

the rotling

episode 5

talk at some gun





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 Gregg, and by the owner and game administrator of The Wastelands, NeoBokrug Elytis.

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I only seen two people since I become here. The First was dead be ate by a monster and the nother person was put him gun in my face.

Him stomp out my fire and show him mean eyes at me so I just be still.

Welly well, little kitten slurpin' on a bowl of stew. I hardly know where to begin...

Is soup not stew.

Don't give me lip, girl! I'll be sayin' what IS and IS NOT from now on, understand?

Well... you talk is so punny I am almost not know the mean of you say.

Let's see if you get the mean of this one...

Get on your knees.









I see... Maybe we're goin about this wrong. Tell me what DO you know before I put a hole in your head.



... I don't know.



Stupid girl don't know very much huh? I want answers dammit! This Grammy you got, where did she go? No wait, don't tell me... you don't know.



Well, a girl that makes soup and got no Polks to come looking for her is gonna be just the thing. Yer a lump of good luck!



And well trained, too...



So, what's a Ploppy monster?



Him terrible Plappy Feets
so bad sound in my hear and him
rot body stink like be dead in
some sun the long time ...

...and him chase me
for all day make me almost die
on some cliff and him head roll
around on him broke neck I don't
know why.



You got a real
problem in your brains,
don't you?



I get headpains make
me hurt and blood nose and see
things and fall down.

Well don't do or
mention that when I'm
tryin to sell you.





So you got a house, hmm? You gather up all this stuff and do it quick. Now that I've had a meal you're gonna invite me back to your place so we can have a nice talk.



Mister what is your name?

My name is Mavis. You call me anything else and I'll skin you, get my mean?

I am understand.

Girl, you're a mess...



What's with the lines on your face?

I don't know. I have the member of some people with lines on they faces have a big fight and be dead of some Pires. Are you ever seen Polks with lines on they face like me?

Never.



Think all your people are dead then, huh? That's a sad tale, boo hoo kitten! My folks were gutted by a tribe of mutants. Bet you don't know mutants either... They're twisted creatures, and tough. They got too many arms and bad tempers. Talk about makin' soup...

But everything living is gonna die sometime. I grab what I can while I can!



I got nothing for grab it.



Oh... I don't know about that...

I take the mean man to where is my house and him point some gun at me the whole time.

I get the Fear so much I forget my good things for the make of soup in the tunnel.



Then I seen so Fear in my Far away look was the Floppy monster lick at a puddle on the road.

So Fast was the dirty hand of Mavis on my mouth and pull my whole self behind some wall for hide there.





After a while the monster was brush off him coat and walk away.

Mavis slow let me breathe again then say at me show him my house or get shot in my brains a lot.



I'm gonna have to shoot that ghoul someday...



In here is the place I make for be safe from things.

Is not work so good I guess...



THAT is your safe place? Girl, I'm surprised you haven't been eaten by wolves yet. This thing looks like it was built with twine and spit!

I am not spit in my own house.

Mean mavis was take all them usefuf things I find around and throw what him don't want all over every place.

You're just plain askin' for it! You keep all your stuff in this little shack and someone is gonna come by and steal it all. Like me!

That's why I carry everything with me, all the time. This sack got my whole life in it. And now it has most of yours, too!

But them things is all the things I got.

No. Them things this is what I got now. See how that works? You have somethin' I want, and I take it. You'll learn more about that as we get to know each other better.

But why are you be mean at me?

Listen kitten, this is a mean world. Maybe it used to be nice once but that's all over now and everything is broke. You could say that the nice world sank into the sands, and this mean ugly one is hangin' on to the wreckage.

You want to cry about gettin' robbed and sold, that's normal I guess. Just remember you're nothin' but barter value to me.

Oh.








Them headpains make me Fall and show me things From the beForetimes. I seen a big Port be burnt and dead Folks every place. My Grammy was put she arms around me and I was hold tight my rag doll. A man so big and dark was use him pole and make the boat go away from them flames and yells.



I know it's the only place you ever known Sammy but you just need to think about everything back there as a place you used to be...

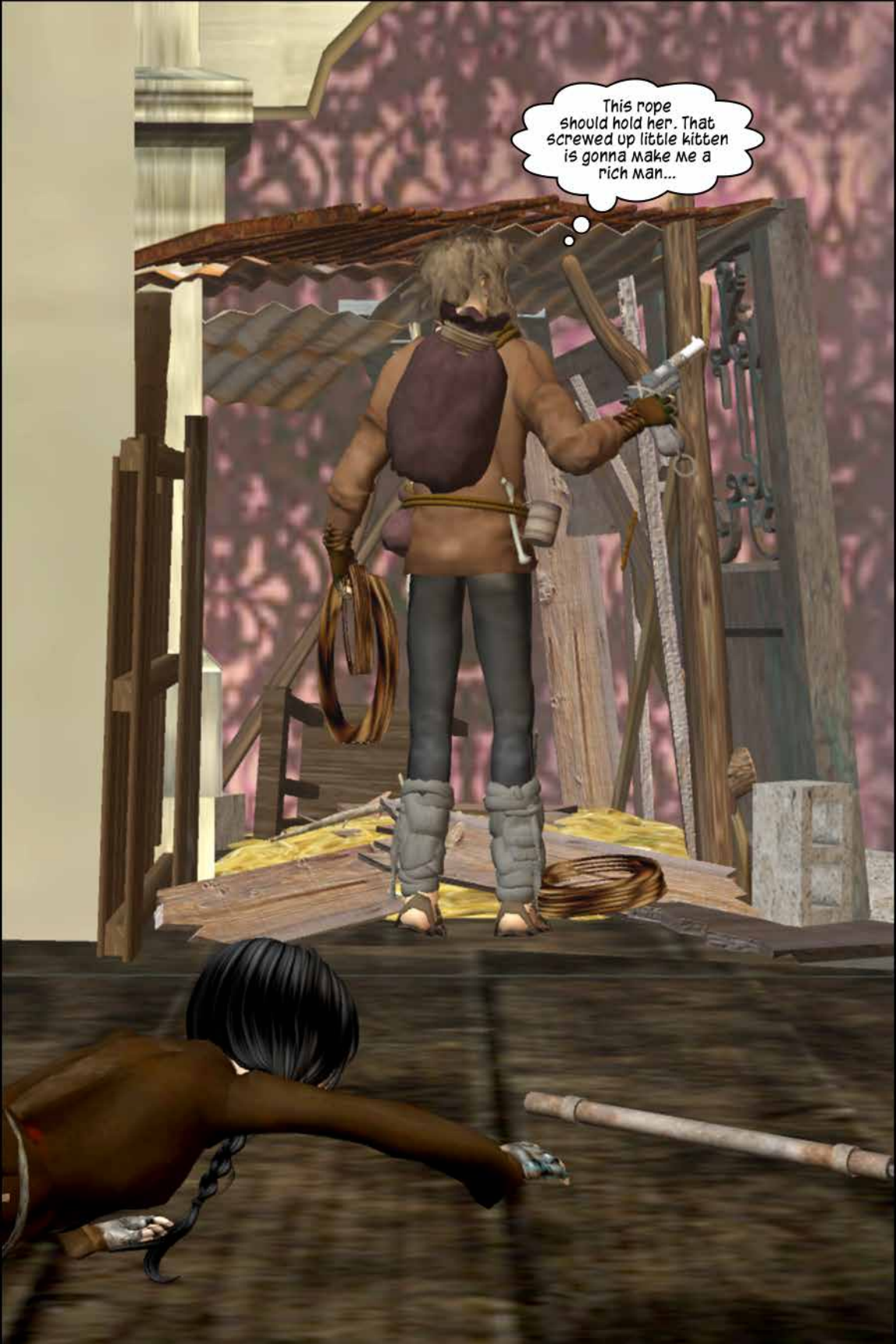


*...and now you can
never go back.*

My real look come back so
puzz at first but I seen
the mean man Mavis was
take ropes from my house.



This rope
should hold her. That
screwed up little kitten
is gonna make me a
rich man...





*Make a grab for The Rotling, Episode 6:
Sat On A Bench*