all, you are so exhausted.

if it sets into the system for long." I hear footsteps, and then he appears by my side, glass in hand. "It is now late afternoon. Drink this and rest."

I lick my lips, they are dry and cracked. I taste blood. "Where is Jez?"

Post by

Post by

any direction. The sense of calm you had felt on the boat is slipping away, and you begin to panic. You make motions as if to swim, but the water is pursue it further - I fear I may disrupt whatever effort is being undertaken." He takes the canteen again, unscrews it, and drinks deeply. But you can tell parts of me, and that I, as I am here, am merely...leaving...from the components needed." He slowly draws in a breath, and lets it out again. "I would have to cast it. "I have no particular memory of concern about the Trump - I would think they are safe to use, at least for the time being." Your hand concerned. But I wanted to return as quickly as possible. My comrade, Jez, followed and joined me on my hel ride." Again, I pause as flashes of fire, times. I am Dworkin, and I am your great-grandfather." He slightly bows his head. Fishting pole into a notch near his bench. He picks up a canteen from behind him and offers it to you.

RPG Crossroads

Re: PROLOGUE - DROPLETS OF BLOOD - TANDA

world wavers and slips about me as I do so. I take several deep breaths and begin the long walk.

toughened from a hard life – I can only hope he will be okay. I dare not think on the state of his mind, or his grip on sanity after the nightmare I've endured. He looks bad. His sun-darkened skin is tinged with grey and he is wet with cold sweat. I press my fingers against this neck. His pulse is fast and free him. I ease him carefully down on to the blanket of leaf and moss covering the forest floor and drop to my knees next to him.

I ignore my own discomfort, I turn and grasp Jez about his waist so I can lift him and undo the straps holding his wrists. It's awkward, but I manage to

then I turn to look at the man following me and raise my eyebrows at him.

(OOC: If above happens, then this might follow, unless you say otherwise!

grimly according to eye, his lips moving and fragments of his attempts to rally our troops drift up to me, but his cries for men to close the gates are entirely futile, near gate, his lips moving and fragments of his attempts to rally our troops drift up to me, but his cries for men to close the gates are entirely futile,

Bley takes a deep breath, his expression tensing and then relaxing. "Very well. I suppose I have no proof as yet that the Trump are compromised. I

Bley pales slightly, although it may just be the Trump contact wavering, losing definition for a second, then steadying again. "As I said," he

Shadows, and I want to continue my studies in this place. There is a shout from my left - Marcus announcing the return of the infantry, his voice less

I hardly know, but would like to; the dancing light from a candle to his left catches the spins of ancient books around him and reflects in his blue

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