer own fault," he muttered. He shifted to an upright position and gingerly rubbed his back.

"I was trying to stop you from shooting that silver flame or whatever that was...", Maricoat said to him. "And I was cold.", she said sheepishly.

Three remained comfortably perched on her branch but did pause a moment to drop a rock on Trevor, as a reminder.

"Sooooo...." Erin said. "Now what? Should we just call it a day here? Before you hurt yourselves. Even more, that is."

"You were... cold? What does that have to do with anything?" Trevor muttered, slowly getting to his feet. "It's barely be- Ow?" A rock bounced off his head. "Okay, that's only funny when I do it! And I used pebbles. How did you get up there anyway?"

"You have a fur coat...my form leaves me naked, you wouldn't understand.", Marina said to Trevor.

Erin glared at Jezelle. "What was that for?" she asked Jezelle then looked to Trevor. "It was hardly funny for me. Though what I have in mind for you will be."

"I teleported, practicing; you seem to have forgotten my question of what the heck happened," Three said with an unimpressed expression.

Erin looked for a rock she could throw at the clone. Or was it the original? Either way.

Trevor actually did. "I came over here to drag the slackers back to practice," Trevor said, not answering the question.

"Wasn't this evasion practice...I've evaded Henry doesn't that count?", Marina said.

Three continued to stare at Trevor for a moment, though she glanced off to the side to catch a rock that came flying out of the trees and returned her gaze -now with a rock to menace him. Having another person made things so much more convenient...

"I call hax," Trevor scowled at her. [Assume Total Defense.]

Erin chuckled. "Must not have been. Otherwise Dr. Hax would have creamed her with one shot. Sorry kitty."

Three couldn't help but grin broadly, though she stopped bouncing the rock in her hand menacingly and leaned forward a little to stare at Trevor again.

"You've accidentally discovered you can jump, you have instincts to chase, Erin and Marina have been spooked -what happened?" Three asked again, hoping to help other connect the dots here.

"So I won the supernatural lottery... big whoop... You forgot the strength part..." Trevor muttered. It seemed like he was finding everything by accident. "I got a reigan as a consolation prize."

"So... what, gonna work everything out on your own?" Three asked.

"That might be for the best because that way, Trevor's not as likely to hurt anyone else..." Erin chimed in.

"You know... all this talk of 'Trevor hurting people' is surprisingly not reassuring in any way," Trevor frowned.

"well to be fair, I was only saying that because I think you crushed Marina earlier... More like 'so no one will interrupt Trevor and thus cause him to slip and fall from a tree'. Though how come you didn't land on your feet?" Erin corrected.

"I got better...and I just realized that if I was your coat, I wouldn't be as cold.", Marina said, "I'd also be safe from you trying to shoot people and landing on them...not the best compromise but I'll take what I can get."

"Four. Days." Trevor was getting tired of repeating that, but no one seemed to remember he was new to the transpecies thing. To Marina, he added, "and that was an accident. Also; what?"

"Ummmm..." Erin said, a little uncomfortable with this. "Marina? Are you SURE that you don't have some sort of... Never mind. Jezelle, since you're so eager to use rocks on us, can you direct the next one to Marina? A small one, preferably."

"It's getting chilly for me staying as a coat on your back could work and since you seem to be the only one not bothered by weight argh!.... forget I said anything.", Maricoat said to Trevor. "There is absolutely nothing to worry about Erin.", she turned as best as she could to address Erin.

Trevor raised an eyebrow. "No."

"Ack, fine.", Maricoat said to Trevor

"So... from what I can gather from eavesdropping, Trevor can shoot... silver... fire... things..." Three said a little awkwardly, ignoring the shenanigans, looking rather confused, "Uhm... sure you don't want help, Trevor? Not sure how, but you know..."

"Ah! That wasn't my bad idea. It was all miss Car thief's over here," Trevor said. "My bad idea count is still under five."

"And that was just my first one.", Maricoat piped up.

"Hey!" Erin said, sounding hurt. "I'm not a car thief!"

"Don't worry, I believe you.", Marina said to Erin.

"I am so confused..." Three said with a sigh, tossing the rock lifelessly in Trevor's direction.

"You think you're the only one?" Trevor muttered, catching the rock. These things were popping up at random...

Marina morphed back to green water, "In other news I think I'm getting the hang of it now..." Marina then began swirling in place. "And don't worry Jezelle, things haven't made sense since the chemical explosion to begin with.", Marina said.

"Whooptidoo for you..." Trevor muttered. Yes, yes, it was rude. He just found yet another thing he couldn't control. He was allowed.

"Aww...does Mr. Kitty need a hug?", Marina said in an extra-cutesy voice. She stopped swirling to expand into a small wave of water.

"Er..." Three began awkwardly, trying yet again to ignore shenanigans in favour of focusing on potentially dangerous issues, "Okay, Trev, how about... I dunno... 'shooting' a tree? Practice makes perfect? Control and stuff...?"

And then Marina lunged...the mariwave crashed into Trevor splashing him. The force of the water was weak as Marina didn't have the volume to create a dangerous wave.

"SOoooOoooOoory", she gargled as she reformed nearby. "Hey Jez...should I stand by to prevent forest fires or something?", Marina asked.

"Uhm... sure...? Do you even know if that works and won't just burn you?" Three said awkwardly.

"I do not...that's the real problem.", Marina sighed, "And again, I'm at a loss...Maybe you can help me with morphing, I can think of a few things I'd like to try, some of which can't be done here."

"'Shoot a tree' she says," Trevor muttered, only half paying attention to the two. As if it were that easy. He didn't even know what caused it in the first place. Half halfheartedly, he lifted a hand and held it out to the tree. What was he supposed to do anyway? "Um... bang?"

As it turned out, it was more of a hissing burst than a bang, and the silvery... whatever made a reappearance, smacking into the bark with a crack, though it didn't do much damage aside from

discolouration.

Greycat rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $8+1 = 9$ Attack (A tree is something like 5 to hit anyway.)

Greycat rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 17 (Power Check) Dmg: $15+2 = 17$

Greycat rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $14+3$: 17 Toughness

Erin darted back as the tree was attacked. "Poor tree." She said. "YOu just hit that thing so hard unborn generations of tree terminating in humanoid trees just ceased to exist because of that..." She backed off and went back to the rock that she was using earlier to think.

"A bit melodramatic on your part...", Marina said to Erin, "A bit anti-climactic on your part", she turned to Trevor, "But wow, once you figure that out we'll actually stand a chance the next time something attacks us."

"Haven't heard of the Butterfly effect?" Erin teased then shut up. (no need to add below this)

"...'Bang'..." Three echoed anti-climactically, staring at the mark on the tree with wide eyes, "...That is wrong on many levels..."

"I... honestly didn't expect that to work," Trevor said, shock on his face. "I mean I just tried something! How often as that worked?" He actually tried this time. This time actually focusing on how it worked. It was somewhat like... running little rivulets of hot water along his hands, collecting just under his skin with a not unpleasant tingling. There was something holding it back, and just as he thought about it, another burst shot at the tree.

Not that it did much, but it was cool to watch.

Greycat rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 14 Power Check Passed

Greycat rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $15+1$ Attack roll, 17 Dmg DC

Greycat rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $15+3$ toughness... (damn tree...)

Marina could see little impact on the tree though the display itself was interesting. "Very nice...maybe soon you can get it...", Marina said, "Meanwhile, the best I can do is hope to submerge someone or else I just get them wet..."

"So... we have a fridge-chucker and a pewpew shooter, a soaker and a bunch of punchers," Three summarized, laying out across the branch lazily, "... It could work..."

"Bah... It's apparently useless though," Trevor muttered, looking from his hand (the pads always gave him pause) to the slightly scarred tree trunk. "Can't even do much to a tree..."

"Does more, than I can do to a tree.", Marina said to Trevor.

"Eh, my fist probably wouldn't do much to a tree either," Three pointed out, "Maybe it'll get better with practice, like a muscle."

She wasn't entirely sure whether she should bring up Two's recent flight after a flying thingy, considering she probably couldn't direct them well enough or fast enough for it to change

anything... And Four didn't seem to be moving, she wasn't entirely sure why she was blanked out for the moment. [A void in the hive mind? The horror...]

"Sort of like splashing people...no wait...that doesn't work...nevermind.", Marina said, "Maybe in the future..."

// DC 14 notice check to see Henry. Roll 'em!

Greycat rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $1+7=8$

Dispite being a big guy, Erin had lost track of exactly where he was and what he was doing.

<http://orokos.com/roll/105048> 9

Being up in a tree did provide a nice vantage point, and Three was easily able to spot Henry leaving the prior engagement. She couldn't blame him, he hadn't seen anything and he wouldn't be able to catch Two, so there wasn't much else to do.

"Looks like Henry's finished with practice today, or at least with rocks," Three said conversationally, looking in the direction of Henry.

blazinvire rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $8+6=14$

Greycat rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $6+7+2=15$

"Hmm?" Trevor looked around. And lo, were the shrouds of forgetfulness drawn aside. "Damn! Getting Erin out of hiding was the entire point of coming over here before stuff happened." He glared at Third. "What are you guys doing anyway. You were with him. HEY! SIR HENRY! I FOUND THE SLACKERS!"

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $7-1=6$

"We're not slacking dude.", Marina called to Trevor, "And ah...we should regroup then."

"Says the girl that was hiding in the woods..." Trevor shot back. "YOO-HOO! HENRY, DARLING!"

"Hey we were dodging rocks, it was safer in the woods.", Marina said.

"Ummmm..." Erin said hearing Trevor's outburst. "Well! Ummm if it's all the same to you, I was gonna head back to my place. Anyone want to come with? Notyou, Trevor. Or Henry. You two can show your love to each other." She teased.

Henry started to walk over to the others since they were calling out. It seemed that this was the post that they were hiding in. Good to see the training had some results. He knew that these three were going to rabbit on him. Great.

"Nothing is going on that really needs me. I was thinking on heading out. I'm sure there is a game at some bar going on that I can watch." Henry said with no real enthusiasm in his voice

"I got distracted by the slackers! They are infectious!" Trevor complained, jogging over. "They keep running and hiding, even though we already established that something is setting things up

and out to get them."

"Then they will be the first ones to fall. I know that if it is coming for me I will atleast put up a fight and not run away. But that was what I learned today. Hope you all got something useful out of this outing." Henry stated flatly.

Three teleported to the ground and jogged off after Trevor, pretty relaxed because she was partially not one of the ones who fled -technically...

"We did discover Trev can shoot things!" Three pointed out, hoping to help remedy things.

"... You don't see me going about telling people about you," Trevor muttered.

"Uh... Henry can throw fridges, I'm pretty sure we're all in the same boat here..." Three said, poking Trevor disapprovingly, "I'm not about to blab to anyone outside our little mutant group here."

"I'm jjust happy this water thing isn't a permanent condition.", Marina commented.

"Well at least we found out we have another person who can hit at range. That should help if we run into something that we do not want to stand next to."

"As long as it's softer than a tree," Trevor muttered again.

"Pity you weren't around to shoot that flying thing, Two's *still* chasing it," Three said with a bit of exasperation.

"Huh? Flying thing? What flying thing?" Trevor echoed questioningly, a hand on Henry's shoulder. He realized it was futile, Henry could man handle rocks bigger than he was, and could wipe the boulder with him in arm wrestling, but...

"Oh right! There was a flying thing over where Two, Four and Henry were -Henry apparently couldn't see it but it was fluttering around the trees so maybe, I dunno. Two ran after it, Four... hmm... Four's not responding..." Three said, pausing with concern on her face as the lack of response was becoming worrisome -the duration at least. [Sounds like a computer system lol]

"Either of you know what it was?", Marina asked.

"Some kinda bug? Mighta been a kid's toy but I didn't wanna take chances assuming it didn't have a camera," Three said with a shrug.

"Your number four is out cold on the ground. The other of you that ran never toldme what it looked like or what it was."

"Damn it, I thought the fall only stunned her -I fallen a distance with cheerleading mishaps and never passed out," Three grumbled, "Pity this mental link doesn't come with direction-sensing."

"... What?" Trevor said, lost.

"There was a bug; Four teleported to it, missed and fell, Two caught her -sorta- and then ran off after it, I didn't realize Four was actually *unconscious*," Three explained in agitation.

"... YOU LEFT YOURSELF UNCONSCIOUS IN THE FOREST?" Trevor said, incredulous.

"I didn't know she was unconscious! It was the first time it's happened!" Three returned, growing more anxious by the second, "We were in that clearing first, right... with Henry... so I was..." She left the sentence hanging as she attempted to jog off in the direction she assumed her Fourth ego had collapsed.

"The other one did not seem to care that she was out cold on the ground."

"The one in the forest would be confused I presume.", Marina said to Henry.

"I DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS UNCONSCIOUS! I was a bit distracted by fear of what that flying thing could be and that it might get away!" Three said in frustration.

"Don't you have that hive mind thing working for you?" Trevor asked slowly.

"Yeah but it doesn't tell me where they are if they're not looking at their surroundings -ergo, when they're unconscious; the lack of response didn't seem that much of an issue for the first few seconds," Three said, she quickened her pace to run off to the clearing so she could look for where her other selves had run off.

"... Henry, would it be a bad thing if I shook her a little, or is that impulses talking?" Trevor asked slowly, kneading his forehead.

"I did not know she could 'talk' with the others. But I would have thought if she did not respond then something happened. She did fall out of the sky...." Henry replied

"How did she get up there in the first place?", Marina asked with concern in her voice.

"She teleported, most likely," Trevor muttered. "Hive mind, Henry. They are like a cheap call center."

"The bug's fast, I'm not making any ground on it; I'm hoping it'll stop somewhere before I get tired," Three said grimly.

Erin, seeing that the others were off hunting bugs, decided not to get her hands dirty with that. "All right, well have fun guys. I'll see ya later I suppose." She waved bye to them and headed for the nearest bus stop.

"Leaving so soon?", Marina asked.

"Not really interested in catching bugs anymore." Erin admitted. "Besides, we'll be seeing more bugs later anyways with spring right around the corner." She shrugged. "Oh! here." She said and gave marina back her cell phone.

Marina did her best to change back into her clothes while the group was distracted by Erin. She rejoined just as quickly. In the future she'd need to do better than that or at least get a supersuit so this sort of thing didn't happen. She waited until Erin had left and then moved to find the group again.

With a bit of recall, Three located her lost sister and sat down beside her in concerned contemplation.

"Are copies more fragile or something?" Three whispered in concern to herself.

After some searching she found Jez3. "Where are the others?", Marina asked briefly.

"Two's chasing the bug, the Original is heading back to the others," Three said, a little down from the turn of events.

Henry turned to Trevor. "Are we really going on a bug hunt?"

"I... don't know..." Trevor said slowly and honestly. "We have time I suppose..."

Henry thought for a moment. There was a bug that he had not seen. A bug. An insect was what was causing all the stir right now. Did he really want to march through the woods looking for one insect when most of his time here has been spent watching the others just walk away. He was glad that they were figuring stuff out but he was just taking up space at this point and it was annoying the hell out of Henry.

"You know what..screw it. I am going to a bar or something. Call me when something is happening that doesn't involve me standing in the woods for hours doing nothing." Henry replied and headed to his truck.

"Um... later, I guess," Trevor said. Not that he blamed him. People were randomly leaving without warning.

Henry gave a wave over his head to Trevor and got into his truck. Pulling the keys out of his pocket he started the truck right up. As he was backing up he gave a glance in the rearview mirror and watched as the wooded area grew small in the distance as he headed out to someplace where he could get something to eat and perhaps a drink.

Ditch me again? Ha! I know a place where I'm appreciated, liquid bliss waits behind the counter and the women are fine and mildly inebriated----
(thursday 1-3 PM)

Henry drove the truck down the small road that led to the woods back to the main one that would take him to just out of the town. He was heading back toward his apartment to the little

watering hole that he would go to some days. It would be earlier then he was used to but everything would still be there.

He pulled into the parking lot and got a space near the door. There were not many cars there seeing as the lunch crowd would have left and it was only early afternoon. He grab his baseball cap from the driver's side visor and stuck it in his back pocket. He then walked into the bar.

Mason's was the name of the bar that Henry entered. It was a good olde fashion bar. There was no dance floor nor any goofy stuff on the walls. There was a dark wood bar with brass piping foot rest. The stools were dark red leather and well worn. There were windows on the building but it seemed to let very little in the way of light in. Henry grabed a stool and took a seat. Most of the people there were either in their sixties or people who must have been grabbing a late lunch. The joke was on them as this place served very few things and none of them were healthy. The way bar food should be.

Henry ordered a beer and took a large drink. He exhaled after he swallowed and let the stress of the day wash out of him. This was a place where he could relax and unwind from long days. Today was getting over the whole 'training' situation. He looked at the bar tender and told him to grab him a burger when he had the time. Which would be pretty quick since it was pretty dead here.

The bar scene was pretty lax as the people ate their meals in piece and watched the TV that was hung in the corner. Being the early afternoon there was no real sports on so the news was playing. There was small sections on the attack at the hospital. The details were very sparse seeing as they did not have the man in custody and did not have any reason for how the whole thing stoped. Henry thought that this was just fine and finished his meals. He paid and left a nice tip before heading out.

Henry made a quick stop at his gym and went to the bulletin board that had all the classes that were offered. He never really had time before this to try any of them but one in particular had his interest. He went to the main desk and paid for the classes. Henry would be learning how to kick box and he would have to practice pulling his punches so as to not kill the instructor.

Over Where Fourth Had Vapours-----

A few branches and twigs snapped to herald the arrival of the Original.

"Unless you guys can run really fast and track, you're not gonna catch Two," Jezelle said realistically.

"Then do we leave now, and hope Two knows where to find us? How far does this hive mind even extend?", Marina asked.

"Not sure, but I'm still connected. I've mostly got the knack of teleporting so getting lost isn't really an issue, she'll bail out when she's done and we can pick her up later I suppose," Three said.

Four stirred a little before slowing sitting up, blinking a few times.

"Well that was lame..." Four mumbled.

"I suppose then, what were you doing Four?", Marina asked, "And when can I get you guys numbered T-shirts so I can tell you apart."

"Failing to catch a bug... I managed to teleport right next to it too," Four sighed, "And no numbered shirts."

"Why not it would make things so much easier.", Marina said.

"Just... no," Four said, getting to her feet with Three and they looked around, "I guess training is finished for today. We should probably go home now."

"Seems everyone else ditched us...", Marina said a bit dissatisfied, "Yeah, and my parents know I'll be with you folk today...maybe we should go find Trevor."

"Yeah let's go," Four said a little tiredly, leading the way back to Trevor.

Trevor, like any cat, could tell when people were talking about him, (I should so have this as a power) and met them about three quarters of the way back.

"Ah the cat we're looking for!" Four said with tired flair, "-I'm tired and wanna go home."

"Well, you already chased away Erin and Henry," Trevor said blandly.

"Aw cut me some slack, a lotta shit happened today," Four groaned.

"Albie wondered off somewhere around the arm wrestling time to work on his skills," Trevor sighed. "Haven't seen him since."

"Suppose we should go find him then...", Marina suggested

"Okay, here we go then," Four sighed, mentally rallying the other two nearby to get to work on a search pattern.

"Get the other Jezzies, I'll see what I can do, or we wait here and hope little cat finds his way back to us by himself," Marina said.

"They're already workin', though the original me is wondering the wisdom of conjuring more to help search..." Four said with a smirk.

"Does your mind ever get fragmented between the duplicates?", Marina asked.

"Fragmented, no, just a little confusing at times. Like trying to keep track of four different televisions with each their own show going -except the mind is fast enough to mostly keep up, helps that we're identical," Four attempted to explain.

"I can barely tell you four apart....anyway...it's a very unique power.", Marina said to Jez.

"Really?" Trevor blinked. "You can't?"

"Some of us aren't cats, Kitty.", Marina said to Trevor, "And now that I think of it, Little Kitty can find us."

"If he knows we're ready to leave..." Four pointed out.

"Right...hm...maybe one of you can go fetch him and lead him back to us.", Marina suggested.

"My nose doesn't work that way. And... I'm not sure I want to listen out or sniff around for him..." Trevor said.

"You're the only one who can sniff him out.", Marina said.

"I don't know how to track though..." Trevor whined.

"Well neither do I", Marina said to Trevor.

<http://stream1.gifsoup.com/view6/302...ansition-o.gif>
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Qm4vDz7k2w4>

"There you are Albie!" Trevor said.

"We've been looking all over for you", Marina chimed in.

Trevor poked him with a toe.

Alex had quite a bit of fun while others weren't watching him. Pushing the limits of control over his strange ability to sense radio signals and understand them he didn't expect them to backfire him. And so, in the end Alex nearly passed out from sensory overload.

Thankfully he was found, although his condition wasn't good at all. He didn't hear them, his head still full of different sounds that formed a giant cacophony that couldn't be shut off. The only thing that has managed to return him back to reality was poke - he was now sure he was alive. Opening his eyes, Alex groaned and didn't say anything yet - he wasn't sure what has happened to him

"And here I was hoping to do the star trek gag," Trevor joked, bending to see if he could find a pulse in all that fur. Though... he wasn't sure what the pulse was supposed to be... Cain has mentioned something about it being faster than normal... "Granted, Erin isn't here."

"Think he's alright?", Marina asked, observing Alex's condition.

Trevor blew into Alex's nose, to see what would happen.

Alex jumped away (as much as he could being prone) from Trevor and got up on his arms, staring with a weird, confused expression at all these people around him.

"Yep, he's fine," Trevor grinned. "We've you been Albie? You wandered off... did the talking coat freak you out too?"

"That almost sounds like an invitation Trevor.", Marina joked.

"Wait... what?" Trevor said, looking sharply at Marina.

"Just kidding, don't be alarmed.", Marina said to him.

Alex didn't move and stared at the people. Apparently he doesn't look really bad and puny in his current condition. Still hearing nothing but a hellish cacaphony, Alex pointed at his ears and said loudly, unable to correctly adjust his volume "I am deafened. Shit happened. Can't hear." the words came out hardly and awkwardly.

"How many fingers am I holding up?" Trevor asked, holding two digits together.

"He can't hear you.", Marina said to Trevor.

"Two what? Ears?" Alex questioned, with a confused expression. What did he try to tell him?

"See, what'd I tell ya.", Marina said playfully jabbing Trevor.

"Maybe we should just drag his ass back to the car -or maybe to the hospital... how did he get deafened anyways?" Jezelle wondered mid-sentence.

"Something to do with sensory overload, I'm guessing, but it could be a number of reasons.", Marina sighed. "We should get him back to the car at least."

"I've always wanted to toss someone in my trunk," Trevor said. Hmm... he was much lighter than a rock...

"Err, you have some strange desires Mr. Cat...I think it's best no one goes in the trunk.", Marina said to Trevor.

"Says the shape shifting coat that wants to be worn," Trevor frowned at Marina. "Glass houses."

"I never said wants to be worn, that was just a suggestion while I was freezing, though it would be an interesting expirience.", Marina protested, "In any case you get Albie and let's get going."

Alex stared at the people with a curious look and slowly got up on his feet. He didn't know the fate that awaited him, just like a small kitten doesn't know that two kids standing and talkng near him plan to throw him around like a ball.

"You mentioned it three times," Trevor frowned. "Damn... I was planning to carry him..." Well... he still could...

"Some is going in the trunk though," Trevor added blandly.

"Ya know I don't have issues with personal space with myself, you realize," Jezelle began, "The four of me can just cram together, the trunk's demeaning."

"The trunk is demeaning to all of us, Darn, if Henry stayed we wouldn't have this problem.", Marina complained.

"Coby is an economy class. An old one at that," Trevor said. "It's holds four people regularly. Five is pushing it. Getting here this morning was hard... And how did you get here anyway?" Trevor added to Marina.

"Erin and I took the bus and then walked...it was a long walk.", Marina said to Trevor.

"You know it's illegal, right? I've already had a warning from the cops cause of you people," Trevor said blandly.

"Ugh... maybe I should just jog home..." Jezelle grumbled, covering her face with a palm, "Two and Four definitely need a ride, Three and I are still in good shape."

"I suppose Marina could lay on your laps..." Trevor murmured. "Since everyone is afraid of the trunk."

"Indeed, there's no need to kidnap people and put them in the trunk Trevor.", Marina said to the catboy.

"Says the one who doesn't want to walk..." Trevor muttered, shaking his head.

"I've made my point already, no need to be snippy about it.", Marina said to Trevor.

Alex kept staring at the peoples. Right into their souls with his cute and confused kitten eyes.

"Fine, fine," Trevor said, waving Marina off. "I'll just toss Albie in there. It's the proper thing to do, anyway." He bodily grabbed Albie and heaved him to his shoulders. Oh, this strength thing *was* fun. And he was way lighter than a rock.

[1d20+2+2+3=27](#)

Long story short, Albie pulled trunk duty. It was hilarious.

Alex couldn't really resist, nor he could figure out what happened to him. Trevor suddenly gained strength, people were acting weirdly, voices in his head... Alex was 100% sure that this is just a dream. So he didn't try to run as he was put in the trunk, instead just stared at Trevor with

his somewhat cute eyes and then curled up as he was closed inside, trying to get some sleep.

Because I'm too lazy to scr- I mean; To Chase a Bug-----

There was once a giant bug that flew in the air
Over your head and everywhere
Till one day, it crossed over the forest
And Jezelle thought it was the purest
Up and over and round and round
She chased it's shadow, it's sound.

At long last, after many a feet
The Bug did dive and vanish beneath
A building of old, of some disrepair
Overgrown, forgotten and uncared

Like a cat, Jezelle approached with much curiosity
A building, abandoned, she doubted with sincerity
A bug, a creature of familiarity,
Its size, its shape, it all demanded clarity.

A hovel and shanty, it had become
But it was clear it was not so begot
The beginnings of a path, winding and unpaved
Meandered to the earth, across and to the north

Though lost in the grasses and the bushes overgrown,
Bare patches of asphalt defied nature's hold
Central to this all, the old building stood.
Abandoned to time, as progress behooved.

Window not quite shattered, but cracked here and there
Roof and walls battered, worn and disrepaired
'Neath the foundation, a hole had been dug,
T'was it in this gate of darkness, descended the bug?

With caution, with intrigue, the Second sister progressed
With surprise, with fear, her paranoia obsessed
To discover a hole in the ground, an obstacle, she assessed
Courage, the challenge required, more than she possessed

The hole, the hole, come in, it cried
No spiders, just fliers, no need to fear
Darkness? What's wrong? It won't bite
No need to worry, no need to fight.

Denied, denied, the Second sister counter-cried
This life held much left for her that she hadn't tried
A hole in the ground was not what she desired
Not while she drew breath, not 'til she'd expired

Away she fled, marking tree and stone
Return she would, when ready and less-alone
The hole spoke of adventure, discoveries abound
But what if the hole's creator was still around?

Perhaps another day, the hole called out
Setting to wait, patience as dark
It wasn't going away, and fate had it's say
She would return, secrets just worked that way.
- END

[Mapation: <http://img545.imageshack.us/img545/7392/mapiw.jpg>]
+1 PP

Last edited by Greycat; 04-19-2013 at 03:59 PM.

The Other Girls. Mainly.

Student Housing

Erin yawned as she woke up sleep. The PC was still running and this time there was a new file on it. A video one that she didn't remember composing. She pulled it up and saw herself on the computer, probably recorded through a webcam.

"Hey Erin, your techy better half here." She said through poor audio quality. Such was webcams. "Just going to let you know: you'll need a new laptop. No, seriously. The scrap that is the old one is going to be repurposed a little for the things I'm making you. That and I'd like ask: If you can, stop by the scrapyard and pick up a lot of metal. Preferably polished and clean. As much as possible anyways. If not, I'll need to spend a night getting that stuff. Besides that, the plans for the grapple hooks are practically ready. Just need the materials and I can get started. Still working on the surprise gift." She smiled. "I'd like it if you KEPT it a surprise though. Anyways, that's all for now. Delete this file when you've seen it. Later!" The recording ended and Erin shrugged, saving a copy to her SD card, the big one, and pulled it and the USB adapter out. Slipping it back into the packaging as she always did, she stretched out and went to go get her morning noms.

"You're up early," a voice called from the common room as she passed.

"Huh?" Erin asked and checked the time. "Oh, yeah. Just woke up early." She shrugged, seeing no other reason as to why she'd be up this early. Sometimes it happened, most times it didn't. "How'd you sleep?"

"I have a test worth 35% of my grade first thing in the morning," he said, waving a text book by front cover at her. "How do you think I slept?"

Erin moved her torso back a little. "Sorry I asked... If it helps though, I can make something to eat." She offered.

"I last ate two hours ago, and I have coffee," Phil said, "But thanks."

"You're welcome," Erin smiled. "I hope you do really well on it. I'm gonna try to get some footage of these giant bugs sometime if I can."

"Of course you would," Phil sighed. "For extra credit of just practice?"

"For a report if possible." Erin replied. "It'd probably just be parroting the info that the mayor gave us, but still. Plus it'd be really good to have on a demo reel."

"Hey, ask me accounting, and I'll know," Phil said. "You should know what's best for journalism."

"And I have an infinite respect for the people that can do math. Even more for the kind that are going to do it as a career." Erin added as she went into the kitchen and began to get her breakfast in order.

Phil waved and grinned, getting back to his studies.

Breakfast was made quickly enough, even as Erin felt a headache building. She was a master at hiding physical pain though for the most part. To the outside observer, she seemed fine, and would even say so. Still, knew she'd have to take a bottle of aspirin before she left for the day. With breakfast done, she headed out and went into college. Her first stop was was the A/V rental department... which was sadly closed for the weekend as it usually was. Sighing, she left and looked at a payphone phone. "Well..." She said and picked it up. Dialing Trevor's house, she waited for someone to pick up.

The phone kept ringing until the person on the other end caught the answering machine. "Well... Yeah, it is kind of early," Erin said. "Hey Trev. Or his parents. In which case, hi! I was just wondering if it'd be all right if I could come over. Just to hang out. Ummm... Trevor knows my number... Dunno if you know it to from... somehow." Unlike her usual self, Erin's voice was really awkward. "Well... Bye!" She said, the phone clicked and she hung up.

Erin put the phone back in the cradle and sighed. "Dammit..." She muttered and headed back to her dorm quietly to keep her presence in the halls a secret to the people doing tests. She made it back and went back onto her computer, wondering what else was going on in the month, week

and day. With that done, she decided to give her PS3 a break and instead loaded up the Technic Pack for minecraft, opening a wiki up for it as well so she knew what the heck she needed for crafting recipies.

"All right minecraft, I know you don't like me for some reason, but you know me. I'm not above cheating if I detect BS going on. So... Let's dance." She said to the computer. Another thing she did was pull up youtube and let some minecraft themed song parodies play quietly while she worked on building a volcano base. Hollowing out solid basalt and being careful to avoid the central lava tube was more then a little tricky.

The Fischers' Condo

Marina ached after returning home from the training. She had a good night's sleep and woke up fully rested. She was getting the hang of using her powers, though she wasn't able to do much in combat. She got ready for the day and after throwing on a leotard and spring dress she slicked her hair back and went downstairs for breakfast.

Her father was in one of his usual suits. He was the manager of the local aquarium, a lucrative position that provided for the family. Marina's mother was a biologist who didn't take what happened to her daughter that well. While her father was more fascinated by the occurrence, her mother was tempted to run tests of her own to determine how to reverse what she saw as an affliction. Marina, herself had already fended off her mom trying to collect a sample once then eventually relented. Her father kept her busy with tour groups at the aquarium. Today they were having scrambled eggs and a muffin.

"What's your status, Marina, we hope your excursion in the woods has not changed anything.", her mother said.

"Normal as usual mom, you didn't have to take a sample you know.", Marina sighed.

"Nonsense, this research into the biological effects of the chemical explosion known as the Big Bang is producing fruit...I'd be interested in meeting your friends, you said they too were mutated.", her mother said.

"I'm not sure if we should be encouraging her.", her father mumbled.

"I'm still here you know.", Marina rolled her eyes.

"You know we worry about you when you use these 'powers' of yours, we just want to keep you safe, goldfish.", her father stated formally.

"I can't be your little goldfish forever dad.", Marina said.

"I know, I can't shelter you forever, but do try to stay safe.", her father said.

"Goldfish, I have made some new discoveries...would you mind helping me your after breakfast?", her mother said.

"I suppose there's no harm in it...", Marina said with a smile before returning to her breakfast.

"Don't pressure her," her father said.

"It's fine dad, nothing bad happened last time.", Marina said between bites of breakfast.

After breakfast, Marina followed her mother into the small laboratory her mother kept in the house. It wasn't as well equipped as the one at work, but she couldn't justify doing these tests at work.

After a series of basic tests, Marina was set free and bid her mom goodbye. Returning to her room she called Erin. "Hey Erin, my mom's finally done with her science stuff."

Erin was interrupted from her picking when she heard the phone ring. Deciding to test out her powers while it rang, she attempted to concentrate on how she would answer it. "Hello?" She asked. "Who's this?" she asked.

"It's Marina, was wondering what you were up to today.", Marina replied.

"Ha! Sweet this is working!" Erin said happily. "I'm not doing-- Gah! Stupid creeper... Sorry. I'm not doing anything really. You?"

"Is this a bad time? I was busy explaining to my mom that morphing is harmless, she said she would need to do follow up experiments, but not yet..."

"Nah, it's not a bad time. Just playing Minecraft. What's your mom do again, by the way?" Erin asked.

"Marine biology, so you see having a daughter that turns into water would be worthy of testing...", Marina replied, "Hm...so want to hang out?"

"Ahhh, nice. Sure. Got any good ideas for what to do? Where to go?"

"I was hoping you knew of a place, otherwise I was considering private training.", Marina said to Erin.

"Not off the top of my head. I was thinking of seeing a movie though. Though what did you have in mind for training?" Erin replied.

"Was going to see if I could help you out since you seemed bummed out about not having a more tangible mutation.", Marina said.

"Sure. Why not? Would you mind if I came over to your place?" Erin asked.

"I don't see why not...", Marina said, "See you soon."

Erin paused the game which saved her progress as well and closed it off. Computer was shut down and Erin headed out to the bus station. A short ride later, she walked the rest of the way to Marina's house and finally knocked on the door.

Marina spent her time watching the news before Erin got there. The bugs were turning out to be a huge problem. In time Erin arrived. Marina opened the door and then hugged Erin after she entered. "I was getting bored.", she said.

Erin smiled. "Same. So, where do we start? and whatcha got in mind?"

"I suppose the first thing to consider is what you got...and we can work from there.", Marina suggested.

Erin nodded and entered the house. "All right. Well, like I said over the phone, I do have something at least." After taking off her shoes and coat, she headed in to see the TV. "Watch this." With a thought, she turned it off, then back on again. The DVD player also turned on and off, even sticking out its tray before retracting.

"Very nice...", Marina said, "Did you have something more in mind? I worry about the bug attacks...our little group should try to be ready."

"Besides lots of bug spray or stuff like that? Not particularly." Erin admitted. "Maybe a car or something big and heavy to squash them. Frankly, i'm more concerned with how they're able to still breath. Bugs don't get that big because there's not enough oxygen in the air to support a bigger size."

//Says the person that wants to be a cyborg

"I dunno, but that sounds reasonable, still it's best we know how to use these mutations...And maybe you and I can get superhero names."

Erin laughed. "Well, I seem to be more of a tech based hero. Any ideas for that? Maybe Watergirl for you."

"I was considering Aquamarine at one point, but that might be too close to my actual name...as for you...tech no, data no, hm...not sure.", Marina said.

"I wouldn't say there's anything wrong with it being close to your real name." Erin said. "And probbaly not Data. We might get sued for copyright infringement."

"I guess for now, is that datalink thing your only power?", Marina wondered.

"That's... actually a pretty good name for what I can do. And no. I can actually talk to things. Me and my PS3 had a long talk when i learned that I could do it."

"Must have been an interesting discussion.", Marina replied, "Most I can do in water form is get machines wet..."

"You'd think so, but no." Erin admitted. "And it didn't really want to talk to me unless I was playing a game. Didn't say anything when I was watching a DVD."

"Seems like it was annoying, I'm trying to think of if there was anything you could help me with regarding water form.", Marina said.

"Hmmm... Well with this time of year, you could camouflage yourself. Puddles and the like." Erin said. "Let's see... Can you make yourself bigger with loose water?"

"Let's see...", Marina said. She closed her eyes and tried to remember the sensation of melting. Within moments she was a green puddle, her dress and undergarments floated in her liquid body. "Dang it, that always happens." Marina began reshaping herself unto her mass covered a larger surface area though her density remained the same. Remaining still in the shape of a spill, her color shifted to a more natural transparent color of water, she bubbled, "How'd I do?"

"Looks like you got the hang of that." Erin said. "Though I was wondering if I put you into the shower, plugged up the drain and turned it on if you'd get bigger or something."

"Wouldn't that be easier in the bathtub?", Marina asked.

"Whatever works really." Erin shrugged. "Want to try it?"
//What's a little stripping between girlfriends...

"Sure why not...Just use a comfortable temperature.", Marina said to Erin.

Erin nodded and went to the bathroom. "Ready when you are." She said.

Marina dove into the plugged bathtub, and allowed herself to settle into the shape of the container. "Reeady.", Marina said.

Erin nodded and turned on the water to mildly warm and watched the water fill up.

Marina felt herself merge with the lukewarm bathwater. It was a wondrous sensation. And though marina didn't know it she was indistinguishable from the ordinary bathwater, effectively rendering her invisible. "You gotta try this sometime Erin.", Marina laughed.

"So... it worked?" Erin asked, hesitant to poke the bathwater. "Cause... I can't see you anymore."

"You can't see me?", Marina asked, "Guess that means it did work." Marina tried not to move. "Should I try moving now?"

"Go for it," Erin said, shrugging, and settled for jsut watching.

Marina tried splashing a bit and found that the rest of the bathwater moved with her. She then tried to form a watery hand from the bathwater. The water rose a little.

//Oi... didn't we cut that out?

[1d20=19](#)

Then a full formed hand rose from the tub before settling back down. Marina felt larger somehow, as if the water had bonded to her. "I think you can shut the water off now."

Erin nodded and did so. "So. Looks like that worked. That's good. We don't have to worry about a T-1000 situation."

"Why not?", Marina wondered.

"Remember how the T-1000 was defeated? Liquid metal bath and it couldn't separate its molecules from that of the surrounding metal." Erin said.

"I still need to find a way to separate from this water.", Marina said to Erin.

[1d20=9](#)

"And nope...don't worry I'll figure it out later.", Marina said.

"Yeah. Besides, there's probably some advantages to having all that water in you. How does it feel, by the way?" Erin asked.

"Lukewarm and wet, it's hard to describe what water feels like", Marina said. "Heck if you sleep over, I can be your bathwater...", Marina joked.

//Oh My...

"Ummm..." Erin asked blinking. "Well... Thanks. I guess." She coughed nervously. "That's flattering, really but... Well, I'm straight. and it wouldn't feel right."

"It was just a joke, Erin, and I don't see how being straight has anything to do with this...ah heck, it was a joke, a joke.", Marina said.

[1d20=18](#)

In time Marina was able to separate herself from the bathwater and crawled out of the tub while reforming into her humanoid shape.

"Ah." Erin said, chuckling nervously. "Well, look like that worked. Hmmm... Well, I would ask, maybe you could try changing your PH?"

"And melt my way through the floor once I figure out how to become acid...no thanks.", Marina said to Erin.

"I wasn't going to say that. I was going to say, changing it so you have the PH of vinegar or citric acid."

"Still seems unlikely to ever work...", Marina said to Erin, "Water is water, I'd need to be mixed with other chemicals."

"Good point... Well it was an idea. Got any suggestions for what I can do, by the way?" Erin asked. "Oh! something else. Didn't think it was important. But earlier this morning, I got a video file from myself. Apparently, while I sleep, I'm hard at work making things. A grapple hook pistol set and something she's not telling me."

"Who's she?", Marina asked, "And can you get my clothes for me, I need to change back now. Unless it's important I stay in water form...."

Marina did her best to walk over to Erin.

"Sounds interesting, have you tried building these things when awake?", Marina asked.

"She who?" Erin asked. "Oh. The other side of me. The one that's conscious when I'm asleep. And no. I wouldn't know where to begin."

"Ah I see, should we do more with water form then?", Marina asked, "Or something maybe with your powers....seems like it works on all electronics."

"Sure. Why not?" Erin asked. "Oh, and machines in general. I could control Henry's truck."

"So you can carjack now...Try to keep that a secret...Any ideas on what to do now?", Marina asked, "We could try this bathwater thing again, see if I can become a water giant or something."

Erin smiled. "Well we'd better find a bigger body of water then. That's what I'd recommend. And yeah, I will. I never said I was gonna do it. Unless it was an emergency. Life or death thing."

"Sadly we don't have a larger body of water..."

"Yet. I'm sure something will come up though." Erin shrugged. "Think we should call Alex here as well?"

"Yeah I don't see why not...but before we do I should probably change back...can you fetch my clothes from the living room?", Marina said to Erin.

"Okay, just a sec." Erin said. "You know, that might be another thing. Have your cells try to mimic clothes. I dunno, it's an idea." With that, she left to snatch the clothes. All of them and came straight back up. She opened the door, tossed them on the floor and closed it again.

When Erin returned, Marina thanked her and locked the door so she could change back. Within moments, Marina left the bathroom, but with her body morphed in a way that she looked to still

be wearing a leotard. "I tried what you suggested Erin and I'm still technically naked when doing that...So not that effective...."

"Actually now that you mention morphing, I'd like to try something.", Marina said before flattening herself out.

[1d20=11](#)

She curled into a large hollow ball, then allowed color to form on her body within moments the Maribeachball was formed. Marina wiggled a bit before she attempted to roll and bounce. Just as the Mariball was getting comfortable the phone rang.

The Nochin Apartment

And so, one day already has passed since Alex had moved back to his place, removing the gurdun of his sustenance from Trevor. His father, of course, got some kind of temporary BSOD seeing his son in such an... Unusual condition, but after some quick talking on Alex's side, his dad finally returned to quite normal state. Although Alex figured out that he still was somewhat confused and probably scared. You won't see your children turning into cats every day, huh?

Anyway. This is not the day. This is the day after. Alex already woke up and headed to the kitchen, while his dad was still asleep after his yet another sleepless night of work. He had probably informed his mother as well, and she could find a chance to inform pretty much everyone else... So yeah, let's hope she didn't say it like a mad maniac.

Alex had his usual cup of tea with some sandwiches, although his "sandwich" was more like a piece of meat, since the bread wasn't as awesome as it used to be for him.

And yes, he got rid off from his deafeness some time ago. The control over frequencies got back to him and he had learned that playing with his powers is bad.

And so, after the teatime, Alex decided to do the call. He wondered if he could use the chatroom instead, but guessed that they won't check it out anyway. And so, he called Marina on teh phone.

The rest of that day. In it's glory.

Thursday; March 14th

Well... it had been an interesting set of days. Boring compared to the hospital attack, yes, but interesting. The number of people turning up at hospitals seemed to be petering out, as was the amount of deaths being to be connected. On the other hand, to many people were either having 'control' issues or finding less than legal applications, and incidents of crime, mostly petty, thankfully, were rising.

The mayor had made a speech to assure people as to their continued safety, those the presence of police had increased. They were also calling for those infected to go for testing. Still, interesting. Even more so was the evidence that the Big Bang, as some had taken to calling it, wasn't limited to affecting humans. There were reports of giant insects being around the area. They didn't do much aside from scare people, and there were only a very incidents of them attacking people, though it had only been two days since they were sighted, so it might be only a matter of time.

There was another speech made, this one urging people not to antagonize them, instead report sightings. And the animal control services were reporting little success in finding the source. So far, confirmed sightings were mostly in the morning and evenings. Convenient since that meant darkness wouldn't add to the intimidation factor, but it was close to the rush hour periods...

So, it was an interesting time, come Sunday morning at the various premises. Hopefully, it would be just as bland.
Next Encounter: Bug Attack on Trevor's Place

1= Albie, 2= Erin, 3= Henry, 4= Jezelle, 5= Marisa, 6= Trevor (1d6=6)

Sunday, March 17th *Weather: Partially Cloudy, 6 degrees*

When Bugs Attack

Time: Around 9

The Greysons' Place

Reluctantly, Trevor stuck his head out from under his tangle of blankets. Not that he particularly wanted to get up, but after the ten minute conversational parental check in... he might as well. Leaving his covers in the comfortable configuration they were in, he changed from sleep-wear to day wear and headed up to see if anyone else was up and about.

Needless to say, the army of Jezelle was up and about with full fervor, doing everything and anything they could to try and work off the restlessness from having a previously very active lifestyle. So anything that could be done, like dusting or cleaning or washing dishes or organizing things, maybe the odd exercise or light martial practice, or working on the odd costume.

Moving twice as fast and occupying four places at once posed a serious activity issue...

Trevor paused, watching the rushing girls for a while. It was like a bee's hive. He snorted and found a spot to perch on. "You guys really need to find something more entertaining to do," he pointed out.

"I would certainly love to go to soccer practice and volleyball practice and running around and various other little activities," Two said as she glided across the room with a duster.

"But trying to explain being in two or more places at once..." Three said awkwardly as she attempted to clean the ceiling standing on a chair.

"...Well, I haven't really figured out a good excuse for that yet..." Jezelle said semi-seriously as she sat on the couch and sewed a shinigami outfit from Bleach.

"You know... there are other physical and distracting activities that you can do in a house you know," Trevor laughed. "Ones that are pretty hard to do outside of a room."

Jezelle paused in her sewing to look at Trevor suspiciously, though there was enough uncertainty in her gaze for her to remain silent as she attempted to think of things.

The air shook next to Trevor and Four popped into existence next to him.

"Oh? And what might *we* be suggesting?" Four said, leaning into Trevor with a devious grin, causing Jezelle to stare hard at Four.

Trevor didn't quite like the look in Four's eyes, or that grin. But he had those moments when his wit was sharp, but the intuition not so much. Anyway, he forged on. "I've just saying, we have five/six ((Not sure where Albie is...)) able bodied people in the house. There are things you can go in groups or pairs, you know."

Four was nearly dying of laughter on the inside at how perfect this situation was, and she was

having difficulty containing it what with the original absolutely fuming at her through the link. "Oh?" Four said with surprise, impressed or a little awed in slight-parody sense, "My..."

That was about when a pillow from the couch smacked Four in the face.

"My god am I really such a tormentor!?" Jezelle said in incredulous exasperation, staring at Four who was having even more trouble not laughing now, before throwing her glance at Trevor, "Trev, just say what you have in mind rather than hinting it, or I may end up committing some obscure version of suicide."

The 'Oh My' made him realize he might be digging a hole, thought he couldn't remember everything he said, so recapping would take a bit, so he yield to the threat of imminent harm (though, on the bright side, it wasn't direct at him for once). "I'm not Erin, but I do have an emulator, more keyboards than I need and a HDMI cable. And we have board games, dominoes, table tennis and a badminton set."

"Sounds good, let's do that!" Four declared, and the clones immediately rushed off -teleporting half the time as they moved about to track down and collect all the bits for emulation funtimes, not really going to wait for Trevor to simply guide them.

So it was pretty much half-way setup in a minute or so, but honestly Jezelle wasn't a techie.

The original in the meantime continued sewing, figuring she needed to have this done before the convention.

"Um... what did she think I was suggestion?" Trevor asked cautiously after Fourth ran off.

Jezelle audibly groaned and covered her face with a palm.

"I am such a troll to myself... such an obnoxious mutation-power-thing..." Jezelle grumbled,

"And you kept conveniently leaving out crucial details, vague stuff like 'entertainment indoors' and 'physical' and then even 'groups and pairs'!"

"Oh?" Trevor blinked. Cue Epithemeus. "Oh... Um... sorry?"

"My fault as much as yours," Jezelle sighed tiredly, ready to forget it all and focus on sewing except Four decided to stoke the coals, appearing next to Trevor again.

"Such *confidence* Trevor!" Four said with awe, crossed with a barely contained mischievous grin.

"*I will choke a bitch...*" Jezelle fumed, hands out and twitching as though attempting to strangle someone from a distance. Four disappeared again pretty much straight afterward with a laugh.

Trevor's ears flattened and he sorta shrank in the chair a bit. Even if she wasn't mad at him...

"Identity crisis? Or just repressed emotions?"

And just like that Jezelle was suddenly blushing hard, and she'd sorta frozen up a little -probably a good thing she wasn't holding anything crushable or the like.

"N-no, she's trolling me, I just said that," Jezelle said awkwardly, attempting to continue sewing but having remarkable difficulty now, "We all share everything in our minds, my copies are just..."

"... Trolls?" Trevor supplied. ((You know... a few years ago, there would have been a different word for that...)) Was she blushing? Interesting, interesting... He could hide his grin, but the amused twitching on his tail and the cant of his ears... New anatomy was new.

Passive sense motive: 14

"Th-the... clones... depression sort of left them f-free-er than usual... I wouldn't... I mean... normally... they just know all my buttons and... I guess I'm a button-pusher sometimes..." Jezelle staggered along, still trying very hard to focus entirely on the sewing to try and calm down.

"Really now..." Trevor smiled at her. He had learned not to let the fangs show so much when he smiled. It made it much less intimidating. And it was more for practice than because he thought the rest would take it the wrong way.

Embarrassment slowly migrated to frustration, and the chatter of the three others cluttered her own thoughts and dredged up lingering issues with this copying/connection.

"Y-you... you're not helping," Jezelle grumbled at Trevor almost with a pout in there somewhere, her eyes a bit lost and concerned, until she outright gave up and attempted to hide under her half-finished shinigami costume with a growl mixed with a whimper.

"Fine, fine," Trevor laughed. He had to admit, Jez was cute when she was vulnerable. "I'll stop teasing you, even if you insist on teasing yourself. So, how's the costume coming along?"

"...Almost done..." Jezelle mumbled under her new shinigami costume blanket, "Shinigami uniforms are thankfully simple enough."

The clones came back with a variety of keyboards and things, wondering what to do with them.

"I'll take those," Trevor said, relieving the others of the load and connecting them to the computer and the computer to television. "So... all of you are going as shinigami?" That actually gave him an inkling of an idea...

"Uhm, mostly yes, unless we can think of other fairly simple outfits -as much I want to go as Ironman or something I don't think I can whip up such a costume in two weeks," Two said with a helpless shrug.

"We could try ninjas but that might be weird..." Three added, "We just need legitimate excuses for masks."

"What about make up?" Trevor asked. "I've seen women do some amazing things with foundation." He hit the power button for the television, and watched the screen go from black to a mirror of the laptop. "And... um... you think you can make one for me?"

"Make-up was one of my first ideas but I guess I shot it down early due to paranoia; Might work with wigs and since we can all line up and work on the make-up until we're hard to recognize," Two reasoned -with herself, amusingly.

Jezelle in the meantime had meekly went back to sewing, except paused again when Trevor made a request. Odd, but... it wasn't like there was anything wrong with it...

"Uh... I suppose? Was there a cat shinigami I was unaware of? Guess there were other animals..." Jezelle said with a bit of curiosity, "Black robe on a white robe is pretty easy to throw together."

"You know that captain from... the 7th division I think," Trevor said, starting up the program he needed. "The anthro wolf one. Since they are anthros in bleach... I figure going as an OC shinigami or Captain would be cool. Explain the fur and stuff as very extensive make up." He paused. "Probably add a bit so it looks kinda fake."

"Hah! That's actually quite convenient and clever," Jezelle said with a smirk, properly getting into sewing again and her hands started moving at that unnatural speed again. The other three were all setup in front of keyboards waiting for Trevor.

Suddenly, the phone began ringing!

"Bah... it's too early for phone calls," Trevor muttered, making no move to answer it. "But yeah, I thought so... splits the attention from just the fur to the fur and the outfit. Oh, and I could go Vizard to... Extra mask."

The phone kept ringing until the person on the other end caught the answering machine. "Well... Yeah, it is kind of early," Erin said. "Hey Trev. Or his parents. In which case, hi! I was just wondering if it'd be all right if I could come over. Just to hang out. Ummm... Trevor knows my number... Dunno if you know it to from... somehow." Unlike her usual self, Erin's voice was really awkward. "Well... Bye!" She said, the phone clicked and she hung up.

Jezelle eyed the direction of the ringing phone for a moment but shrugged it off since Trevor wasn't going to answer it.

"Yeah Vizard was my next plan after the make-up idea; I might go as Fem-Ichigo so I can use a mask, the others can do whatever. A mask for a cat will be interesting though..." Jezelle said thoughtfully, "Should I make a tail-hole or will your tail be too hard to make look fake?"

"Too hard... I can't keep it still anyway," Trevor muttered. Though they did have that brainwave tail thing... "Jezextras; Smash bros, racing or Zelda?"

The three zoned out for a moment as a few realizations hit them from the game choices, wondering which to pick, all things considered.

"Bah, start with Smash bros," Jezelle suggested, still somehow paying attention to sewing. The others shrugged and went along with it.

"This will be fun," Trevor said with a grin and he opened up the rom and assigned keyboards to the players. "I'll let you guys have fun for now..."

The three just shrugged again and jumped into the action -hitting an obstacle almost immediately as they kept trying to pick the exact same characters, mentally arguing until they settled on Ike, Zelda and Link and then continued their jump into the fray.

Next obstacle: Perfect Blocks. Everywhere.

"Ohmygod STOP BLOCKING ME!" the Link fumed, stabbing madly as the Zelda got off a

whole chorus of that brilliant sound that happened when you perfectly timed the block.

"Well this is messy..." Jezelle remarked, not really paying attention to the screen but she knew everything that was happening.

Ike never hit anything unless countering, Zelda's teleport was absolutely useless, and Link's shield turned out to be ridiculously unfair. The NPC never had a chance... highest difficulty and it might as well have been called a Pinball bouncing between the three perfectly -often ending up with Ike smashing it off the screen.

"Pretty much how I thought it would turn out," Trevor smiled slightly. "Why do you think I didn't play? They would tag team me..."

Four was probably going to respond to that, except there was a lengthy chatter going on in mental-space so she suppressed the urge... for now... as amusing as it would have been...

"Okay this is annoying, Zelda time!" Two declared, throwing down the metaphorical controller.

"But Third is already already using Zelda," Trevor said innocently. "I suppose you could palette swap it..."

Two's eyes narrowed, but remained silent, moving back down to attempt to change roms via the keyboard with some tabbing.

"We'll beat him up later," Third said, flapping a hand lazily at the task as she waited for Two.

"Empty howlings," Trevor laughed. He got up and shot Prime a glance. "I'm going to be doing the breakfasting now. You?"

"Already ate," Jezelle said helplessly, "Restlessness, stuff to do, go figure."

Meanwhile the clones were getting through the opening cinematic of Four Swords and commencing absolutely destroying the challenges. Working together in sync was just absurdly easy in their case, all the little tricks and challenges weren't much of -though it was still interesting to pull it all off.

Foodation, foodation, sedation... What to eat today... Trevor swung open the cupboard and did a spot check. "Hmm... there's flour... Sardines it is!" His tail was useful when it wasn't being... not. He grabbed two tins and the Tupperware of flour, then added an onion, knife, sweet pepper, scallions, mushrooms, oil and the packet of hot dogs to the counter.

Humming to himself as he cooked, he looked out the window and paused because his kitty senses were tingling. He looked out the window and swore, rather loudly, (though in that odd language/gibberish of his). There was a giant bug on the window.

"What happened?" Jezelle asked absently as she sewed away.

"Um.. one of those bug things are on the window..." Trevor said. He tapped the window with the

handle of his knife, trying to scare it away.

"Huh...?" Jezelle said, more out of disbelief than missing what he said, so she put the costume aside and got up to move into the kitchen, pausing to stare at the window, "Uh... okay... do you remember what they said on the TV about the bugs?"
She wasn't much of a TV-watcher so the question was partially in earnest.

"Call the proper authorities. The same ones that want all the afflicted to get government testing," Trevor said. He flinched then the bug buzzed its wings.

"Oh... um... so... we calling or just gonna hope this goes away...?" Jezelle said, keeping as still as she could. She wasn't entirely sure what to think about 'afflicted' and 'government testing', as much as her paranoia would easily be able to fill her head with ideas, she was mostly attempting to remain rational.

"Jez, fetch my broomstick," Trevor said in a dramatic Hollywood voice.

"Fetch' huh..." Jezelle said critically, "What'd ya last slave die of?"
Regardless, Two appeared a few seconds later and tossed the broom to Jezelle who relayed it to Trevor -roughly, should be added.

Trevor just grinned and took the weapon. He considered detaching the head, but since he was going to be pushing away, the surface area would be good. "Time for a bug hunt," he grinned at Jez.

[Dex Check=21](#)

"You're... not concerned about 'giant' bugs?" Jezelle queried, attempting to stand back a little.

"I don't want it on my window," Trevor said. "I'm just going to knock it off."

"We'll be over here," Jezelle said with a fake smile, waving at Trevor as though a long distance away.

"Is this the typical male/female 'Squish It' Situation?" Trevor asked, rapping the window. The bug braced itself and hissed back. There was a reason nature didn't make them that big. Its mouth parts were downright creepy.

"I could stand up on a chair and look terrified if you'd like," Jezelle offered with a smirk.

"Jumps in to fight a living statue and is afraid of a three foot long bug," Trevor muttered. Then he paused and glanced back at Jez. "... have our lives really gotten that crazy?"

"...You're a cat-man... and there's four of me in this house... what was the question?" Jezelle said plainly.

"Huh..." Trevor said, then didn't add anything more. He just slid the window open and jabbed at

the bug with the broomstick. "Git! Git!"

[1d20+2=16](#) Dmg: 19

The bug hissed at him, trying to wave those claws at him, but hit the stick instead.

Toughness: [1d20+2=17](#)

[1d20+4=12](#)

"Come one... Git!" Trevor didn't have better luck the second time, and the bug decided it wanted to get in... slinking past the stick, folding it's body through the partially open window, forcing it open a bit more. Trevor yelled and jumped back. "Crapola!"

[1d20+2=14](#)

With little warning, Jezelle appeared out of thin air in front of Trevor with a neat stomp at the bug, disappearing back to where she was standing before like nothing had happened.

[1d20+1=18](#) Toughness DC 17

Toughness: [1d20+1=13](#)

There was a thunk when Jez stomped it, but it didn't squish.

"I thought you were doing the 'squish it' thing!" Trevor said, jumping a bit (that teleport trick still startled him at times.) He whacked at it with the stick again.

[1d20+2=20](#) DC 19

With another hollow thwack, the stick bounced off. The bug chittered angrily and spewed a stream of something at Trevor. It was sticky, reeked and GOT IN HIS FUR!

[Toughness=19](#) Damn troll...

[Ranged attack \(snare\)=22](#) Damn troll...

Trevor reflex: [18](#) (entangled...)

"Maybe if you'd hurry up and squish it," Jezelle grumbled, though she was getting a little agitated from its resilience.

"Freaking hell! It's in my fur!" Trevor swore, the sticking... lets call it resin, tangling him up. This was gonna be hell to clean up... [free action reaction complain action]

This time all four Jezelle's appeared in the next teleporting skirmish, the other three returning to the lounge room but waiting at the ready this time.

[10, 4, 18, 9](#) Troll... (I need moar clones powah)

[Toughness=10](#) Stunned and Bruised

Trevor struggled a bit, but managed to muscle the quick drying...resin apart (without fur yanking. Much anyway.) "This is so nasty..."

[Strength \(1d20+5=15\)](#)

The bug was shaking off the last attack from the clone army.

"I'm having difficulty figuring out something worse than a bug that's resistant to squishing that could have resulted from this super-crap," Jezelle grumbled before unleashing another gang-up attack.

[21, 7, 21, 3](#)(Jebus!)(Troll...)(how do you confirm crits again?)

(Just reroll to see if you can hit again)(nvm rolled a 4...)

Buggerations: [1d20=4, 1d20=14](#) Deaderation. The Jez collective now has bug goop on their feet.

"Ugh... I'm not sure which is worse... bug spew or bug guts... both reek, by the way..." Trevor groaned. He tried to scrap the... resin from his shirt and arms. Without much success.

"Eeeewww," a synchronized chorus as the Jezelles attempted to get the muck off their shoes. Two did manage to jump over to the window and close it again as paranoia crept up on her. "That was ridiculous, to think there are tonnes of those attacking randomly..." Two sighed, sitting up on the bench beside the sink to try and wash the guts off her shoe.

Speak of the devil, and he sends more minions. With angry chittering warcries, more bugs squeezed in through the open window, eager to avenge the death of their litter mate as the Jez representative tried to close it.

blazinvire rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 2

blazinvire rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 10

blazinvire rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 10

blazinvire rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 10

"Stupid bug, stupid window! Why did today have to be anything but normal?" Two and Four grumbled as they attempted to wrestle with the window to no avail, One and Three couldn't get a clean kick in at the bug so nothing ultimately happened on their end.

Screech, was the cry the beastie made, squirming through the opening the window so graciously gave, his brethren behind him, pushing through the gap. Like all bugs the rush was fun, and this was likely as close to Zerg as they could come.

""There are more of those things?" Trevor yell groaned, snatching up this broomstick. [Move and action]

The first of the bug, the one the borne the brunt of the assault from the clone army, scrambled into the house, falling into the sink, it's siblings tumbling over it as they too climbed in. The last took flight instead of adding to the pile, buzzing into the room with an ominous hum.

"What the hell! Too many bugs for me!" Jezelle exclaimed with her hands up. The main bug that caught her attention was the flier -crawlers were easier to deal with- so all four Jezelles did another teleporting skirmish with all four ending up in the lounge room afterward.

blazinvire rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 4 +1

blazinvire rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 12 +1

blazinvire rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 12 +1

blazinvire rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 14 +1 Hit DC17, as always X.X
Slackercat rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 4 + 2 = 6

The bug screeched and tumbled from the air and fell to the ground.

"Ah come on!" Trevor said panicking. "I mean... what the hell!?" He swung the broom at the bug that was at the top of the pile, knocking it skittering into the plate drainer.

Trevor rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 17 + 2 = 19. DC: 19

Slackercat rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 7 + 2 = 9 fail...

The flier was down, so was the top of the heap bug, so that just left four of the small critters to deal with... And they decided mother gave them wings for a reason. Lovely. And they all decided Trevor would make a nice gift or something, cause they all started spraying him with that sticking stuff again. Trevor yelled out in frustration.

Slackercat rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 2+4 = 6

Slackercat rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 1+4 = 5

Slackercat rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 11+4 = 15 Hit

Slackercat rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 8+4 = 12

Two and Three took the lead and jumped back into the fray, Jezelle contemplating options and Four collaborating in that regard.

Two more or less landed on the downed bug Four had kicked down, stomping at it vindictively - preferring it never got back up.

blazinvire rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 13 +1 = 14

From Two's position Three got a good line of sight where to land in the kitchen, swinging a foot at the closest bug before zipping back out.

blazinvire rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 7+1 = 8 (Swish...)

"Yick..." Jezelle murmured a little in response to discovering Trevor's new sticky adornments, though her remark of mild disgust belied a rising anxiety -these were super bugs, and there were quite a few of them... Maybe a Fifth wouldn't be so bad... maybe...

"Hold still Trev, Four's coming to get ya!" Jezelle said, steeling herself as she affirmed her stance and took a deep breath.

"Hope this works!" Four said, a tone and expression equally torn between cheeriness and fearful apprehension.

In the blink of an eye Four was standing in front of Trev, landing a hand on a non-sticked region and attempting to more or less push him with her -sans sticky goop- as she teleported back to the lounge.

[1d20+1=9](#) bleh, so Trev is still entangled

Yep. [1d20+4=19](#)

[Trevor Reflex \(DC:... 11\)=11-2](#)

Jezelle in the meantime did a neat little sidestep maneuver with her eyes shut in concentration,

except there was another Jezelle sidestepping the opposite direction, thus Five was alive.

See, stargate had it good. A sparkle of light, and your surroundings changed. If only Jez did it like that. With an heroic effort of will, Trevor didn't lose his biscuits. But he did stagger a bit. On the bright side, the binding to the ground was broken. Not around his body, but.. "Okay... warning... please..."

"I... tried..." Four attempted, though quickly changed topic to something that actually bothered her a little, "-Why didn't work? I teleported out of my clothes when I went to have a shower, surely this sticky bug stuff isn't that much different."

Four grimaced at the goop, trying to figure out what she did wrong.

"You tried? And what was that about 'hoping?'" Trevor questioned. He tried the bindings, but his wonderous strength failed him. The horror. "You've never tried this before?" The buzzing in the kitchen increased.

[Str check \(1d20+2+3=9\)](#) Fail...

"Well I've teleported a chair and pillows and things with me before," Two attempted to answer.

Four put on a determined face, sucked in a deep breath and clapped her hands and rubbed them together, before drawing them back dramatically for a double-palmed pushing of Trevor.

"This time I'm definitely gonna get you outta that goop stuff!" Four declared before lunging forward to push him through space again -only a couple of feet behind where he was standing earlier, only this time she was cranking up the teleport-juice.

"Wait... I'm the first human trial? The first living trial?" Trevor demanded. He managed to get that out before Four lunged at him. He clamped his eyes shut this time so the gut wrenching part wasn't *as* bad. He slowly opened one. "Did it work?" the newly naked cat asked.

All five Jezelles simultaneously froze barely seconds after the teleporting, all with a mixed feeling about female peripheral vision while Four sort of stared Trevor in the eyes, one eye twitching as though she was having extreme difficulty with something.

"I'm... controlling them! But... peripherals..." Four said stiffly, eye still twitching with her gaze locked in place.

"Huh?" Trevor said, blinking. He was still relatively new to the fur. So it took a moment to realize it was a bit breeze. "Hell!?" He turned away and tried to cover up. Tails, particularly long and relatively fluffy ones, were useful for that. His fur bristled. Irritation? Anger? Embarrassment? "Okay, I generally want a date or two first!"

"I AM SO SORRY! -I think...", Four blurted out, blushing furiously in empathy, her gaze flicking about, "U-um, hey the goop is off you...!"

Yep, that's definitely going to get his attention off this situation...

"That's not all that's off me!" Trevor protested.

"I said I was sorry!" Four agonized, grabbing her head in despair before something seemed to snap behind her eyes. That was all a typical Jezelle reaction... Four wasn't the original...

"I could strip too if it'd make you feel better," Four said, her composure changed all of a sudden with a mischievous grin, causing the original to go bright red.

"NOW IS NOT THE TIME!" Jezelle yelled.

"And if I say yes?" Trevor said, raising an eyebrow. He had completely forgotten about the bugs. They were amassing a few troops.

Four's mischievous grin grew legendary, "Well I did say I could teleport out of-" sharply interrupted by the original half-attempting to throttle her.

"NO NO NO NO" Jezelle said madly, "THERE ARE SUPER BUGS TRYING TO EAT US HERE!"

"What? Oh.. Ohhh..." Trevor said. He cocked an ear. "I think they are more of them..."

Jezelle's eye twitched as she looked back toward the kitchen, glancing off to Two.

"Alright lets try this..." Jezelle sighed reluctantly.

Two zapped into the dining room to get a good look at the kitchen, serving as the eyes for the rest of the teleporting skirmishers.

"Oh great..." Two said, paling a little, "Start bringin' in the rain, or this is gonna get outta hand..."

Jezelle, Three and the new Five did their little bouncing trick into the kitchen and back, each attempting to furiously stomp or boot a bug before zipping back. Two went back after the skirmish, rathering the bugs didn't have a nice target.

[Jez Attack:8, Three: 21, Five: 20](#) DC 17

[Toughness \(One bug=21, Two bug=7 \[bug paste? Down anyway.\]\)](#)

Trevor barreled into the kitchen after her, on all fours in order to minimize the nudity issue somewhat. He tried to pounce on a bug, but it buzzed way and he landed, sliding a bit on the floor. "What does rain have to do with anything?"

[Attack \(1d20+2=10\)](#)

Bugs

[Attacks](#)

[On Trev:](#)

[Blast: 1d20+4=7, 1d20+4=19, 1d20+4=22; Miss, hit, hit.](#)

[Toughness \(1d20+8=12, 1d20+8=21\[passed\]\)](#) Stunned + bruised

[Bind: 1d20+4=19, 1d20+4=9, 1d20+4=12; Hit, hit, hit...](#)

[Reflex \(1d20+6=13, 1d20+6=24-2=22, 1d20+6=21-2=19\)](#) Defense: 11..

To the living room to find the clones

Blast (Slime shot/bullet) Damage DC 19: 1d20+4=19, 1d20+4=23, 1d20+4=10

[Two: 6, Four: 20](#)

Two: Stunned, Staggered, Unconscious [Damn bugs...]

[Feedback: 22](#) (Phew)

"Rain of punches, whatever," Jezelle managed to clarify before bugs arrived and attacked. She managed to neatly get out of the way of the shot, but Four took one to the back as she was half turning around and Two was annihilated, straight to the upper chest nearing her shoulder and neck and thrown to the ground.

Once more there was that black-out in a section of the hivemind, and Jezelle could probably forgive it but she got the feeling Two took the hit a little harder than she should have. She was used to the odd knock, surely that wouldn't have knocked her out?

And once more with the teleporting skirmish, except their targets didn't require a spotter this time so One and Three pounced on a bug each -happening to notice Trev had gotten into a 'bind' yet again. Four had been busy being disgusted over the bug shot, so she was free again and did the teleporting tango once more.

Out of thin air next to Trev, slapping a hand on him and both disappeared back into the lounge room again -this time the goop was left behind as Four kinda knew what she was doing now -and the lack of clothes made it easier.

"You into bondage?" Four asked airily, more indicating the obvious rather than actually asking, but it was an appropriately-themed question for her.

One: 18, Three: 19

Toughness save: 1d20+2=5, 1d20+2=12 Both down.

Meanwhile, Five teleported Two into the basement and went searching for a weapon.

//Considering it's his 'flat'. He keeps some broomsticks around. A cricket bat. Some knives in the kitchen.

//cricket bat ahoy!

The bugs decided they *really* wanted to 'talk' with the cat and legion to be. The remaining seven bugs swarmed into the room, buzzing fighting words at them

"There's no safe way to answer that, considering..." Trevor muttered. At least she got most of it this time. The little bit that remained... He had no idea how to clean that sort of stuff out fur... He just sulked and tried not to be too naked.

The Jezelles paused a moment when the bugs didn't fire another onslaught -considering there were seven of them at the moment surely another volley would fix the lot of them at once.

"Uhm... the bugs aren't attacking..." Jezelle said awkwardly

Yet. They took bearings, then swooped in to strike the three Jezelles and the cat.

At J1=10, At J1=11, At Trev=12, At Trev=17 [hit], At J3=20[hit], At Trev=20 [hit...], At Trev=19[hit...]

Targets: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5[Trev] (1d5=2, 1d5=1, 1d5=5, 1d5=5, 1d5=2, 1d5=5, 1d5=5)

Drain [Con]: DC 12 fort check (Blood drinking/sucking/bugs) + fatigue

//It's a physical attack. An attempt to speed suck you.

These bugs really had it in for him. A bunch of them decided he got away from them one too many times and tried to pull off the mosquito trick. Their sharp mouthparts got through his fur

easily enough (maybe having clothes would have helped...) and they started sucking. He managed to knock them away.

[1d20+3=14, 1d20+3=14, 1d20+3=15](#)

//Thank you Castle ^^

[1d20+2=5](#) (Yeah saw that coming...)

Some quick ducking and side-stepping later, Jezelle had avoided yet more assaults and discovered Three hadn't been so lucky, with a bug hooked on her and she growing paler not just because the big freaky bug was touching her.

With sweeping revenge, all four conscious Jezelles took a bug each -Five pounced on the one on Three with a cricket bat and Three immediately shot off to mainly get away first.

[One: 7, Three: 20 \[hit\], Four: 14, Five: 16\[hit\]](#)

[Toughness=16, Toughness=18 \[down\]](#)

Trevor tried to slash on of the buggers than bit him, but the blasted thing kicked those wings of it's into high gear and darted off again. "Blasted hell spawn!"

[1d20+2=12](#)

The remaining six buggers struck again.

[J5, 1d20+2=18, Toughness DC 19](#)

[J1, 1d20+2=17, Toughness DC 19](#)

[Trevor, 1d20+2=9, \[miss\] Toughness DC 19](#)

[J5, 1d20+2=3, Toughness DC 19](#)

[J4, 1d20+2=5, Drain Save 12](#)

[J1, 1d20+2=18 Drain Save 12](#)

[Jez: 15, Jez: 14, Five: 2](#)

[Feedback: 12-2](#)

Jez: 2x Bruise + Stunned

Five: Bruise + Stunned + Staggered + Unconscious

Things were rapidly going downhill as Jezelle's head was partially grazed by a bugshot, and to make matters even worse Five copped one straight to the face and hit the ground instantly, and the shock went through the link and smacked Jez in the face too!

Three wasted no time in zapping from the basement to collect Five to be safe, and Four just steelled herself as desperation threw her some crazy ideas.

Ideas involving tables.

Four disappeared and arrived next to the dining table, and Jezelle saw the plan in mind and growled, shaking the crazy disorientation out of her head as she started to get rather angry at these bugs.

"Alley-oop!" Four managed before a grunt as she gripped the table, and mid-lifting she disappeared and reappeared mid-air above the bugs, leaving the table to fall on as many as possible.

Reflex DC: 15

1d20+1=6, 1d20+1=4, 1d20+1=3, 1d20+1=17 [Half damage], 1d20+1=11, 1d20+1=14

Toughness DC: 20

1d20+2=13, 1d20+2=9, 1d20+2=9, 1d20+2=12, 1d20+2=3, 1d20+2=6

There was a crunch.

Okay, Trevor did... something. Part yell, yelp and cat sound. He blinked, standing back and staring at it, and the goop that was oozing out from one edge. (He forget he was naked again.) "The table? The floor?" his eye twitched. "I'm not cleaning this up alone!"

Jezelle groaned a little as she staggered and attempted to recover from the blows, meanwhile Four just looked at Trevor and sighed a little on the inside.

"Oh relax, you're far, *far* from alone," Four said exasperatedly, "Now the bugs are squished, everything's alright... sort of... I'm a little worried about Three..."

"I'm sure five of me can whip this place back into order," Jezelle mumbled a little as she went to scrape the goo off herself.

Trevor inched over and crouched so he could poke at the goo. Nasty buggers, they were. They stinked too. Sorta like cockroaches. God he hoped it wouldn't stain the wood. That would be fun to explain. "Next question... what do we do with the goo and bodies?"

"Sell it on Ebay?" Jezelle suggested dryly, "I dunno, chuck it in the trash, down the sink, whatever gets rid of it, get some bleach in here."

Four gingerly reached down to teleport the table back into place and went to shut that damn window in the kitchen.

"I probably could have moved that..." Trevor muttered under his breath. Yep. Six squished bugs. And just when he thought they couldn't get any uglier. Dead bugs were worse than live ones. On the other hand, they smelled even worse. "I wonder if you can eat these..."

"...*Eat*...?" Jezelle echoed incredulously, before furiously shaking her head, more than determined to banish that thought from her head right away, instead deciding to throw the conversation on a tangent with an airy reminder: "Four wishes that I *don't* remind you that you are still lacking clothes."

"You can eat locust," Trevor said sheepishly, dropping his head a little. Okay, so it was a random... Right... Naked... Cue tail and hands covering the objectionable parts [aka goods] (even if fur and sheath and such helped). "Ah... Um..."

Jezelle sort of stood there semi-awkwardly half looking at Trevor, partly out of confusion why he wasn't moving and partly because female peripheral vision made it pointless to look away.

"...Do I... need to teleport you to your room...?" Jezelle asked, a little unsure.

Trevor just nodded quickly, the inside of his ears reddening ever so slightly, his version of a blush. But then he took off, running on all fours, not trusting the Jez's not to take liberty with his person at the moment. (It was their [Her?] fault, after all).

"Mind you don't step on the other three of me in the basement!" Jezelle called after Trevor suddenly when he bolted.

The poor cat didn't hear... and managed to trip over them when he went down... Damn you murphy...

"Ow..." Jezelle said empathetically rubbing her stomach before shaking her head and going off to help Four raid the cleaning supplies. She *was* worried about the other three but the third Jezelle was still conscious -if a little ill- so she was keeping an eye on them.

That strange fragility of her copies was starting to get annoying, as was the burst of pain she received through Five...

//Maybe something like this [<http://www.gamewallpapers.us/wallpap...nt-insect.jpg>] but with a smaller body... larger wings...

//Maybe? <http://img687.imageshack.us/img687/5159/capturenhi.jpg>

The Mason Flat

Henry woke up at his normal time and checked his phone. There were not texts so he got ready for the day. Shower, shave, and breakfast. It was going to be another day of chores and gym training. The extra time he had on his hands now was helpful with his getting used to having powers.

He figured that he would be able to get his groceries after his gym time. He made a list of things that he would need then got his gym bag and keys and set to head out.

Henry walked down his small drive way to his truck. Looking around the area to see if anyone was out and about. Seeing no one he picked the front end of his truck and looked under the truck for anything that shouldn't be there. Seeing no thing he sent the truck back down and got in. He then got in and started off down the street.

The gym was a good sized place but not one of those chain places. There were a number of machines there as well as free weights. There were a number of mats on the floor with mirrors on the walls. This was the spot where Henry would go through his training drills and to spare. He walked back to the locker room and changed into his training clothes. They were more breathable and loose fitting. He locked up his normal clothes in the locker and walked back to the mat. He sat down and started to stretch.

"Good Morning, Henry," The/one of the instructors (I named him Jason Lennart) called out, a towel over his shoulders.

"Morning Jason. What are we going to work on today?" Henry replied while getting up to his feet.

"A good 'ole spar," Jason responded. "One of the best ways to gauge progress"

Henry walked over to the side of the mat and picked up his helmet and put it on. He then put his

gloves on and put his mouth piece in. He moved back to the mat and got ready. He had been drilled in keeping his hands up and his feet squared toward the partner.

"I am ready when you are Jason."

Jason got off his shoes and rocked on his heels a bit. "Let's begin."

[Init=18](#)

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4021064/> init= 10

Jason started with a straight strike with lots of skill, but little flourish.

[Attack=16](#) Toughness 19

Henry took the hit on the side of his head. It caused his vision to blur some and he was thankful that he was wearing the helmet.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4021138/> toughness= 17 = bruised

Henry then threw his own punch back. He held back his true strength so to not seriously hurt him. He was not as skilled as Jason but he was still learning.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4021145/> Attack= 5 damage= 17

"Good power, but work on the delivery, you are still telegraphing," Jason advised as avoided the blow and swung his leg for a sharp kick, probably slower than it should have been, being distracted as he was with tutoring.

[1d20+4=7](#) T: 19

"Yeah, working on that." Henry said through his teeth. He was able to block the attack but it still stung as it hit his leg. He aimed another punch but this time for his body.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4021178/> attack=13 damage= 17

"Better!" Jason grunted, blocking the blow with his shoulder and countering with a straight punch. "Strike at the gaps in defenses."

[1d20+4=19](#) T: 19

Henry took yet another hit to his face. Pain instantly washed over him as his vision blurred again. He was having a hell of a time stopping any of these punches. His left eye was starting to swell and was going to be black by the next day. He really needed this practice seeing as he had yet to hit the instructor.

Henry threw another punch and knew that it would miss as his instructor had his guard ready once again.

toughness <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4021456/> =18-1=17 bruised again (damn these things stack)

attack= <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4021458/> 11 (one of these days Henry is going to hit) damage= 20

"Don't sacrifice accuracy for power against a faster or more agile foe," Jason cautioned as he rocked aside and tried to get a thrust under Henry's attack. "They might find it easier to avoid."
[1d20+4=13](#)

Henry took a heavy hit this time and it knocked the wind right out of him. He was not able to move and had a hard time catching his breath.

toughness <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4022616/> = 13 (bruise and stunned)
//ouch

Jason was quick to press the advantage and swung at Henry's legs in an attempt to trip him.

[Attack=23](#)

[Str Check=9](#) (Damn fickle castle...)

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4022630/> str check =9 (sooo a tie...)(*puts the tie on Henry* Fickle castle)

Henry managed to stumble his way out of the trip attempt. He kept his hands up and took up a defensive stance. He would try to focus more on his protection than on hitting.

attack <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4022645/> =17 damage = 20

It was Jason's turn to stagger back. The assistant who had been there the entire time watching them as ref, honest, called it in Henry's favour. "Enough! Henry wins."

[Toughness=9](#) Stunned and Bruised

Henry let his arms drop to his sides. It was a lucky punch he felt but he had weathered the storm of punches and kicks that had been thrown his way. He helped Jason up and then walked over to the side and ploped down on the edge of the mat. He looked at Jason who still seemed a little rocked from his last hit.

"Jason, you hit like a damn truck and move like some sort of crazy jack rabbit."

Henry sat there rubbing the side of his face that was swelling nicely. He looked at the mirror and saw his reflection. As he watched the swelling around his eyes started to go down as did the fuzziness in his vision. The pain dulled and even the nasty red welt on his leg from Jason's kick had gone away.

Henry thought to himself. So that works on other things than just small rock cuts. This would be helpful.

Can check to recover <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4022677/> [Castle's way of apologizing?]

"That last hit of yours wasn't just any love tap either," Jason grinned, rolling his shoulder.

"Gonna be black and blue in the morning..."

"What else are we going to work on today or is that all?"

"That was just the sparring. You got power, but you need to work on your form," Jason said,

wincing slightly as he touched a sore spot. They would teach him to spar in the morning without proper gear. "You still need to run through a couple sets."

Henry stood up feeling much, much better. He stretched a little and looked down at Jason.

"Then let's get started." Henry said as he held his hand out for Jason.

Jason took the hand and went to get a shield before claiming a corner of the floor. "Give me a set of ten kicks. We are going to work these skills into you."

Henry stood in front of the shield and started to throw kicks. He tried to kick as fast and hard as he could. After the ten kicks he kept his hands up and waited for what Jason would tell him to do next.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4022809/> kicks

"Um... don't mind the music. The boss has been watching the classics again," Jason said. "Again."

"Ha ha ha. No problem whatsoever. I think this will actually help out."

Henry started to work out faster and harder. He focused harder than he did when he was on his own. It was much better having a person pushing you to do more. This was the training that Henry needed.

The whole workout ended with weight lifting as they worked on Henry to get some raw hurting power. What his trainer did not know was that Henry had to fake the lifting part. He could lift the whole weight rack if he wanted to but that would give way to many questions he did not want to have to deal with.

With a few hours down now Henry headed to the showers and cleaned up. He towed off and got back into his normal clothes and put the workout clothes back in the gym bag. He scheduled was pretty open after his workout. He was still employed by the chemical plant and would be put to work once they deemed the area clear and started to rebuild. Plus next week he was expecting his mega check to come in. Over time always paid time and a half but add hazard pay on top of that and you have yourself a sizable bonus. It would be nice to have the extra income.

Henry left the gym thinking about the money and realized that he had other things that needed doing this day. One of those things included eating. But, in order to eat he needed to have food and he had not been to the store in a few days. He turned the truck on and put it into gear and headed off to grocery store.

It was pretty uneventful as he went down endless rows of food and stocked up. He even went into the clothing section and spent some time looking for something that would be able to disguise him if he got involved in another public place. He picked up a pair of boots and some gloves from the tool section. He would need to find some kind of mask but settled for now with using his cap. Tilting his head a little would make it a whole lot harder to see his face. Add in that the fact that he will be moving around during a fight and that might just do. With his

purchases he moved toward the check out line and had to wait in the line. This was the main thing he hated about these places. The long ass wait.

Henry got through the line pretty quickly today and even had some time to look through the tabloids on the stand. He was hoping that there would be something on the chemical plant explosion but there was not. Seemed that the moment had gone by and they were on to the latest thing which involved which starlet was ready for beach weather. Henry never understood these things but it helped to pass the time.

He pushed his cart to his truck and put all the bags in and then bungeed them down. He did not want all of his food and other things sliding around when he was driving around. He climbed into the cab and fired up the truck and headed on back home. He would drop off the items at his apartment and then figure out what else to do. He had the time on his hands.

His apartment was just as he left with the door still jacked up but safe. it seemed that people did not want to steal from a house that looked like it was already robbed. That and the lack of anything really worth the time to steal helped as well. He got all of his food stuffs but away in their respected places and put his gloves on the counter. He put the boots on and headed back down stairs. He decided that he would try to break these in as much as possible and started to go for a walk. He might walk over to the hardware store and pick something up to fix the door.

Henry fixed himself lunch with the new bought materials. He was a master sandwich artisan do to his many years of practice and experience. He crafted a masterpiece that he devoured with built up hunger from his work out. He then proceeded to clean the small kitchen that he had. Once all of the cleaning was finished he put on the new boots and headed back outside.

Henry walked down the small path that went from the drive way to his door and walked on to the sidewalk. It would be a small hike to the hardware store but that was what was needed for the new boots. The upside was that even if the boots dug into him he could just heal up quickly. He had figured that power out from the fight at the clinic and again at his sparing match. He could heal pretty fast which was something that he figured would come in handy if he was going to try to stop super powered people.

If a small shop:

The door swung inward, letting out the smell of sawdust, metal and oil. One of the workers nodded in Henry's direction, looking ready to lend a hand if need be.

//going off the idea of the one I use in real life for this

Henry waved at the worker and walked up to them. This guy would know where to find the materials that he would need and be able to get the piece of wood that he needed.

"Hello. I am fixing a door at my place and I need a new hinge, some screws and a piece of wood cut to fit the door frame. Some jackass kicked it in. The door is fine but the frame gave way. I am also going to need a new deadbolt lock. Can you show me to where I can get all of this." Henry inquired.

"Sure, that will be no problem at all," the worker, name tag said Shane. "We have some precut wood that should fit a standard door way. The hinges and lock are simple enough too. Any preference for the length of screw?"

"One inch flat head screws will work. will hold in the new wood pretty easy. Come to think of it I will need some nails as well for putting the new wood frame in. " Henry replied.

"Sure, no problem at all," Shane responded. He looked around a bit to get bearings before leading Henry to the back where the wood was kept.

Henry followed Shane down aisles as they made their way toward where the wood was kept. He could not help but look and admire all the tools they passed. He would love to have these but the cost would be way out of his pay grade. He can always wish though.

"We have different kinds of frames in stock, from simple to more ornate. Any preference?" Shane asked.

Henry knew his answer right away.

"Just something simple. It is for my apartment. The landlord put cheap stuff up so I need to put equal cheap stuff back. " Henry replied.

"Security deposit thing?" Shane said knowingly. "We get a lot cases like that."

"My deposit would cover it but he would over charge it. So I am going to do it my self. Will do a better job any way." Henry said and looked around some more.

Shane smiled. Do it yourself. He scanned the shelves, then pulled out a section of wood. "We got this one in stock recently. Cost around forty dollars when tax is included."

Henry's eyes widen. "45 dollars? You are joking right?" Henry asked astonished at the price.

"Of course, this is the top of the line product, the basic one, which is just as good, though not as ornate, it's only eight dollars."

"Now that sounds more like it. I know the landlord would pick the least expensive wood so I will go for that as well. Now I just need the screws, nails and a new lock." Henry said with a small amount of relief in his voice now that the price situation had been fixed.

"You should be able to get all the screws and nails you need for under two dollars," Shane said, pulling the frame from the rack so Henry could examine it himself. "If you do need new hinges, we have some for two dollars each, and a good lock for a main door runs around ten dollars."

"Sounds good. Let's get the rest of the stuff because I do not like to have a broken door on my apartment. Don't want people to walk in and take anything." Henry looked in his wallet to make sure that he had the cash. It was a good thing that he had taken out extra cash before he left.

"This sort of repair really the type that can't be put off," Shane responded knowingly. He snagged a cart and dropped the frame on it before moving back towards the front of the store where the bins of equipment waited.

Henry nodded at Shane's comment. He did need to get this door fixed now before anything happened. He followed Shane back to the front of the store to get the rest of materials that he would need for the repair.

Rummaging collected a couple small bags of screws and nails, as well as the set of hinges Henry would need.

Henry took all the items that he needed and added them to the cart. He went to the check out and paid for his items. Snagging the change and putting it in his pocket he headed back out the exit for the long walk back to his apartment. These long walks were doing wonders for breaking in his boots.

The walk was average. Nothing all that remarkable, not even a lot of people passing by, though he did get a few second glances due to the lengths of wood he carried.

Henry made it back to the apartment with any any issues. He dropped off the materials at the front door. He went up to the apartment and grabbed a screw driver. Henry went back down and looked the old door frame over. He put the screw driver in between the wall and door frame and started to pry off the wood. He popped off the old wood after a few tries and then fitted the new frame in.

Instead of hammering the nails Henry just held the nails against the wood and pushed them into place. Having the ability to lift a car meant that he could push a nail in pretty easy. Replacing the hinges only took a few moments as he undid the screws on the hinge that were still attached to the old door. He screwed in the new ones and tossed the old bent up hinges. He then had to just screw the hinge into the new frame and the door was up. Henry then worked on attaching the new lock. It was easy since the holes were already drilled in. He just screwed the new one on and tested it. The door stuck a little but it would still work. With a feeling of accomplishment he went back upstairs into his apartment.

Henry sat in his apartment in one of his old chairs. He did not own a tv so he could not watch anything. He had already done all the work he needed to for the day plus repaired his door. It was late afternoon and not quite time for dinner and Henry was bored. He needed something to do. Perhaps a hobby or something. He decided to head out for a movie instead. That would kill some time and perhaps there was a good movie out.

Henry went back down and carefully closed the door. He hopped into the truck and headed out once more. He had to stop and get gas on the way. While waiting to pay he checked a newspaper that was in the stand for movie times and see if there was any news on the chemical plant explosion.

//Henry is off again

//got a plan for Henry on the next day

Hang Out at Marina's Place

Erin held off on answering, wondering if someone else would pick up. It would be rude if she picked up. Especially considering that she herself wasn't expecting anyone to call asking for her.

"I'm a bit preoccupied, would you mind answering the phone.", Marina asked Erin, having reformed her mouth for a moment before returning to ball shape.

"What about your parentals?" Erin asked.

"Out today, mom had to run further tests and dad's busy with management.", Marina said to Erin before rolling back towards the living room.

Erin nodded and picked up the phone. "Hello?" She asked.

"Hey there." Alex said and then became a bit confused "Wait, who's that? Marina?"

"Uhhh... She's a little tied up at the moment." Erin replied. "Can I take a message?"

"Eh, I just wanted to call and ask how are you all here." Alex said, then he got what Erin told him "Wait, tied up? Without me?" he questioned, with the latter question being obviously joke-ish.

"Alex? Is that you?" Erin asked. "It's Erin."

"Yeah it's me. Hello Erin." Alex said "What's up with Marina?"

"She melted again and turned herself into a ball. Don't ask why." Erin said. "Wanna talk to her?"

"Aaaah..." Alex said with a confused smile "A ball? Well... Okay, maybe... She's alright?"

"Oh yeah. Just testing out her powers. Both of us." Erin replied. "How are you?"

"As you can hear, no longer deaf. And just woke up and got some tea. Dad isn't really shocked, although he is still "surprised" a bit." Alex replied with a short summary "And you?"

Marina rolled back over to Erin on the phone.

"Pretty good. I had a long talk with my folks yesterday..." She looked down a little. "I don't want to talk about it."

"Something bad, huh?" Alex replied

Marina started bouncing, just to see how that all worked out.

"Just... sad. Can we talk about something else, please?" Erin asked.

"Ask if he wants to come over.", Marina said to Erin before deflating. She slowly reformed into a puddle of flesh colored goo. This reminded her of what Ditto must have felt in pokemon. The other implications of that relation didn't initially occur to Marina before she shifted back to human form. She formed part of her skin into a leotard to cover her privates.

"Marina said 'ask him if he wants to come over'," Erin said trying to lighten the mood.

"Eeeh... Okay? As long as I won't get overwhelmed by radiostations again, I'll try to get to you" Alex replied.

After Alex hung up, Marina saw fit to speak with Erin again, "So what'd he say?", she asked Erin.

"He said okay," Erin replied. "He's coming."

"Should take him a while to get here...anything you feel like doing while we wait?", Marina asked. "This morphing is really fun..."

"Well, I was going to say, try taking on your human form again, though try to make an illusion that you have clothing." Erin replied.

"What do you think I'm doing now?", Marina sighed, leaning forward to inspect Erin's eyes. "Sure you're fine?"

"I don't want to talk about it..." Erin muttered.

"I see, better get those eyes checked...or did I not do this morph correctly.", Marina looked down. She seemed properly covered by the illusion of her gymnastics leotard.

"Oh..." Erin said. "Looks good, yeah." She didn't seem all that enthused. "Lot on my mind. Don't mind me if I repeat myself." She rubbed her temples feeling a headache coming on. "Got any asprin by the way?"

Marina sighed, "Alright...follow me." Marina entered the kitchen and found the medicine cabinet. Retrieving the pills, she handed them to Erin. "Don't mention it.", Marina said pouring Erin a small glass of water.

Erin took the pills without water much like she always did and sat down on the couch. "Have you...?" She tried to think of a way she could ease into this topic, but couldn't think of anything good.

"Have I?", Marina said sitting down next to Erin on the couch. "Have I what?", she asked. The

skin based leotard didn't react the same way normal clothing did but it was enough for modesty purposes.

Erin sighed loudly and looked down. "Have you ever thought about the dangers for these powers we have?"

"Slipping down the drain has been on my mind, but I try not to think about it, as for now, I still have no straight answer for how I am still alive or where my limbs go when I morph, you?", Marina replied.

She still looked down. "Well... Maybe we shouldn't exactly try to be superheros. Do you know their life expentency? Probbaly pretty short."

"I try not to think about it. We just have to not run into Mr. Psychic again before we're good and ready...that's rather depressing Erin.", Marina said.

"I know. I just had some time to think and... I don't think we should. I mean if one of you were to go down in a fight..." Erin covered her eyes with her hand.

"And that's why we do the smart thing and not provoke fights we cannot win, nothing has changed there.", Marina said patting Erin on the back. "Personally I don't see a point in trying to find danger anyway."

"Well... I don't know if I'll be around all that much." Erin sighed. "

"What do you mean?", Marina said with some concern.

"Remember when we went to the doctor's?" Erin asked. "And he did those x-rays on us?"

"Yeah, he had no idea how I was still alive either, but I am....", Marina said. Marina suddenly got solemn, "Sorry, I shouldn't joke...what was it you were going to say?"

"They found... Some things with me. Deposits. Forming in here." She said pointing to her head. "I... Don't know how long I might have."

"How do you know these deposits are deadly?", Marina asked, "It could be harmless like whatever's in my blood." Marina hugged Erin.

"I don't..." Erin admitted. "But there's THINGS in my BRAIN! How can I not think those are going to be deadly?" She looked Marina in the eyes, pleading.

"I know nothing of medicine, and I don't know what to say, but just hear me out, is it possible that these deposits are what allow you to datalink.", Marina sat up.

"Maybe... I'm still going to schedule some appointments... Just to be safe." Erin added, on the verge of crying.

"There, there...", Marina said trying to comfort Erin.

And with that, Erin broke down and hugged her friend tightly, sobbing into her.

Marina could do nothing more than be there for her friend. Marina pet Erin and tried to comfort her. "Here, just let it all out...You'll be fine....just fine", Marina whispered.

Some time later, Erin recovered, sniffeling a little. Enough that she suggested something else to do. "Want to watch a movie or something?" She asked.

"Ah glad to see you have recovered, I was thinking...you know that convention in a week or so...I was thinking of going...and you definitely need some cheering up, knowing Trevor and Jezelle, they'd want to as well.", Marina said, stroking Erin's back.

Erin nodded. "I was thinking of going too. I'll need help with the costume though." She admitted.

"Marina?" her mother called up.

"Yes what is it, mom?", Marina asked moving in the direction of her mom, leaving Erin lying on the couch. Marina then moved further, she called to Erin "My mom's calling, you can come along if you want...or just rest here."

Erin got up, getting rid of the last of her tears before she headed to follow Marina.

[Would have preffered the name...] was fixing her hair, hand bag in hand. "I have to head to the Aquarium. There is a complication in the number seven tank's pH balance."

"Oh no, the poor fish.", Marina said alarmed.

"Do you know what's wrong with it?" Erin asked.

"And anything I should help with?", Marina asked.

"It's the distribution system. They think there is a faulty part somewhere between in the pumps between the salination system, tanks and the hoppers," she said, shrugging into her coat.

"I see.", Marina said, "Should I expect you back sometime tonight then?"

"Hopefully," she said.

"See you later Ms. Fischer." Erin said.

"See you tonight then...", Marina said.

"Have fun with your... thing... honey," she said before leaving.

"See you later then", Marina said. Soon enough Marina and Erin were back on the couch. "Well that gives us all afternoon to discuss costumes...I haven't had the resources to cosplay before..but now that I can morph...I have a shot."

"And I'm still limited. Though I had an idea for it." Erin said.

"Oh, what is it...I was thinking of going as vapoleon from pokemon, you know it has the power to merge with water.", Marisa said.

And then a catboy arrived to their place, hoping that he won't draw attention to himself in his overclothed state. Alex rang in the bell and waited for a response...

Marina opened the door, "Alex, so glad you could come, Erin's already inside."

Erin perked up when she heard a knock on the door but let Marina get it and waved. "Hey Alex. How are you?"

Alex hastily walked in and quickly removed his hat, mask, goggles and coat, revealing his jeans, T-Shirt and a bloodstained wrap on his left arm. "Hey there too." he replied a bit sadly.

Erin saw the wrap on his arm and frowned. "You all right?"

"Good to see you...What happened to your arm?", Marina asked.

Alex sighed, looked at his arm and shook his head "Nothing... That happened sometimes before, really not much of a problem." he replied a bit embarrassed.

"Well if you're sure... Anyway, me and Marina were about to talk about plans and ideas for the convention in a couple of weeks." Erin said. "You planning to come?"

"As if I have a choice." Alex replied.

Erin tilted her head. "If your dad's forcing you to go, you have the best. Dad. Ever." She said trying to lighten her own mood too.

"I have to agree with Erin on this one, but hey, you get to hang out with us so there's that.", Marina smiled.

Alex stared at Erin, then stared at Marina. "What? I meant that in other form..." he replied in confusion

"What other form? Of course you have a choice." Erin asked, now a little confused.

"Aaaah... I mean... In other meaning, damnit. Some stuff makes no sense when translated directly so it seems." Alex replied and added "Let's get over with that."

la le lu le lo Erin thought, the example coming to mind. "Well, on the plus side for the convention, you'll have an awesome costume. Same with halloween."

"And every other time in between, at best everyone will think you're a dedicated furry.", Marina said to him.

"Remind me the point of these conventions..." Alex said, searching for a place to sit on.

"To have fun?" Erin smiled.

"Having fun isn't that easy in a big crowd of weirdos. Also, let me remind you that I still didn't watch a single episode of any anime. Aside from few random ones long ago, but that doesn't count." Alex replied.

"Pretty sure it's a general con for all things geeky. anime, video games, comics, movies..." Erin pointed out.

Alex sighed "I am also living in a cave." he added as a counter.

"So.... you're NOT coming then?" Erin asked, hoping for a little clarification.

"I am. Because I have nothing else to do since my internet went down and my laptop exploded." Alex replied. "Might as well hang out with you, I guess."

"So we already know your costume, Erin, you and I still need to decide upon stuff.", Marina said.

"I thought you said you were going to be a vapoureon?" Erin commented. "as for me, I was playing a bit of Deus Ex. The new one. I was thinking a cyborg from there."

Finally Alex has found himself a good position to seat in and took it, wrapping his tail around himself and closing his eyes.

"I did say vapoureon, but since I don't have any proficiency with a sewing machine, I'm going to have to morph my costume...so interested in helping me experiment?", Marina said.

"Should I be worried?" Erin chuckled nervously, wondering just what this 'experiment' would be.

"Nothing much, just practicing for the costume, you know I'm going to have to maintain the morph for the whole convention.", Marina said with a laugh.

"That I do. So what do you need our help for?" Erin asked.

"To know whether I morphed correctly...and perhaps comment on it...unless you had a better idea for us to do together.", Marina said.

Erin shrugged. "Fair enough. Let's go then. Meanwhile, would you mind if I went on your computer? Need to get some picture references for cyborg limbs."

"So it seems I am not needed here..." Alex said melancholically, curling up on his spot, using his flexibility.

"What would you like to do Alex?" Marina asked.

"Sleep." he replied from his curled up state.

"Was the trip here that tiresome?", Marina wondered.

"No..." Alex replied, trying to have his ears flip and close, but instead managing just to slightly move them around. "Just in general big meh."

"What happened?" Erin asked, frowning.

Marina sighed, "Well if ya gotta, seems we're out of options for stuff to to together."

"Nothing..." Alex replied to Erin.

"Doesn't sound like nothing." Erin said.

Alex took out his head and stared at Erin with his weary kitty eyes. "Meh." he said after a three second long dramatic silence and his head fell back into his lap shortly afterwards. "Nasty headache." he replied not really convincingly.

"Nothing we can do about it, well Erin got some more powers you want to test?", Marina wondered aloud. "Eh I might as well try out if I can make myself a costume."

And with that Marina focused on morphing, her skin turned a light blue shade as frills grew on the side of her face. She felt a fish tail grow, she deliberately tried to make it look just like fabric. In time she managed to get the face shape and body right.

Taking 20 on Power Check for Morphing.

Marina walked back out of the bathroom looking like a humanoid vaporeon. "Hey Erin, how's this look?", she asked.

"Looks pretty good," Erin said. "Really good." She smiled. "I think we're going to have the best costumes there."

"Too good perhaps...ideally it should still look like fabric, any more thoughts?", Marina asked turning a complete circle.

"Nah. If people get jelous for it being to realistic looking that's their problem," Erin smiled.

"Have you found a costume yet?", Marina asked, "Or you could go as a trainer with a vapoleon, I'd be fine with that."

"A cyborg pokemon trainer? Well... I don't see why it WOULDN'T work..." Erin said, puzzling over the idea.

"Now that you mention it, it does sound kind of fun, but it's up to you...how did you plan to make your cyborg costume anyway?", Marina asked.

"Well with the Deus Ex style, I would need paint or something. Their augments, the good ones, are pretty much the same size or smaller than the limbs they were based on. So a costume wouldn't be practical. Probably some bodypaint to look like augmentations, some futuristic looking clothes and call it a day."

"I guess so then...", Marina said, "And I presume you already know how to do all that."

"Well I suppose Alex could help with the artistic stuff for that. I could try my hand at it, but I think it'd be best to get a second opinion on it." Erin replied.

Alex's head perked up again and he looked at Erin "What did I do wrong again--" he said, clearly missing the entire sentence.

"You didn't do anything wrong... Geez, you're paranoid today. I was saying, I was going to paint up my arms and legs to make them look like augmentations from Deus Ex and I was going to ask for your opinion as I do that and find picture references." Erin said.

"Whatever." Alex said and placed his head back into his lap again.

"So... is that a yes for you help me?" Erin asked.

Marina crawled back to Erin and Alex looking like a humanoid vapoleon. "I'm happy this costume didn't take too long.", she smiled

Henry's Evening

The Mason Flat

Henry made it back to the apartment with any issues. He dropped off the materials at the front door. He went up to the apartment and grabbed a screw driver. Henry went back down and looked the old door frame over. He put the screw driver in between the wall and door frame and started to pry off the wood. He popped off the old wood after a few tries and then fitted the new frame in.

Instead of hammering the nails Henry just held the nails against the wood and pushed them into place. Having the ability to lift a car meant that he could push a nail in pretty easy. Replacing the

hinges only took a few moments as he undid the screws on the hinge that were still attached to the old door. He screwed in the new ones and tossed the old bent up hinges. He then had to just screw the hinge into the new frame and the door was up. Henry then worked on attaching the new lock. It was easy since the holes were already drilled in. He just screwed the new one on and tested it. The door stuck a little but it would still work. With a feeling of accomplishment he went back upstairs into his apartment.

Henry sat in his apartment in one of his old chairs. He did not own a TV so he could not watch anything. He had already done all the work he needed to for the day plus repaired his door. It was late afternoon and not quite time for dinner and Henry was bored. He needed something to do. Perhaps a hobby or something. He decided to head out for a movie instead. That would kill some time and perhaps there was a good movie out.

Henry went back down and carefully closed the door. He hopped into the truck and headed out once more. He had to stop and get gas on the way. While waiting to pay he checked a newspaper that was in the stand for movie times and see if there was any news on the chemical plant explosion.

The plant explosion had lost most of its flair, news wise, and was send down to the inner pages. Not a long article. Just updates on the clear up and reports on a statement from the company head on their response, as well as the federal investigators who were looking into the criminal group that led the explosion.

Seems that the company was still kicking and the feds were now called in to investigate the attack. Henry wondered if this whole thing was planned. Did people know about effects of the chemicals that they were going to release or was it just an accident? These were questions that he would never be able to answer but got him thinking. If there were people behind this and now there are people with powers running around and the paper if had an article on super bugs. Things were getting bad around here and did not seem to be getting better.

Henry thought about what he could do. He was already starting to train to get better and dealing with these people but would that be enough? If he was going to get serious with this he would need a few things. For one he needed to protect his identity. He also needed protection for himself. If he was going to be taking on super powered people he would need more protection. He had built in protect but he would need more. Any punk with a gun could stop him at the moment and he knew that these people could get one easy.

Checking the movie times Henry picked a late one and headed on over to the town library. There he went to the bank of computers and sat at one that was for public internet use. He started to search for things that would work to protect him and help him in his fights.

About a half hour before the library closed Henry pulled out his bank card and start to order things and had picked the express shipping options. When one's person safety was involved it was important to hurry.

With that done henry now moved forward and headed to the movie theater. It would take a day

or two for his items to come to him.

//Henry will start his plan early

Showing Time: 8:30

Movie Watching: either iron man 3 or the great Gatsby

There was the expected line in the theatre as people got their last minute tickets and chatted before heading up.

Henry was one of those people getting their tickets right at the end. He liked getting to the theater early but he had run over a little while at the library. He did not get any of the concession food since he was going to eat when the movie was over and he did not feel like paying six dollars for some popcorn. The markup of this stuff was amazing.

Henry headed into the theater and grabbed a wall seat as fast as he could somewhere near the middle of the theater. He liked having the wall there and did not have to worry about people walking in front of him the whole time. He then settled in to watch the movie. Henry was a serious movie watcher. This meant that he turned his phone to vibrate and made sure to give a glare at any couples or groups of teenagers that would sit near him. He did not want them messing up his movie going experience. After all 'silence is golden'.

The movie was excellent. Awesome even. However, something odd started happening. Once the action started, the lights started flickering, as did the screen, the audio scratching.

Henry turned his head to look at the projector to see what was going on. Was the projector not working? You would think that on an opening night they would have the big money draw on the working projector.

Henry wasn't alone in his protests, and the murmur of malcontent was building around the room. Strangely enough, it got worse, moments before the entire room went dark, the sounds of bulbs blowing and filaments burning out filling the room.

"This can't be good." Henry said while putting his hand on the wall. He could at least use it to feel his way through the room. Although all the chairs in his way would be a problem. He figured that he would hold still and look around to see if any sort of emergency light came on. He did not feel like getting run over by all the movie goers.

As expected, there were screams and yells and such before the emergency lighting strips could kick in. When it did, people started rushing, as much as possible, towards the exit. Save for one guy who seemed to glow in the darkness with a silvery light.

"Hate it when I am right." Henry said while waiting. He would let the others go first while he kept an eye on the glowing man. There was no telling what this one could do. He could be the one who caused the lights to go out or he might just have the power to glow. He did not want to do anything rash before knowing what he would be getting into.

"And here I was hoping to have a good night out..." the man muttered. He scowled and the emergency light flickered as his aura sparked.

"Oi, buddy. Mind turning that down? I think it is messing with the lights." Henry shouted at the man as he slowly made his way toward him.

The man turned and gave Henry a bored but curious look. Most folk didn't stick around someone who glowed. Most of those who were close by had taken off already, in fact. "It's a bit more complex than that. Wait... you're that guy from the hospital..."

"You know me from the hospital? But I do understand how you feel and what you are going through. If you can kill that light we can talk about it." Henry tried to say in a calming voice.

"You would only think it would be so easy," He gripped.

"I have seen what it can be like. Hell I spent part of the day fixing my apartment from the damage I caused it. It takes time to control these powers. I haven't completely learned how to control the power I have. I am going to assume that you can control electricity and when you get excited it runs a little wild?" Henry questioned.

He could relate to this man. Having these powers did not mean that you understood them. At any moment He could have a new power flare up and out of control. He hoped that it did not come to that but he knew how this man felt. Henry was in fear each time he picked something up or opened anything. He did not want to break something or hurt somebody.

"Still haven't figured out the cause really," he admitted. He winced and gasped slightly as the glow was accompanied by sparks dancing from his body to the ground. "Or how to head it off..."

"Here, let's leave this place and step outside. We can go out the emergency exit. See if we can get this under control out there and then figure out where to go. I have some friends that might be able to help." Henry said and started to make his way towards the exit. "My name is Henry. What is yours?"

"Davis. Davis Manning," he said. "And... moving isn't a good idea. Last time, I fried the transformer outside my place."

"Hmmm... well then how about we take a seat here. Take a deep breathe in and let it out slow. You might just need to calm down. Or need something to ground yourself on. I don't know what we would use here though." Henry thought and looked around for any type of metal pole. "We could use the metal holding the chairs down. If it goes across the floor the breaker should trip and keep most of the place from frying."

Davis nodded and tentatively sat, only discharging a few more volts in the process. His glow hadn't faded much, but the fizzing of the surrounding electronics had settled down. That was an improvement at least. As he calmed, the light seemed to pulse, dimming and brightening, in time with his breathing.

"There we go. Things are getting better. I am going to bet that this all started the day of the chemical plant exploding. You are not alone in all of this I want you to know. There are others. I know of five others who have been trying to figure this all out including myself. We have had been working with a doctor that has been looking into it privately. He might be able to help. Maybe even give you something to keep you calm so that you do not have to worry about this happening by accident. I can take you there in the morning if you are willing." Henry said all of this while taking a seat next to Davis. Hoping that he was able to provide the man with some comfort.

"You mean that?" Davis asked, the intensity of the light kicking up a bit. "I heard something on the news about the things happening."

"Yes I do mean that. The explosion sent something in the air that changed some of us. Not everyone had these changes but enough have to be noticed. Some people have been using theirs to attack people while other have been using theirs to help. I belong to the helping group. I do not know what the end result will be but perhaps these are gifts that we can use to help others. I want you to know that you are not alone. It also seems that that things are starting to get under control. Or at least as close as they will be." Henry said with a smile.

This was as true for him as anyone else. He could help a lot of people if given the chance and with Jason's help he could stop all the bad people as well. Time would have to be the judge of that.

"I don't know... I mean, when this first happened, I fried my TV. And I haven't figured out how it works really..." Davis stopped and took a few breaths like Henry said to keep from getting too worked up. "I haven't met any, and I wasn't sure if it would be right to go to the hospital"

"I first found out and ripped the door out of its frame. Was scary at first but I went to a clinic and met a doctor that was willing to see us privately and wants to find out what is going on as much as we do. In fact he is running tests on our blood as we speak. If you get the chance hear over to Francis Clinic and ask for Dr. Cain. Tell him Henry sent you and tell him everything that is going on. You can trust this man." Henry said with a slight nod.

Cain was a good man and was very kind with how he was helping everyone. He single handedly help Henry to understand that these powers were not going to kill him right away. He just hoped this kept up.

While Henry spoke, Davis visibly calmed. Literally. The light died down as if his powers were getting under control. Or maybe he ran out of juice. Either way, Davis looked down at his hand with a bit of surprise. "Hey... it worked." He looked at Henry. "Dr. Cain was it?"

"Yes. He is a good man. He will look into the best way of helping you." Henry said honestly.

"I think I will," Davis said. "Better before something happens to hurt people."

"You think you are stable enough to get out of here? I fear that someone will come and check this place out. Don't want to have things be more difficult for you. That exit should head to the rear of the building. Unless they built this place wrong." Henry said while standing up and offering Davis his hand.

Davis hesitated; He moved his hand over and reached out for the metal rail. Tentatively first, then he grasped it when there was nothing more than a slight spark of static. Only then did he take the proffered hand. "I think so."

Henry led Davis towards the emergency exit and opened it. It led to a small hall way that must lead to outside and from the feel of it he felt that it might lead out behind the building. With that he looked at Davis and said.

"Ok then. Let us get out of here before they start coming to find out what went wrong."

Davis nodded. His movements were tentative at first, as if he didn't believe that the buildup had finished just like that. He slowly became more confident and natural. "Okay, let's go."

Henry led the way through the emergency exit door and out the back of the building. There were employee car's parked out back along with the dumpster that they threw all the trash away in. They would need to walk around to the front of the building to get to the parking lot.

"Did you drive here or take the bus?" Henry asked.

"I drove," Davis responded after following Henry. He was a slight bit apprehensive about using the exit, afraid that some sort of alarm would go off. "I had seemed fine before, so I didn't think it would be a problem."

"Hmmm. I would go first thing in the morning to see the doctor at the clinic. He might be able to help with the medical side a bit more. Let's just hope this was a temporary flare up." Henry explained.

He walked Davis all the way around to the parking lot. Henry could see his truck parked in the middle of one of the side rows. He would see Davis to his car before heading back in and either demanding a refund or picking a different movie. That was unless something happened to Davis.

Davis appreciated Henry following him, and paused before getting in. "Thanks' Henry. I don't think you had to do what you did, but thanks."

"Our kind needs to stick together. We have the power to do some truly terrible things or great things. Here." Henry took out a slip or paper and wrote down his cell number on it. "If you ever need anything give that number a call." With that Henry left Davis to go where ever it was that he would be going.

He headed back toward the movie theater with his ticket stub in hand to see if they would refund it since the movie went all wonky.

[And so ends another chapter in Henry's Day.]
[+1PP, +1 contact]

Things worked themselves out it seemed. Henry was able to finish the movie in the end as it seemed the power flux got fixed and by the time he got back they were ushering people back in. So Henry took his seat once more and watched the movie. It was nice since a fair number of the people left making the room less packed.

Once the movie was over Henry got back into his truck and headed back to his apartment. He pulled into the drive way and killed the engine. He pulled out his new key and opened his door. He was glad that he had gotten so much done and that he was able to help a person with their struggle with their new powers. It felt good getting to help people. He would need to do that more in the future. For the time being Henry was just going to relax.