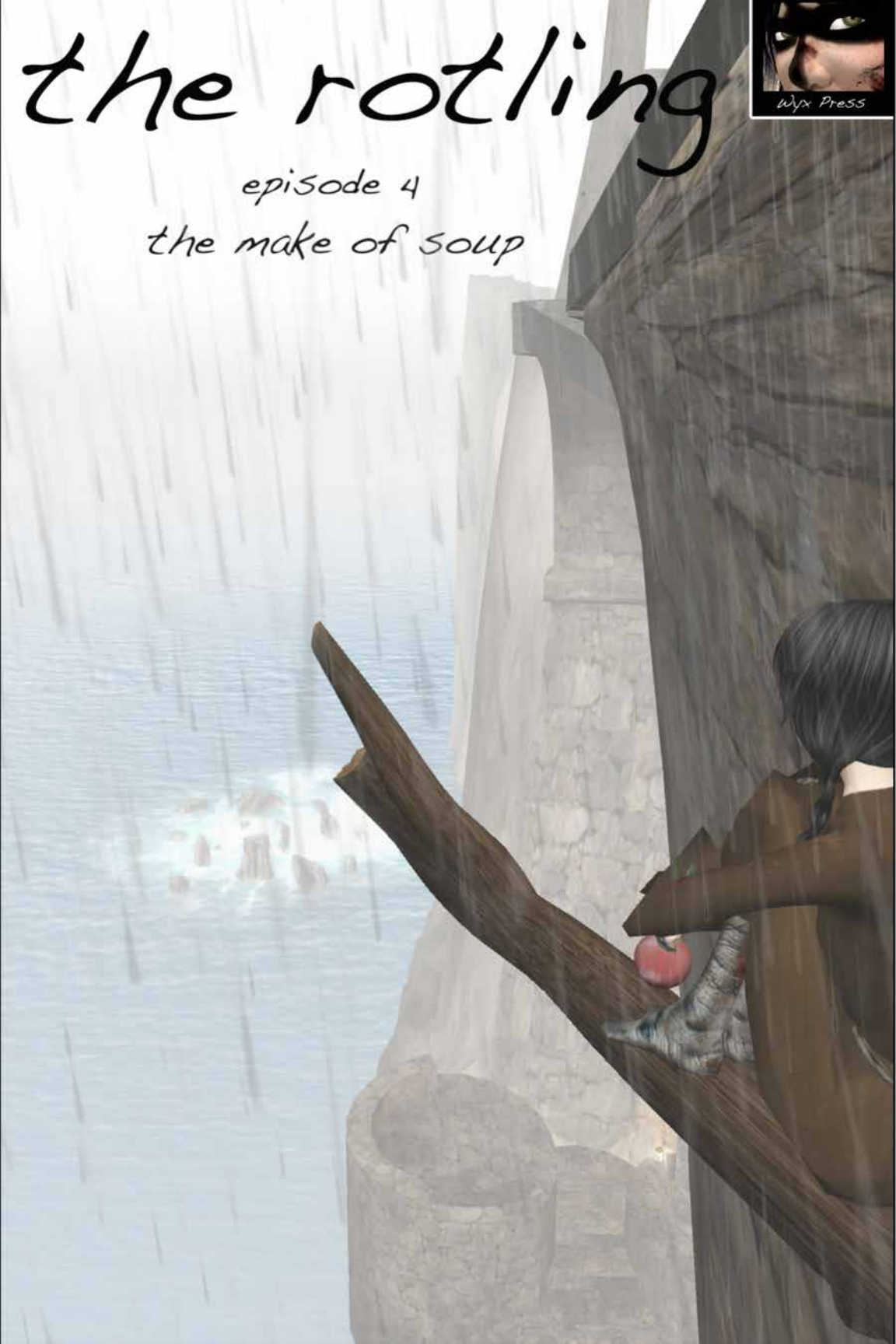


# the rotling

episode 4

the make of soup





# the rotling

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The Rotling was photographed entirely on virtual location in The Rot, which is a part of The Wastelands in *Second Life*®. Consent to use these locations specifically and only for this project has been graciously extended by the creator of The Rot, Angharad Greggân, and by the owner and game administrator of The Wastelands, NeoBokrug Elytis.

So big thank you feels at Catherine DeWitt, NeoBokrug Elytis, Aposiopesis Fullstop, Psycho Baroque, Dan Seawwconds, Spiderspite, NickCitrus, Cliban Callow, Nia Sage, ZTAR, Gnawbert, Tralala Loordes, Pandorah Ashdene, Briel the Fallen, Sandusky Kayvon, The Mutant Witch of the Wastes, Jedidiah Stone, Kayanite, Marko, and PanPot for their inspiration and many contributions. How do I know so many cool people?

Special thanks to my design consultant and builder, Nick Herzog, and my tireless editor, Angela Jones. I'm so proud of my team! And to Angharad Greggân, who made Sam's scissor knife among many, many other great things.

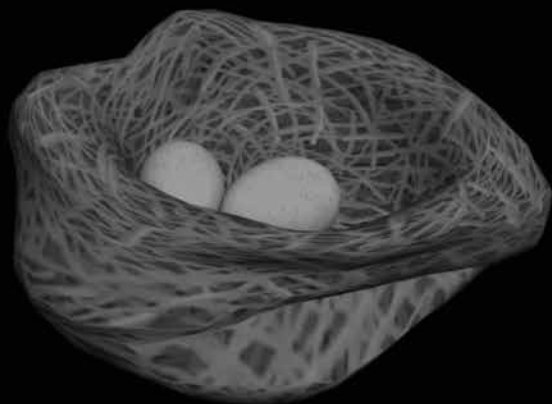
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# *the rotling*

*episode 4*

*the make of soup*



I sit the long time on a dead tree just wait for  
Fall in them far down waters and be dead of it.

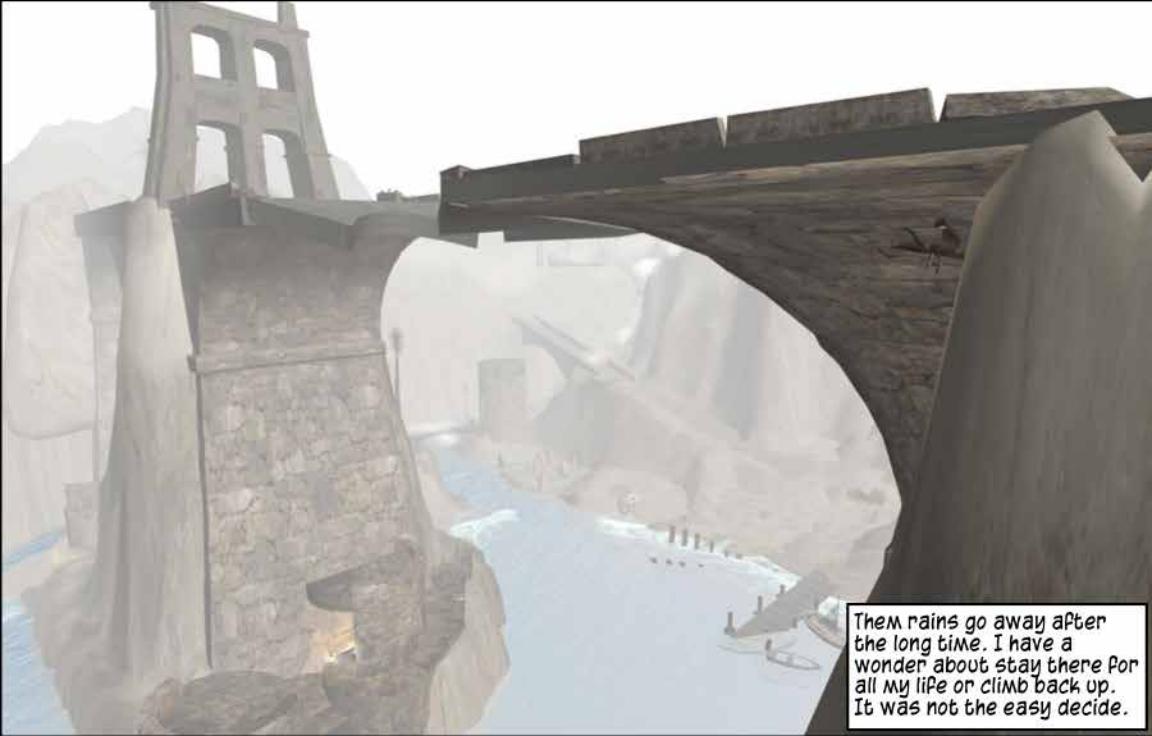


Got damp sat  
on a branch...

I was not have the hear of a Ploppy  
Monster up on the road but them rains  
Make so impossible Me climb back up.



I have the think of my Grammy so much  
and she nice old hands pet my head say  
you so good girl every thing is be ok Sam.



Then rains go away after the long time. I have a wonder about stay there for all my life or climb back up. It was not the easy decide.

But the true is there was no decide of it because there was no nother way for stay alive but go up.



My teeths click for them sharp winds and my bones rattle about be so cold.

When I have the down look my brains Peel like spin all around in my head.



I reach at anything for climb up it. All them dirts and rocks still was wet and muds was all for me grab on to.

I hold my breath for let go the branch and I make a promise of I am never go there again.



I move like them snail so careful for not fall and die. All my toes and fingers hold on where was nothing for hold on.

I am not even know the why of me be here since I crawl out a hole all I do is almost die all the time.



I have the feel of been beat up my whole self was the big bruise and scrapes.



My arms and body was not work right for be so pain and I was unbelievable sore.



But I get back up on the road because try and try.

Also because there was no nother do about it.



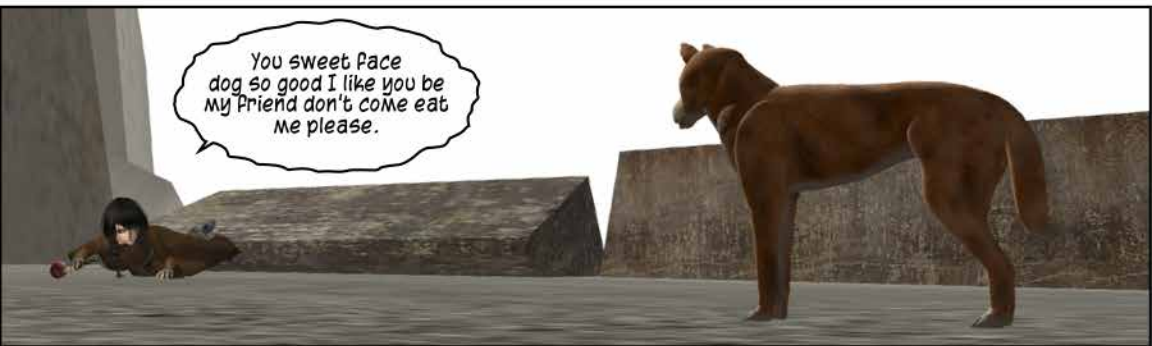
I get so thank you about not be dead yet and still have my good onion.



It was the nice dog I seen him lick him lunch from opp the road. But him Pace was growl at me so I was say at him nice things.



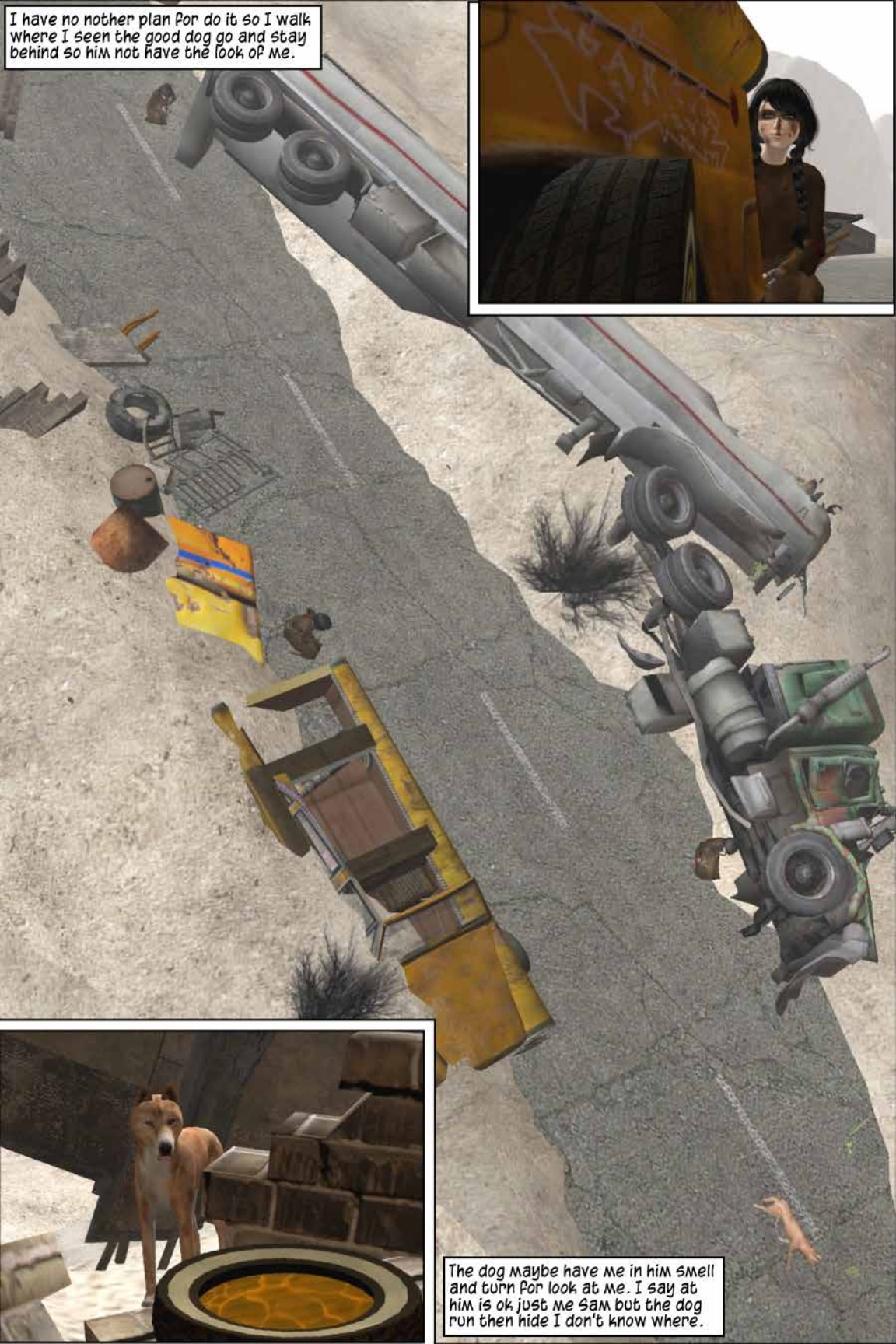
You sweet Pace dog so good I like you be my Friend don't come eat me please.



Him make the grrr sound of bite you and him mouth get short like be anger but then was him run the nother way from me. I wisht so much him stay be my Friend.



I have no nother plan for do it so I walk where I seen the good dog go and stay behind so him not have the look of me.



The dog maybe have me in him smell and turn for look at me. I say at him is ok just me sam but the dog run then hide I don't know where.

I look for the nice dog every where but him  
so hide good. Near where I seen him go I  
find a big bowl full with them rain waters.

Them rains was brown color but my so thirst  
make me not care I just want the drink.

I get the taste from my hand them  
rains was bitter and smell some like old  
fish but was not burn my mouth so ok.

I get the lucky peel of find some drink it waters. Back  
in my house was the bucket I found. I wish I had it  
for save some waters but I got nothing just a onion.





Then was the  
so surprise  
thing happen  
I just stare  
at them  
waters. I  
have the look  
of my own  
self see back  
at me was  
like you meet  
some body  
but is you.



My breath go away when I have  
the look of my face. I was so  
amaze for I got them dark lines  
on my eyes and nose like all them  
Polks I seen be burnt and kilt in  
my member it of the beforetimes.



Maybe all the Polks I know  
be dead and I am the only  
line face girl left in every  
where. I wisht for know  
what am I and why.

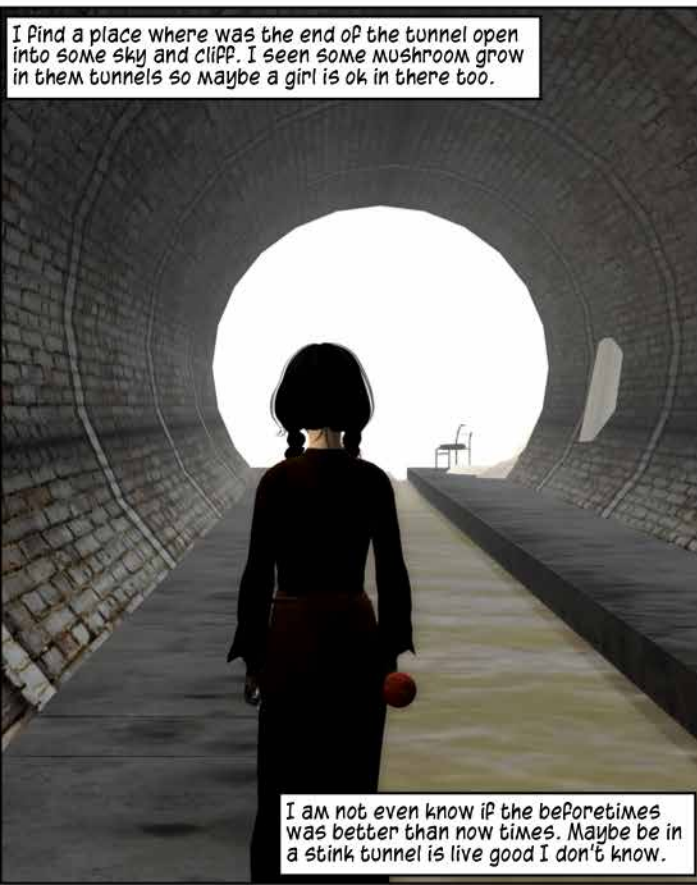
I decide for go back to my house but walk in them so smell tunnels not on some danger road. I was hope a floppy monster is not like the stink of them tunnels.



I was not like much the stink of it.



I find a place where was the end of the tunnel open into some sky and cliff. I seen some mushroom grow in them tunnels so maybe a girl is ok in there too.



I am not even know if the before times was better than now times. Maybe be in a stink tunnel is live good I don't know.





Them tunnels got broke from a big tree root is near where I make my house. Is like have my own special door out the tunnel.



I careful watch for monsters and climb up then sneak walk to the broke stage place.

My house was still be there I get glad feels just for the see of it.



I guess my house is lean some and maybe not be so safe but it is the house I made and I keep inside my usePul things from I find around.

I have some onion bite and make spells in my book about all them things is happen at me. I write them things down for never forget. It is so hard learn all of every thing again.



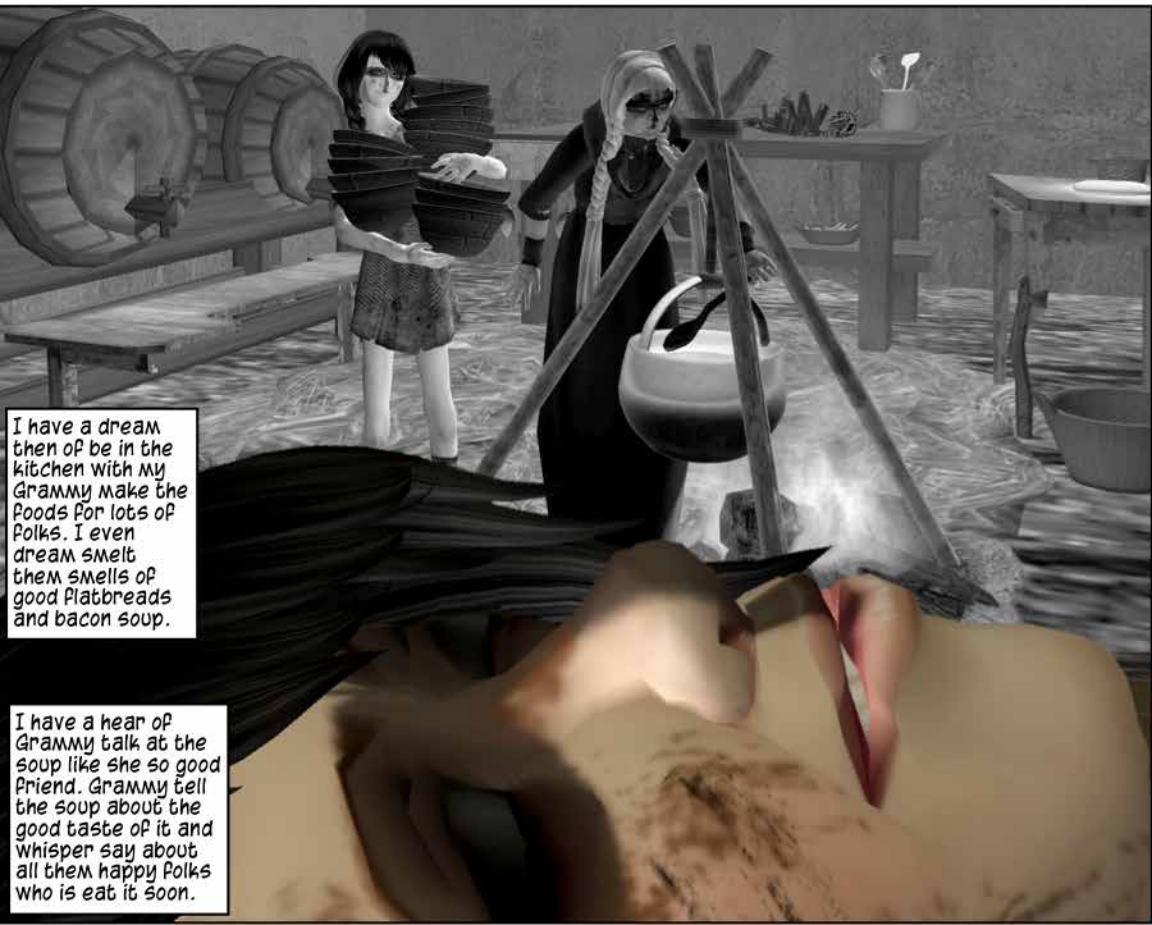
When I spell in my book I hear the talk of Grammy teach me all them letters and words. I miss my Grammy she hands smell like onion like my hands now. She was always tell me what to do and I am not know that now.



Then my so tired and sore make me lay down but I keep a old pipe ready for hit a floppy monster in the night.



I guess I was go asleep then but I am not member the when of it.



I have a dream then of be in the kitchen with my Grammy make the foods for lots of Polks. I even dream smelt them smells of good flatbreads and bacon soup.

I have a hear of Grammy talk at the soup like she so good friend. Grammy tell the soup about the good taste of it and whisper say about all them happy Polks who is eat it soon.

When I wake up from dreams  
all them things about the  
make of soup was still in my  
brains I get so excite of it.



I was so amaze at my  
brains I get the happy feel  
Por finally know something.

Since I become here I was not know what  
I am do in the world but now I member.



I am make some soup.



I Member Grammy tell about The Rules Of Soup  
so I spell them in my book for not forget.



1 Use what you got for the  
make of it.

2 Try for get the so fresh  
things and don't do much  
at them.

3 Don't be fear about try  
some new things in you  
soup.

4 Give some soup to some  
body who is not expect it.

I am so lucky feel for my Grammy teach  
me them Rules of Soup and I am try for  
make a soup and she be proud of me.



I wonder where is my Grammy but I have no member in my  
brains of where is she only big Fires and things about soup.



I have a think about make a soup from what is around but not much is around was my think. I try for imagine some thing new and not be fear of it.

Maybe was unsmart to leave my house but my brains was say Sam go make a soup so I go make a soup.



In my think of new things for go in my soup was get them green tunnel mushroom. I hope is not the kind make you crazy and die.

At least them was fresh.



I was not want to put bugs in my soup but Grammy say about use what you got and I got bugs.



I seen the Floppy monster and hide so still for him go away. Him was talk at someone not there and brush off him coat like make it clean and nice.

Him just smile and walk around with him chest puff up about him nice coat. But him coat is old stink of him rot body so I don't know.



I sneak to where is the sticker bush and find the bird basket I seen. I was feel bad about take all them eggs for the mama bird be sad feel of it so I just take one of she bird babies for eat it.



I was hope the bird be not good at count them.



I go get some them rains in my bucket for the stock of my soup. I so wisht I had some butter.

I get the fear of monsters smell my soup then come for kill me so I take my soup things to the tunnel. Maybe them stinks is hide the cook smell of my soup.



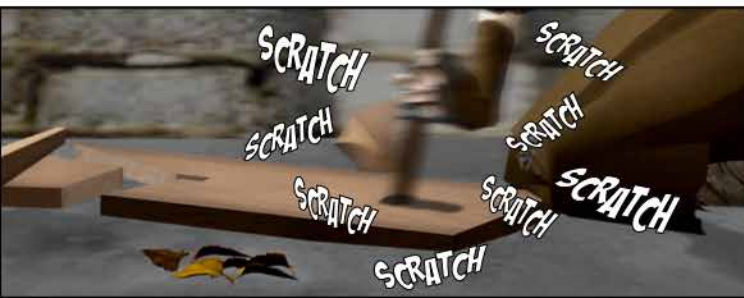
If a monster find me I got no hide place but I am make a soup nobody is stop the make of it.



Grammy say about you make a Fire  
For soup only if you got them Fires in  
you insides. I am not know the mean  
of it I got no burnt insides. I am  
wonder maybe sometimes Grammy  
is old in she brains.



My hands get some woods and put  
one down for rub it with the nother.  
Them hands just know the how of it  
already like do so many times.



Then was some smokes start and I put  
some dry leaps in for get them flames. I  
was happy for make the fire and now I  
know I got them fires on my insides too.  
I get the glad feel for both them fires.





My hands member the build of sticks and pipes and blocks for hang the soup pot over them Pires. My hands are member more than my brains.

I try for put unvisible love in the soup. Grammy say love is what make a soup so good taste. Is hard to love a bug but ok.



I stir my soup for let she things cook together and my face was smile about I know the do of something now.

I have a taste of my soup for know them flavors. Is maybe too much bug but I was not tell the soup about it.

I tell my soup how nice she bubbles look and say about she taste so good I am make sure of it.



I was so want the eat of it then but a Rule of Soup still was left for me do it.



I have the so danger Feel about it but them Rules are them Rules so I sneak out the tunnels so quiet.



I put some my soup in a bowl and put it where was I last seen the sweet Pace dog. Maybe him is not expect the leave of soup and be my good Friend I hope so.



I was have happy thinks about him Punny dog tongue lick at my soup.



I sneak back to where is my soup cook. I like the place even if it is stink so much.

I have so good feels for member the make of soup my feets do a hopscotch.



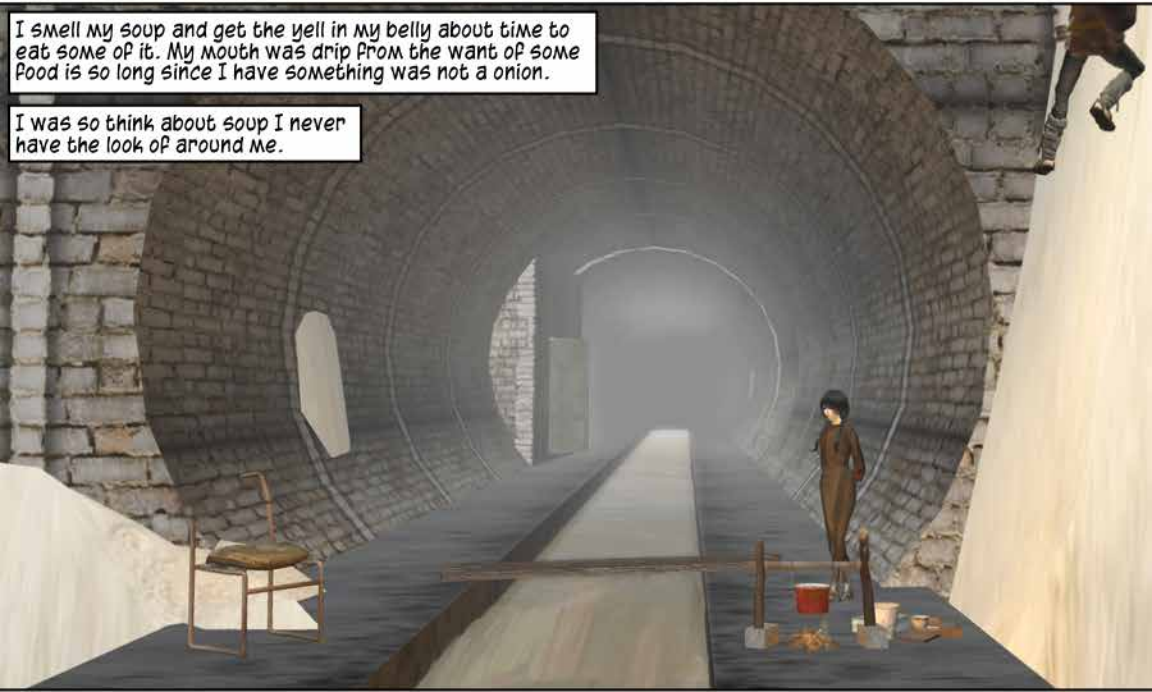
I have the wish think of some day is a kitchen all for my own self. I am have a real cook fire and a so big pot for feed every body around my so good soup.

I am even give some to a floppy monster if him promise only eat the soup not me.



I smell my soup and get the yell in my belly about time to eat some of it. My mouth was drip from the want of some food is so long since I have something was not a onion.

I was so think about soup I never have the look of around me.





Maybe the nother Rule of Soup is don't turn you back for the make of it.





My soup was smell so good and I sit down for finally have the eat of it.



But then I seen a gun and then I seen a man was hold the gun. Why am I never get nothing to eat I don't know.





Remain calm For The Rotling, Episode 5: Talk At Some Gun