

[b]Chapter 3: Aftermaths and Prospects[/b]

[b]April 1, 2013[b] *[i]Partially Cloudy. Low Humidity. High/Low: 9/4°[/i]*

[b]Chapter 3: Aftermaths and Prospects[/b] March 31.

Weather: 12 degree. Partially cloudy.

The nurse turned up within the minute. "How are you doing?" she asked.

"Could be worse I guess." Erin said, shrugging. "Yourself?"

"Peachy," she said. She pattered over and checked on the IV lines.

"Peachy sarcastic or peachy genuinely okay?" Erin asked, having been around Trevor to long and had a hard time telling what was snark. She was also trying to lighten the mood a little.

"I feel fine, body seems normal if a little strange ...um...Is Doctor Cain in?", Marina asked. Her claylike body felt fine, but now that claylike seemed to be a permanent condition for her she needed to ask Cain a few things.

"He did visit you early, are you sure you're okay?" the nurse asked, concerned about Marina's mental state if she was forgetting things like that.

"Physically I'm fine...I just want to ask him a few questions, although do you know much about meta abilities?", Marina said.

"No one knows a lot about meta abilities, honey. That field of medic just opened up two weeks ago," she said.

[Fun fact: this nurse knows a lot about slime molds. :p]

"Let me put it this way...I had a building fall on me 3 days ago...I was more in danger of passing out than getting flattened...I drank soda this one time and promptly collapsed...no turned into a blob of goo for a few hours...And part of me is split off and missing in the rubble...I dunno....whatever meta thing is happening to me...it's getting worse...", Marina said to her. Marina wasn't sure at this point which one of those things was worse. A number of crazy things followed the incident with the Big Blue soda. She barely survived the building collapsing on her...she still hadn't thanked Trevor for saving her. She had to when he came back.

"The best advice i can give you is to talk to Cain about it next he stops by. There aren't a lot of people who have any experience with the metas, and he's one of them."

"I called you over, err...hoping I could make an appointment with Cain to talk over this sort of thing...", Marina attempted to explain to her, "Although if you know anything at all about slime girls that would be very...um...helpful."

"I'll need to talk to him too." Erin said. "I need to find out what's going on with me considering that I'm some kind of monster."

"The easiest thing would be to wait for his next set of rounds in an hour or so since he might be caught up in administrative work at the moment. He might not be able to set a meeting time."

"Alright, thank you.", Marina said to her, "Hmm...are you able to answer any questions?", Marina asked.

"It depends, but I can try."

"I guess....erhm...what happens to my organs when I'm morphed? The con isn't the first time I've been flat...", Marina asked.

"That's... difficult to determine without testing. Something like an MRI while you morph."

"That could work I guess...Um...what's an MRI?", Marina said to her.

"Magnetic resonance imaging. It's a full body scan. Costly though."

"Scanning for what exactly?", Marina asked. She'd need to consult with her parents, and also see if this full body scan could help with other things. Regardless, she didn't feel in pain from morphing.

"Something out of the ordinary, for one," the nurse said. Since she was there, she started doing her nursing thing; checking Marina's vitals and everything.

"Is this just a general check up?", Marina asked, "On a more basic level, do I still have bones?"

"You should considering we feel them and you have basic locomotive functions."

"I'd imagine so but some of this morphing wouldn't be possible if I still had bones"

"None of that morphing should be possible," the nurse corrected as she jotted some readings.

"I guess my concern is still how am I managing this...eh...I guess Cain would know.", Marina sighed.

"I still wanna know why I turned into some kind of bug monster... I saw some of the pictures people snapped of me..." Erin shuddered. "I wanna know if it'll happen again."

"You know I've never really understood why people take pictures instead of running from danger...", Marina said, semi-jokingly.

"Because it's fun to also point and laugh at a freak or a monster..." Erin shivered.

"I'd never...especially not since this happened to you and me...", Marina said to Erin. "And um...what's your name", she asked the nurse.

"Greta Bell," she said.

"Nurse Bell, I just have so many questions...", Marina asked

"Don't we all, honey. Still, if Cain's busy, we can wait. Or come back some other time.

"We should get things answered now dear...", Marina said to Erin, "Or soonish...don't want to hurt myself when I'm morphing for ya."

"I know, but still. If it's not too much trouble." Erin said, more to Greta.

"You should listen to her and stop rushing things," Greta Bell huffed.

"Alright then...could you at least let Cain know I have questions.", Marina said, sighing, "Sorry for the trouble." Marina laid back on the bed, Cain would hopefully be over soonish.

"Don't worry, he should be by soon. I'll let him know you want to see him though," Nurse Bell said.

"Thank you Greta.", Marina said with a smile.

[Look! Cain eventually came! Smooth time skips are for wimps!]

//You know you can do a smooth transition

Cain had a clipboard with him when he stopped by again. Because doctor stuff. "How are we doing? Did you manage to get a nap?"

"I rested well...Now that you're here...I have a number of questions regarding my...er...unique condition...doc...there's something that's been bothering me ever since the Big Bang...what happens to my organs when I morph or melt?", Marina asked, she had napped for a little bit, but was awake when Cain arrived.

"Hello," Erin said. "I think I managed... Still having nightmares of what happened. I... Didn't hurt anyone, did I? Or would you know?"

"To repeat what I told you last time you asked me that; I have no idea," Cain said.

"Still nothing about that eh...well I guess I feel alright when morphing...so it's not harmful.", Marina sighed, "Ah well...hmm.....How's your research coming along?" Maybe if she could sign up as a test subject, she'd learn more about herself...Maybe her mom and girlfriend would like to get involved after the events at the aquarium and the con.

"How is research coming..." Cain said, thinking how to phrase that response. "It's been less than a month. We don't have half the specialist we need for this. And the other half don't exist yet. So far, we've been busying ourselves with the important task of nonmenclature."

"Sorry," Erin said. "I guess we all just want answers or something. Although if there's anything we can do to help, I'm all for it."

"Dear, we are test subjects in that case, but yeah, I'd love to help find out more about metahumans...If my mom's interested, I can ask if she wants to help you out...", Marina was unsure, given that she had limited science background and her mother was a marine biologist, not exactly what Cain needed for his research effort. "I suppose having the words to describe the characteristics is good...so would there be words for my condition and how it differs from say...Trevor's...or Erin's?"

"Considering how freaky I am and what I did, I think it might be best if I WAS a test subject for a little bit." Erin said.

"I'd think after that bug thing you pulled, you wouldn't want to do that again...", Marina said to her.

"We are far from using test subjects," Cain said blandly. "No matter what popular media might encourage. It's been a miracle that MBRIO's formation has been so smooth thus far. Give them a few more days and the paper work will fall with disasterous resutls."

"Regardless, I think I won't learn more about how these meta powers work if I don't get tested...", Marina said, "And MBRIO can help with that."
//and right back to the dull suprise...

"Wishing won't make legal systems run any faster," Cain said.

"Sad but true...", Marina said to him, "In your opinion though...I've melted, been flattened, morphed into various shapes...so far I feel fine, this isn't causing me any long term damage is it?"

Erin waited, wondering what she could add to this conversation. Then she looked up. "Has anyone been able to get an autopsy on any of the bugs? Or anything like that? I know it sounds weird, but still..."

"I'm a doctor, Miss O'Neill, not an entomologist. I haven't so much as seen one of those insects. I know there is an MBRIO researcher working with them, but that's about it."

"Ah..." Erin said. "Well... Thanks anyways, though." At leat she'd know who to talk to now.

"I guess so, well if MBRIO learns anything about my condition can you guys let me know.", Marina said to Cain.

Cain didn't say anything for a while. "Do not raise your hopes too much. It's been miraculous how much we have learned so far. It's quite likely we will hit a block soon."

//seriously. I've been having them progress too fast...

"So I guess i can wait on getting a medical scan until you guys are ready for me.", Marina said to him, "Well good talking with you."

"Thanks though." Erin said. "I'll have to do some digging online myself. Have a good one."

//carry on then...

[b]Not So Legion[/b]

"Hello, you are looking for Jenny?" the nurse on call asked.

"Yeah," Jez said with a nod, steadying herself on the wall to stand still for a moment.

"She"s currently in intensive care, whats your relation to her?"

"Well... no relation, but... it's my fault she's even in there, I kind of wanted to make sure she'd be okay," Jezelle said a little awkwardly, kind of wishing her hands were free to make a wringing motion with them.

To be honest, that response didn't endear Jezelle to them any, since no respectable nurse would want to let the culprit around a victim, but since they knew a bit more about what caused her injuries. Still, Jez got suspicious looks. "She is in intensive care. While you visit her, you can look in."

"...Alright..." Jezelle said with a small sigh, going to shamble off to the window in the ICU to watch over things. Things were awkward enough, and Jezelle's courage probably wasn't as high as it'd need to be yet.

Jenny lay hooked up to a good amount of machines, an oxygen mask over her face and the heart rate moniter beeping away in the corner. At least the rise and fall of her chest was steady under her sheet.

Jezelle had to close her eyes the first few times she looked upon Jenny's prone form, even when she'd finally got a clear look, her eyes were distant.

"...I'm such an idiot..." Jezelle whispered to herself, leaning against the glass and resting her forehead on it, her left arm above her head braced on the window as well. She wasn't sure what she was going to do here... it wasn't like there was anything she could do, but Jezelle kind of felt like her own life was on pause while Jenny's condition was in the air.

So for now, the lone legionnaire decided to try and find herself a seat to watch Jenny in relative comfort, as she was likely going to be watching for as long as she could.

Jezelle was there for a while when someone else came, a black girl in a severe outfit, work formal but still managing to scream punk, only helped by the vivid purple her bangs were dyed with and didn't quite go with the pair of afrobuns she was rocking. Her heels didn't clomp, but they looked like they really wanted to, and her earrings and pierced brow would have set off metal detectors from 20 paces. Enter Tabitha.

There weren't many things that Jezelle would have expected to break her out of her reverie of deep contemplation and self-pity, but somehow the latest arrival was enough, if not just for the vague sense of familiarity...

Needless to say, Jezelle came-to pretty quick and was looking at Tabitha with a slightly confused, slightly suspicious look, eyes slightly narrowed with an eyebrow raised a little, but ultimately Jez stayed silent.

Tabitha ignored Jez as well, might not have even seen her, as focused as she was. Tabitha walked up to the glass, placing a hand on it (which displayed her nails painted the same shade as her dyed hair, incidentally). She sighed, judging by the movements of her shoulders, and murmured something. [notice 18]

blazinvire rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 18 +6
["Jenny... you damn fool..."]

"...s not her fault," Jezelle said a little against her own will, "It's mine."

Tabitha finally realized she was there. "Heh... um... Janet, was it?"

"Jezelle," Jez corrected lifelessly, eyes going a little distant again but retaining enough focus to look half attentive.

"Damn girl, you look like a dead fish with those eyes," Tabitha said.

"Kinda wish I was..." Jezelle said a little drearily, her gaze lowering a little as she drooped a little further into a pit of depression.

"You're friends with that Henry guy, right?" Tabitha said. "What up with you?"

"Friends, huh..." Jezelle said, trailing off a bit before growing a little agitated, "I'm just the fuckin' retard whose poor judgement nearly got Jenny killed. That's what's up."

"They said some wack terrorist lady shot her."

"The terrorist had her hostage," Jezelle corrected tiredly, "I decided to be a genius and try and tell the lady that hostages are pointless -it wasn't going to let her try anything funny, just stalemate things... apparently enough reason to blast her... I shoulda kept my damn mouth shut..."

Tabitha was silent for a while. "I can get that. And I'm going to punch you later about that. Not now, not here. But I will. Jenny is my friend, and I hate that she got hurt, but knowing her, she wouldn't hate you too much for it, so I won't either. But I'm still going to hit you."

"Later, huh? You sure you gonna get this chance again?" Jezelle said, looking at Tabitha a little flatly, "Ah I don't even care. I'm just gonna sit here and watch over Jenny 'til the doctors kick me out."

"Then I'll know where to find you then. What the hell were you thinking?" Tabitha demanded.

"I didn't want the terrorist to try anything; worried Henry might've done something stupid, worried Jenny's life was at stake; assumed the terrorist had a shred of logic in her head, that words wouldn't cause her to go crazy. It's not like I continued attacking when she took Jenny hostage... it's like she was just asking for a reason, any reason..." Jezelle sighed, staring at the floor, "Not a smug remark about how my inaction betrayed my words, not a diplomatic brush-off, not even a casual blast in my direction to tell me to shut up; she cared more about trying to kill Jenny than us."

"The lady was talking crazy. You tried reason on a crazy lady? Damn girl, [i]you[/i] crazy."

"She was [i]talking[/i] like a terrorist; methodical, ruthless but clearheaded and rational; she didn't walk in there killing people left and right -the only time I got the hint that she was crazy was when she decided it'd be funny to kill a hostage purely because she could -whether to spite me, prove a point or on principle, I honestly don't give a fuck," Jezelle said flatly.

"Stop giving me reasons to want to punch you," Tabitha scowled. "You'd better have learned something from all that."

"Can't believe you even had to say that..." Jezelle said a little darkly, growing distant again and adjusting her seating position as a way of saying she was finished here.

"Then get your damn ass up and stop moping around. Jenny ain't dead yet, and she wouldn't want you wasting your time doing that any way."

"The fuck am I supposed to do? I can't go in there and magically heal her, and I can't even walk properly yet so it's not like I can do much else other than watch over her," Jezelle said defensively.

"Then find something to do. She's getting taken care of, and you watching isn't helping any," Tabitha said.

"I can't think of anything else other than making sure nothing else happens to Jenny while both she and I recover, because I'm not sure I could live with myself if I went and did something else, and by some fucked up chance of fate Jenny got killed by something," Jezelle said flatly.

"And you think you being here was change fate? Then what if something does happen? Then you'll blame yourself even more?"

"I'd rather kick myself over failing than be kicking myself for not getting the chance," Jezelle said, turning her head away grumpily.

"They you can stat here and kick yourself all you want. I've got things to do."

Jezelle just remained silent with her gaze averted as she waited.

[b]Where the Wild Things Are[/b]

Trevor was silent as well, so the car was devoid of all but the sound of the engine and the radio going off with some classic alternative. He was all prepared to growl at Albie if he moved to change the station. A control thing. He found the side road he'd been using and cut into the forest away from the main area.

Alex just was looking around for a while. Trevor didn't need to growl at Alex for switching his radio - Alex was a reciever on his own anyway, so he focused on the sounds of the frequency that broadcasted rock. Kinda. "You sure do like this place," Alex stated, switching his focus from radio frequencies to normal hearing.

Trevor got out of the car and inhaled, taking in the scents on the air before he responded. "It's remote, it's sorta expendable and it's my territory."

Alex glanced at Trevor at the part when he said "my territory". Welp, apparently instincts got him. Alex, however, refused to tell himself that his slightly negative thoughts also fed off from his weird jelaousity - damnit, he wanted his own place too! "You claimed it legally or naturally?" Alex asked, jokingly, wondering if his scent would be able to confirm the second guess, climbing out of car and inhaling.

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4331222/>] Alex Scent Notice: 11[/url][Don't really notice much. Nothing extremely special.]

"I beat the crap out of the cougar that claimed it. Now it's mine," Trevor said, not directly answering the question directly. He pulled a note book out from the back seat and started towards the forest proper. He mulled it over, then realized he really did need support for all this.

Alex followed Trevor through the forest. "Seems like not only you do boxes, you can also create coldness... Oh, and you apparently stole Erin once when taken over by instincts and giant form. Is there anything else I don't know about?" Alex asked

Trevor flipped through his notebook, which had was were he normally jotted down ideas for his games and other random ideas as they occoured to him so he could look back at them or work on them at a leisurely pace. It also had a list he made of his powers as he found them. "Hear... smell... claws... jumping... strength... energy blasts... boxes... and the well spring... That's it. For the ones I know about anyway..." He swallowed. "About that instincts thing though... that's one of the things I plan to try..."

"Uh oh..." Alex muttered, "You sure you'll be able to be in control of yourself with that?"

"Better than waiting for something to trigger another slip up," Trevor said in irritation, thinking of all the other times he had let some hidden unknown aspect of his character wait for chance and opportunity to present a situation for it to come out and play. (Which, for some reason, made him remember all the times he'd gotten stripped by or around Jez... Something was seriously up with that.)

"And do you have any plan of actions?" Alex asked.

"Find a deserted spot, then try to hold on?" Trevor said blandly.

"And if you won't hold on? Maybe you should have brought some tranquilisers?" Alex suggested.

"Deserted spot. No one to do that. Plus, last time, it took some heavy duty stuff that I don't have lying around... I don't even have the normal stuff lying around," Trevor aside.

"But I am here, so I could have lend a hand there. And well... Then we should improvise if shit goes haywire , yeah?" Alex asked.

"Um.. run?" Trevor shrugged. "Last chance to back out."

Alex shook his head, "No way. Moreover, you'll catch me if I'll back out anyway, no point in hiding."

"I don't know if I should take that as a compliment or be insulted," Trevor said with a bland face. He found a spot as convinient as any other to work with and started shucking off his shirt.

Alex grinned as Trevor started undressing, "How far are you going to go with this undressing part, huh?"

"Well excuse me for not having magic clothes making powers," Trevor scowled. "I'd rather not ruin a set. I'm not made of money."

[nix]"Hey, I didn't say it was a bad thing," Alex said with a grin, leaning against a tree nearby.[/nix]

Trevor growled low in his throat and turned his back to Albie before shucking off the pants. He wasn't about to ruin those (fixing them for a tail took time). Now came the self conscious part (the one not related to being naked in the forest. Again. And no, he wasn't going to share the reason why it was again.) He started poking around for the mental muscle to pull on. It was like when he was first learning the tail and claws. Or how to waggle ears pre-bang. Find the memory of when he realized it happened, then try find the trigger.

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4335520/>]Power and Will (1d20+3=22, 1d20+3=8)[/url]

On the bright side, he found it. On the downside, he didn't quite find control settings. So there he was, poking about in his mind when he bumped into a something. Jaws gaped and swalled him into cold darkness, not the cold of the wellspring, but the cold of something else. Ferality, chilling instinct free from the constrains of society and morality adhering to another law. Something else stared out of his eyes at the moment.

Muscle and fur rippled as the beast from a few days before emerged. Trevor's body swelled, proportions shifting as his fur grew shaggier and thicker, bones lengthing and thickening to support the increased mass, already feral features taking on bestial shape as fangs grew and claws enlarged. It wasn't a quick process, taking over a minute for all the changes to straighten themselves out, but even that was far faster than one would expect.

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4335672/>]Toughness (1d20+7=17)[/url] Pass

Alex kept his distance from Trevor while his shifting process went on. This didn't look good at all - even though the result seemed amasing. Take that bodybuilders!

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4335793/>]Alex's Sense Motive: 8[/url]//Putting it up to see if he sees stuff in eyes... probably not.

He clamoured to all fours, legs a bit awkward for him at the moment, the disorienting transition leaving him snuffing and just getting his bearings for a few seconds as he adjusted to it. He shook himself, a shudder than ran from thick mane like ruff running along his spine to the ends of his massive paws, shaking the tingling remnants of pain from the transition away.

"Feeling alright?" Alex said, tilting his head to side, feeling his tail tingle with curiosity and his voice shivering a little as he looked at the buffy Trev. That guy could steal Erin completely and literally, yeah...

//buffy and one who size category larger, looking like... hmm... were did i put that pic...

Trevor's focus snapped to Alex as if just noticing him. A low snarl started in the pits of his chest as he regarded him, claws sliding out partially and his lips quivering. Then he roared, a sound that blasted out and reacted with the most primal parts of the hindbrain.

[DC 16 will save]

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4336046/>]Nat one, is all I say.[/url] Wee! Panicked. About time one of your characters failed a will check. Bleh.

Allright, this was about the time Alex should run. Regretting this (why???), he literally dashed away from giant Trev as fast as he could, risking tripping more than it was worth.

//you get another save in 5 rounds with a +1.

His nostrils twitched as he took in the scent, quivering slightly at the scent of another male cat. In his territory. He took off after the fleeing cat to make sure he cleared his territory, not loping in the wolf fashion, but with a steady padding that covered the distance just as well.

And since someone is a coward, Alex kept running even though he couldn't really outrun someone bigger and stronger than him in it's own enviroment.

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4336768/>]Second Will save (if it happens): 13[/url]
[Down to shaken]

After a while of running, Alex was out of forest (probably not... 5 rounds of running all out is just 600ft, so just under 200ms) and looked less scared. And was less scared. Shaking and breathing heavily, he stopped, trying to catch his breath, looking behind his shoulder to see if Trev was following him. [i]Nice job at keeping promises, coward,[/i] he thought to himself, about himself, scowling. What was the point of that then? And he's lost now... not that if it matters, the worst that would happen to him there would his death, not a big deal.

Trevor was. Because what else would he do? He followed close enough to keep track of the intruder, listening out for the sound of him crashing through the underbrush more than visually tracking the figure. He wasn't too pleased when the intruder took it upon himself to stop. So he slunk through the trees and circled around.
[SFStealth: 14]

Alex kept looking around, trying to catch his breath, failing to notice sneaky Trev

He burst out of the trees, bounding in three steps to close the distance and hitting him from the side, following that up by pinning him to the ground with one of his massive paws using the opening the attack made as it knocked the other cat off balance.

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4337994/>]Charge (1d20+6+2=18)[/url] DC 21
nonlethal damage

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4338052/>]Grapple [Imp. Grab] (Oh dear)
(1d20+6+6+3+4=34)[/url]//With these modifiers Alex could never break the grapple anyway.
//hence the 'oh dear'./Blargh

Alex hissed as he was leaped upon, a giant cat crushing into him, beating him up quite a bit. He could barely move from the pin and since he couldn't retaliate, he just had no idea what to do. Although something in his subconsciousness told him to surrender to a better cat, but he had no idea how, so he was just lying there on a ground, in a horribly cute and pitiful position, staring at Trevor with his eyes, ears low on his head, waiting for Trevor's next action. Oh, also, he meowed. Like, "you win," meowed.

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4338138/>]Alex Toughness: 14[/url] Stunned, -1
toughness

Trevor snarled sharply (probably hitting Albie with a few drops of spittle... or many more than just a few, but whatever, those things happened) and bodily tossed the smaller cat a couple feet or a dozen away, slowly turning and growling in the direction the other cat flew.

Standard: toss Albie (probably a DC 15 toughness for hitting a tree or something failing a DC 21 acrobatics)) [url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4338448/>]1d20+12+4=21[/url]

Move: growl and stuff. Grr.

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4338455/>]Alex Acrobatics: 23[/url]

Alex managed to curl up and easen the blow as Trevor threw him away. Jeez, good thing he didn't have lots of clothing on him, that'd take a great deal of laundry. Alex glanced at Trevor

again, wondering what the hell was he up to. Whatever, he didn't want to test that. Alex moved away from Trevor, still staring at him, going away literally backwards, keeping an eye contact with him.

Readied action: Dazzle Power (Condition: Trevor going to go fast at him)

He charged in. Low to the ground as he rushed towards Alex who managed to recover from the throw without any unfortunate incident or hazard. But he was still around. He needed more motivation.

Alex closed his eyes and "flashed", hoping to throw Trevor off from him.

Use EMWC Dazzle: DC 17 reflex or get dazzl'd.

//would be limited to DC 15, by the way. PLs.

//Damn >.>

The blinding flash hit him like a hammer's blow and he roared in equal parts shock and pain, rearing up on his hind legs and rubbed blindly at his eyes.

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4339371/>]1d20+6=8[/url]

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4339392/>]Acrobatics (1d20+8=28)[/url] (to see if he trips)

Alex moved away slightly and realised that Trevor would still give him a lot of trouble if he won't do anything at all. But what could he do? The blindness would wear off eventually and Trevor wouldn't fall for the trick again. Maybe... He could try to cause pain with microwaves and put him out due to amount of pain, hopefully stunning him, but that was cruel.

Considering what he did to him though.

"I am sorry..." he mouthed and stared at Trev, trying not to damage him much.

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4339396/>] Attack (Microwaves): 10[/url]

If attack actually hits (with magick), DC 16 fort against non-lethal.

[Df: 15]

The attack somehow manage to avoid the attack and his eyes started clearing, though he was still seeing spots. Fortunately for him, he didn't depend entirely on his eyes and his ears gave him the general direction. In Albie's dream, those cats disoriented those they hunted. This cat, his methods were about quickly capturing. Stripes glowed as the wellspring was tapped and a translucent box formed around Albie, the walls five feet from him on each side.

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4339475/>]Fort (1d20+7=24)[/url]

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4339491/>]Attack* (1d20+3=14)[/url] (forgot to change it)

Action: Box the cat DC 16refl somehow.//Sure he can avoid something he can't see... Although he might see Trev's stripes and roll...

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4339529/>]Alex Reflex: 19[/url]

//FT's aren't invisible, but it's an area attack... not sure how you reflexifly move 10+ feet to dodge something like that...

/**shrug*

//You can just call out a GM fiat and say that Alex doesn't dodge that.

[following happens if reflex actually happens]

Alex noticed the stripes and didn't like it at all. Jumping backwards and slightly to the side, he avoided something he couldn't see - a goddamn box. And Trevor apparently didn't need eyes to function, which doesn't make Alex's chances all that good. He still tried to hit Trev, because, apparently, he still needs to learn to aim that power.

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4339536/>]Attack: 19[/url]

Fortitude DC: 16

The spots faded even as the giant cat lunged towards Albie. His fur rippled as whatever it was washed over him without doing much damage. He didn't lunge for Albie though, rather grabbing the box in a psuedohandpaw, and dragging the entire thing across the forest floor towards Albie.

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4339796/>]Fort (1d20+5=23)[/url]

//been forgetting he's still con drained

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4339804/>]Attack (1d20+6=12)[/url]

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4339806/>]Attack trip+knockback (GM situational call) (1d20+6+4=22)[/url]

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4340361/>]Strength Check: 13 (-2 if toughness)[/url]

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4340370/>]Toughness Save against hitting a tree:

11[/url] [Airborn! Wee! Into a tree! Eee... Stunned and Bruised][WeeeeeUGH][Yeah, as I've expected. What's going to happen to Alex now? D:]

The box hit in a really nasty way. Hardcore, comic book "fly away mufakka" way. "Срань--*" were the only words that he could say before meeting a box that Trevor managed to hurl him with.

In the mere moments, Alex was yelling as he flew through the air and right into some tree, hitting his back nastily and in addition to that, hitting the tree with his head, putting a stop to all the noises he made, falling down to the ground immediatelly, stunned and probably even unconscious.

[*Срань Господня - Rough translation is "Holy Shit", where "Срань" is "Shit" part of the word combo. Yep.]

Irbynx rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 3 15:16 Falling from the tree; unconcious

He watched the other cat fly with an unreadable expression because it was monstercat thing and you would have to be a monster cat to understand it. The box faded out of existence he his focus lapsed and he moved over to where the other cat fell out of the tree. A few sniffs ascertained that he was knocked out.

That done, he marked a tree nearby with his claws and went of deeper into the forest to find a spot to nap through the rest of the day before striking it out around sunset or sun rise.

//And he failed like 5 will checks... He's still FT shape come morning...

Alex woke up a couple minutes later (2 to be precise), groaning from all the sudden pain that returned to him. What the hell. His body hurt literally everywhere, he was lying all alone in the forest and was still alive somehow. Did Trev just spare him? Groaning, Alex rolled over to his side, breathing heavily. He didn't even know where he is. He is screwed.

After a while, though, he figured out that lying here won't make him any better. He must go somewhere. And warn others about feral Trev probably. He looked behind him. He'd go right to the place behind the tree he hit, in the direction Trev threw him away. Dice help him...

Irbynx rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 4 4:10 AM

It took him a while, but there was no escaping the honest fact: he was completely, without question or doubt: lost. No other way of putting it. It didn't help that he was still injured from the fight with Trevor (who really should have thought things true some more), but he might have been doing nothing more than waking in circles for a few hours. Not only was he getting hungry, but the sun was also dying in the west.

At some point Alex got the slight feelings of fear and frustration return to him. Frustration was even more - he didn't want to die here and he probably would. Unless he becomes creative. How much time did he waste here? Hour? Two? Seems like more, since the sun goes down... He didn't even remember the direction...

Alex leaned against the tree. His everything still hurts. His head spins (he will have a headache for a week...) and he was hungry. Oh great. And he had no idea what to do. It was literally just a giant forest.

Allright, no time to give up. If he dies there, at least he dies knowing that he tried to show the forest who's the boss. He dug around in his mind for that infravision-thingy trigger for a while (he managed to toogle it few times before) and in few minutes managed to switch the infravision on. He hoped losing colors would be worth seeing heat patterns of any possible animals - both hostile and prey. In addition to that, he started trying to hear the radio waves, moving in the direction of increasing radio signal and moving away from the direction that caused signal to die out.

[b]Henry Heads Home. Triple H[/b]

Henryman... Henryman... born of thunder, riding fire, flying high and bringing justice.
Henryman!... HENRYMAN!!!!!!

Okay... that moment passed... Henry walked home. It was good exercise. A good question would be if he really needed it or if he was naturally that ripped. Anyway, Davis the sparking one) was just stepping out of a store as he passed.

"Huh? Oh, hello," he said, calling out a greeting.

Henry had not seen Davis since the first day at the con. Good to see that he wasn't one of the ones that died on the second day. Seems like the group dodged another bullet there.

"Hey Davis. Long to no see. What have you been up to?" Henry asked in a cheery voice.

"Are you okay? I heard about the explosion," Davis said, concerned.

"Oh yeah. Actually just got released from the hospital today in fact. They had me in their for observations but they don't see anything wrong so they let me go. The others that you met got a little banged up. Trevor actually just got out today as well. How are you doing? Were you in that mess?" Henry asked looking to see if Davis had any injuries.

"I had work. I was planning to stop by in the evening but then everything happened," Davis said.

"Yeah, a lot of plans got ruined that day. A lot of people got hurt as well. Now a lot of the blame is placed on Metas. Although a lot of them were metas that caused it I fear that they will lump all metas together. But that is something that is out of my hands. How is the sparking going?" Henry asked looking to see if he still had on the pack that he wore at the con.

Davis did and he grinned sheepishly. "Mostly just working on keeping things under control without it though. Been working. A bit."

"Bet it is nice not having to worry about batteries anymore as well." Henry said with a chuckle.

"Stocked up on those rechargeables actually," Davis grinned broadly, then held up a hand with bandages on his index finger and thumb. "The first one I tried blew up. Haven't tried since.

"Should try something that can hold a larger charge like a car battery. But any how. Have you ever thought of using your powers to help those around you who are unable to help themselves?" Henry asked trying not to sound too serious and actually managed to pull it off.
necar rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 19

"Huh? Like what?" Davis asked, not really knowing what Henry was getting at.

"Did you hear what all happened at the con? Like what caused the explosion?" Henry asked.

"Crazy things... were they really terrorist there?" Davis asked.

"There was in fact a terrorist group there. Called them selves Red Sunset. They would have done a lot more damage if it wasn't for a group of metas stepping in to help stop them." Henry explained.

"If it was?" Davis echoed, confused by that portion.

"Sorry, bit my tongue there. Hurts when you do that. Meant to say they would have done a lot more it is wasn't for a group of metas that stepped in." Henry tried to explain a little better.

"I don't get what they wanted though." Davis said, shaking his head.

"They wanted to change people. Kick off a second Big Bang. It didn't work out for them though. Anyhow there is a group getting set up to help stop issues like this before they get this far. Wanted to know if you were interested in such a thing?"

The enormity of the event sunk into Davis and he was quiet for a while and a mingled look of horror and fear etched itself on his face.

Henry gave Davis some time to think this over. He did not think he would have a better chance at figuring out if Davis wanted to join. It was blind luck that he ran into him so quick after hearing about the job.

"What do you mean a group?" Davis said after a while. "More of the vigilante thing you do?"

"Why I don't know what you mean. I am just a janitor who is out of work. And this would be legit. There would be paper work and signatures and everything." Henry said trying to play dumb.

Henry played dumb. **Henry** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 18

Davis dropped it. "Who would pay a bunch of random people to go up against terrorists? And who'd actually do that? Isn't that what the army is for?"

"Let us just say that there are groups out there that have an interest in keeping people safe. They are starting to see that in order to stop the metas that would abuse their power they need to call on metas that are willing to help. As for the army. They are good for broad strikes but this seems like it will be more focused. So what say you?" Henry asked again.

"Isn't that what META was talking about at that panel?" Davis asked, a bit confused. "They didn't sound like they had anywhere near the funds for something like that."

"META might not have the funds but Allied Security does. They have been working with the police in how to respond to meta issues. They are now looking at dealing with large meta problems. They are looking for metas that can help and since I see that you are getting things under control I am sure they can use you. That is if you are willing of course."

"Going up against terrorists? I dunno Henry... doesn't sound like something I'm cut out to do," Davis said honestly.

"Just offering. If you ever change your mind just give me a call. I am sure that there would be other ways of helping that does not involve you having to be physically on the front lines." Henry said thanking Davis for his time.

Davis watched Henry leave, then shook his head. He certainly had a major hero streak in him.

Davis had his number already from their first encounter with each other. Speaking of which he would need to get a new phone. He had the SIM card of his old one so he could always get the numbers he had. The more pressing issue was the rate that people were figuring out who he was. Two Davis' Cain and a couple other found out with in that last two days. He would need to work on this more. He also needed to get a new costume. So many things to do and in so little time. But first he had to get home. It was going to be an expensive and long day he felt. But one where he would get a good amount of stuff done.

Henry made it home in short order after meeting with Davis. His apartment was becoming a foreign place for him. As he walked up the small stair well to the apartment proper he saw that everything was just how he left it. Entering the bedroom/ wall of clues Henry picked out an outfit to wear for the rest of the day. He still had the lower half of his armor on in case that is what he took into the hospital with him. With clothes in hand Henry made his way to the shower and proceeded to try and clean the past away.

The big man tried to not think about all the people he couldn't save after the explosion. He made a deal with the devil to spare as many as could be saved. Henry also knew that a good number of those who died were of the Red Sunset since they were in the room that was crushed. These were the same people that Henry had helped put down. Their deaths were partly on his hands now. The scalding hot water helped to clear his mind.

After he had showered and changed into some new clothes he went after his face with a razor to get a good shave in. he started to feel like himself again. After making lunch/dinner he was feeling almost human again. Sitting down in his comfy chair he planned out his evening and next day while he waited for Davis to call about Allied.

To Do:

- get new phone
- send flowers to the hospital
- get new mask
- get better training. . . gym?

It was a simple list but one that would keep Henry on task. He grabbed his keys to his truck and headed back out. Locking the door behind him and making to his truck reminded him of the old days. Getting behind the wheel of the truck felt right. He put on the seat belt and tried something he had been thinking about. With a grip on the wheel he started out at a slow flight backwards. It felt weird but that was because the truck was still in park. Putting the truck in neutral made all the difference. All he had to do was fly forward or go backward. he didn't really have to worry about up and down or side to side. The seat belt helped him get more of a grip to push and pull the car. Plus how often to you listen to the engine of the people next to you? Henry took the truck to the shopping mall to get a new phone.

Over all it wasn't a terrible process to get the new phone. He told them that his old phone had been crushed. Showing them the phone in all its small pieces did not help them to give him a

new one. That all changed when he told them it got smashed in the Con explosion. It was pretty close to the truth but it got a response out of them. His phone was replaced right a way and people wanted to know what it was like and how he was going. He tried to talk as little as possible telling them only what he saw and about getting an injury and having to spend the past two days in the hospital.

With new phone in hand and SIM card in place he had his lines of communication opened once more. He got back into his truck and drove (flew/drove) it to a flower shop. He bought a pre made vase of flowers and wrote a small note. It was to be sent to Jenny for the next day. Wishing her a speedy recovery and apologizing for her being in this whole mess. It was a small thing but it was atleast something.

With the flowers on their way and a little better feeling Henry moved the truck to his next stop. It was a sporting goods store. He roamed around the store looking for what he would need. He passed all the normal sports equipment and the foot wear that you would need to play them. There was camping gear and work out equipment which Henry got a kick out of. Nothing like looking at a rack of weights and figuring out that you could pick those up and throw them across the store. That was actually a little scary come to think of it. He left those and kept looking.

After about 45 minutes he found what he was looking for. An anti-dust mask that would be worn by anyone in an open vehicle. Followed up with pair of riding glasses he was set. The mask was to protect his identity but it also served a secondary along with the glasses. When you fly there is crap and bugs flying around in the sky. Henry rather not have to pick out bugs from his teeth after each flight or run the risk of getting a bug in his eye and ramming into a building or something.

Davis had told him to keep his nose clean for the next few days so Henry did the only thing he knew that would make that happen. He went to the gas station and bought the daily paper. He also obtained the previous days paper. (Little known fact: a lot of places keep the last days paper and you can get it for free. Or maybe that is just here. But that is how my class is supplied with crafting newspaper) He then made the trek back home.

The rest of the evening was very boring but an important part of his job. Henry read up on the Con explosion and any crime that was going. He wrote down what happened and sorted them into Meta and non-meta piles. Then started to put them on the wall. He was starting to realize that some of the meta ones were from the Red Sunset. They had to be since they knew about him and were annoyed about his interfering with their activities here. He didn't know which ones though. It was late/early when he finished up. His wall had expanded a fair amount with all of the information that he had gathered both from the paper and from his day at the con. Many more questions would need to be resolved but that was something he had time to work on. Now it was time to prepare.

[b]Where the Wild Things are: The Morning After[/b]

[i]Psychology: The Lost Kitten[/i]

Greykit rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 16

Trevor groaned. He had a killer headache. On of those 'I really don't want to move but I know I have to anyway and might as well get it over with' moments. The sleep daze lifted some as he yawned. Right... forest, he thought to himself, looking around for anything of any distinct note.

Nothing really popped, and he stretched, yawning and rolling to his feet. A few bits of twigs and forest matter stuck to his pelt, as well as some stray leaves, hitchhikers from the spot he found to curl up in at the base of some close growing trees. A short firm shake got rid of some of them. The rest weren't hurting any one. He set off at a measured pace. There was something he was supposed to do...

It took him a while to collect himself. And a bit more time to figure out how to turn back but he eventually got that figured out as well and was back to his [more or less] lovable self, two legs, two hands, a clear properly thinking mind and very much in need of clothes. Of course. His clothes... were somewhere back near where he left the car. He found a tree to lean against and gently (because actually hurting himself would be stupid at the moment) beat the back of his head on it.

"Stupid, stupid, stupid," he muttered. "Normally I'd keep track of direction, but no... I just had to lose it AGAIN. ARGH!" And he beat the crap out of Albie too. He didn't even remember where he left him. At least... Yeah, he was pretty sure it was less a beat down than it was a beat out. Chasing another cat out of his territory. Damn, why the hell were things always so hazy?

First things... finding the way back. Yeah... orienting. He needed to do that. Otherwise, he'd just end up lost in the woods. He looked up. If he could get high enough, he should be able to see the city and get his bearing from there. Hopefully find his clothes. He should really learn to use his nose... then he could just retrace his steps...

He was going to climb a tree when Jez and Henry's suggestion occurred to him. Plan A had been set boxes floating high enough to see over the trees. But he could try riding a box instead. Like how static or zathara flew. He grinned. Then killed it. Flying around: fun. Friend you beat up somewhere in the woods: not fun. Not fun at all. Priorities.

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4342628/>]1d20+3=7[/url]

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4342630/>]1d20+3=4[/url]

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4342631/>]1d20+3=4[/url]

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4342634/>]1d20+3=8[/url]

[url=<http://orokos.com/roll/156996>]Power Check[/url]: [u]1d20+3[/u] [b]22[/b]

Plan B worked well on paper. (Well, mental paper.) In practice? Not so much. Balance was tricky and he hit a tree branch before falling for plan B1. Plan B2's box shattered part way through and he dropped (hard. Ow, by the way. Seriously. He lay on the ground cursing his never-cooperative powerset [Crap... his note book... he needed that...] after he got his breath back.)

Plan B3 followed the way of plan B1 and the spirit of plan B2; he hit the branch and was knocked off the box. At least this time he was able to tuck and roll.

[url=<http://orokos.com/roll/156998>]Toughness[/url]: [u]2#1d20+6[/u] [b]9[/b] [b]26[/b]

"Ha! Take that ground! Thought you had me, you did! And yes. I talked to you. I'm allowed." Trevor muttered some more to the voiceless inanimate for a while, mulling over other approaches. He tried reshaping the box, making it strong while thin and small enough to monitor easily. It worked a bit better, even if his balance was off and he still fell off. On the other hand, his minor tweaking got it working. Mostly. He still felt a bit uneasy hovering over the ground, standing on that faintly translucent disk and tried not to think about how fragile it looked as he carefully moved around about three feet above ground level. Trial runs.

After a few minutes, he was confident enough to try for altitude. Which was scary as all hell. Scarier than the rocks falling on him even. And Henry did this all the time? Damn... Okay... city... city... City!

And back down to ground level. "No. I'm not afraid of heights," Trev told the wind. "Falling is what I don't like. Shut up."

[i]Geography: The Lost Kitten[/i]

Meanwhile, Alex figured out that this was a start of morning only by a rising sun. His body was still hurting a lot, everywhere, and he was so afraid of predators sneaking up on him, he didn't even close an eye at night, sitting near the tree and looking around (even though he'd just become weaker after a while). After a while the sun finally appeared and the night (that carried on for an entire week so it seems) left the forest, telling Alex that he might as well get back to searching the escape from the forest.

[b]Jezelle's Story[/b]

Jez hadn't really moved since the day before, somehow when she zoned out it had felt like time had both frozen and gone by so incredibly fast, like knowing a lot had happened but not really remembering anything about it. She remembered it getting darker, and then lighter again, but she hadn't felt like anything had changed; she hadn't been hungry or tired, just sitting there zoned out and watching.

It was a little disorientating and a bit confusing in retrospect.

But Jezelle didn't dwell on it for long; it had given her an exorbitant amount of time to think, and her muscles were starting to ache in stiffness from the inactivity.

What on earth could she do, really? Her choices were guard duty or getting on with her life, and the latter seemed sort of ignorant.

For now, she remained and tried to think on her options here, because in a way, after getting over most of the self-loathing, what Tabitha had said did make some sense.

If she were in Jenny's shoes, she'd probably be pissed, but would rather not have some mopey person hovering around her burdened with guilt either way.

"Ms Jezelle Rivers, could you please come to the Roswell third floor nursing station. Ms. Jezelle Rivers, please report to the Roswell 3rd Floor nursing station."

//what else am I to name the metatreatment wing? :p

//~~The Department of Magical Mishaps!~~

"Buh!" Jezelle issued as her incredibly deep reverie was snapped, jolting awake and blinking furiously as she looked around in slight bewilderment. Well evidently she needed to be somewhere... it couldn't be simply because they'd lost track of her right? She'd been in the same spot for the better part of a whole day, so it must've been something else.

"Ah fuck me," Jezelle grumbled as she went to propel herself out of her chair, and there was promptly a loud crack from most of the bones in her legs as they rediscovered they both existed and could move.

"Dah! Fuck me! Legs!" Jezelle cried as she fell to the floor with great rapidity, a few more bones cracking loudly from the movement. She laid there for a moment like she'd been poleaxed, before finally gaining the courage to move and slowly went to stand back up, serenaded by a chorus of complaining muscles and bones.

"Faaaarck.... that was a horrible idea..." Jezelle muttered in retrospect, half glaring at her chair and taking a deep breath, continuing to flex and stretch a little to get her body back in working order before reclaiming her walking stick and going to find her way to Roswell, looking a little like an elderly person in her stance for the time being.

//FAAAAARCK went the bones, the joints and the muscles. FAAAAAARCK they creaked, they tweaked and weeped. Why do we pain? Why do we ache? Because our host decided to wait.

This being a hospital, she didn't attract a whole lot of attention as she old-womaned her way from the IC unit to the the Rowsell section. The nurses were on the phone when she arrived, but as soon as they got off... "Hello, do you need a hand with something?"

"Jezelle Rivers reporting in?" Jezelle half mumbled, still looking a little disheveled from complaining bones and the whole experience overall -she'd cracked one or two bones in her lifetime, but practically her entire body at once was almost a life-changer.

"Oh, sorry about that," the nurse, Angela by her tag, apologized. She pushed her roller chair back and rose. "If you would give me a minute," said said, ducking to the file cabinet off to one side.

Jezelle took a moment to take a deep breath and look around idly, getting a funny nagging feeling, a rather strange awareness for things -like she was pretty sure she was partially leaning on the desk but was proven otherwise.

Angela returned in short notice with a somewhat thick manila envelope addressed with her with a remarklessly standard font. "This was dropped off for you."

//I just remembered... Jez doesn't know Trev cut and ran.

//I'm sure Jez can go weep about it in front of the TV with some ice cream

//Awww. She would cry over Trev ^^

"Eh...? Who from?" Jezelle remarked airily as she went to pick up the envelope and partially missed a few times, much to her own frustration...

"He didn't say," the nurse admitted. "Only that it was important you get it."

"Lovely..." Jezelle said a little deadpanned, not looking forward to surprises.

She scooted off to one side across the desk so she wasn't in the way, before cracking open the envelope to examine its contents. If it exploded, at least she was in a hospital, or whatever -she was a little beyond caring.

It exploded. With glorious news. Like Loki. There were a good number of sheets crammed in there though. As she pulled them out, a small card fluttered to the ground.

The ground! It fell to the cursed ground! Now she was going to have to pick the damn thing up in all her wrecked glory...

After taking what seemed to be a legendary effort to slowly bend down and swipe the card off the floor, she glared at it a little as she went to read it.

Achievement Unlocked: Like An Old Lady

The card was pretty unremarkable. Off whitey, as stiff as you would expect with the textured feel of recycled paper goods. One side simply said Allied with a number [will insert later]. The other was a hand written, cursive and loopy.

Call me and we can talk

-D.

Jezelle mostly stared at the card for awhile after the revelation, glancing at the wad of papers from the envelope and connecting them to Allied, looking a little unimpressed at the card again. "...Nope," Jezelle said plainly flicking the card over her shoulder, clearly not interested in this D, but in the second or so that passed as the card fluttered in the air, apparently she'd changed her mind and snatched it out of the air without even looking.

"Actually..." Jezelle retracted, looking a little thoughtful at the card for a moment before stuffing it back in the envelope and taking it with her back to her room.

The pages were... interesting. The top page was a somewhat verbous paid-by-the-word non-disclosure contract. Confidentiality agreement really. The rest... It read like science fiction. Well, modern fiction. Or a good spy novel super power cross. Well, underneath the legal terms anyway. So a lawyer's spy novel. In sum, it was a job offer. A job offer of classified levels, but a job offer none the less, with the post-logo Allied Securities.

"Ya gotta be kidding..." Jezelle said with a sigh, barely understanding half of it but still getting the gist of it, trying to figure out what to do here but was heavily leaning towards ditching the envelope considering all that had happened.

Job offers were great and all, but Jezelle already had a life and she was pretty sure she wouldn't be inadvertently almost killing people if she stuck to her athletics career. But she probably needed more time to think, as there was already too much to try and process so far so she did little more than stuff the envelope again and toss it onto her bedside table as she got comfortable for the time being.

//*waves promise of riches in front of the players* And all it took was almost dying. Now do enjoy a lawyer's spy novel.

//Hmm... roll int to decypher? :p

blazinfire rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $12 + 1 = 13!$

//You barely understand the legal prose. But it's gripping and leaves you turning the pages for more! (Not because it's interesting but because of the vain hope that the next page will be less obtuse!) But you do get the gist of it. Damn lawyers. Damn them to hell.

Maybe she should get out of here... Jez didn't really feel like much was happening here in the hospital other than wasting time, even though she couldn't deny there was a funny kind of weakness to her body and a certain vertigo, it wasn't enough to cripple her.

The restlessness was just going to get worse, which would only lead to annoying the hell out of the nurses so it was probably a better idea to just be merciful and drag herself back home.

She just kind of wished she had a way to pay Jenny back somehow, take the edge off the inevitable hatred, but... that kind of convenience didn't really exist, now least of all.

So with another deep revitalizing breath, Jezelle slowly went about clambering out of bed to go visit the nurse station again to figure out how to get out of here without upsetting people.

And another one decided to check out early. The nurse directed her to talk to Cain, since he would have to sign the release papers.

So it seemed once more the lonely legionette swaggered off to Cain's office with her sea-farers stride, swaying and slightly grumbling here and there about this and that. Go figure she'd have to talk to Cain again -not that she knew anything about hospitals.

Jezelle just knocked on the door as she arrived, probably not looking that well but otherwise fine.

"Come in," Cain said. "Ah, how can I help you Ms Rivers?"

"I'm lookin' to skedaddle, I'm getting a little too restless here and I can walk around and stuff," Jezelle said plainly as she walked in.

"Skedaddle?" Cain said, echoing her odd choice of words. "So you would like to ~~be a wizard~~ check out early?"

"Well yeah, I figure I'm healthy enough," Jezelle said with a somewhat hopeless shrug.

"Despite the unexplained weakness you are plagued with?" Cain added.

"Pfft, like you guys even believe me about that," Jezelle replied dryly, but continuing, "Well it's not like you guys know how to treat it; I seem to be getting stronger each day so there doesn't seem much point to me being here -not to mention I think I'm annoying some of the nurses with my inability to stay in bed..."

"There was a complaint about you being missing from your bed for your morning check up," Cain said as he rummaged through a file drawer in the manner of someone resigned to their fate. "And another about a woman who sat in one spot all night. I don't suppose they are connected."

Jezelle couldn't fully suppress a sheepish and cheesy grin from creep onto her face, her gaze going a little hard as she looked off to one side.

"Uhhhm... I... don't see your point?" Jezelle said, quickly figuring out a different subject to jump to.

Cain didn't push it. Instead, he just got out the paper work. The true mastermind behind modern society; the slain bodies of the vanguards of the forest, desecrated and used for trivial things in gross insult to the Plantae Kingdom as the Human Empire spits in their face. But that's another story for another time. For now, Cain provided Jezelle with a polymer tube holding the viscus fluids made from grinding the bodies of Minerans to dust and mixing then with binders and carriers, not even allowing them to rest in peice. Also another story. "Just some things for you to sign."

Jez stared at the pen and paper in her hands for a moment with a slightly disturbed expression at the amount of strange and sudden, enlightening and unnerving revelations that had been striking her.

But the moment passed and she signed away.

//you know I'm going to keep the Plantae Kingdom and Mineran society in my plot pile, don't you?

//Yeah... sigh... I'd make a ludicrous reference to something outrageous to make a humorous comment about your plot-making powers but I have a bad feeling you'd make a plot out of it...

//dooooooooeeeeiiiiitttt.

"Your group of friends don't really like hospitals, do you?" Cain sighed.

"Does [i]anyone[/i] like hospitals? They're a place for the sick and injured, it's not like you'd want to go there voluntarily," Jezelle said with a bit a smirk on her face as she absently signed forms, though when she looked up the revelation hit her pretty quickly, "...uhm... I mean for normal people... I mean... metas as well but... uhm... you know... fuck..."

She slapped a hand over her face and tried to wipe the whole thing from her mind, considering she'd quite possibly eaten her foot twice over here so she tried to look back at the forms to pretend it didn't happen.

"I am quite familiar with how many people view doctors and hospitals, so you don't have to worry about that," Cain said, skimming the papers and adding his own flourish in Mineran blood and fluids to Plantae remains.

"No no no, I'm just saying, hospitals are nice... when you're injured..." Jezelle floundered, "I greatly respect the work of doctors, I couldn't possibly deal with all the stuff you guys would have to do, and hospitals and doctors are very important to everyone!"

"Hmm... maybe I should just go... I've signed everything right?" Jezelle said in afterthought, figuring it'd be safer to avoid herself flailing as she fell down this hole she dug for herself.

"This should be everything," Cain said. "Would you need someone to help you pack up?"

"Nah they'll probably just get in the way," Jezelle said airily, thought snapping to again, "I mean... I wasn't trying to be arrogant or anything there, just... super speed and stuff, you know? I'm just gonna go..."

So, to no one's surprise Jezelle hasted out of the office and breezed off back to her room, probably a speed some would consider running if it weren't for the fact she appeared to be walking -even if her path was jagged and swervy from disorientation and whatnot.

But her words held true: she had her stuff clean out in a matter of minutes before she was finally walking out the door of the hospital in her casual clothes again, partially occupied sending a text to her mother that she was heading back to the college.

[Time check... around 8am perhaps?]

//yeah sounds about right

The bus trip home was about as eventful as one could expect, and Jezelle was uninterested in hearing if people were still talking about the explosion as much as she was still trying to sort out what exactly she should do next. So suffice to say she was back in her reverie figuring things out until she was back home.

First thing she planned on doing was having a shower, and then maybe hitting the running track or getting back in touch with the team captains of her sports teams -though she didn't really know how well they were going considering everything that had happened...

But for now, getting back into the swing of things like simply athletics would do much to help center her, give her some focus again; things hadn't stopped being a huge mess since that last night the group was together playing games.

As Jezelle was cracking open the front door, she couldn't help but entertain the thought that normally she might've simply teleported straight into her room -doors and walls seemed largely superfluous to a teleporter, but she hadn't even tried copying herself let alone teleporting since the Con.

She supposed she'd been in the hospital the whole time, but it's not like that would've really stopped her if she had of been that comfortable with it; in truth, that funny kind of unstable pain in her center scared her more than she'd admit. It was one thing to die; fading from existence just seemed a whole new level of terrifying.

But... common sense kept nagging at her, since even if her abilities broke reality they'd have to adhere to some kind of logic, however twisted and messed up it might be; she'd been teleporting and doubling like crazy before the convention, yet it only happened then.

Then again, she'd never really pushed herself that hard before, if she had of been thinking clearly at the time she might've thought twice about it. There was also that strange yellow mist... she was no scientist but there was a little bit too much yellow in that whole fight for things not to seem overly suspicious; one person getting a certain yellow laser power was one thing, but a whole army of them just seemed downright improbable.

But what'd she know about all this? She was just some average athlete.

In the end, there was probably nothing left but to try teleporting again and carefully monitoring what happened, because the world still seemed awfully slow so it wasn't like using her meta abilities set off that ECF thing.

Still... that acute sensation of going poof was kind of haunting... like sticking your hand in a flame and getting burned, and then trying to stick your hand in the flame a second time: your body instinctively resists.

After collecting herself a pair of fitted short shorts and a tank top, Jezelle hit the shower and decided to test out her teleporting trick as a way of kicking off her attempts to figure this all out again, practically stepping out of her clothes in an instant. Didn't seem like anything went wrong so Jezelle just shrugged and went to turn on the taps.

There were some people you really needed to have chats with about boundaries. Like those roommates that thought it proper to just burst in on you while you were in the bathroom. "JEZELLE!" Heidi said in something that might have been mistaken for terror. Or extreme excitement. It was hard to tell with some people.

Jezelle was hit with the sudden sensation like she was being attacked by the Dovahkiin, as she could have sworn the soundwaves nearly knocked her over and made her heart stop for a moment. [Hiedi can kill Trev with one of those, likely]//can't trev just box it?//trevor can join the package delivery business[Sonics.]//boombox then

In a blurred flurry of action Jezelle had immediately assumed a sort of 'modest crane' pose in order to cover up on short notice, wide eyes glaring in shock, surprise and frustration at the bathroom door.

She didn't even really think about it this time, her brain was already locked onto what she wanted and in the blink of an eye she was suddenly behind Heidi immediately trying to put her in a headlock.

"[i]You nearly gave me a fucking heart attack,[/i]" Jezelle hissed, you could almost feel her eyes burning.

"Sorry, sorry," she said, not looking anything close to honest. (Oh my, naked headlock. If only she was covered in soap and wet... we'd have to put a M rating on this...)

"Yeah..." Jezelle said a little spitefully [i]clearly[/i] convinced, steering Heidi around to face the door again before teleporting into the shower and drawing the curtain, "Is this just a 'where have you been' thing or something else?"

"Bit of both. I saw you on TV at the con explosion!" Hiedi said in one breath.

"Ugh... don't remind me..." Jezelle sighed, "Was having a pretty good day until the terrorists attacked and I decided to help out a friend. I don't suppose you've noticed any more people wearing 'hats'?"

"Hats?"

"You said hats were more popular after the Big Bang," Jezelle reminded.

"Oh, I thought you were getting all psychological on me."

"I'm surprised you even considered me the psychological type," Jezelle said with an airy smirk.

"Look what I can do!" Hieda said, holding out her hands, fingers splayed.

Jezelle peeked out from around the shower curtain with a suspicious gaze, sort of expecting what was going to happen in the roughest terms but kind of not wanting to be right.

It took a while, but eventually Hiedi's nails started growing unnaturally fast until they were about three inches long.

"...Yeeeeiiiiikes..." Jezelle issued in one long expression of one slight unnerved and a touch impressed, "You must be charming in a catfight."

"I can grow my hair too! Some of your magic rubbed off!"

"Well it doesn't [i]technically[/i] grow but... holy cow eh? You got some kinda keratin thingy going on," Jezelle said, letting out a short breath of laughter, both a little unnerved and amused, though there was a slight lingering concern... "...Have you gone to the doctor about this? I know mine turned out... sort of okay..."

"I just found out two days ago at the hair dresser. And don't say anything like it's shallow to go to the hair dresser when you were in the hospital. It was the only way I could think to distract myself."

"Oh posh, it's not like I was dying or anything," Jezelle said easily as she went back to showering, "But still... you need to see a doctor -just to make sure. I saw a doctor pretty much straight away for mine; there's a Doctor Caine at Franklin Memorial that seems the right guy for this."

If it weren't for the speed that Jezelle was apparently showering at, she might've even had a sexy shower silhouette going, but alas.

"You did mention him before."

"He's probably the closest thing to an expert on metas that can both help and is someone I'm willing to trust," Jezelle explained, flicking about before turning the taps off, wringing out her hair, "Promise you'll go see him as soon as you can, okay? And towel please."

Hiedi obligingly tossed Jez a towel. "Powers or no, I don't think you're clean that fast," she commented.

"Aren't you underestimating things just a little bit?" Jezelle queried as she wrapped the towel around her and threw aside the curtain, "I'm pretty sure if I tried hard enough I might be able to teleport the dirt off me; normally that'd sound utterly ridiculous." She snagged her underwear and slipped them on beneath the towel before utilising the towel for her hair instead.

"It still does," Hiedi assured her.

Jezelle flapped a hand at her, retrieving the rest of her jogging clothes and beginning to pull them on, casting the towel from her hair in favor of a hair band for a simple pony tail.

"Well, I'm going to go for a run, among other things; you go set up an appointment," Jezelle said a little sternly at the end, going to poke Heidi in the face in the process before heading back for the door.

Heidi raised her long nails at Jezelle in mock threat and stuck her tongue out at her.

Jezelle just laughed and headed out, making a beeline for the college grounds and the sports oval therein. She'd been out of the game for quite awhile all things considered, she'd have to make sure she was still in shape for all this, especially considering whatever phantom illness had passed over her from what she could only describe as power strain.

It'd been so easy at the time, to simply just focus on a goal and let her anger take hold, a mere matter of pushing out the power and it naturally bending to goals she had in mind: hit everyone she perceived as an enemy.

But that'd been so uncontrolled and she went so far beyond what she'd practiced... right now she was mainly glad she was still alive.

The world seemed to have gotten even slower ever since then: cars going at speeds she'd swear most people would abuse horns for, people walking at paces that made her wonder how they ever managed to fit any degree of progress into one day.

She still didn't quite understand the source of her powers, as much as she'd been trying to figure out a common theme behind everything to make even a shred of sense -she'd had vague ideas of spatial... futzing... or something, because she couldn't see how else teleporting was supposed to work realistically.

At any rate it vaguely connected with the whole legion thing and vaguely connected with why the world seemed so slow now, and considering she hadn't come up with anything else that provided even a vague yet sensible answer, she was going to go with that until she thought of something better. Because the concept of developing multiple, different, and stable superpowers just seemed so much more unbelievable than even the manifestation of superpowers themselves.

She made swift tracks and tugged on her impromptu mask she had a habit of keeping with her, quickly turning her hair a strange shade of blue before stepping into the oval itself.

After a minute or so of sped-up warm-ups, Jezelle decided to see just how fast she could go for starters, jogging onto the track and slowly increasing speed as she went, making sure she wasn't going to fall over from spontaneous disorientation before going too fast.

While she didn't feel like her legs were moving particularly faster or any of those other signs that she might be moving insanely fast, it was just that she was almost catching up to some of the dust she kicking up in her wake. Considering she didn't have a handy speedometer or anything, Jez wracked her brain for her math lessons and some of the physics she'd seen, got out her phone and set a timer.

//that's why you practise with friend!

//>.>

She attempted to stop the timer again right as she passed the 1km mark and skidded gloriously to a halt to look at the number. Granted, she didn't understand it right away but she could already tell the number was substantially smaller than it should be, so she tried quickly googling the equation on her phone and using the calculator to crunch the number right then and there. After crunching the number twice to be sure, Jezelle had just to sit there in a dazed reverie for a moment trying to get her head around it.

Her timing was likely off by a couple of seconds which would change the speed a fair degree, but even so... somewhere around the 160km/h mark was something you bragged about in concerns to one's [i]car[/i].

Now that she'd discovered she could shame most cars and avoid speeding tickets at the same time, Jezelle decided to check on her other capabilities, so she went to go raid the sports equipment shed. It was fortunate she was the morally-bound type, otherwise teleporting behind locked doors would be a serious way of abusing power; right now she just wanted quick and easy access to the equipment -starting with the high-jump mats and bars.

She started with modest heights to begin with just to get her bearings, passing with ease like it was as second nature as it should be for her -a good sign, but things went a little out of hand when she finally cranked the bar up to her personal record height. Just like always, she moved off to the ideal angle and ideal distance from the bar, got her run up and concentrated on not running too fast, coiling her leg as she took her last step and going to spring off. But her leg surged and in not in regards to her hard-earned muscles -something felt like it pulsed out her leg half way through springing upwards and transferring momentum, and she promptly overshot her personal record so far she missed the mat.

With a deft tumble to take the brunt of the impact, Jezelle managed avoid totally crashing after an eye-opening experience, all the arm flailing and windmilling and panicking; the falling back on instincts and twisting about to land properly. She laid spread-eagled on the ground in a daze, staring at the sky.

Well that was certainly new... she wasn't entirely sure what happened there, but the more she thought about it, she hadn't actually jumped since this whole mess started. It sounded kind of ridiculous, but considering she could teleport further than she remembered being able to jump, jumping just became sort of outdated...

Anyway, after recovering from a flailing half-crash, Jezelle decided figuring out what had happened was the best idea, so she spent awhile ignoring the high jump bars in favor of trying to simply jump as hard as she could to land on the mat.

Whatever happened occasionally when she jumped, it felt like her muscles were sort of projecting a force or something, it was hard to describe but it pushed back as much as Jezelle apparently pushed, so it kind of felt like jumping normally, but beyond her muscles.

The comical wild-propulsion of Jezelle through the air continued for a little while with varied success of hitting the high jump mat, most of the time ending up having to dust herself off after missing but she was making a little bit of progress in getting used to it at least.

Controlling it was a slightly different matter... it seemed to fire off in funny directions if she thought about it too much, sometimes looking like someone had yanked a carpet from beneath her feet.

But after only a little while she already felt wrecked and tired, idly flexing and stretching muscles and panting a little, a bit disconcerted about her stamina but then again, she probably hadn't fully recovered and she was doing some rather extraordinary things right now.

She focused on packing up the equipment, deciding to finish for the day -or at least for the time being, as she still had some time to burn and she'd have to see what happened after she rested for a while. Probably needed another shower too, after the sweat and rolling around in the dirt from crazy wild jumping.

[b]Out of the Hospital[/b]

Marina was released from the hospital the previous night and returned home. Her parents were about to ground her for two more weeks, but she argued that she was able to help save lives during the attack, they eventually relented but insisted that she be careful. She morphed a plain blue dress for the day.

Marina checked her e-mail, which she hadn't done for what was it...a week or so. After sifting through the minimal spam in her inbox she skimmed the rest of her inbox.

//grey you can fill in any mail she might have got...

[spam, spam, spam, sex spam, spam, spam, spam, nigerian prince, sex spam, spam, spam, you are a winner, spam, spam, and apology about the fire, spam, spam, spam, flyer, spam, spam, pen pal from norway, spam, sales in town, spam, spam, junk from school, spam, spam, coupons, spam, suspicious link spam, ham, spam, spam]

Marina looked through the rest of her inbox but found little of value. Though apology about the fire was a concern. She opened that one. Along with the penpal from norway, sales in town, and flyer.= {exactly what it says on the tin. Places she would have left her email at or signed up for eletters while shopping. }

[Miss Marina Fischer,]

[I must apologize for the unfortunate incident at the aquarium. But in the name of science, drastic measures must often be taken in order to ensure progress towards a greater understanding that would benefit mankind on a whole. To that end, my assistants were instructed to do anything to ensure the specimen was acquired.]

[While proper did seem to be given, the end result was still an incident much more damaging than it could and should have been. As such, the quick actions to address the unfortunate results are applauded. Should you have greater interest in my research, you might find me having noon tea at Belladonna Cafe on Mondays.]

[Regards,]

[The Professor]

Marina looked over the message, someone named the professor was behind the incident. She debated whether to give a civil response to the message. In the end she forwarded the message to her parents, Albie, Henry, Trevor, Erin, Jezelle, and even Cain (she got his e-mail from his business card) She then began typing her reply:

To the Professor

I regret that my actions during the Aquarium incident led to violence and for that I am sorry. I would be interested in the meeting at noon at the Belladonna, however I am concerned that the destruction of the Aquarium has put many out of jobs while they rebuild. I believe we must all make amends for the consequences of our actions. I hope to see you soon.

Cheers

Marina Fischer

...and send. Marina clicked send and went down to collect the physical mail.

She opened the mailbox collected the pile of letters and catalogs and returned inside to sort the mail. She strongly considered calling Albie, he needed to know about this. And possibly Henry for back up in case this was a trap.

[Some that look like bills, credit card bill for Marina, businessy stuff for the parents, notice for a letter for Marina at the post office, scattered flyer stuff.]

The assorted bills she left to her parents. She'd deal with the credit card later, as she recalled her parents had it automatically charge the bank account. The set for her parents she stuck to the fridge with a magnet in the usual fashion. And then she threw out the catalogs. Once that was done she gathered a few thing left a note on the fridge that she'd be out, getting a letter, and visiting Erin. With that she bounded out and promptly bounced her way to the post office. The first time she tried bouncing was during the night of the feral trevor, since then she bounced as a primary mode of transport. She was glad she could still do that after the strange yellow mist. She considered walking but this was faster, and it wasn't fair that Henry and Trevor got to fly and Jez got to teleport. In time she would get to the post office. Then to the hospital to visit Erin.

Marina attracted attention like crazy. I mean, you don't go bouncing around a city that was recently attacked by metas in a distinctly meta fashion. Really. [Also, roll some checks to see how much stuff you broke on the way down.]

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $17 + 4 = 21$

[Even assuming this is first roll, it's a decent landing, accurate. No reason to ponder what a bad idea it is]

<http://orokos.com/roll/156553>

Second Roll: Horrid aim, lands on a roof [<http://orokos.com/roll/156554>] which utterly fails to resist her and she breaks right through it into the atticspace where she ricocheted a few times on the walls before she could stop herself [<http://orokos.com/roll/156555>], leaving her in the dark roofspace filled with the dust and splinters and insulating material she kicked up. The only source of light was the marina sized hole she punched in the roof.

//so it ends by the second bounce?

Marina was dazed for a moment but she crawled out of the hole in the roof stretching herself to make it out. She looked down at the horrific thing she had done. She couldn't believe that this was...no wait it was perfectly believable that this happened on her first try. She remained scrunched up in a ball, reverting to her default solid green state, too shocked to really move. She'd need to find a safer means of transportation....Maybe walking.

[Time check: 9:00am

Parents are already out. She did a good deal of stuff since then. And mail arrived. Most places don't deliver mail that early. Local newspaper, yes, but not mail.

It was with much confusion, panic and excitement of the negative sort that the home owners rushed out to see what hit their roof. They didn't expect to see a green ball on the roof. "What the hell happened to my roof!"

Marina twitched a little, but was too scared to say anything or move. She really didn't want to go to jail. Really, really, really didn't want to go to jail.

[you're going to have to roll notice if you want to make out what they are saying.]

Notice:

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4341375/>]1d20-1=5[/url]

Marina didn't notice anything from her position near the hole in the roof.

She couldn't make out what was going on from where she was, but after a few minutes passed, stretching on into the double digits, the sounds of vehicles pulling up drifted around and slamming doors. A little while after that, there was increased chatter and clatter before something hit the roof ledge. A ladder.

//I'm always surprised at how well the sound of a car door closing carries.

By this point marina figured staying in ball shape would be safer than trying to morph back and escape...after all she wasn't a criminal...this was just an accident, like breaking a window with a softball. Although she was sure she would have to explain everything.

[Because he's not going to go digging into criminal law (AGAIN... what's with you people and breaking laws...), shall we just skip over the long drawn out conversation about 'hey, there's a green blob up here!' 'Please don't hurt me!' 'It's a meta! Criminal!' etc]

[i]A Quaint Morning[/i]

Henry saw the sun come in through the window in his room. He had spent the evening cutting and taping new paper clippings and note cards to his wall. As soon as the sunlight hit him he felt his stomach growling at him. He knew it was time for breakfast. Which meant that he would need something and he was wanting a lot. He got cleaned up, showered, changed, and shaved then made his way out. In the truck and he did his new driving trick to the restaurant chain that had a breakfast buffet. Time to fill up for the day.

The place was somewhat empty. Perhaps people didn't want to leave home unless they had to, considering recent events. The lot was pretty scanty, and there were only a handful of people in the restaurant when he got in. He was even pretty quickly attended to. "Good morning, just you today?" the male waiter (I know! An abomination!) said, appraising Henry.

"Yes, just the one this morning. Wanted to get an early start this morning." Henry said looking around. "Looks like I beat the rush so far."

"You have no idea... Let me take you to your table," the waiter said, leading Henry to a nice spot near the window.

"Business been bad? I haven't eaten out in a while." As Henry thought on it he had not been out in a few weeks. He needed to get out more often.

"A lot of people have been cutting back on the outings," he said.

"I can see that. Bad things happening but we can't just live in fear for the rest of our lives. This will go back to normal. Terrorist acts happen all over the world. They are very bad things but if we live in fear then the terrorists win. Atleast that was the reasoning the Americans say." Henry took a seat at the window table. Would give him a good look out side while he ate.

"Do you need coffee, tea or a drink?" the waiter asked, setting utensils out for him. "And I hope they will."

"Some coffee would be nice. I am getting the buffett do I need to wait or can I go now?" Henry asked eyeing the food from his seat.

"Go ahead and help yourself. I'll have your coffee waiting," The man said.
//cause every buffet I've been to sells the drinks separate. The cheapskapes.

Henry got up and walked over to the buffett and grabbed a plate. The best thing about buffetts is that you get to pick out what you want and how much you want. Henry loaded the plate with eggs and sausage. He grabbed one of the smaller plates and piled it with pancakes. With the two plates he made his way back to the table.

It was weird that the place was this empty. Normally there would be kids every where and all the food would be mixed together because people couldn't figure out how to not drop stuff in different containers. It was also very quiet.

The food tasted better than it usually did. It seemed like bored chefs were better than busy ones. The coffee was good too. Only three other people came in which Henry was there, one a group of three, the other a man with a newspaper. Oh, and [notice check please]
/notice **necar** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $3 + 1 = 4$

Henry was enjoying the food more this time than normal. It might have to do with the fact that it tasted better or it could be that he had been eating hospital food the past few days. But this was some good stuff. He finished his two plates and went back up for seconds.

The waiter stopped by shortly after Henry started on his second round. "Need anything?" he asked as he cleared the first set of plates away.

"I could use a little more coffee if it wouldn't bother you. Perhaps a to go cup and the check as well. I don't want to over do it this early in the morning. Although the food is wonderful today!" Henry said excitedly

"Of course," the waiter said. It didn't take him long to come back with the requested items.

Henry took the cup and set it on the table. Pulling out his wallet he handed the waiter the money to cover the bill plus a nice tip.

"Keep the change buddy. I hope that business picks up real soon for you." With that Henry got up and reclaimed his to go cup. He then made his way out of the restaurant. His truck was still waiting for him in the parking lot. He didn't know if he should swing by Jenny to see if his flowers made it and if she was awake or if he should make his way to the gym.

Henry figured it would be better to head to the gym first since it was much closer. Putting the truck in neutral he started the whole flying bit in the truck to get to the gym. The amount he would save on gas now would be very helpful in the future.

//Time to get a gym badge! The first step to being a pokemon master!

//he doesn't have much to do there now.

[Time Check: Around 8am]

Henry made it to the gym in a good amount of time. There were not that many people out and about on the roads it seemed. Looked like the weather was right about his observation.

Henry pulled into the parking lot and set the parking brake and made his way into the gym. he didn't have his gym gear since it was somewhere under the rubble that once was the convention center. It seemed that he would just need to hit the weights today. Henry thought this all as he entered the gym.

He entered the building like he normally did and waved at the lady at the front desk. He flashed a quick smile her way as he moved toward the weight machines. Walking up to the benchpress he looked at the amount of weight the machine could do. He wasn't about to put this thing on the max since he was still trying to keep his metabolism under wraps. He put on the same amount he did the last time he was here. It was the max amount he could do before the Big Bang. He settled down and got his hands ready. He started off slowly and fully extended his arms. He held it there and wondered. The last time he did this it felt like he was picking up a backpack. This time it was like picking up a pencil. He knew he was strong but had he gotten stronger. He would like to know how much he could lift but he knew that he couldn't find out here. He had picked up vans with people and equipment in them. How was he to test that out in here. The gym was made for

normal people to get in better shape but for testing a metas max lifting power. He would need something like a semi weight station to find out how much he could. Perhaps Allied would have something that could help. He would need to ask Davis when he got the chance.

Sitting up from the exercise Henry moved over to the treadmill. Atleast this was something that could help. He could work on his stamina. He would work on his boxing skills but he was just to concerned with hurting someone.

Henry finished up on the tread mill and stretched out. He did not feel to winded and the tightness in his legs was fading quickly. He was pretty happy with himself for being able to keep up the pace the whole time. Seems like he was making progress again. The week off of the gym had been filled with a lot of action and seemed like it kept him up. Looking about and seeing that the gym was still pretty empty he figured that it was time to leave. He could use a shower and then would need to get heading on over to check up on Jenny to see if she was doing any better.

Back at the apartment Henry got a shower and cleaned himself up to head back to the hospital. Once out of the shower he went to look at himself in the mirror but couldn't see because of the steam. This turned a light on in the dark space known as his head. Throwing his clothes on he went to the bed room and checked the wall. He knew that the chem plant was attacked and an explosive was set off releasing chemicals into the air that was being called the cause of the mutations that people were having. He looked at the new cards and pictures he put up last night. There was another building that was attacked and an explosion. There was then chemicals being released that was to give people mutations. Henry was sure that these things had to be connected some how. Did the Red Dawn people attack the chem plant? He would need to look into this.

Henry gathered up his dirty clothes and tossed them in the washing machine. Checking his wallet and keys he was ready to go. He had been saving a lot of money now that he was not spending it all on gas. He made his way to nearest market and hit the flower section. He got three small collections of flowers, the ones that come in the clear platic bags with the bottom missing. One for each of the ladies. He then got back in the truck and headed back to the hospital.

//toss up a notice.

notice **necar** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $3 + 1 = 4$

Well... their might have been bugs in the sky. Maybe. Who knows. Certainly not Henry. He blithely continued his day as if nothing was wrong.

Henry made it to the hospital in a good amount of time. A few lights here and there. A stop sign or three. He got to the parking lot and managed to find a spot that wasn't all the way in the back. It was a row ahead of it. With that he headed toward the entrance with teh flowers under his arm.

"Hi there," the front desk lady called out. "Here to visit someone?"

//be honest. You hardly see men doing that job.

"Got a couple of friends here from the Con incident. Jenny Douglas, Marina Fischer, Jezell Rivers, and Erin O'Neill. Wanted to take some flowers to them." Henry said recalling everyone's name.

//I'm pretty sure you did. It's Douglas.

"Of course, do you know what rooms they are in?" the nurse asked.

"I sure do. Is it ok to visit them all. Jenny was in the ICU the last I heard. I didn't know if she got out yet or if it is even their visiting hours." Henry responded shifting the flowers in his arms. He was trying to be as careful of them as possible so that none got crushed. He had tried to pick out flowers he figured that they would like. Tulips for Marina, snap dragons for Erin, Sun flowers for Jez, and some white ranunculus for Jenny.

The nurse did some checking in her system. "It seems as if Mrs Douglas was moved out of intensive care earlier this morning... she should be up to seeing visitors."

"That works out perfectly. I will stop by hers last. What room number is she in?" Henry asked.

"She is in 327, in the Roswell Ward," the receptionist said.

"Thank you kindly." Henry said over his shoulder as he headed up to see the girls. He could see how they were doing and see how much longer they might be in the hospital. Henry walked into the first elevator he could and pushed the button for the girls floor. He tried his best to shuffle the flowers around so that he could hand them out easily. He continued to do this when the door opened to the floor he wanted and he made his way down the hall.

The elevator doors opened unto chaos. People were moving with due haste towards the fire escapes. Understandable since a shrill alarm was going off.

[b]Here the Bugs Rise[/s]

Erin meanwhile was looking at her white hair and thought about what to do with it. Since she had gotten to Ontario, she had decided to take on wild colours for it and while she hadn't complained when her hair went white, she was getting a little bored of it. Maybe green would be next... She was mostly okay with hospitals. Much like dentists, she had been in a few times and honestly didn't see why people hated them. Sure, you were sick or hurt, but at least you didn't have to do anything.

Deciding to test her weight again, she got out and had her cane ready just in case. Getting out of bed, she looked at her hands and wondered just what in the hell she was. Closing her eyes, she thought back before the blinding pain. Any unusual twinges or feelings. She felt nothing though and instead shrugged. "Meh..."

Power check: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4340773/> Well that didn't work.

Erin doubled over in pain as she must have done... something. It was so sharp that she didn't have time to scream and collapsed to the floor. Convulsing, she watched in terror as she felt her mind slip away as something new and terrifying entered in its place.

By the time Erin's transformation concluded, she screeched and fled the room. The lights were too bright in here and she had to escape. It was hurting her eyes. Chittering, she looked out for fleshy things. those tasty fleshy things... Food, drink, then a nest. She ran down the hallway, not sure where she was going, but she didn't particularly care. She slashed down any doors that got in her way and let her antenna feel around inside the room for anything useful. Dark, warm, humid... any of them would do. She could fix the room to have the rest.

//who says she's not a vegetarian? That would be hilarious.

There were screams. By jorge there were screams. Unholy abomination burst out of a room and starts screaming at people? Yep. Lots of screams. Someone pulled the fire alarm too. So screams both human and inanimate. Maybe not that many screams. There were only so many people in the halls at one time. So about four people screaming. And they were screaming giant bug, so not that many more poked their heads out. It helped that not all of them were mobile enough for it, but...

The insect screeched at the noise, leaping at the nearest noisemaker with the intent to silence it. Her outstretched six arms knocked down the nearest noisemaker and while her claws began to tear and rip. She had to shut that thing up! To loud!

Attack: <http://orokos.com/roll/157151> 21

Grapple: <http://orokos.com/roll/157280> 9

Save [url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4345070/>]1d20=8[/url]

Erin brought her claw down on the screaming creature with a shriek of her own.

Attack: <http://orokos.com/roll/157405>

Damage: strike rank 5, 1 penetrating.

... what the frag castle? Seriously... what the frag?

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4345788/>]1d20=20[/url]

Random person str: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4345790/> 10

Unbelievable! This screaming thing wa holding her at bay!

[done to line 530ish]

"Avoid the elevators!" A nurse was saying as her collar hanging radio crackled. "Patients, stay in your rooms until help arrives!" The other people were in varying stats. Some were morbidly curious and hung around the figure of authority, others just cut their loses and bet on the news to tell them what they missed, a few were undecided.

Henry stopped right where he was. The scene before him confused the ever loving wits out of him. What was going on here? Was there a fire and why were people being told to stay in their room? This made no sense and he had friends on this floor. Henry made his way after the nurse that told people to avoid the elevators.

"Hey, what is going on here? Is there a fire?" Henry demanded.

"Please remain calm sir," the nurse said. "Someone pulled the alarm in the rowsell wing, we haven't gotten word as to why yet. We are checking it through."

Henry knew the Rowsell wing was where the girls were being kept and it would figure that the meta wing was the one where someone pulled an alarm. Either someone didn't like the fact that metas were in the hospital or someone wanted to start something with a bunch of injured people. That wasn't going to happen with him around. Henry set his jaw and walked forward toward the noise with an arm full of flowers.

"Sir! You can't go that way!"

Henry looked over his shoulder. "If there is a problem down there I am going. I have four friends recovering and one just got out of the ICU. I am going to see them to safety." Henry said with out breaking his stride. He had people to look after.

Nurse Roantree (according to her name tag), would have liked nothing more than to stop the determined Henry by force, but she was already harried by the other people that were crowding her and looking to her for the answers that she didn't yet have and was forced to bow to the inevitable fact that Henry was the engineer of his own fate.

Henry moved down the hall trying to be on guard as much as possible. For all he knew The Reds were back to finish what they started. That or there was an actual fire. Henry was set in his course to make it to the ladies but if trouble came a knocking he would be sure to knock back.

Henry rounded one hall way and on to the next. This place was complex in its layout. Maximum useage of space while giving it the most upbeat feeling possible. Natural light and calmer colors mixing with the institution carpet and fixtures. Made the whole place feel calm and void. He moved with purpose past the nurses station toward where the ladies were. Figureing if they saw a man with flower walking like he knew where he was going they would leave him alone. One good thing he had going for him was the fact that the elevator was behind him. It was the one that He and Trevor used to visit the girls. He had gone down this hallway a number of times so he did in fact know the way. It would add to his projection of knowing what he was doing. Now, onward to the girls.

The alarm was still going, and the halls were emptying. There were a few people running toward him with a look of absolute terror on their faces.

This did not look good. Fire can scare people sure but not cause this amount of terror to this many people. Plus he didn't smell any smoke or see any by the lights. Just the same old hallway

now filled with freaked out people. Henry tried to stand in front on one of the fleeing people. He put one arm out since he had the flowers in the other.

"What is going on? What is down there?" Henry asked trying to be heard over the sounds of the alarms.

"Giant bug!"

"Eating people!"

"Just run!" One of them tried to push Henry. Which was like a puppy trying to push a marble pillar. Just not as cute.

Henry's eyes went wide. There were bugs in the hospital. He thought that they had made a repellent that would keep them away. The bugs must have either gotten over it or. . . Henry's mind tried to work things out. Though it got kind of jammed up in the thinking process. Something floated around about what the person just said as being important but he just didn't know what it was.

Henry stopped and looked around. He didn't see any bugs chasing the people but he knew the direction that they came in. He then started to run down the hallway toward the area that the people were running from.

The people were not cursed or infected with an overabundance of heroism as Henry was, so they ran the other way. Ahead, from the far hall, the one he would know was the girl's hall, a man running in total silence with stark terror on his face cut out, almost falling, and sprinted the other way (arrows on map).

[Here we need Yellow]

Up the hall, far up, all the way at the other end, Henry could just make out a giant bug creature straddling a flailing man.

There was a bug! But it looked a little different from the others. It was on a man though so this couldn't be good. Was it a new kind of bug or was this Erin? Either way this didn't look good. Henry took off down the hall in a flying charge.

charge attack **necar** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $7 + 7 = 14$
//going to miss

Henryman's attack did miss, but at least he was now all up and in the giant bug's face. His valiant fist of steel whooshed past her.

Erin tried again, her blades inching down... or trying to inch down at the least.

Attack: <http://orokos.com/roll/157407> 5 [Who are you attacking anyway? Flying man or victim?] Still the victim. he/she's still likely screaming. [Really? Totally ignore the guy that just flew up and punched at her? Okay...]

Victim anti grabble **Greykit** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 1

Greykit rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 7 *He also hurts himself. fun stuff.*

Henry was much more rusty then he thought as his fist swung by with out even bothering the bug as it seemed to try to stab the man. All the bugs he had fought so far seemed to try and bite not stab. But if this was Erin why would it be attacking people and why wouldn't Jez or Marina be stopping it.

"Erin if that is you get off of that man!" henry yelled and tried to boot the bug monster.

attack **necar** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $15 + 5 = 20$

toughness DC = 20

Erin toughness fail since that's what she always does: <http://orokos.com/roll/157409> 4+5

Staggered and Stunned, knocked back five feet.

//no concentration check to maintain the bug form?

//that too.

The gibberng woman, having cut her hands pretty badly, started crawling away.

Erin screamed in pain as she was hit, sprawling out across the floor.

Concentration: <http://orokos.com/roll/157411> 17 Still bugificated

Fort: <http://orokos.com/roll/157410> Still stunned

Henry walked over to the bug he just punted. It was a solid hit to say the least and it looked like the woman started to get away. He still didn't know if this thing was erin or not but he couldn't have it scream and trying to stab people. He needed to stop this and see if they could sort it out. Either get Erin the help she would need or contact the ACR boys.

attack (trying to knock the thing out) **necar** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $18 + 5 = 23$

toughness DC 20

<http://orokos.com/roll/157412> are you suprised? Unconscious

//Erin and Trev. The Toughless. In the battle between the Herald and the Craven, first one to get a hit in wins.

The bug creature writhed on the ground and turned into a naked Erin.