

## Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: 10-06-2011

by GM Nick

Night descends on Seattle. The blistering heat of the day dials down to a balmy simmer, equal parts humidity and air pollution. As the sky darkens, the lowglo of Seattle lights up; a veritable sea of neon engulfs the city.

The Ares Dragon slumbers on the Harborview Medical helipad, shortly after having delivered Milly into its care. A few palms were greased, thanks to the venerable Mr. Lo and she was admitted without question. A similar exchange transpired almost simultaneously: the handing off of the coveted canister into the hands of a stony-faced Triad lieutenant.

Dash is sprawled out on the windshield, a cigarette burning dangerously close to the filter perched precariously on his bottom lip. From time to time, he touches the scar on his head lightly. Despite some witty banter, the precocious adventurer is certainly not himself.

Doc, Max and Tyros are gathered around the Dragon's built-in commlink. A high priority message from Mr. Lo has just finished decrypting. A holographic representation of the Johnson's face springs to life in the air at the center of the helicopter.

"Gentlemen. I hear that you were successful... both in retrieving the canister and doing significant damage to Renraku's stock price. The agreed upon funds have been wired to your respective accounts. I understand that you are still catching your breath and nursing your wounds, but the situation has changed.

We've ascertained the location of the next canister. The coordinates put it somewhere in an abandoned mining town in Arizona. Unfortunately, we don't seem to be the only interested party. I have reliable intel that indicates that Renraku has dispatched a team to recover the canister before we are able to. You would gain a great tactical advantage by proceeding directly to the canister's location. However, I do not wish to send you in half-cocked. If you absolutely require more time, make sure that you are well equipped to deal with the best that Renraku has to offer."

Lo pauses.

"What will it be, gentlemen?"

(( At this point, you have two choices: Proceed directly to Arizona to try and beat Renraku there. You will not be able to buy gear or upgrade your characters, but you will gain a large advantage. You can opt to stay behind for the regular downtime, but expect that when you *do* arrive, you'll be facing much greater odds. BTW, all wounds will be healed on the flight there. ))

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## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: 10-06-2011

by **John**

Max thinks over the options, and both sound dismal. He only has two hits of bliss left after the last tab wound its way into him as they group sat on the helipad. No, both options are total drek. He doesn't exactly perk up, but he engages enough to respond,

<I say we go now. I don't like the idea of not being able to get a few good nights' sleep, but I don't want to come up against another fraggin' doombot.>

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## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-06-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc lowers his head, feeling defeated. He was *\*THIS\** close to taking a shower!

"Frag it, let's do this. If we can keep this job from getting as pear-shaped as the last one, then I'm all for it."

Lowering his voice, and turning his head away from the commlink's camera, he says to the team,

"Something really went wrong today. I'm used to the odd firefight, but it was like they knew we were there. Maybe we can manage a softer touch this time around"

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## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-06-2011**

by **John**

Max chuckles defeatedly and queries,

"Ha-- who are you kidding, amigo?"

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## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-06-2011**

by **GM Nick**

The ghostly Lo hologram nods.

"Very good. At his insistence, Mr. Danstar will be delivering you himself to Bluewater, Arizona--a small town about 5 kilometers from the abandoned mining operation. This is Sioux territory. Their laws are different out there. The term 'frontier justice' comes to mind so be mindful.

As you may be going up against Renraku muscle, I took the liberty of adding another member to the team. He goes by the name *Rawhide*. His skills with firearms are highly acclaimed and my

superiors vouched for his effectiveness. You'll be picking him up *en route*. More details as they come. Any questions?"

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-06-2011

by Elliott

"One other thing I think..."

Tyros gives a look to Max that seems to indicate it's again time to renegotiate fees.

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-06-2011

by John

Max nods to Tyros, appreciative of his tact in the moment, and addresses their employer

"Mr. Lo, we've just destroyed a superfreighter whose value was more than likely into the billions of nuyen, which I'm certain will benefit your organization immensely. I feel as though an increase in pay is appropriate in this situation."

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-06-2011

by GM Nick

[[ [Max's Negotiation + CHA - 1 \(Harmful Result\) = 3](#) ]]

[[ [Mr. Lo's Negotiation + CHA = 4](#) ]]

"My apologies, Mr. Overstreet. My budget remains constrained. However, my superiors are not blind to your contributions. I will speak with them in earnest about increasing your compensation.

Regarding the retrieval, we do not have the liberty of reconnaissance this time around. You'll be going in dark, as they say."

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-07-2011

by John

Max remains respectful in his reply,

"I can't say I'm overly pleased, but I appreciate anything that you can do on our behalf."

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**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-07-2011

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc nods respectfully to Lo,

"As always, thank you for your consideration. Perhaps we can get going, and continue briefing en route? If we're giving up our downtime, I want to make sure we get there well before Renraku has a chance to settle in. Any information you or your superiors have about this place would be very helpful. Maps, political information, who the locals are... Anything you can tell us, and any files you can give us would be of great use."

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**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-07-2011

by **Elliott**

Tyros grins in a very unpleasant manner at Mr. Lo's intransience.

"With Mily out of action, who can track the homing beacon of the canister so we can actually find the damn thing?"

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**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-07-2011

by **GM Nick**

The Dragon touches down in a disused playground smack dab in the middle of the Barrens. Air currents from the helicopter scatter garbage across the dead grass and concrete, creating a ripple of medical waste, cardboard and broken bottles.

A stocky silhouette stands in the center of the playground. Dash flicks on the Dragon's headlamp and the new team member is illuminated.

Rawhide is five feet of *tough*. From his taut muscles to the obvious dermal plating and cybernetic eyes, the dwarf looks like a walking commercial for the mercenary lifestyle. His dress is almost page-for-page from the *Mercenary Inc.* catalog: Steel-toed drek-kickers, tactical cargo pants bulging with extra munitions, a kevlar vest rimmed with shining grenades, and a tattered, lined coat that's seen more firefights than a Wuxing security camera. His coarse, graying beard is knotted strategically so as to not get in his way. A tattoo of a grinning skull decorates the top of his bald head. The dwarf has a duffel slung over one shoulder, bearing a patch that says 'KILL EVERYTHING.'

He approaches the open cargo door of the helicopter and tosses his duffel bag on the floor. As he

does so, you catch a faint glimpse of a highly modified Ingram sub-machine gun slung across his chest. There's no attempt to conceal the massive Ruger revolver strapped to his thigh.

With some effort and nary a word, Rawhide climbs aboard and seats himself by the door.

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-07-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Waking up from an impromptu and improbable nap on the noisy helicopter, Doc focuses his bleary eyes on the newcomer seated across from him.

"Mph, you the new guy? Uh, um, Raw... Rawhide, was it?"

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-07-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide grunts noncommittally and turns his gaze back to the wall. After a moment he seems to change his mind and looks back at Doc. He glowers for a while before speaking.

"I guess it's only fraggin' fair that I should warn you, since we've never fraggin' worked together. I got what the doctor's called the bipolarity disorder, or some drek like that. It means I'm a motherfragger rude son of a bitch one minute and.... well, a marginally less nasty motherfragger the rest of time. So if I yell at you, point my gun at you, or try and strap you to a nuclear bomb that we left in Kiev that one Summer, don't go gettin' all nancy-ass magical fairy princess about it."

Rawhide resuming glaring straight ahead. He shoots a plaintive look at Doc.

"Please."

He's suddenly very busy rooting around in his duffel bag.

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-07-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc arches an eyebrow.

"The Bipolarity, eh?" He says, barely concealing a smirk.

"Good to know. Just try to restrain the gun-pointing, if you can. I've already been shot once in the last day, so I'm already at my quota."

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**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-07-2011**

by **John**

Max is unimpressed.

"Sounds to me like you're just an asshole."

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**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-07-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide ignores Max and goes about carefully administering a solution into a chemical grenade with a big syringe. He seems to be whispering disturbing things to himself, but no one can be sure over the drone of the 'copter's rotors.

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**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-07-2011**

by **Elliott**

Tyros gives a sidelong look at Doc and says to Rawhide, "Glad to have another gun on our side, but like Doc said, make sure you keep the shooty end pointed away from us. If you can do that, I'm sure we'll get along just fine. In the mean time, I think I'm going to pass out now. Wake me up when we get there."

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**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-08-2011**

by **John**

Max glances at the ork distrustfully, but the exhaustion washes over him and cannot be denied. He closes his eyes and catches the first reprieve he's had in what feels like years.

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**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-08-2011**

by **GM Nick**

A sudden change in altitude rouses the runners from fitful slumber. The Dragon veers through a canyon, the echo of rotor noise reverberating strangely.

Gone is the urban landscape you know so well. It's replaced by, well, nothing. The Arizona desert is a massive expanse of sand, rock and only the most tenacious of shrubbery. The team finds themselves full of conflicting emotions: the total lack of neon, honking vehicles and holographic advertisements is both liberating and agoraphobia inducing. There are no safe alleys or corners out here.

A couple Sioux tribesman in a dune buggy watch with interest as the helicopter passes overhead, rising out of the canyon and towards Bluewater.

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-08-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc has been using the old fashioned, heavy duty headphones -- still strangely ubiquitous in helicopters despite the advancements of modern communications technology -- as a means to muffle the noise of the helicopter. He rotates the bulky microphone into place as he gazes on the landscape.

< [Dash, you didn't mention Arizona is on Fraggin' Mars! How much farther to Bluewater?](#) >

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-10-2011**

by **GM Nick**

The Dragon touches down on a piece of concrete that's losing a battle with erosion. Wind from the rotors creates a virtual sand storm around the big copter, eventually settling as they spin to a stop.

The devastating heat--an oppressive reminder of the sorry state of the ozone--seems to hit the runners like a boxing glove full of magma. It is fraggin' *hot*.

Dash cranes his neck.

"Alright, this is the LZ. Bluewater is just over that hill, about a mile. I'll be back in 24 hours to pick you up. Closest re-fuel is in Phoenix, so I can't come get you any sooner. Try to delay the clusterfragging, will ya?"

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-10-2011**

by **Elliott**

Tyros smiles at Dash, "We'll be in touch!"

Tyros grabs whatever water supplies they brought in the helo and drops down onto the ground, moving low until he is well outside the radius of the chopper blades.

"Let's do this and get the fuck out of here, this heat isn't natural, I say."

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## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-10-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc takes one step out into the heat, and quickly strips off his lined coat like it's on fire. He rolls it up and ties it down to the outside his pack with one of the straps. The day someone makes properly breathable armor is the day they become very rich.

"Holy drek, anyone else miss Alaska already?"

Shouldering the pack, he shades his eyes with a hand, and gazes through the glare at the hill ahead.

"Alright, let's get this over with. Maybe we can find a place with A/C in town."

Doc starts walking toward the destination. He keeps his rifle on its strap over his shoulder, mindful of Mr. Lo's warning about the law and justice in the area.

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## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-11-2011**

by **John**

Max has been happier. He's a cool-weather boy. The overcast skies of Seattle suit him; desert infernos do not.

Max is feeling edgy. Getting the boat-full of Yakuza high had all but tapped his reserves of bliss. As it was, he could feel the two lone tabs he still had rattling around inside the bottle that he kept in his pocket. He didn't like to be this short on painkillers. They should be enough for twenty four hours. *JUST* enough.

Striking out for Blue Water, Max pushes past Tyros and Rawhide up to the front of the assembled party where Doc is walking. His binoculars slung around his neck and his shotgun over his shoulder, Max thinks aloud,

"Lo had better make this worth out fraggin' time. I'm startin' to feel like we're getting pretty short-changed by all three-foot-nine of him."

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## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-11-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide slings the duffel over his back and hops off the helicopter, giving a cursory grunt to Dash. He glares up at the sun a moment before the protective covers snap shut over his cybernetic eyes.

Whistling tunelessly, the dwarf trots after the runners towards the godforsaken hell pit known as Bluewater.

The desert shimmers around the team, pelting them with wave after wave of unrelenting arid desert atmosphere. A trail winds its way down the hill towards a labyrinth of ECS--Environmentally Contained Shelters--essentially polished plasteel yurts, gleaming obnoxiously in the fireball of a sun.

As they make their way down the hill, the team is approached by a Sioux kid. He can't be any older than ten years old. His clothes are suited to the desert--breathable mesh-wear. A pair of oversize goggles are strapped comically to his head.

"Hey," he says as he stops about 5 meters in front of Tyros. ["You need a guide. Let me give you a tour. My name is Coyote."](#)

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## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-11-2011**

by **John**

Max takes a second to size the kid up, not feeling particularly in the mood for getting fleeced by local children.

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## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-11-2011**

by **Elliott**

Tyros smiles down at the boy in what he believes must be a friendly manner, although probably looks more like something out of a horror vid. "Certainly, little buddy. We are looking for some friends of ours who have just arrived here. Japanese gentlemen, very high tech types. Have you seen them by any chance?"

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## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-11-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Coyote looks up at Tyros and does his best to put up a brave front.

"No. You are the first white people I have seen in a long time. We are just Sioux. Come on, I will show you where you can stay."

Without waiting for any sort of confirmation, the kid turns around races back towards the maze of ECS.

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-11-2011**

by **John**

Max casts a wary glance to Doc and follows the boy with some hesitation at a light jog.

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-11-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc returns the look, then shrugs his shoulders.

Following kid, he keeps his head on a swivel, checking doorways and other hiding places for an ambush.

"Say, kid, where are you taking us, and what do you get out of it?"

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-11-2011**

by **GM Nick**

The runners, led by the implacable youth, maneuver down a dirt path and in between the strange, impossibly white yurt-like dwellings. They're essentially featureless with the exception of an environmental control unit and vent on the top and the faint outline that signifies the doorway. They seem to glow in the sunlight. A feature that--according to your 'guide'--is intended to store and manage heat.

Arriving at one of the ECS on the outskirts of the *village*, Coyote stops and turns around.

"This is where my Uncle Enapay lives."

Coyote leans in and murmurs conspiratorially. "He sells guns."

A portal of darkness appears behind the kid as the ECS's door opens. A muscular, bare-chested

Sioux man appears in the sunlight and glowers reproachfully at his nephew.

"Who are these strangers? I hope you are not trying to extort money from them."

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-11-2011

by **John**

Max steps up to the man and says,

"The boy here tells us that you can help us with some.. *supplies* we might need..."

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-11-2011

by **GM Nick**

Enapay's eyes are hard and burn into Max.

"We don't get many tourists. Just what exactly is it that you are doing out here?"

(( Let me know what specific social skills you want to use, if any. ))

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-11-2011

by **John**

Max doesn't lay on the smooth-talking charm, but nor does he try to push the man around. No, Max plays it straight-- no bulldrek.

"We're meeting some people. We just want to make sure that we're prepared if those people aren't happy to meet us."

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-12-2011

by **Drew Buddy**

(( Also, couldn't I use etiquette to help us "fit in" if need be? ))

Doc chimes in,

"Not to worry, sir, we won't be here long. This area is going to have a veritable army of outsiders descending on it very soon. Our goal is to... defuse the situation. If we are successful, then they

won't have a reason to come here in the first place. And trust me, if you don't want us here, then you *definitely* don't want them here."

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-12-2011

by Elliott

While Max and Doc talk, Tyros stands back, apparently taking in the surroundings. Checking on the canister's tracking signal, he tries to pinpoint which direction it's in and how far away it might be.

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-12-2011

by John

((Is Titsy McGee with us on this run? I'm guessing not.))

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-12-2011

by GM Nick

Tyros' commlink, tuned to the GPS signal being transmitted from the canister, indicates that it is several kilometers to the north. From what Tyros can determine, that puts it somewhere in the desert expanse.

Rawhide's ears perk at the word 'guns,' but he keeps a respectable distance as it's clear the elf is speaking for the group.

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-12-2011

by John

Max cuts to the point,

"Look, friend, we need some munitions. Specifically, I'm looking for grenades and armor piercing rounds. If you help us out here we'll be able to help you by keeping a *very* large group of *very* bad men away from your town. What do you say?"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-12-2011

by **GM Nick**

[ [Max's Negotiation + CHA + 2 \(First Impression\) + 1 \(Pheromones\) - 3 \(Hostile\) = 3](#) ]

[ [Enapay's Negotiation + CHA = 3](#) ]

Enapay's eyes narrow. He looks at each runner in turn.

"Very well. I will sell to you, but don't expect the regular price."

The inside of the ECS is fairly spartan. A bed roll is tucked away neatly on one side and a toilet is on the other. There is an antiquated comm-terminal near the back of the abode and a few pieces of Sioux art hung on the walls.

Enapay runs his hands over the seamless floor with his hands and abruptly stops. He pushes down and a hidden hatchway pops open, revealing a cornucopia of firearms and ammunition.

"What is it that you're looking for, exactly?"

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## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-12-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide stares at the pile of munitions and all but drools.

"Fragging hell, commanche. You got yourself enough flash gear here to equip a small army. How the hell did you manage to acquire all this?"

Enapay's steely gaze does not falter.

"UCAS has been attempting to push the boundary to our Nation for the last 5 years. Any soldier foolish enough to break the armistice and enter our lands is dispatched. I ...specialize in dealing with the leftover equipment."

Rawhide raises a shaggy eyebrow and darts the other runners an uneasy look.

"I uh... I see."

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-12-2011**

by **John**

Max remains true to the momentum of the moment for the time being. Gesturing over his shoulder to the shotgun slung over it, he says,

"I'm looking for some armor piercing slugs for this thing here-- say fifty of them, high explosive

grenades, EMP grenades, and perhaps song gas grenades if you've got them. Lastly, it never hurts to carry a few extra trauma patches."

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-12-2011

by **GM Nick**

"I've got these 12 gauge armor piercing slugs--they'll run you 100¥ per 10. HE grenades are 500¥ each. Don't have any EMP grenades. I have gas grenades but they're hard to come by--so ¥1,000."

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-12-2011

by **John**

Max nods, his index finger curled on his lips and the pad of his thumb under his chin. Thinking it over, he says,

"Alright, give me 100 of the slugs, five HE grenades, and one gas grenade. Forty-five hundred, right? Don't have any trauma patches? Doc, how are you doing on HE rounds?"

Max gives the Sioux the credits for his part of the transaction. Receiving the armor piercing rounds, Max loads his shotgun with them, chambering a shell so as to load an additional round into the gun.

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-12-2011

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc looks over the piles of weapon and thinks for a moment.

"Okay, I'm good on armor piercing, but I could use, say, 30 EX-Explosive large caliber rifle rounds. Also maybe 14 stick-n-shock, if you have 'em." He gestures at the rifle. "I have a couple of other needs, but they might be far-fetched at this time. I'm looking for a burst fire modification for the rifle, and maybe a couple of drone autosofts."[hr]  
(( How ARE we doing on HE rounds? Are we even tracking ammunition? ))

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-12-2011

by **John**

(( Thus far we haven't really been-- I just buy enough to make sure that I don't run out. ))

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**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-12-2011

by **Drew Buddy**

(( That's what I've been doing, too. Just buy a few extra of what I've been using, each time we buy ammo. ))

"Okay, you know what? I should probably get another ten AV rounds, and three each of high explosive and frag grenades for the launcher."

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**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-12-2011

by **Elliott**

Tyros looks at the Indian, "Grandfather, what is to the north of here? Say, a few kilometers out? Anything special or are we just going to find more desert?"

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**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-12-2011

by **GM Nick**

Enapay looks vaguely surprised.

"There is an abandoned mining town about 3 kilometers north of here. It hasn't been used in many years. The locals don't like to go near it."

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**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-12-2011

by **John**

Max is interested and concerned,

"Why is that?"

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**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-12-2011

by **GM Nick**

"The Hopi have an old legend called *Poli Taka*. He was a kachina that took the form of a Butterfly. Poli Taka was so beautiful that the creator became jealous and struck him mute so that

he could not sing. Imbittered, Poli Taka withdrew from the light and grew hateful. The Hopi people both revere and fear Poli Taka. We share many legends with the Hopi--myths that gain that credence with their mystery.

The locals are convinced that Poli Taka lives in the mine and that's the reason that the Corporation packed up and left so suddenly. It also keeps the kids from venturing there and getting injured."

Enapay shrugs.

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-12-2011

by **John**

Max responds gravely,

"As soon as you outfit us with the ordinance we need that you have, I'd like very much to speak with your leader about heading out that way. We need to get into that town, but I want to do so in such a manner that does not disturb any of your beliefs. Can you take us to him?"

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-12-2011

by **GM Nick**

Coyote pipes up from the doorway.

"Poli Taka *is* real! I've seen him with my own eyes!"

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-12-2011

by **John**

Max turns around and says to the boy,

"What's that, kid? Tell us."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-12-2011

by **GM Nick**

Enapay shakes his head at Coyote, who shoots him a resentful glare and runs off through the cluster of ECS.

"It's just a tribal legend. Folklore. I wouldn't read too far into it."

He laughs at Max.

"We don't have any leadership out here. We're really more of a commune. If you want to go to the old mine, nobody here will stop you. Just watch your step... no hospitals out here. If you encounter any Sioux warriors, you'd do best to keep your weapons lowered.

Did you need any more gear?"

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-12-2011

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc looks back at Enapay, still perturbed by the thought of what Coyote might have seen.

"Yeah, do you have anything on my list, or am I barking up the wrong... cactus?"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-12-2011

by **GM Nick**

"I can't help you with explosive rounds, but I have plenty of stick 'n shock. I can modify your rifle to fire burst, but it will take time. You'd have to leave it with me.

AV and stick 'n shock rounds are Â¥50 each, and the grenades will run you Â¥500 apiece. The only trauma patches I have are from UCAS medkits, near or passed expiration. Those will be Â¥300 apiece."

(( The trauma patches are rating 1. ))

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-12-2011

by **John**

Max nods,

"Give me a trauma patch while you're at it."

Taking the patch, says to Enapay,

"Thank you for your hospitality and advice."

Turning, Max leaves the hut.

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-12-2011

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc mulls over the options, and replies,

"Thanks for the offer, but I'd rather not be caught without my rifle out there. I'll grab 14 stick-n-shocks (( one full magazine )), and another 10 AV rounds to add to my collection. For grenades, I'll go with 3 high explosive, and 3 frag."

Doc transfers \$4,200 to the man.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-12-2011

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide purchases 50 AP rounds and 2 flash-bang grenades.

Enapay looks to Tyros. "Need anything?"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-12-2011

by **John**

(( I'm going to proceed here as if Tyros doesn't need anything, as Elliott indicated that he didn't care if he wasn't able to get any gear for this one. I assume that should he, I don't know, want to buy *his own* stim patches [:D] he can do that and it can just be interpreted in the proper order. ))

Standing outside the hut, Max talks to the group,

"Alright, I see no reason to linger here when we know where we need to go. Let's get moving--the sooner we finish this dreck, the sooner we can all get home and take a fraggin' shower."

Max sets off north toward the abandoned town and the fourth Deus shard.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-12-2011

by **GM Nick**

The boy Coyote, who had been waiting for the runners on the hill North of the town, runs towards Max.

"You cannot go to the mine! Poli Taka will eat you!"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-12-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc is already drenched in his own sweat from the (thus far) short walk, and feeling miserable. He gives a tired look to Coyote.

"Given our luck, there probably is something horrible and unpleasant in that mine." He grumbles to no one in particular.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-12-2011**

by **John**

Max is feeling a mixture of both curiosity and impatience,

"Alright kid, I'll bite. Tell me what you're talking about. Tell me exactly what you saw."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-12-2011**

by **Elliott**

Tyros heads out of the tent with the team, trusting in his sword and mind, rather than bullets, to get him through the challenges ahead. As they begin to walk, he racks his brain for anything he has read that might link or explain Poli Taka ((Roll parazoology or magical threats, as appropriate))

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-13-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Coyote squints up at Max and then promptly sticks his open palm out in front of him.

"I tell you... Â¥500!"

Rawhide brings up the flank and meets the team on the crest of the hill, occasionally glancing over his shoulder at Bluewater.

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-13-2011

by **John**

Max is outraged!

"Why you little drekbag!"

Max knew this would happen the moment the kid ran up to them at first. What is it with local children fragging over everyone they possibly can?

"100," Max blurts out, gnashing his teeth and menacing the child slightly.

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-13-2011

by **GM Nick**

Coyote puts on his best look of mock distress.

"Fine. 100."

After the kid downloads the currency to a worn (and probably unregistered) credstick, he points to the horizon.

"Poli Taka lives in the mines. I was there, looking for treasures. Mama said never to go to the mines, but I don't listen to her. I found a man's suit--armor, like they wear in the big cities. He had a gun but it was broken... nothing that Uncle Enapay can sell. I wanted to go into the mines, so I went a little ways. That's where I saw him."

He stands on his tiptoes and raises his hands in the air.

"He was very tall, but didn't look like a butterfly. More like a scorpion. Maybe a spider. He had many arms and many eyes. I knew that it was Poli Taka from the stories Mama had told me."

Coyote looks sheepish.

"I was afraid, so I ran back to the village. Uncle Enapay and many of the tribe's warriors went looking for Poli Taka in the mines. They didn't find him, but I know he is there."

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-13-2011

by **John**

Max is interested to say the least,

"Can you describe him in better detail? What was he wearing? Did he look like a man, just with many arms and eyes? Or was he completely inhuman looking? How tall? Tall and skinny, or tall and big? Did he have any weapons? Does this thing sound at all familiar to you, Tyros?"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-13-2011

by **GM Nick**

[ [Tyros's Parazoology + LOG = 1 success](#) ]

Tyros looks thoughtful as he watches the boy and tries to imagine what he's imitating.

(( PM'd you the results. ))

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-13-2011

by **GM Nick**

Coyote picks up a fire ant and thrusts it in Max's face.

"Like this! He looks like this!"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-13-2011

by **John**

Max smacks the ant away and stares at the kid in annoyance.

"Look kid, I expect a little more description and a little less bulldrek for 100 bucks," Max says forcefully.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-13-2011

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc is getting increasingly uncomfortable. Yes, the kid probably has an overactive imagination, but Doc can't stop the doubt from creeping in.

"Huh, and did this thing notice you? Where exactly did you see it?"

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-13-2011

by **GM Nick**

Coyote turns and runs back to the village.

"I have to go now! Don't let Poli Taka get you!"

A gust of wind, feeling as though it emanated from an oven, picks up the sand and swirls it around the runners' feet. With the sudden flurry comes a sense of unease--perhaps even impending dread.

The sun is beginning a slow descent in the horizon. There's about six hours of daylight left.

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-13-2011

by **John**

Max is too skeptical to be shaken. Turning his gaze north, he says,

"Lets keep moving. We should lay eyes on this place before dark."

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-13-2011

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc loosens the strap on his rifle and continues the march.

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-13-2011

by **GM Nick**

The desert is maddeningly quiet. Apart from the faint rustle of a breeze through the joshua trees and the high-pitched call of insects, the silence is pervasive and does strange things to the eardrums. The distinct lack of stimuli engages repressed, primal emotions in the runners. The fight or flight reflex is pulling at its leash, just begging to overcome the calmness that you've worked so hard to cultivate.

Rawhide continues to whistle tunelessly, a feeble sound against the enormity of the landscape and one that says volumes about the existential nature of the tiny group of figures moving across the plains.

After several grueling kilometers through the desert, the team arrives at a small valley. A cluster of neglected and sand-beaten shelters are scattered throughout, sporting faded paint and peeling plasteel panels. The skeleton of a large utility truck sits idly nearby, the desert having reclaimed most of its exterior.

In the center of the encampment is a gaping hole in the ground, its inside dark as pitch. Just looking at the entrance to the mine conjures ancient fears of the unknown and some ancestral sense of dread that only dangerous, dark places can invoke.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-13-2011

by **John**

The march through the desert after the assault on the Amaterasu has Max drained. Everything inside him seems to want to just quit, but he's past the point of no return on throwing his hands up in the air and calling it a day's work. The elf's augmented, already-hyper-sensitive hearing grasps desperately for anything to hold onto in the desert expanse, but moment to moment and into infinity seems to come up short; he aches for signs of *anything*. Max pauses at the entrance to the mine, his reluctance shining through his body language.

"You guys want to head in now, or wait for morning? It might be best to hang back so as not to have to hold out in a firefight for Dash's return," Max suggests.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-13-2011

by **Drew Buddy**

"That might not be a bad idea," Doc replies.

"It would be good to establish a perimeter anyway. We should do some recon of the area. If Mr. Lo is correct, then a small Renraku team is already here. I'd like to know *where* they are before we jump into a hole that has only one way back out."

Doc scans the still, silent landscape. A sense of unease troubles the back of his mind, but he forces it down like so many times before.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-13-2011

by **Elliott**

Tyros nods in agreement, "I think waiting until morning is an excellent idea. Let's keep close watch on the mine entrance and monitor the canister frequency. It is likely the Renraku team is

already here or in the immediate vicinity, and we could potentially ambush them for a change if we are careful. From what I've heard, Renraku sent its best special forces team, so I'd rather not have them get the drop on us. Plus, from what that boy was saying, this Poli Taka sounds like a spirit of some kind, from his description, potentially an insect spirit, which is about as bad as it gets, so letting Renraku take it out getting to the canister, might be very nice indeed."

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-13-2011**

by **John**

Max listens to the group, who have all been agreeing at an alarming rate over the past twenty four hours. 'Seems like we're finally starting to coalesce as a team,' the displaced PI thinks to himself. Wiping sweat from his brow, Max says,

"It sounds like we're pretty much in agreement, then. Why don't we take up positions in some of these nearby buildings and keep eyes on the mine entrance until dawn? We'll have to keep hours to stay on guard to make sure nobody leaves the mine with our pot of gold."

Max surveys the surroundings for the best possible locations for various team members to stake out, adding,

"It'd be a good idea, of course, to take a look around and make sure we're not about to step in anything. Who knows, maybe we'll get lucky and find *their* basecamp and lie in wait for them to return."

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-13-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

"Ha," Doc replies, "wouldn't that be a nice change."

He starts walking slowly toward the shelters, keeping his eyes on the ground in search of footprints or signs of any recent disturbance.

Almost as an afterthought, he pulls the tiny Dragonfly from his pack, and orders its pilot to patrol the area from 20 meters up. He checks the video feed periodically as he closes on the shelter.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-13-2011**

by **John**

Max heads off with Doc, indicating that Tyros and Rawhide should recon together.

---

## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: 10-13-2011

by Elliott

Tyros grins, "Someone let me borrow some binoculars and I'll see if there is anything around."

Tyros takes Rawhide's binoculars and moves to a clear area. With a motion of his hands (centering), Tyros vanishes (invis, f4). Once satisfied he cannot be seen, he concentrates again lifting his arms up into the air (centering) and flies off into the night (levitate, f2). Once he gains sufficient altitude, he uses a combination of his thermal vision, the binoculars and astral sight (with a particular emphasis on this around the mine entrance) to scan the entire mine area for about a kilometer in every direction.

---

## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: 10-13-2011

by GM Nick

[ [Tyros â†’ Improved Invis. \(4\) â†’ Spellcasting + MAG + 2 - 1 \(Background Count\) \(Focus\) = 6](#) ]

[ [Tyros â†’ Resist Drain â†’ WIL + LOG + 3 - 1 \(Background Count\) = 2](#) ] \*\*1S Damage\*\*

Tyros notices an annoying chatter while he weaves his spell--almost as if there is *static* on the astral plane in that area.

[ [Tyros â†’ Levitate \(2\) â†’ Spellcasting + MAG + 2 \(Focus\) - 1 \(Background Count\) = 5](#) ]

[ [Tyros â†’ Resist Drain â†’ WIL + LOG + 3 - 1 \(Background Count\) = 8](#) ]

The landscape pushes away as the big troll rises into the air, surveying several square kilometers of empty, lonely desert.

---

## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: 10-13-2011

by John

Max and Doc search the interiors of the sparse buildings in the abandoned mining town, clearing them carefully so as not to leave blind corners upon entering rooms and making note of which structures are clean.

---

## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: 10-13-2011

by GM Nick

Max and Doc hike down towards the 'mouth' of the mine, the large aperture in the earth that descends into total darkness. As they trudge, they begin to make out strange patterns in the sand, emerging from the mine and wandering out into the desert.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-13-2011

by **John**

Max crouches down to inspect the markings, trying to determine whether or not they are footprints of either human or inhuman origin.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-13-2011

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc calls down the Dragonfly, and sends it into the mouth of the mine, to take a look at the area just past the entrance without being seen.

"What do you think?" He asks, kneeling beside Max.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-13-2011

by **GM Nick**

Max can't make heads or tails of the strange markings.

[ [Doc â†’ Biology + LOG = 3](#) ]

Doc studies the footprints as well.

(( PMing you results. ))

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-13-2011

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide comes huffing over the hill above the mine and waves breathlessly at Max and Doc.

"You've... gotta... come and... see... this."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-13-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc furrows his brow, and checks over his shoulders before glancing nervously back at Rawhide.

"Please don't tell me that it has anything to do with these..." He says, pointing at the tracks.

Doc stands up and motions for Max to follow. Jogging up the hill, he unslings his rifle and says to Max, "Long story short: We have bugs. Big fraggin' bugs."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-13-2011**

by **John**

"Drek," Max exclaims. Retrieving his shotgun from its position on his back, Max follows Doc and Rawhide to the source of the ork's concern.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide leads Doc and Max to an enormous building, half-buried in the sand.

"It's a SPORE," says Rawhide.

"Semi-Permanent Operation and Recovery Enclosure. UCAS uses them as forward bases in difficult terrain. What one would be doing in a mining camp is beyond me. Look at this..."

The dwarf ducks underneath a doorway made smaller by the sand accumulating and filling its base.

The inside of the building resembles the inside of a warehouse. There are multiple rows of shelving units, (all empty) a few tables a line of about a dozen crates. A fine layer of sand covers everything.

Rawhide leans over the rim of one of the crates.

"They're empty. But check this out."

He points to the side of the crate which is clearly marked *50 CAL. ORDINANCE*.

"And up there."

Your eyes are directed to several strange cylinders that have been riveted along the windows.

"Machine gun mounts."

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-14-2011

by **John**

Max thinks aloud,

"Enapay referred to a time when 'the company left;' looks to me like we've found the evidence of that. Look at this drek-- it's half swallowed by the desert. I'm guessing our big bug friends had something to do with them getting the frag outta' Dodge."

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-14-2011

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc kicks the sand with his boot.

"How long do you think this has been here? It looks like the desert has had some time to munch on this place a bit."

Doc turns his gaze to the machine gun mounts.

"Man, I wish they had left *those* behind.

He starts pacing.

"Okay, so we have some kind of bug hive near here, probably in the cave. I'd estimate them to be about 1.5 meters tall, looking something like a mantis. That's problem one.

"Problem two: We still might encounter a Renraku forward team. Any sign of them yet?"

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-14-2011

by **John**

Max comms the skyward troll,

<Tyros, got anything worth reporting?>

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-14-2011

by GM Nick

Doc's boot hits something solid as he kicks at the sand.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-14-2011

by Drew Buddy

Doc stops and stares at the ground. He gives the area a couple more prodding kicks before kneeling down.

"Huh," he says, scooping away at the sand, ["there's something under here."](#)

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-14-2011

by Elliott

Tyros remains hovering several hundred meters above the camp, scanning for signs of heat signatures, or living auras in all directions.

"<So far I got nothing, and I can see pretty far...anything interesting going on down there? I can take first watch from up here if you guys want to settle down for some shut eye. I still think waiting until the morning is the best idea.>"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-14-2011

by GM Nick

Doc's digging uncovers a helmet--complete with a human skull! The helmet bears an imprint of the UCAS logo. The rest of the body seems to be missing.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-14-2011

by Drew Buddy

After a former life of dealing with body parts in various states of health and integrity, Doc can only look at the skull with a detached inquisitiveness. Not bothering to cover his hands, he grabs the remaining vertebra of the dead soldier's neck, and pulls the skull out of the helmet.

["So, what's your story?"](#) He murmurs at it. He turns it over in his hands, and looks for evidence or markings on the bones that could shine a light on how the soldier died.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Doc can make out a groove on the skull that indicates severe laceration leading to head trauma.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **John**

Max has seen more death since his first meeting with Mr. Lo than he had in all his years leading up to it, so while this human remnant might have moved him to discomfort several weeks ago, he stands in the moment undaunted. Casting his gaze back over his shoulder to the mouth of the mine as visible through the doorway to the SPORE, Max comments as much to himself as to anybody else,

"That place is a tomb..."

Snapping to, he comms to Tyros in response,

<Nothing so far, Blynken. The sun is gonna set soon, though, so we're gonna look around for posts to set up camp and wait 'til sunrise.>

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **GM Nick**

The oppressive heat of the day gradually recoils as the sky darkens. Stars, an extremely rare sight in 2076, light up the sky by the tens of thousands. The silence of the desert perseveres, accompanied only by the occasional howl of a coyote.

Rawhide dozes lightly with his back against a collapsed shelter, eyelids lifting every so often as he surveys the landscape. His SMG is perched on his lap, at the ready.

Just before midnight, a branch snaps outside of the perimeter.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **John**

Max's augmented hearing perks and snaps his senses to! Drawing his shotgun in the direction of the noise, he stands at the ready, stirred from a half-slumber and pumping adrenaline. Lowlight eyes have their advantages, and moments like this are high on the list.

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-14-2011

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc's head snaps in the direction of the noise. He brings his rifle to a low ready, and starts padding softly around the building, his view a monochrome feed from the thermal sensors.[hr] He sends the Dragonfly over the top of the structure to get an alternate view.

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-14-2011

by **GM Nick**

Enapay steps across the perimeter. He stares unflinchingly Doc, Max and Rawhide.

"The men you spoke of were seen on the ridge by our village. Japanese men. They were equipped for combat. I thought you deserved fair warning."

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-14-2011

by **John**

Max lowers his shotgun and says,

"Enapay! You scared the *b'jeezus* outta' me! How many of them? What direction were they headed in??"

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-14-2011

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc lowers his rifle in surprise, and listens in.

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-14-2011

by **GM Nick**

Enapay steps closer and you can make out a dark stain spreading from his torso.

"There were 5 of them. They threatened to slaughter everyone in Bluewater if I didn't..."

He sways on his feet.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc clicks into gear, and rushes forward, catching him by the shoulders.

"Easy, now," he says as he lowers the man to the ground.

"Let me take a look at that. Can you describe what happened?"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **John**

Max jumps forward, concern rushing over his face.

"What did they do to you??"

Assuring him, Max says,

"We can try to patch you up, Enapay. Just hang in there!"

Max reaches into his pack and withdraws his medkit. Simultaneously, he comms the whole team (mostly for Tyros's benefit),

<Hostiles in the villiage. Renraku. We're gonna have incoming.>

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Enapay jerks forward, as though struck from behind. He grasps weakly at Doc's jacket as he falls. The Sioux man hits the ground and chokes wetly, a gaping exit wound now visible in his stomach.

"Mine... dangerous... you can't..."

A cloud of sand erupts behind Doc.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **John**

Max dives for cover, shouting,

*"Frag! Have we ever gotten the drop on ANYBODY?!"*

His shotgun once again at the ready, Max scans the surroundings for Renraku's newest volunteers for the group's next mass grave.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

While still kneeling in front of the wounded man, Doc twists around to face the threat.

< Tyros! We have hostiles right on top of us! >

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **GM Nick**

A voice, cybernetically modulated, echoes across the desert wasteland. It's a sadists's voice--cruel and dripping with malice. It appears to be female, though the modulation makes it difficult to say for sure.

"Poor little Indian chief. So many guns and no idea how to use 'em. Why not be good little criminals and go fetch that canister for us? Make our job easier."

(( Tyros is unable to spot the source of the voice from his lofty position. The background count is too high to make any visual contact with auras on the ground. ))

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide thumbs the safety off his Ingram and snarls into the night.

"Come out, you cowardly bitch! Let's see how you do in a fair fight!"

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **John**

Max remains silent for a moment and shouts back from cover,

*"That's alright, sweetheart! I'd rather you make me some waffles!"*

Max continues to periodically peek out and look for his enemies.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc presses a finger against Enapay's neck, checking to see if the man can still be saved.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **GM Nick**

A silhouette flits across the horizon, slipping in and out of normal vision and thermos, too ephemeral to get a lock on.

*"We'll meet soon enough... and I'll bathe in your blood."*

After several minutes of furtively scanning the perimeter, the intruder seems to be gone.

*(( Enapay has no pulse. ))*

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **John**

Max, emboldened by his request for waffles, stands with his shotgun in the crook of his elbow and continues to gaze into the distance. The Remington forms a forty five degree angle with his upper arm, and he is silhouetted from in front by the moonlight. Welcome to Hero Pose 101.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **GM Nick**

A transmission crackles into the team's comms, consisting almost entirely of static. It sounds like it *could* be Dash's voice.

<...z.k...th...gon.....ca.....m....copy...?>

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc turns back to Enapay, and calls over to Max and Rawhide, "[Watch my back!](#)"

He pulls out a medkit, rips the man's shirt open, and gets to work.

(( [I think I can use Medicine +Trauma Surgery \(+2\) for this, no?](#) ))

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **Elliott**

Tyros swears to himself and then comms, <"What the fuck, you would think an invisible lookout floating in the sky would catch the Japs unawares. I can't see anyone.">

Using his thermo vision, Tyros flies a quick sweep of the perimeter of the mine camp, looking for the Renraku team.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **John**

Max is broken out of his chauvinism by the comm and Doc's simultaneous exhortations. Responding to the fuzz, he insists,

<[Dash? Is that you? Say again. That's a negative copy.](#)>

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **GM Nick**

[ [Doc â†’ Trauma Surgery + LOG + 3 \(Medkit\) - 2 \(Unsterile Conditions\) = 4](#) ]

Thinking quickly, Doc straps on his shock glove and spreads his palm out on Enapay's bare chest.

"Clear!"

Enapay's body jerks and Doc squeezes his wrist, looking for a pulse. After confirming the faintest of rhythms, Doc sets to work.

After several intense minutes of suturing and cauterizing, he falls backwards into the sand.

Enapay is going to live.

{{ +2 karma }}

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-14-2011

by **GM Nick**

Dash comes through, louder, but with just as much interference as before.

<...fs....ar? ....s...ca....raku....losion....ter!>

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-14-2011

by **GM Nick**

Tyros notices an unusually bright aura moving at the very periphery of his vision. It's difficult to focus on, like staring at a planetary body for too long and then looking away.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-14-2011

by **John**

Max gives Doc a smack on the back and a hearty thumbs up. Responding to the static, Max sounds a little annoyed,

<You're not coming through for drek, Dash. Renraku? Explosion? Canister? Repeat, god dammit.>

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-14-2011

by **Drew Buddy**

While Max handles the comm, Doc drags Enapay into the nearest shelter. He props the man up against a wall, and sets a bottle of water and his Calvalier Scout next to him.

(( I assume Enapay will be non-responsive for the remainder of our run. Don't forget to remove the scout from my inventory ))

Bolting the door from the inside, Doc climbs back out a window, and rejoins the team.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **GM Nick**

<...this frequency, using up all my juice...f...te....large group of....z...g...out of the open! I...>

The transmission goes silent.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **Elliott**

Tyros forces himself to look towards the aura while he flies back towards the team's location. With some effort he focuses on looking behind where the aura is, trying to make out the astral signature it leaves behind ((ascensing skill or whatever if I can't see the actual being)). <"Guys, something very magically active is coming our way - I suggest getting clear of that deathtrap.">

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

< Copy that, Tyros. Let us know what you see. > Doc comms.

To the others,

"So much for playing it safe! Maybe we should find higher ground."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **John**

Max's complexion goes pale. 'Large group,' he echoes internally. 'Out of the open,' great. Heeding Doc's suggestion, Max searches the surroundings for the sturdiest looking structure; getting out of the open and to higher ground in flatlands like this necessarily means indoors. Settling on one that looks like it has weathered the sandstorms better than most, Max indicates to the team to make for cover. Rushing through the desert night, the dry air blasts against Max's face. There's sand everywhere-- in his boots, in his hair, in his jacket. There's even sand grinding between his teeth as he gnashes them mid-sprint. The desert is no place for an elf who grew up

under the overcast skies of Seattle, Washington.

Bursting into the building, Max heads for the second story and a window that overlooks the wasteland expanse stretching toward the last known direction of the hostiles of increasingly questionable Renraku nature. Max breathes deeply and tells himself to be ready for anything. The building smells musty and dry, the acrid stench of an indoor bonfire from who-knows-how-long-ago still lingering faintly in the air like somebody else's memory. From another life. Another time. And another place.

Max has never been particularly comfortable with magic users and spirits. Perhaps it was an over-abundance of horror movies at the hands of Richey Stillwell down the street (three years Max's senior), but the supernatural has always struck Max sideways. Slanted. Just somehow off-kilter. The arcane is unknown to him and therefore threatening in most instances. For the most part Max can stomach it in the same way a racist still roots for his favorite Doomball team even though its made up of fraggin' trops, but when it comes barreling at him at 200 kph in a wall of light and astral willies... well.. that's a different story. But Max holds it together. He's still got two more tabs of bliss rattling around in the bottle. Despite all the commotion, he could *hear* them while he was running for the building. But that's just it. He's only got two more. Unconsciously, his hand reaches for his pocket and finds the bottle. Before he can catch himself, he's gingerly withdrawing the small receptacle and thumbing it open.

No. Not the time. Max blocks all that drek out. One's senses come alive in the heat of battle, but those senses can often cloud a warrior's judgment. His focus narrowed, Max's eyes squint to nearly closed as he looks out the pane-less window as his shot gun rests on the sill. The sand may be chafing, but the trigger of his shotgun rest easily against the pad of his right index finger, its smooth metallic finish almost sensuous against his calloused pointer. Gentle, tentative exhale.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc chases after the possessed elf, tripping and stumbling over over the ground that the desert has retaken over the years. His mind is rational, but still, the sudden flight of a comrade has triggered a long-forgotten primal fear in him. The feeling of something following *just* behind you, the panic of entering a dark room, and being unable to turn on the lights. The herd flight response.

He pushes those thoughts down, and focuses on the bobbing heat signature in front of him.

He slows as he enters the building. The carpet has rotted away, and the wallpaper -- Several decades out of date -- only hints at its former pattern. He walks up the stairs, announcing his presence.

"Uh, Max?"

Doc observes him stuff something back in his pocket. The slight twitch, the tightening of the jaw, all tell Doc a familiar story. He's seen it in a hundred different junkies that had come in for treatment, or that he had to chase out of the clinic's store room.

He had been suspicious when Max had shown up for the flight to Alaska in a noticeably altered state, and it was confirmed when he shelled out enough bliss to sink the Yakuza Party Boat. But even then, Doc had kept his peace. **This is a job, and the only thing that matters is that the team can perform their roles. If they want to slowly die in their free time, that's their business,** he'd thought.

But performing surgery under fire -- *restarting a man's heart with a taser glove!* -- had reminded Doc of who he once was. **I even left my pistol for a person I hardly know,** he thinks to himself, mindful of the absence of a reassuring weight on his hip. With a measure of genuine concern, he dusts off his bedside manner, and approaches Max. But he pauses. **Now is not the right time.** Not with the magical equivalent of a tank bearing down on them.

Once more he keeps silent. Walking up to the window, he says by way of greeting, **"What do you see out there?"**

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **GM Nick**

**(( Assuming you took shelter in the SPORE as it was the only sizable structure to be found. ))**

Rawhide sprints alongside the team, holding his Ingram with one hand so that it doesn't bounce up and hit him in the face. His expression is exuberant--full of life. It's clear that the deranged dwarf lives for combat.

Ducking under the half-doorway of the SPORE, the dwarf races up to the first flight of stairs and sits, his SMG trained between his legs on the doorway.

**"Let 'em come,"** he mutters.

**"Let 'em come and let 'em fall."**

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **Elliott**

Tyros hovers just above the SPORE, still trying to see the aura of what approaches.

**<"Ummm, guys, are we sure we want to make some sort of last stand in this decrepit temporary building? If the spirit or Renraku have any heavy ordinance, this thing and everything inside it**

ate dust. Maybe we should strike at Renraku while they are coming across the desert? Or maybe we should run away and circle back after they have entered the mine?">

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-14-2011

by GM Nick

{{ +1 karma to Doc, Max }}

The night seems to have fallen into an even deeper silence. The stillness is unbearable. It's penetrated only by Rawhide's sporadic cursing and muttering.

[ [Max's Perception + INT + 3 \(Vision Enh.\) = 4](#) ]

As Max's vision sweeps over the interior of the building, it catches on the faintest of discrepancies on the paneled floor. One of the floor tiles appears to be a millimeter higher than the others.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-14-2011

by John

Max bursts over the comm channel at Tyros,

<Run? Run where! We're three or four clicks from the nearest *other* pockmark on this desolate wasteland! Not all of us are fraggin' *invisible*. I heard Dash suggest we get out of the open, and that's what we're doing.>

And that's when the inconsistency in the floorboards catches Max's attention. It's imperceptible to be sure, but for some reason it picks through the fog of war and gets across his fear and anxiety like a slap in the face or a dunk in freezing water. Max's focus narrows at long last on a single element, and having that single element to focus on steels his resolve for the time being. Max darts his stare at Doc and says,

"I can't see a thing out there right now. You've got thermal, right? Why don't you take a look. I've got to check something out over there." As he speaks, Max gestures to the floor panel that doesn't align with the others.

It's clear that Doc doesn't quite follow as the human chases the elf's gesture, but that's fine. Perhaps Max picked this up as a PI. It's something like a hunch mixed with powers of observation-- noticing the slightest thing being out of line somewhere at the edge of one's senses and being able to chase the specter of it until you find what you'd seen all along.

Max stands and walks over to the place in the floor. A trap door? A secret compartment

containing gear? Nothing at all? Only one way to find out. Max drops to a knee and unsheathes his knife, running its blade into the groove separating the lower and higher panels. Giving it a good pry that requires as much strength as it does precision, Max peels back a section of the floor.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **GM Nick**

The panel is stubborn and Max tugs for several seconds before it comes away with a hiss. A gust of contained air releases as the compartment is breached. It's a hidden storage unit! Inside are several large parcels wrapped in heavy duty cellophane. A single piece of caution tape is wrapped around each parcel bearing lettering that reads: *Warning! Live munitions!*

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **GM Nick**

As Tyros squints at the astral speck on the horizon, it dims and spreads out. It turns out it was not a particularly large singularity, but rather a multitude of astral signatures converging on a single path.

They seem to be deviating from that path now, spreading out, too many for Tyros to count.

From his quick approximation, the signatures are about 2 kilometers away and closing fast.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **John**

Max speaks up,

"Looks like I've found something here!"

Proceeding carefully, Max unwraps the packages. 'Jesus,' he thinks. 'There's even sand in an airtight compartment!'

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc stares out into the empty expanse. The cold desert doesn't even register on thermal, and staring into it causes his vision to swarm with a non-existent static.

He squints unnecessarily, challenging the void to offer up its secrets. Just a glowing dot, that's all he needs to tell where the enemy is coming from.

Using the boundry of stars and blackness, he gets his bearing on the horizon, and sweeps across it with the rifle's scope.

"What did you find?" He calls back in a detached voice

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Max takes quick inventory of the contents of the storage compartment:

- 2 Ultimax HMG-2 Heavy Machine Guns
  - 1 Aztechnology Striker Disposable Rocket Launcher
  - 500 .40 FMJ Belt-feed Heavy Machine Gun Rounds
  - 10 Anti-Personnel Mines
- 

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **John**

Max calls the dwarf over,

"We've got some pretty heavy firepower here that looks like it'd be right up your alley, Rawhide!"

Max comms to Tyros,

<So what do our droopy eyes in the sky see up there? Do we have a fragton of hostiles incoming or what?>

Going over his thoughts on the best way to use the treasure trove of ordinance, Max's considerations turn to the mine and the ghost town's layout.

(( Please give us an aerial map of the town including where we are and all other buildings. Please also indicate where Tyros is in the sky and the direction from which the astral light is shining. I'm trying to figure out the best place to put those mines. ))

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-14-2011

by Elliott

Tyros pulls up his binoculars and focuses on the astral signatures with normal/thermal vision, trying to see what they are and how they are moving so quickly.

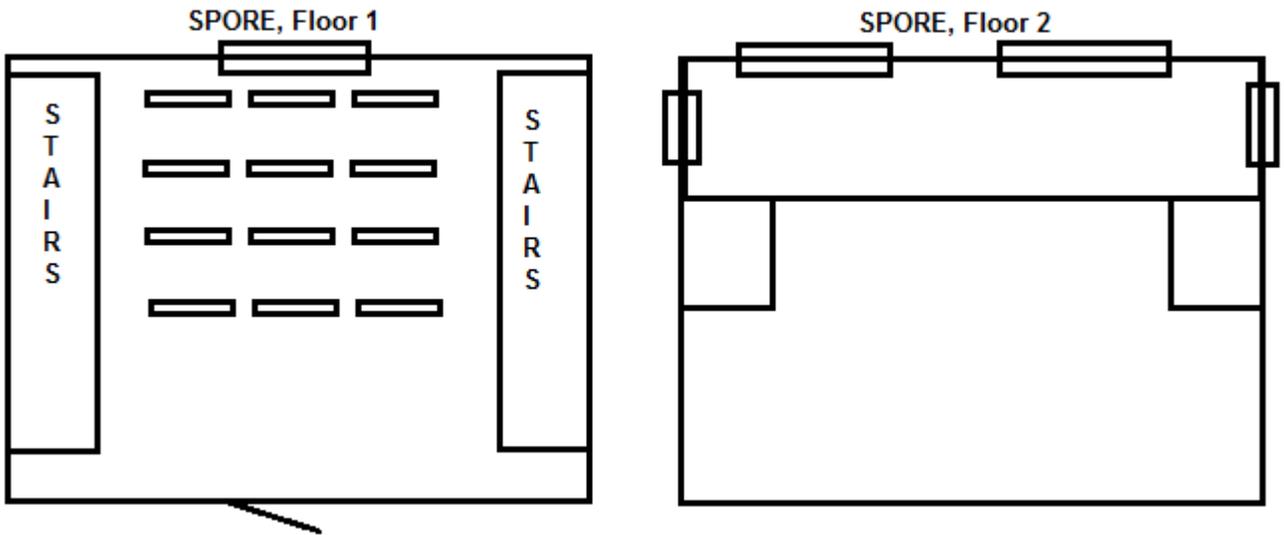
<"Alright boys, have it your way. I've got a bunch of magically potent astral signatures incoming about two clicks out, and closing very fast. Looks like they are spreading out a bit to envelope us too.">

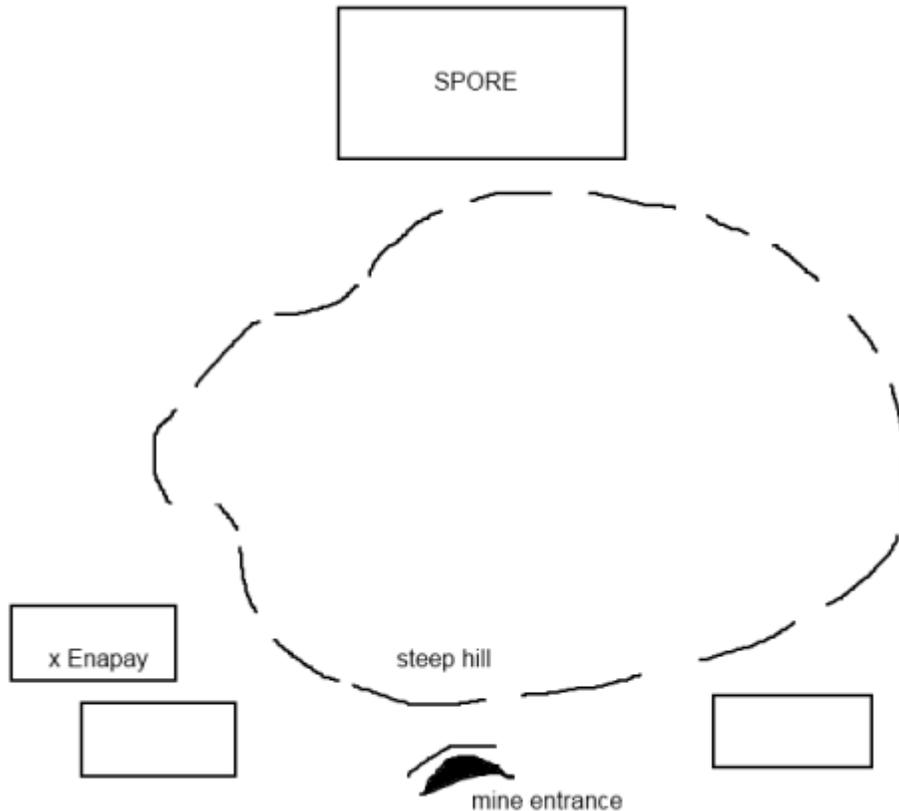
---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-14-2011

by GM Nick





(( Tyros is a dozen meters above the crest of the hill and the astral signatures are spreading out to converge from the north, northwest and northeast. ))

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide meanders over to the cache of heavy weaponry looking like a kid on Christmas. He hefts one MMG over each of his brawny shoulders.

"I'll go install these. I need one of you to prep the belts and familiarize yourself with the operation of the gun if you're going to be accompanying me. We should save that striker until we know what we're up against."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **John**

Max nods,

"Doc, you're best from range anyway-- stay up here and be our sniper. I'm gonna help our diminutive friend here."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc pulls away from the scope, and looks over his shoulder at Max.

"I'm on it! Maybe we could get a couple of those mines set up at the entrance."

He turns back to the scope and continues scanning the horizon.

< Tyros, can you give me a bearing on the hostiles? >

(( Let me know when I see something ))

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **GM Nick**

The astral signatures are close enough that Tyros can make them out. They're *definitely* insect spirits. From his vantage point, it looks like a stampede of giant mantids loping towards their desert towards them. Their hive mind makes registering any sort of emotion or intention totally impossible.

1 kilometer and closing.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide slams the machine guns into their mounts and goes about tightening the set bolts. He sneers at the weapons.

"These could use a thorough brush 'n lube, but I suppose we ain't got time. Here, bud, slide the guiding round on the end of the belt through here and pull that lever back..."

He grins at Max with disturbing zeal.

"Now point the business end at things you don't like."

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-14-2011

by Elliott

Tyros rolls his mind back through everyting he has read on insect spirits (roll magical threats/parazoology for what I know about their strengths/weaknesses, combat style, are they just runners or can they fly?).

<"Ok, we have a swarm of insect spirits inbound from the north. Can't count them all yet, but there are a lot. One klick out now. Fire at will.">

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-14-2011

by John

Max comms back cattily,

<Oh, you mean I can shoot now? Thanks a bunch.>

Max turns to Rawhide and asks,

"That all there is to it?"

Max does as he has been instructed.

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-14-2011

by GM Nick

Rawhide squints and eyes down the rectangle at the end of the barrel that constitutes the Ultimax's iron sights.

"The button up by your thumb there is the safety. After that, it's an agent of pain 'n misery. These shooters have a max range of about 1000m, but you won't hit drek at that far out. To boot, we only have 250 rounds apiece. Wait until they're at 500m... about where that big spiky bush is. Start firing when they reach that point."

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

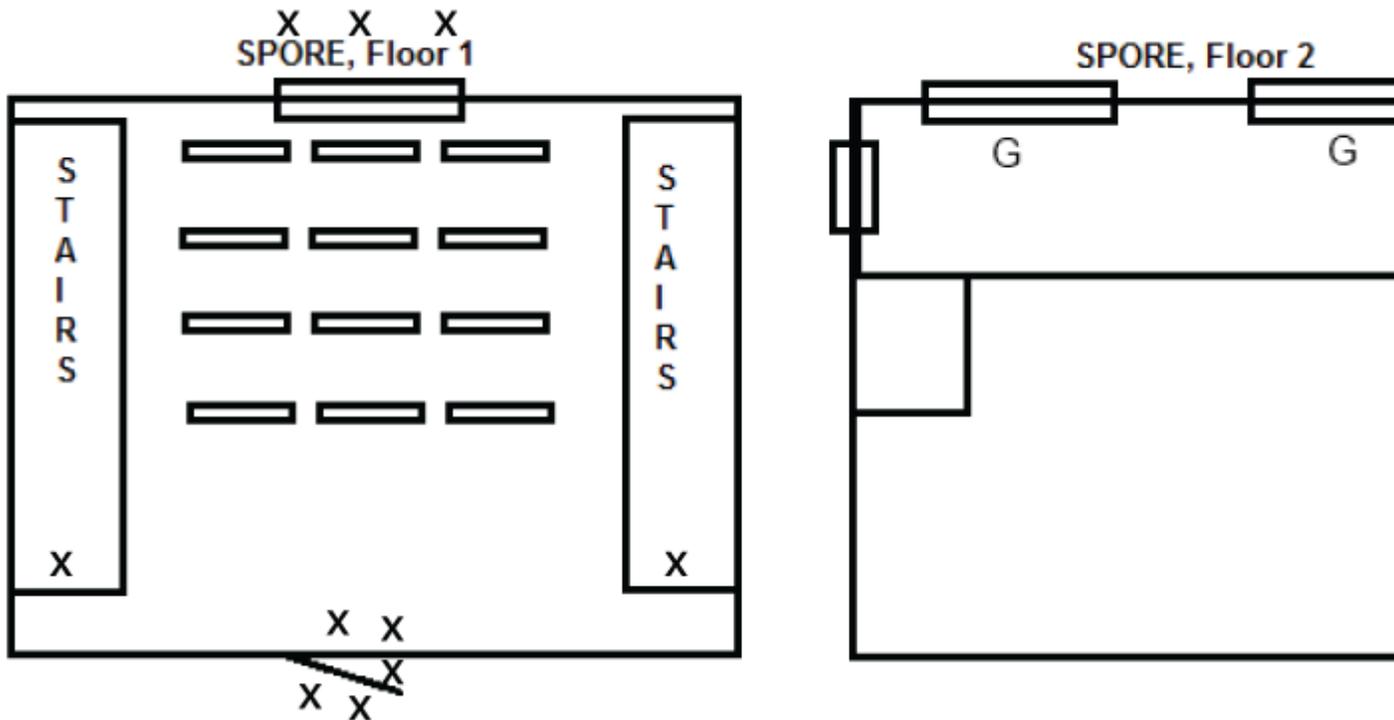
Posted: 10-14-2011

by John

"Got it," Max affirms quickly. Heading down the stairs with the mines, Max sets out for a quick and dirty job of boobytrapping the entrance and window to the building when he remembers Enapay. He crosses to the door to the SPORE and looks at the building where the Sioux man sits hunched against a wall. The spirit bugs are closing in fast. If Max makes a break for it now, he may *JUST* barely maybe hopefully make it back with him before the siege begins. But his fear of the insect spirits gets the better of him as he rationalizes aloud to himself,

"No point in going and getting killed. That doesn't do anybody any good. I'll make sure they don't reach him. Yeah. That's it."

Max is trembling slightly. He'll do his best to make sure that the bugs don't reach Enapay. He'll do all that he can do. For the time being, Max scurries about setting the mines. Dropping three in front of the door, two inside the door, three outside the window facing north, and one at the base of both of the flights of stairs leading to their position.



With the mines spread out, Max hurries back upstairs and mans his gun facing the coming onslaught. 'I thought deserts were supposed to be cold at night,' Max thinks. It's madness that at this late hour it's still so goddamned hot.

(( Per a request to Nick, the Gs indicate the position of the guns. ))

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-14-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

(( Doc's rifle has a range of 1,500 meters, If they're visible then he's opening fire. 1,000 meters is child's play! ))

Doc closes his left eye, and looks through the scope with his right. He draws in a breath. He won't be able to finish them all off, or even a significant portion, but he can sculpt the layout of the swarm by selective targeting. Max and Rawhide will be able to do the most damage to a small, densely packed cluster of the bugs, he reasons.

Finding a grouping of the creatures, he targets one on the periphery, centering his crosshairs over its carapace. At this magnification, the view through the scope twitches in time with his pounding heart. He clears his mind, lets the breath back out, and gently tugs the trigger back.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-15-2011**

by **GM Nick**

(( Here's the deal: You have 5 combat rounds to thin their numbers. During this time, obviously, they have no initiative and no turn. Good luck! ))

[ Rawhide â†' 44 ]

[ Doc â†' 32 ]

[ Max â†' 41 ]

[ Tyros â†' 20 ]

Rawhide lets out a feral scream and drops the hammer on the Ultimax. A sound like a jackhammer excavating your eardrums echoes brutally around the SPORE.

[ [Rawhide â†' Full Auto \(10\) â†' Mounted MG + AGI - 3 \(Long Range\) = 4](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit 1 â†' REA = 2](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit BOD + 2 \(Armor\) - 2 \(AP\) = 1](#) ] **\*\*20P DAMAGE\*\***

The front runner in the insect spirit stampede is torn apart by Rawhide's expert gunnery.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-15-2011**

by **GM Nick**

[ [Doc â†' Rifles + AGI + 2 \(Smartlink\) - 2 \(Moving Target\) = 2](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit â†' REA = 4](#) ]

[ [Doc â†' Rifles + AGI + 2 - 2 - 1 = 2](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit â†' REA = 3](#) ]

Doc's rounds are lost in the herd. He curses and refocuses.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-15-2011

by **John**

(( It's pretty lame that Doc [whose rifle is lethal up to 1,500 meters] could have been shooting a full 1,000 meters earlier than Rawhide and Max and isn't being allowed to. ))

Max opens fire into the crowd of insects bearing down on them.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-17-2011

by **GM Nick**

[ [Max's Full Auto \(10\) Gunnery + AGI - 1 \(Defaulting\) = 3](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit REA = 1](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit BOD + 2 - 2 = 2](#) ] **\*\*18P DAMAGE\*\***

Max mows down an insect spirit, splattering the nearby bugs with yellow blood.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-17-2011

by **GM Nick**

Tyros spies two astral signatures emerging from the sand next to the SPORE, they appear to be digging their way to the surface.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-17-2011

by **John**

Bolstered by the decimated insect, Max continues firing into the horde of rapacious bugs.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-17-2011

by **Drew Buddy**

(( To take place after Tyros moves. I have 2 gunnery skill, so I won't be defaulting ))

Doc takes his eye away from the scope and moves over to Max.

"Here, I have some experience with these things," he says, gesturing at the machine gun.

He presses his rifle into Max's hands, keying the smartgun system over to Max's Smartlink,

"Let's swap."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-17-2011**

by **John**

Max eases off the trigger and takes the rifle from Doc. Stepping back from the heavy machine gun, Max raises the butt of the rifle to his shoulder and fires out the window at the nearest exoskeletal monster he can see from the group's position.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-17-2011**

by **Elliott**

Tyros comms excitedly, <"I've got two of the buggers coming up out of the ground right next to you guys!">

Unsheathing his Claymore, Tyros drops to the ground next to one of the emerging insect spirits (and drops levitate at the same time, still invis though). With a grin no one in the world can see, Tyros used both hands to lop it's ugly head off.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-18-2011**

by **GM Nick**

[ [Tyros's Swords + AGI + 2 \(Weapon Focus\) = 5](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit's Unarmed Combat + AGI = 4](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit's BOD + 2 - 1 = 1](#) ] **\*\*12P DAMAGE\*\***

The claymore slips through the middle of the mantis and hits the sand, cleaving the spirit in half.

[ [Doc's 41](#) ]

[ [Max's 41](#) ]

[ [Rawhide's 38](#) ]

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-18-2011

by **John**

(( Fuckin' A, Dougal! ))

Max, responding to the report from Tyros, runs to the window overlooking the other bug burrowing up from the ground and fires on it with Doc's rifle.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-18-2011

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc swings the massive weapon toward the nearest bug, and holds down the trigger while screaming obscenities at the invaders.

(( I'm going wide FA burst on this. I wanna make sure I hit them. ))

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-18-2011

by **GM Nick**

[ [Max's Firearms + AGI + 2 \(Smartlink\) = 5](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit's REA = 3](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit's BOD + 2 - 2 = 1](#) ] **\*\*12P DAMAGE\*\***

Max puts one right between the insect spirit's bulbous eyes.

[ [Max's Firearms + AGI + 2 \(Smartlink\) - 1 \(Recoil\) - 2 \(Moving Target\) = 3](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit's REA = 1](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit's BOD + 2 - 2 = 2](#) ] **\*\*8P DAMAGE\*\***

After dropping the first insect spirit, Max turns towards the advancing horde and fires a shot--critically wounding one of the front runners.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-18-2011

by **GM Nick**

Gunpowder and teflon fill Doc's nostrils as the machine gun barks out a volley of rounds.

[ [Doc's Wide Burst \(10\) + Gunnery + AGI - 2 \(Moving Target\) = 2](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit's BOD + 2 - 2 = 1](#) ] **\*\*8P DAMAGE\*\***

Doc strafes the herd and nails one, injuring it.

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-18-2011

by GM Nick

One of the floor panels in the SPORE begins to rattle as something from underneath pushes upward.

Three more astral signatures begin digging their way to the surface, outside of the runners location.

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-18-2011

by Drew Buddy

(( BTW, Doc's rifle has a shock pad, and shouldn't have a recoil penalty for the second shot ))

(( GM Nick: Noted, thanks. ))

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-18-2011

by GM Nick

[ [Rawhide â†’ 38](#) ]

[ [Doc â†’ 36](#) ]

[ [Max â†’ 27](#) ]

[ [Spirit 1 â†’ 26](#) ]

[ [Spirit 2 â†’ 26](#) ]

[ [Tyros â†’ 17](#) ]

[ [Spirit 3 â†’ 17](#) ]

Rawhide plucks a grenade from his vest and primes it.

(( Simple action, delaying 2nd. ))

"Somebody lift that panel and I'll lob a 'nade down there!"

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-18-2011

by Elliott

((I'm traveling/at a conference the next couple days, so I'm just going to post when I can and try to slot me into the initiative order))

Tyros begins to sing an old Celtic battle song, it's melody haunting and its rhythm moving in time to his claymore strokes. With a crescendo, Tyros slams his blade into another of the emerging insect spirits. ((Also, you got my weapon focus, but forgot +3 dice for reach, +4 dice for invisibility, -2 dice for sustaining))

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-18-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc keeps his focus on the bugs approaching from the north.

He picks the most closely clustered group of approaching bugs, and lays down a wide arc of suppressing fire.

"Run through this!" He yells.

(( I don't know how many bugs are in the suppressed area. I suppose that's up the benevolence of the GM 😊 ))

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-18-2011**

by **John**

(( It really ought to be easier to shoot a massive horde of moving creatures than this. o.O ))

Max jumps down to the ground level of the SPORE and peels back the panel through which the bugs are pushing.

**"THROW IT!"**

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-18-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

(( Wait, doesn't suppressing fire just saturate an area without the roll being modified by the targets moving into it? I thought it set a threshold first with AGI + attack, and THEN that result was used to test anything moving through it, rather than the attack roll being modified by the targets' defense modifiers (multiple target, moving) ))

---

## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: 10-18-2011

by GM Nick

[ [Doc â†’ Suppressive Fire â†’ Gunnery + AGI = 4](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit â†’ REA = 5](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit â†’ REA = 2](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit â†’ REA = 2](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit â†’ BOD + 2 - 2 = 0](#) ] [color=#FF0000]\*\*7P DAMAGE\*\*

[ [Insect Spirit â†’ BOD + 2 - 2 = 1](#) ] \*\*6P DAMAGE\*\*[/color]

Doc rocks the Ultimax back and forth--hammer down--while he sprays an area with machine gun fire. He successfully wounds two of the insect spirits.

---

## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: 10-18-2011

by GM Nick

Rawhide rolls the grenade into the gap between floor panel and floor, through which a pair of razor-sharp appendages are slicing.

[ [Rawhide â†’ Grenades + AGI - 3 \(Called Shot\) = 5](#) ]

[ [Scatter â†’ 1 - 5 = 0](#) ]

Max throws himself over the panel and slams it the floor.

[ [Insect Spirit 1 â†’ BOD + 2 - 2 = 1](#) ] \*\*14P DAMAGE\*\*

There's a dull --*BOMF*-- as the grenade detonates and lifts Max several inches. An eruption of yellow blood and smoke penetrates the perimeter of the floor panel.

---

## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: 10-18-2011

by Drew Buddy

(( Now that we can see them, how many Bug-Ghosts are we up against (that we can see)? ))

---

## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: 10-18-2011

by John

Max is getting nervous. He doesn't like being on the ground floor as the horde bears down on him. Still, he has enough experience in combat situations to where his nerves aren't getting the better of him; his instincts are taking over now. Max hoists himself to one knee, points the naughty end of the loaner rifle out the north-facing window, and fires as the nearest insect he spots.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-18-2011**

by **GM Nick**

(( 16 uninjured insects advancing from the north, 4 of which are now airborne. There are 2 more burrowing to the surface, next to the SPORE. ))

Max's head swims and his adrenaline pumps as he weaves the crosshairs across the mass of incoming insect death.

[ [Max's Longarms + AGI + 2 \(Smartlink\) - 2 \(Moving Target\) = 5](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit \(Flying\)' REA = 5](#) ]

The expertly aimed shot clips the Insect Spirit, failing to deter it!

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-18-2011**

by **John**

Max curses the creepy bastard's luck, looking down at the rifle as if to make sure nothing went wrong on his end! It was a fantastic shot-- surely the failure must have been mechanical in nature! The surprised elf calls up the stairs to his sawbones compatriot,

"There's something wrong with your rifle, dammit!"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-18-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

"The rifle's fine!" Doc calls down over the chatter of the Ultimax.

"You just need to learn how to shoot!"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-18-2011**

by **John**

Max grumbles, cranes he neck toward the second floor, and barks,

"Who aligned your scope, Helen Keller?!"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-18-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Still somehow audible over the bellowing heavy machine gun, Doc yells back,

"Wait, is she the broad in that Troll skin flick you've been going on about?"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-18-2011**

by **John**

Max smirks,

"Don't talk about Tyros's mother like that!"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-18-2011**

by **GM Nick**

There's a deafening blast as one of the insect spirits that burrowed through the sand steps on an AP mine near the door.

[ [Insect Spirit](#) â†’ BOD + 2 - 2 = 2 ] **\*\*14P DAMAGE\*\***

In addition to being knocked on his ass, Max is now covered in insect spirit gibs.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-18-2011**

by **John**

Max is aghast and goes about desperately trying to wipe himself off.

**"FRAGGIN' GROSS"** he shrieks as he dances around covered in goo. Spitting constantly, he sneaks out the exclamation,

**"AW, IT'S IN MY MOUTH!"**

---

## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: 10-18-2011

by GM Nick

{{ +1 karma to Doc and Max: Witty banter }}

{{ +1 karma to Tyros: Scottish battle hymn--genius. }}

The invisible claymore sweeps an arc through the air towards the insect spirit skittering towards the SPORE.

[ Tyros â†’ Swords + AGI + 2 (Focus) + 2 = 6 ]

[ Insect Spirit â†’ BOD + 2 - 1 (AP) = 3 ] \*\*11P DAMAGE\*\*

An insect spirit head hits the sand as the troll lumbers past, intoning ancient Celtic melodies.

---

## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: 10-18-2011

by Drew Buddy

Having seen Max's new paint job, Doc returns to the busy task of killing everything, with his lips pinched and his face tight. He shakes slightly with suppressed laughter.

---

## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: 10-18-2011

by John

Max, as if moved by some extra sensory perception, screams up the stairs,

*"DON'T YOU DARE LAUGH AT ME YOU SON OF A SLITCH!!!"*

---

## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: 10-18-2011

by GM Nick

(( Insect count: 16 advancing, 4 of which are airborne. The airborne mantids are the closest and will land on the roof of the SPORE after this combat round. ))

The team hears the distinct sound of a pistol being discharged repeatedly from somewhere in the south part of the encampment.

[ Doc â†’ 44 ]

[ [Rawhide â†’ 44](#) ]

[ [Max â†’ 42](#) ]

[ [Tyros â†’ 23](#) ]

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-18-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc calls down,

"Take care of the bastards in the air! I'll continue to hold off the group on the ground!"

The Ultimax roars out its thirst as Doc continues spray rounds across the advancing horde.

(( Suppressing fire again, like last time ))

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-18-2011**

by **GM Nick**

[ [Doc â†’ Suppressive Fire â†’ Gunnery + AGI = 0](#) ]

The Ultimax jams again and throws the belt--the loading mechanism is broken!

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-18-2011**

by **John**

Max hears the deafening roar of one of the Ultimaxes go silent and he becomes suddenly quite nervous.

Still on one knee, Max again fires on the airborne insects approaching the SPORE.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-18-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide shoulders past Doc.

"Take my spot, I'll switch to *Ol' Painless*."

The dwarf produces the Ingram Smartgun from the fold of his lined coat and aims out the

window.

"Eat lead you sons of insectoid whores!"

[ [Rawhide â†’ Burst Fire â†’ Submachine Guns + AGI + 2 \(Smartlink\) - 2 \(Moving Target\) - 3 \(Long Range\) = 6](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit \(Flying\) â†’ REA = 1](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit \(Flying\) â†’ BOD + 2 = 5](#) ] **\*\*7P DAMAGE\*\***

One of the flying mantids is riddled with bullets and plummets out of the sky.

[ [Insect Spirit \(Flying\) â†’ Falling â†’ BOD + 2 = 5](#) ] **\*\*5P DAMAGE\*\***

The spirit crumples as it slams into the ground.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-18-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc swears, and kicks the gun mount.

"I'm on it!" He says to Rawhide.

Moving over to the second Ultimax, Doc grabs a hold of it and prepares to fire.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-18-2011**

by **GM Nick**

[ [Max â†’ Longarms + AGI + 2 \(Smartlink\) - 2 \(Moving Target\) = 3](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit \(Flying\) â†’ REA = 2](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit \(Flying\) â†’ BOD + 2 - 2 = 1](#) ] **\*\*10P DAMAGE\*\***

Max's aim is true and another mantid tumbles from the sky, splattering as it plunges earth-ward.

[ [Max â†’ Longarms + AGI + 2 \(Smartlink\) - 2 \(Moving Target\) = 2](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit \(Flying\) â†’ REA = 1](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit \(Flying\) â†’ BOD + 2 - 2 = 2](#) ] **\*\*8P DAMAGE\*\***

The second shot removes another flying mantid from the incoming swarm!

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-18-2011**

by **John**

Max smiles with a certain pride that one only feels when erasing insectoid life from the face of the Earth. The smile, however, quickly turns to a frown as his raised lips allow some of the exploded bug's guts to leak in around the corners of his mouth. The elf spits again in disgust.

(( Let's see Tyros fuck some shit up! ))

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-19-2011**

by **Elliott**

Tyros continues singing as he surveys the area around him. Not seeing a living spirit close enough for his claymore to cleave, he gestures (centering) at one of the incoming flying insects and a ball of white light flashes from his hand to it in an instant (manabolt, f4).

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-19-2011**

by **GM Nick**

[ [Tyros â†’ Manabolt \(4\) â†’ Spellcasting + MAG + 2 \(Focus\) - 2 \(Sustaining\) = 3](#) ]  
[ [Insect Spirit \(Flying\) â†’ WIL = 1](#) ] **\*\*7P DAMAGE\*\***

A bolt of purple light arcs from Tyros' fingertips and zaps an insect spirit out of the sky.

[ [Tyros â†’ Resist Drain \(5\) â†’ WIL + LOG + 2 \(Focused Con\) + 1 \(Centering\) - 2 \(Sustaining\) = 4](#) ] **\*\*1S DAMAGE\*\***

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-19-2011**

by **GM Nick**

[ [Combat Phase 2, Initiative Pass 2](#) ]  
[ [Rawhide â†’ 41](#) ]  
[ [Doc â†’ 33](#) ]  
[ [Max â†’ 31](#) ]

Rawhide alternates SMG fire between two of the galloping insect spirits.

[ [Rawhide â†’ Burst Fire â†’ Submachine Guns + AGI + 2 \(Smartlink\) - 2 \(Moving Target\) - 3 \(Long Range\) = 4](#) ]  
[ [Insect Spirit â†’ REA = 2](#) ]  
[ [Insect Spirit â†’ BOD + 2 - 2 = 3](#) ] **\*\*9P DAMAGE\*\***

A cluster of bullets rips through the first spirit.

[ [Rawhide â†’ Burst Fire â†’ Submachine Guns + AGI + 2 \(Smartlink\) - 2 \(Moving Target\) - 3 \(Long Range\) - 2 \(Multiple Targets\) = 2](#) ]  
[ [Insect Spirit â†’ REA = 4](#) ]

The second burst strafes across the sand, missing the intended target.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-19-2011**

by **John**

Max's aim turns from the sky to the approaching (but thinning) cluster of insects. Steeled by seeing their numbers shrinking, Max's hand steadies and he squeezes the trigger of Doc's rifle.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-19-2011**

by **GM Nick**

[ [Max â†’ Longarms + AGI + 2 \(Smartlink\) - 2 \(Moving Target\) = 4](#) ]  
[ [Insect Spirit â†’ REA = 2](#) ]  
[ [Insect Spirit â†’ BOD + 2 - 2 = 3](#) ] **\*\*9P DAMAGE\*\***

Max's first shot is good and pierces an insect spirit torso.

[ [Max â†’ Longarms + AGI + 2 \(Smartlink\) - 2 \(Moving Target\) - 2 \(Multiple Targets\) = 2](#) ]  
[ [Insect Spirit â†’ REA = 3](#) ]

The second shot is just a meter shy.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-19-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc wills the second Ultimax to stay intact, as he lays down another round of suppressing fire on the approaching bugs.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-19-2011**

by **GM Nick**

[ [Doc â†’ Suppressive Fire â†’ Gunnery + AGI = 3](#) ]

The Ultimax chatters as Doc strafes the desert with 40 caliber fury.

[ [Insect Spirit â†’ REA = 2](#) ] [color=#FF0000] **\*\*7P DAMAGE\*\***  
[ [Insect Spirit â†’ REA = 1](#) ]  
[ [Insect Spirit â†’ REA = 3](#) ] **\*\*7P DAMAGE\*\*** [/color]

A pair of the insect spirits stumble through the barrage of firepower and crumple to the sand, seriously injured.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-19-2011**

by **GM Nick**

(( 8 spirits left advancing from the north. ))

A pair of spirits burst through the sand on either side of the SPORE and begin scaling the building.

[ [Combat Round 3, Initiative Pass 1](#) ]  
[ [Rawhide â†’ 43](#) ]  
[ [Doc â†’ 38](#) ]  
[ [Max â†’ 32](#) ]  
[s][ [Insect Spirit 1 â†’ 25](#) ] [/s]  
[ [Insect Spirit 2 â†’ 18](#) ]  
[ [Tyros â†’ 17](#) ]

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-19-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide leans out the east window and squeezes off a burst at the spirit scaling the building.

[ [Rawhide â†’ Burst Fire â†’ Submachine Guns + AGI + 2 \(Smartlink\) = 5](#) ]  
[ [Insect Spirit â†’ 2](#) ]  
[ [Insect Spirit â†’ BOD + 2 - 2 = 2](#) ] **\*\*11P DAMAGE\*\***

Rawhide lets out a triumphant hoot as his SMG saws the spirit in half. He races over to the other window.

"Stay on that gun, Doc. I've got these fraggers!"

---

## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: 10-19-2011

by Drew Buddy

Doc grits his teeth and grins.

"Way ahead of you!" He calls back, while the gun barks out another round of suppressing fire.

---

## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: 10-19-2011

by John

Max, hearing Rawhide's call over the gunfire with his augmented hearing, continues firing on the eight remaining bugs barreling toward the team.

---

## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: 10-19-2011

by Elliott

((the f4 manabolt is f/2 drain, 4 successes should have been more than enough not to take any stun))

Tyros song continues onto a new verse as another ball of light flies out of his outstretched hand (centering) towards an approaching spirit (manabolt, f4 again).

---

## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: 10-19-2011

by GM Nick

(( Mana spells add their successes to drain value. SR4 p. 204. ))

[ [Doc â†’ Suppressive Fire â†’ Gunnery + AGI = 4](#) ]  
[ [Insect Spirit â†’ REA = 1](#) ] [color=#FF0000]\*\*7P DAMAGE\*\*  
[ [Insect Spirit â†’ REA = 1](#) ] \*\*7P DAMAGE\*\*  
[ [Insect Spirit â†’ REA = 3](#) ] \*\*7P DAMAGE\*\*  
[ [Insect Spirit â†’ REA = 4](#) ][/color]

Doc places a wall of flying lead directly into the front four runners. Three of the mantids crumple under his expertise.

---

## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: **10-19-2011**

by **GM Nick**

[ [Max's Longarms + AGI + 2 \(Smartlink\) - 2 \(Moving Target\) = 3](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit's REA = 3](#) ]

Max's first shot just skims one of the insect spirit's rugged carapaces.

[ [Max's Longarms + AGI + 2 \(Smartlink\) - 2 \(Moving Target\) = 0](#) ]

The Desert Strike jams!

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-19-2011**

by **GM Nick**

A pair of oily green appendages hook on to the bottom of the window. The insect spirit propels itself into the SPORE and collides with Rawhide, who is running towards it.

[ [Insect Spirit's Unarmed Combat + AGI + 1 \(Reach\) = 4](#) ]

[ [Rawhide's Unarmed Combat \(Karate\) + REA = 5](#) ]

Rawhide side-steps the razor-sharp limbs, maneuvering away from the spirit.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-19-2011**

by **John**

Stunned, Max looks down at the rifle with incredulity! Holding it in his left hand, Max bangs a meaty fist at its bolt mechanism with his right. Irritated beyond belief and beginning to panic, Max shouts to Doc,

*"I told you this thing was a piece of shit!"*

The elf's heart is racing, his blood saturated with adrenaline and the fulcrum of his fight-or-flight response beginning to rock unsteadily.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-19-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc hears the edge in Max's voice, and feels an uneasiness in the pit of his stomach.

"Hold your drek together, Max! Clear the fraggin' jam, and get back to killing! We have a breach!"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-19-2011

by GM Nick

[ [Tyros's Manabolt \(4\) + Spellcasting + MAG + 2 \(Focus\) - 2 \(Sustaining\) = 5](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit's WIL = 2](#) ] **\*\*9P DAMAGE\*\***

Another arc of violet lightning penetrates an insect spirit.

[ [Tyros's Resist Drain + WIL + LOG + 2 \(Focused Concentration\) + 1 \(Centering\) - 2 \(Sustaining\) = 5](#) ] **\*\*2S DAMAGE\*\***

Tyros' head begins to throb.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-19-2011

by GM Nick

(( 4 advancing insects. 1 inside the SPORE, trying to make minced Dwarf. ))

[ [Combat Round 3, Initiative Pass 2](#) ]

[ [Rawhide's 60](#) ]

[ [Doc's 37](#) ]

[ [Max's 34](#) ]

Rawhide assumes a horse stance and leaps towards the insect spirit with an angry shout.

[ [Rawhide's Karate + AGI = 4](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit's Unarmed Combat + REA = 2](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit's BOD + 2 \(Armor\) = 2](#) ] **\*\*1P DAMAGE\*\***

The dwarf karate chops the side of the spirit's neck, cracking a chitin plate.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-19-2011

by Drew Buddy

Doc tries to shut out the commotion behind him.

"Take care of that, Max!" He shouts down.

He thumbs down the trigger, and fires another volley at the approaching insects.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-19-2011

by **GM Nick**

[[Doc's Suppressive Fire's Gunnery + AGI = 3](#) ]

[[Insect Spirit's REA = 3](#) ]

[[Insect Spirit's REA = 0](#) ] [color=#FF0000]\*\*7P DAMAGE\*\*[/color]

Yet another insect spirit falls to Doc's gunnery.

The machine gun's barrel is literally glowing red. The overheat safety swings down and locks the trigger.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-19-2011

by **John**

Max continues to struggle with the rifle. His hands are beginning to shake rather severely as he fumbles with the firearm-- *Max drops the gun!* Max lets out something toying the line between a gasp and a yelp as the rifle falls from his grasp. His panic is mounting! The insects are approaching! He's unarmed! He raises his shaking hands in front of his face and knots them into the tightest fists he can muster. The shakes won't stop. This isn't just fear, is it? No, this is panic commingling with withdrawal symptoms, but his mind is so fogged that he can't even see that. *'Get it together, god dammit. GET IT TOGETHER'* he thinks on loop. But it won't come together. The scene is unwoven, and the more he thinks about the fabric of the moment coming undone, the more undone he grows as well.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-19-2011

by **Drew Buddy**

The machine gun goes quiet, and that's when Doc becomes aware at the sudden silence down below. He turns around and leans over the railing. Max is cowering on the ground, hiding his face and shaking.

"Max? Max! Focus, dammit! You can't do this now! Look at me, goddammit!"

Doc's eyes turn to the insect, and he reaches for his Beretta.

---

## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: 10-19-2011

by GM Nick

(( The remaining 3 insect spirits are at 200 meters. ))

[ [Combat Round 4, Initiative Pass 1](#) ]

[ [Rawhide â†’ 50](#) ]

[ [Doc â†’ 41](#) ]

[ [Max â†’ 29](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit â†’ 25](#) ]

[ [Tyros â†’ 17](#) ]

Rawhide circles around the insect spirit and attempts a roundhouse kick.

[ [Rawhide â†’ Unarmed Combat \(Karate\) + AGI = 5](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit â†’ Unarmed Combat + REA + 1 \(Reach\) = 3](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit â†’ BOD + 2 = 4](#) ] \*\*4P DAMAGE\*\*

His boot connects with the spirit's thorax and crushes a portion of the exoskeleton.

---

## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: 10-19-2011

by Drew Buddy

Swearing under his breath, Doc brings the submachinegun to bear.

Taking aim, he fires a short burst at the insect.

---

## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: 10-19-2011

by John

Max unclenches faintly from his ball on the floor and reaches for the rifle, but withdraws his hand before he's closed even half of the distance between himself and the jammed weapon. His gaze darts about, making sure that there are no bugs approaching him from the sides, from behind, from above. It's not that he's forgotten about the shotgun slung over his shoulder-- it's that he can't bring himself to reach for it.

---

## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: 10-19-2011

by GM Nick

[ [Doc â†’ Burst Fire â†’ Automatics + AGI + 2 \(Smartlink\) + 1 \(Aiming\) - 2 \(Recoil\) = 2](#) ]  
[ [Insect Spirit â†’ REA - 3 \(Engaged in Melee\) = 1](#) ]  
[ [Insect Spirit â†’ BOD + 2 = 3](#) ] **\*\*7P damage\*\***

Doc sprays the insect spirit with SMG fire, dropping it on the spot.

Rawhide wipes yellow blood off of his face and looks a little disappointed.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-19-2011**

by **John**

The numbers of bugs is dropping steadily, but remains deadlocked by anxiety. Focusing with all that he has, he manages to pull his sidearm from its holster at his side. His hands still shaking, he almost blindly takes a few shots out the northfacing window toward the remaining three bugs.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-19-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Max fires blindly into the desert, at such an extreme range that he's unable to tell whether or not his gunshots are successful in hitting anything.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-19-2011**

by **Elliott**

Tyros's song goes on as he stands watching the last of the approaching spirit, claymore waiting to receive them (delay action until one comes into melee range).

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-19-2011**

by **John**

(( The spirits aren't going to be here for another full combat round, so the delayed action won't do you any good since you'd lose it after this one concludes. ))

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-20-2011**

by **GM Nick**

[ [Combat Round 4, Initiative Pass 2](#) ]

[ [Rawhide â†’ 56](#) ]

[ [Doc â†’ 37](#) ]

[ [Max â†’ 32](#) ]

Rawhide sprays a burst at one of the remaining three insect spirits.

(( Rawhide: [BF - Narrow] AGI 6 + automatics 6 +2 (specialization) + 2 [smartlink] -1 [range] = 3 -- 10P ))

(( Insect Spirit: REA 6 2 [Running] = 4 ))

He curses and squeezes off another.

(( Rawhide: [BF - Narrow] AGI 6 + automatics 6 +2 (specialization) + 2 [smartlink] -1 [range] = 7 -- 14P ))

(( Insect Spirit: REA 6 2 [Running] = 2 ))

(( Insect Spirit: BOD 6 + 2 [Armor] = 1 -- 13P ))

Another one down!

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-20-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Returning to the window, doc fires off a burst at the next bug.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-20-2011**

by **John**

Max's hand is still shaky, but he continues his seemingly vain attempts at taking pot shots out the window with his pistol.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-20-2011**

by **GM Nick**

(( Doc Adams: [BF - Narrow] AGI 5 + automatics 4 + 2 [smartlink] -2 [RC] = 4 -- 11P ))

(( Insect Spirit: REA 6 2 [Running] = 3 ))

(( Insect Spirit: BOD 6 + 2 [Armor] = 2 -- 9P ))

The first burst tears into an advancing insect and cripples it.

(( Doc Adams: [BF - Narrow] AGI 5 + automatics 4 + 2 [smartlink] -3 [RC] = 1 -- 8P ))  
(( Insect Spirit: REA 6 2 [Running] = 5 ))

The second burst is a bit high and fails to register any hits.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-20-2011**

by **GM Nick**

(( Max Overstreet: AGI 6 + pistols 4 -3 [range] = 2 -- 7P ))

(( Insect Spirit: REA 6 2 [Running] = 2 ))

Max's first round disappears into the desert.

(( Max Overstreet: AGI 6 + pistols 4 -3 [range] -1 [RC] = 2 -- 7P ))

(( Insect Spirit: REA 6 2 [Running] = 1 ))

(( Insect Spirit: BOD 6 + 2 [Armor] -1 [AP] = 2 -- 5P ))

Somehow, the Ruger scores a direct hit! The insect spirit stumbles forward as the shot connects and begins loping slowly towards the SPORE.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-20-2011**

by **John**

Max's resolve seemingly spent by his success, he drops the gun to his side and stares out the window at the wounded insect still coming for them and the field of carcasses beyond it. The gun slips gently from his fingers and clatters to the ground as he begins searching through his pockets and bag.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-20-2011**

by **GM Nick**

(( The bugs have arrived! ))

[ Combat Phase 5, Initiative Pass 1 ]

[ Rawhide â†’ 46 ]

[ Doc â†’ 30 ]

[ Max â†’ 35 ]

[ Tyros â†’ 16 ]

[ Insect Spirit 1 â†’ 25 ]

[ Insect Spirit 2 â†’ 7 ]

Rawhide stares down the advancing, uninjured insect and lines up a shot before squeezing the trigger.

(( Rawhide: [BF - Narrow] AGI 6 + automatics 6 +2 (specialization) + 2 [smartlink] = 5 -- 12P ))  
(( Insect Spirit: REA 6 2 [Running] = 4 ))  
(( Insect Spirit: BOD 6 + 2 [Armor] = 3 -- 9P ))

The mantis crumples, splattering yellow blood over the sand.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-20-2011**

by **John**

Max continues rifling through his pockets aimlessly. He checks his inner jacket pocket no fewer than four times.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-20-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

((Fuckin' Gremlins))[hr]

Doc fires a short burst at the next Bug Ghost.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-20-2011**

by **GM Nick**

(( Doc Adams: AGI 5 + automatics 4 +2 (specialization) + 2 [smartlink] = 3 -- 8P ))

(( Insect Spirit: REA 6 2 [Running] = 2 ))

(( Insect Spirit: BOD 6 + 2 [Armor] = 3 -- 5P ))

Doc guns down the final insect spirit, which emits a high pitched wail and collapses.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-20-2011**

by **Elliott**

Tyros' song comes slowly to an end with the final shots and a loud silence lingers in the air.

With a sigh, Tyros walks inside the SPORE and sits down against the wall, his claymore resting on his lap. "Why do I feel like there are more of those bugs around?", he says, mostly to himself.

<"Everyone alright? What's the plan? I could use a little rest. I say we still wait until sunrise to go into the mine.">

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-20-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc lowers the submachine gun, his ears ringing. The chaos of the battle has left his adrenaline pumping, and he finally allows a small tremor to reach his hand.

"Yeah, that would be just our luck," he responds to Tyros.

He moves to retrieve his discarded rifle, when his foot strikes a small object that rattles as it rolls away. He reaches down to pick it up, and recognizes it immediately. He takes his eyes from the object, and looks over at Max, who is shaking slightly, and frantically searching his pockets.

Doc sighs, and prepares himself for what will happen next. **I suppose it's about that time.**

He walks slowly toward Max, and shakes the pill bottle between his thumb and forefinger.

"Looking for this?" He asks, keeping his face neutral, and his eyes locked on the Elf.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-20-2011**

by **John**

It takes Max a moment to register that his compatriot is talking to him, and even longer to become aware that he is holding the bottle containing his remaining two tabs of bliss for which he has been so frantically searching. As the realization dawns on him, his eyes widen and something resembling an incapacitating thirst washes over his face. His voice is trembling slightly, and he almost stammers his tiny-voiced response to his friend,

"yeah. give it here."

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-20-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc closes his hand around the bottle, and shakes his head.

"You know I can't just let you get blitzed out of your mind while we're on a mission, Max. I never intervened in your habit before, because it wasn't a liability.

"But for frag's sake, look at yourself, man! You're a wreck! I've seen it before, more times than you can imagine. If I hand you this bottle, you'll take to it like a starving man to a hot meal. You'll be useless to us as a team member, and you'll be right back to where you started in, what, 12, 15 hours?"

Doc looks at the tablets through the bottle. "You don't have much left here anyway. Now I wouldn't do this if we had a proper fraggin' medical facility around here, but here's the deal: Quarter dose to stop your shakes, to be administered at my discretion. That should be enough to ease the craving, but not enough for an experienced user to become mentally altered."

Doc opens the bottle and retrieves a tablet. He breaks part of it off with his fingernail, and puts the rest back in the bottle. Sticking the bottle inside his coat, he offers the small piece to Max.

"Take it or leave it Max, that's your choice."

---

#### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-20-2011**

by **John**

Max is still trembling from the anxiety, but rage wells fiercely up from deep within him. Without warning (and with less coordination than he might commonly exhibit), Max lunges at Doc, yelling,

***"GIVEITTOMEYOUSONOFASLITCH!!!"***

---

#### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-20-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc drops the rifle, and attempts to sidestep Max, while throwing out his leg to trip the elf.

"Goddammit, Max!" Is all that Doc gets a chance to say as Max comes barreling at him.

---

#### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-20-2011**

by **Elliott**

Tyrian watches Max and Doc's struggle with interest, but doesn't move from his spot lying against the wall. While outwardly detached, he readies himself to intervene if someone goes for a gun.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-20-2011**

by **John**

Max's body weight propels his smaller frame forward and past Doc as the former MD deftly skirts the impact of the attempted body check. Stumbling over his teammate's boot, Max goes tumbling forward and lands with a clamorous bang against one of the empty shelving units, toppling it into another into another into another. As the carnage of storage means settles, Max fumbles to climb off the top-most set of shelves grumbling obscenities all the way. Lunging back forward toward the only thing standing between he and his drugs, Max leads into Doc with his right hand balled into a spiteful little fist.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-20-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc is caught off-guard by the speed of the elf, and Max's fist connects. The blow sends Doc spinning onto the edge of a desk, before bouncing to the floor. He winces, and holds his arm across his stomach as his breath returns to him. Seeing Max approach again, Doc lunges up, and slams his shoulder into Max's stomach, taking him down in something resembling a clumsy tackle.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-20-2011**

by **John**

Max flails on the way down, but is utterly taken out of his offense as the wind is knocked out of him. Time seems to slow as the tackle connects and brings both participants to the ground. Max's arms shoot up and reach for the sky almost comically as Doc issues forth a hard grunt when his shoulder finds home. Crashing to the ground, the pair skids across the floor through a wash of sand, rubble, and spent shell casings. The brass chatters as it scoots out of their way, propelled forth by the force of their bodies observing the tenets laid forth by Sir Isaac Newton.

The teammates lie for a moment in a daze before Max begins to push ineffectually against Doc's weight on top of him. While both comparably sized, Max is struggling with too little in his tank to move much of anything in the moment. Not exactly recognizing that he's been pinned down, Max blurts out,

*"Give me my pills god dammit!"*

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-20-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc collects himself, as his head spins, and his muscles scream their protest.

He manages to push himself up, and plants one knee firmly on Max's chest. Winding up his arm, he swings the palm of his hand across Max's face.

*"Pull yourself together, goddammit!"* He bellows at his comrade.

Doc grabs Max's shoulders and brings his face close, leveling a withering stare and not breaking eye contact.

*"You need to pull your head out of your ass before you become a liability, Max! Is this what you really want? To be left out in the desert, as a helpless meal for the bugs?"*

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-20-2011**

by **John**

Max continues his vain struggle for a brief moment before calming himself somewhat.

Stammering, he responds,

*"I... Doc, I... I need those pills. I need to get my head on straight. I... I can't..."*

The elf's voice has gotten very small, projecting at just above a whisper. The shame on Max's face is plainly visible.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-20-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

The piece of the tablet that Doc had broken off before was lost in the scuffle. Doc pulls out the bottle, and retrieves the other portion of the broken pill. Breaking it in half, he offers the portion to Max. He hides his anger and pity behind a clinical wall.

*"As I said before, this should ease things quite a bit, without making you useless. That's all I can offer, Max."*

*"And make no mistake, we are not done with this."*

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-20-2011**

by **John**

Still speaking as a child looking upstream through the death knell of losing an argument with his parent, Max reasons,

"That's not even gonna take the edge off, man..."

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-20-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc has heard the argument before, and in his early years, he might have caved on the issue.

"Trust me, it will. One quarter dose every three to four hours will work fine. The doses you've been taking will get you high, this will get you back to normal."

Doc reaches back, and retrieves the Dragonfly. He places the drone on top of the bottle, and its legs close to grab it by the cap. He sends the drone a signal, and it flies upward, disappearing into the rafters of the SPORE.

Doc takes his knee off Max, and stands up. He walks over to a desk, and sets the small dose of bliss down, before walking away.

"Like I said, take it or leave it."

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-20-2011**

by **John**

Max cries out as the drone buzzes off into the night,

"*No! God dammit... no...*"

Turning back to Doc, he tries to plea his case one last time,

"Come on man-- I'll quit when we get back to the world! I swear! I just... I can't do it like this! Not here-- not now!"

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-20-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc spins to face Max,

"I'm not asking for your piety, I'm asking you to do your job. Whether you quit or not depends

on you. But that's for a later time. Right now, we need you clear-headed. That means no high, and no withdrawals. You're just going to have to trust me on this. It'll be enough."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-20-2011**

by **John**

Max pulls himself unsteadily to his feet. His stomach hurts a fair bit and his head is pounding. Again, demonstrating all the shame of an addict who has been exposed in public for what they are, Max shuffles over to the desk upon which Doc has set the portion of the pill. Taking it in his fingers, Max tosses his head back as he throws the pill into his mouth. But that's it. There's no discernible sense of relief that crosses his face. He feels better, but he doesn't *feel* better. Sniffing mildly, he walks back over to where he dropped his pistol. As he crosses the room, he scans the floor for the missing portion of the pill that Doc had originally offered to him. Not seeing it, he reaches the pistol, picks it up, and holsters the sidearm at his thigh. Sitting down with a dull *\*THOP\**, Max looks at the ground between he knees and tries to apologize,

"Doc, man... I... I'm sorry man. I'm sorry I came at you like that."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc hears Max's apology in the back of his mind, but only manages a slight nod as he walks to the window. Looking out at the dark, bare landscape, he remembers what has been troubling him since the beginning of the battle.

"Did you guys hear gunfire during the fight? I mean gunfire that wasn't ours?"

He looks toward the remains of the mining camp.

"Frag! I need to check on Enapay."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **John**

Max snaps out of it a bit and responds to Doc's remembrance,

"Be careful! I set a bunch of mines at the entrance to the building in case the bugs reached us!"

Max stumbles to his feet to head out across the night with Doc.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **Elliott**

Tyros closes his eyes. "You've got the watch stunty!" Consciously relaxing all the muscles in his body, Tyros enters a meditative state somewhere right on the edge of sleep.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **John**

(( I forgot to add-- Nick, please assess whatever damage you feel is appropriate for Max and Doc from their scuffle. ))

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **GM Nick**

(( Wow! What did I come back to? That was a pretty potent anti-drug PSA! +1 karma to you both for excellent RP. ))

Rawhide salutes Tyros gruffly and plops down on the windowsill so that his feet are hanging out. He begins un-assembling and cleaning his SMG, whistling a mindless and joyful tune.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **GM Nick**

[ **Mining Encampment, South** ]

Doc and Max hike through the dunes in relative silence. Their camaraderie has been strained by the altercation and the correct words for reconciliation don't seem to come. The pervasive silence does little to help.

Arriving at the shelter where they stashed Enapay, the duo can only make out the silhouette of a body lying in the sand.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc activates his low light vision, and rushes forward.

"Enapay! You still with us?"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Enapay is dead.

The Sioux man is sprawled out in the sand. There are several large gashes running the length of his torso. Doc's blood-stained pistol lies several feet away from Enapay's outstretched fingertips.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **John**

Max steps forward to survey the scene, but still hangs back and lets Doc take the reigns. His body language lacks confidence; his face wears his embarrassment. He's looking around, but he's paying little attention. Max offers a poor attempt at humor,

"Looks like you can take your pistol back."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc scowls at Max and kneels beside the body. He places a finger on the man's neck, more out of habit than from any real expectation of results. It's done, there will be no miraculous resuscitation this time.

He rolls back into a sitting position, and rests his head on his knees.

The events of the last several hours are catching up to him. He had been given a glimpse of a happier past when he jump-started and repaired the old American Indian man. But after the surreal battle with otherworldly insects, and the violent breakdown of one of his only friends in this new life, there is just no room left to deal with another tragedy.

The corpse makes a mockery of his efforts. The cold form reminding him that what's in the past will stay in the past, and no matter what his efforts, he will never be able to live that life again.

He picks up the blood crusted pistol, and marches over to the nearest shattered insect carapace. He funnels all of his rage into and through the gun, and empties the remaining rounds into the

dead bug.

When the firing pin clicks down on an empty chamber, Doc lets his arms fall to his sides, and the gun slips from his fingers and thumps as it hits the sand. His face set in an emotionless mask, he walks past Max.

"There's nothing here for us, let's go."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide meets Doc and Max just outside the SPORE as the first few rays of sunlight crest the horizon. The untainted nature of the desert is unsettling--primal--a land without order or rules.

The dwarf blinks wearily and tucks the Ingram into the folds of his coat.

"Let's head into that mine. If I hear a single Snow White joke from either of you, it's shoot to kill."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **John**

Max takes a moment inside the SPORE. He reloads all of his guns, pours the sand out of his boots, takes a much needed drink of water from his canteen, and eats half a badly bruised apple that's been rolling around in his pack for longer than he can remember. He's trying to pull himself together. His freak-out had been brought on by the drugs, but it hadn't been exclusively because of the drugs-- it was also because of the spirit bugs. But is it for the better or worse that his team hadn't added that up? Doc was right, the portion of the pill had taken the edge off, but he was still anxious. Perhaps the anxiety would be controllable now, though. He certainly hopes so.

Standing again, Max sets out for the mine as the rest of the group does. Crossing the mined threshold to the SPORE, Max stops and disarms three of the mines and sets them gingerly in his pack. It never hurts to have a few extra mines handy.

Catching up with the rest of the group, Max comes up beside Doc and tries with all his best to speak with as little shame as he can muster,

"You alright, man? You kinda flipped out on that bug back there..."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc kicks at the sand and looks down. After having claimed the high road and indulged in more than a little self-righteous indignation with Max, the embarrassment of losing his calm cuts deeply.

"Yeah I'm... I'm fine. It's just... Well, it wasn't supposed to be like this. Remember back in Seattle, when you asked me if I'd ever imagined as a child that I would be cutting up a body and stuffing into a suitcase? It's kind of like that.

"Things didn't have to turn out like this, but they did anyway. I was just reminded of that, is all."

Doc starts slaps in a fresh magazine of AV rounds, and starts reloading the partially used mag.

"Look, about earlier, I'm not judging you. I can't judge you. God knows, I have more than my share of skeletons in the closet. So let's just keep our heads in the game. The sooner we do this, the sooner we get out of this godforsaken wasteland."

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **John**

Max stares out to the horizon for a long while before responding. He nods, but Doc isn't looking anyway. No affirmations need to be offered and no sympathies need to be expressed. Nobody wanted to wind up here. Trudging through the desert covered in the blood of giant insects can only ever be the culmination of years worth of mistakes.

Offering Doc the other half of his apple, he asks,

"We good?"

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide stops at the precipice of the mine--a large downward ramp that disappears into darkness. He scratches the back of his hand and frowns.

"More insect tracks going into the mine."

The dwarf rests one arm on the grip of his SMG in its sling.

"Someone got a light? Low light 'ware ain't gonna work in total darkness and I'm not sure there's gonna be much thermo to be picked up."

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-21-2011

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc stares ahead and nods.

"Yeah, we're good," He says to Max, waving away the bruised and desiccated apple.

He stands at the edge of the mine. "Drek, all this hardware, and none of us have a flashlight. Figures."

(( Maybe roll a group memory test, to see if any of us remember seeing a portable light source in any of the buildings? ))

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-21-2011

by **Elliott**

((how long has Tyros been resting? I want an hour of meditation so I can heal the stun damage))

Tyros's trance continues for about an hour as he slowly eases the pressure built up in his head from channeling so much magic.

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-21-2011

by **GM Nick**

(( Tyros had sufficient time to rest. Stun damage is reset. ))

Rawhide shrugs.

"We'll have to go slowly and rely on thermos. Maybe there's some sort of contained lighting in the mine interior."

The dwarf gains footing on the ramp and begins to descend cautiously, one hand on the SMG's pistol grip.

"Max, you take our flank. Your shotgun is an ideal weapon for close quarters combat."

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc steps out in front of the group.

"Can one of you turn on your commlink's display? That should give plenty of visibility for low light vision."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **John**

(( This isn't in my gear, but I've established over the course of the run that Max is an occasional smoker. ))

Max produces a zippo from his pocket and feels his sense of value to the team return slightly,

"I always told my mom that smoking was the only thing that got me through school. Looks like it wasn't the last time."

Max heads toward the front of the group and says,

"If somebody else can keep the lighter going, it'll cast more than enough light for my eyes to see like we're dealing in daylight. I filled up the fuel before the last mission and haven't used it much, but it still won't be enough to keep it burning solid, so try to conserve."

Max holds out the lighter for a member of the group to take.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **Elliott**

Tyros moves into the mine at the center of the group, claymore ready and resting in parade rest over his shoulder. Using his astral sight he can see despite any darkness.

"I can see astrally, but I'd suggest using thermo as if we get into a fight, that lighter will go out and you will be immediately blind."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide's boot crunches on something. He lifts up his leg.

"Oh, drek."

A skeleton is sprawled out in the dust, looking comically shrunken in comparison to the armored suit it's wearing. There's a logo of two red hash marks across the back-plate of the armor.

Rawhide picks up a sidearm, examines it and chucks it into the darkness.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc silently calls his Dragonfly from the SPORE. It flits over, and settles down on the ground behind a rock a few meters away. Doc walks over to it, and palms the pill bottle, stuffing it in his coat. Picking up the drone, he walks over to Max.

"Here give me the lighter. I'll have this little guy hover above us. That way we won't have to worry about the glare from the flame."[hr]

Doc looks quizzically at Rawhide.

"What did you find? What was that?"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **John**

Max hands Doc the lighter, saying at just above a whisper,

"Clever..."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide prods the armor suit with the tip of his SMG.

"Looks like one of our predecessors. I don't recognize these markings. Might be private sector..."

The dwarf trails off as something skitters along the ground ahead, around a tight corner.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc releases the Dragonfly, and it flies upward, proudly holding the lighter in front of it like a giant olympic torch. It takes up a position 1 meter above the group.

Doc notices Rawhide's change in disposition before he hears the sound. Turning on low-light, he brings his rifle to his shoulder and stares ahead.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide thumbs off the safety on the Ingram and slides his back along the wall adjacent to the corner. He points at Doc and gestures silently at the opposite wall. Pointing at his eyes, he points at Doc and then around the bend.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **John**

Max, his shotgun butted tightly against his shoulder, eases to the mouth of the passageway as it leads to the corner, and peers around it with the use of his flexicam.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **Elliott**

(Roll parazoology to see if I know whether these spirits use astral vision for their senses. I figure thou must if low light/thermal doesn't work down here)

Tyros drops the visor on his motor cycle helmet to keep the upcoming blood and gore splatter out of his eyes. "Make sure you give me room to work boys." Gripping his blade in both hands, he prepared to lunge.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc hops to the opposite wall, and presses his back to it. He looks at Max, waiting to see if he has any success with the Flexi-Cam.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **John**

Max pulls his eye back from the flexicam, looks at Doc, and shakes his head. He glances at Tyros preparing to lunge into the blackness and shrugs.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **GM Nick**

A figure, distinctly humanoid, flashes briefly in thermographics as it crosses a corridor at the end of the bend. What's troubling about the brief glimpse is that the figure had no heat signature where its eyes should have been--just two empty black spots.

Rawhide turns to the team, his partially illuminated face a mask of confusion and revulsion.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **John**

Max takes a deep breath and squeezes his eyes shut to force out any lingering anxiety. There's no use it drawing this out any longer than necessary; he's just glad that he augmented his hearing so the close-quarters-echoes of the gunshots won't literally deafen him.

The small elf lunges forward in unison with his dubiously paired troll comrade, turning the opposite direction down the intersecting passageway as does Tyros with his shotgun at the ready to fire upon anything so unlucky as to be in the corridor.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc jumps to the opposite corner, and aims his rifle down the corridor.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Whatever the team saw is gone now.

The shaft leads steadily downwards, until it forks and splits off into two corridors. There's a bit of faded signage affixed to the mine wall.

## Collection â†” Processing

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **John**

Max thinks aloud,

"Collection sounds like it'll wind up deeper than Processing. Any bead on that tracking signal?"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **GM Nick**

The generalized location of the signal, coupled with the complete lack of satellite coverage make the pinpointing the canister's location a crapshoot at best. The best the team can figure, the canister is somewhere in the mine.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-21-2011**

by **John**

Max works it out in his head and responds to the choice laid before them,

"Let's check out processing first. If the canister isn't there, it's likely to be a smaller, less sprawling maze of tunnels, so that should make it easier to clear. Also, we should leave markers of some kind. Maybe something as simple as a few bullets here and there. This place could get pretty confusing pretty fast."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-22-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc nods in agreement.

"Sounds like a plan. We'll need to do a full sweep of the tunnels until we find this thing. Keep your eyes out for any unusual equipment.

Doc shudders,

"Tyros, do you have any fraggin' idea what that thing was. I mean, we all saw that, right?"

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-22-2011

by **John**

Max begins to lead the way toward Processing, the team and illuminating Dragonfly at his back and nearly perfect blackness ahead.

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-22-2011

by **GM Nick**

Processing is a large concrete room full of disused industrial equipment. The team files in cautiously and is immediately aware of a number of strange, semi-transparent orbs that litter the floor and corners.

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-22-2011

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc signals the team to stop, and starts walking slowly toward the nearest orb. He calls the dragonfly over to cast a little extra light on it.

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-24-2011

by **GM Nick**

Doc approaches the strange spherical object under the flickering light cast by Max's lighter. Though it's difficult to make out, Doc catches a glimpse of a tiny insectoid life form inside the orb.

His heart skips a beat. This object... the whole room... eggs!

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-24-2011

by **John**

Max's lowlight eyes pick up on Doc's horror, and he immediately stoops to investigate one of the orbs himself. Coming to the same realization as did Doc, he stands and confirms to the team,

"Eggs. Anybody else feel like stomping around?"

Max sets forth into the chamber in search of the canister, saying as he goes,

"You guys with thermals be on the lookout for a particularly dark hole in the heat signatures. You never know-- this one may be refrigerated too."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-24-2011**

by **GM Nick**

The continued search of processing yields more of the same: clusters of eggs tucked into every nook and cranny of the room and huddled around the base of the large pieces of industrial machinery used for refining.

In the rear of the room, only now visible, is a small mobile trailer. The door has been boarded up from the outside.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-24-2011**

by **John**

Spotting the trailer, Max proceeds toward it. Wiggling the boards with his fingers, he inspects to see how easy it would be to get the door open, and whether there are any other possible entrances to the structure like windows.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-24-2011**

by **Elliott**

Tyros steps over to the trailer and using his sword as a crowbar, pops the boards off the door. Moving quickly and at the ready he steps inside and surveys the interior.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-24-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Something gaunt, skeletal and snarling lunges at Tyros.

[[Tyros = 24](#) ]

[[??? = 18](#) ]

Tyros is ready, and gets the jump on the dessicated humanoid that's currently attempting to remove his face.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-24-2011**

by **Elliott**

Tyros' claymore sweeps in front of him, bisecting the creature with the full weight of his strength behind the swing!

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-24-2011**

by **GM Nick**

[ [Tyros, Blades + AGI + 2 \(Power Focus\) = 3](#) ]

[ [???, Unarmed Combat + AGI = 2](#) ]

[ [???, BOD = 2](#) ] **\*\*9P DAMAGE\*\***

Tyros's blade makes a clean gash from crotch to sternum and his attacker falls over backwards, spurting blood all over the small office.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-24-2011**

by **John**

Max rushes into the trailer with his shotgun up to investigate the attacker.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-24-2011**

by **GM Nick**

The thing twitching on the ground appears to be human. Or at least *used to be* human. From all outward appearances, it resembles a severely malnourished adult male. The skin is sunken and sallow. Only patches of thin, disheveled hair remain on top of its head. The remnants of what used to be workman's clothes cling to the emaciated body.

Perhaps most disturbing are the eye sockets, both of which are empty pits, speckled with charred flesh and infected sores.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-24-2011**

by **John**

Max kicks at the body with his boot and callously says,

"Looks like this poor fella' spent some time aboard the Event Horizon."

Moving on from the body, Max searches the trailer for any indicators as to the location of the canister, as well as for something that might illuminate why the ocularly challenged inhabitant may have been boarded up inside. Finally, Max roots through the man's pockets.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-24-2011**

by **GM Nick**

The severely mangled body begins to rise and gropes its way towards Max's ankles.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-24-2011**

by **John**

Max restrains the body with his right forearm across its collarbone, his right knee pinning down its left arm, and his left hand holding back its right. Speaking sternly, Max says,

"If you can understand me, acknowledge me in some way. I don't *want* to hurt you if I don't have to."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-24-2011**

by **Elliott**

(roll parazooly/magical threats to identify the creature)

Tyros steps up and beheads the moving corpse. "By all rights, this thing should be dead. And I prefer it when things that are supposed to be dead stay dead."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **John**

(( Okay. The thing was at 9P and restrained. What threat did it pose? Was letting it live for another few moments not worth the *OFF* chance that it would be able to communicate something to us? ))

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-25-2011

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc sputters a few times, before throwing up his hands and doing the migraine salute.

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-25-2011

by **GM Nick**

[ [Tyros, Parazology + LOG = 1](#) ]

(( PM'd you results. ))

The decapitated head rolls several feet and stops at Rawhide's toe. With a disgusted sound, the dwarf punts it out of the trailer.

"You sure do like to make a mess, Tyros."

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-25-2011

by **Elliott**

Tyros keeps a wary eye on the dead ghoul as he searches the trailer. Switching his comm frequency to the canister, he checks to see if there is any local response ((if we are in the same room, we should be able to pick up the frequency)).

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-25-2011

by **John**

Max does a thorough sweep of the trailer and shoots an annoyed glance a Tyros,

"Good thing you decapitated a defenseless creature that I was trying to see if we could get something out of, troll."

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-25-2011

by **GM Nick**

Max ruffles through some papers and tools on the desk, kicking up a cloud of dust. About to write the search off as meaningless, he stumbles across something--a data-chip. It's an older model, but one that his commlink should have backwards compatibility with...

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **John**

Max plugs the datachip into his commlink and dives into its contents.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Max quickly configures the output of his commlink to the mini-projector so that the team can see.

A timestamp hovers in the air, accompanied by a wash of static. The static clears after a moment and two men are visible, their bodies warped by the fish-eye angle of what you can only assume is a security camera.

"Corporal Davies debriefing, the time is... 0600 hours. Why don't you just start over, Private? Just repeat what you told me."

The other man is hunched over, his arms folded and his body language anxious.

"I saw it first by the excavator, in collection. It was sort of standing there, just watching me..."

"What was? Can you describe it?"

"It was a bug... like... a really big bug. The size of a doberman."

"Private... is it true that..."

At this point, the recording garbles and loses any discernible audio or video. Max skips to the next file.

A man is sitting at a table, facing the camera. His hands are folded in front of him.

"This is field report 16A. Classification is Bravo-Kilo-Niner-Whisky-Niner. CO in charge, Sargent Jackson is KIA. The enemy combatants seem to be multiplying. Despite our best effort we are unable to drive them back into the main shaft.

Furthermore, the locals are highly suspicious. We assume that they've discovered the mining

corporation is a shell and a front for our research here. We can--"

There's a piercing screech and the man jumps to his feet, withdrawing his side-arm.

The video file ends abruptly.

There appears to be a third file, but its contents are corrupted and need to be rebuilt at the software level.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **John**

Max thinks aloud on the video footage, but is almost dismissive of it,

"So, pretty much nothing we didn't already know except apparently this is a subterranean research facility masquerading as a mining operation. I think we've gotten all we can get here. Move on to the rest of the complex?"

Max is on the move. This drek is creeping him out and he wants to get out of this goddamned cave.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Max feels a hand clamp around his ankle. Horrified, he looks down find the headless corpse is pulling itself towards him.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **John**

Max freaks out a little and begins wildy stomping on the arm and corpse after yanking his ankle from its grasp. At a certain point it begins to resemble wine making, as all he's really doing is stomping pulpy lumps of pulverized flesh into the old, matted carpeting of the trailer.

Unconsciously, Max has been blurting obscenities all the while.

Comfortable that there's no longer any pieces of the corpse that could potentially still turn ambulatory, Max regains his composure. After a few deep breaths, Max puts a cigarette in his mouth and beckons the drone over to him, lighting it off his lighter as being held by the small machine. That'll ease his jangled nerves. Taking a deep drag on the cigarette, Max is soothed by the smoke. Brushing off his coat and cracking his neck, he asks,

"Shall we?"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc steps back as Max pulps the corpse.

"What exactly did they find down here? And what the hell was that thing? They mentioned finding the bugs, but what created that?" Doc gestures at the remains.

"I have an uneasy feeling that the correct question is WHO was that? Come on, let's find the canister. I want to spend as little time down here as possible."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **GM Nick**

The continued search of processing yields no results. After an hour underground, the darkness and claustrophobia begin to press in on the runners. Tight spaces in Seattle aren't unusual, but at least there you're surrounded by lights, sounds, people...

A rickety mag-tram monorail marks the entrance to collection, its singular track slipping off into space. The cart itself seems to have an auxiliary power system--a mini nuclear battery that still bears an unspoiled protection cap.

Rawhide eyes the small monorail cart with something bordering on nausea.

"I can't say I fancy the idea of being crammed in a tiny train with a troll, elf and a human while we plummet into the abyss..."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **Elliott**

Tyros glares pointedly at Max, "Still think that thing would be an engaging conversation partner? Why don't you generally trust my judgement in areas of magic and parazoology, ok?"

Still not seeing the canister frequency coming through on his comm, Tyros nods to Doc and moves towards the exit.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **John**

Max responds to Tyros brusquely,

"We might not have gotten anything out of it, but we didn't know that until *after* you decapitated it. You just so *happened* to be right in this instance. Why don't you try thinking for a minute or two before swinging your fraggin' sword into things that pose no threat to you?"

Moving on from the argument, Max is eager to get through the mine (perhaps to a fault),

"We don't have a wealth of time to work with here, and this thing looks like it still runs. I say we climb aboard."

Max hops aboard the cart and gestures for the rest of the group to follow.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide sighs and lumbers on to the cart, it shifting to one side perceptibly as he does so. He sits on one of the bench seats on either side and glares into the darkness.

"I hate trains."

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **John**

Max jabs at him in an attempt at mild humor,

"Did a train kill your mom or something?"

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide grits his teeth.

"Leningrad. '49. Lost two of my buddies on the Trans-Siberian mag-lev when we got hit by RPG's fired by rebel forces."

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **John**

Max has stepped in something that he would have rather not. All but remaining silent, he responds with,

"Jesus."

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **Elliott**

"Make room...", Tyros mutters as he climbs aboard. Still listening to his comm tuned to the canister frequency, "Doc, maybe you should drive?"

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **John**

With the full team to climb aboard, Max operates the cart's controls to send them on their way. Just as he does, he pauses and looks at the faces of all of his teammates. Everybody is worn out, fatigued, and utterly oppressed by the claustrophobic, inky blackness that threatens to swallow them. However, that's not what Max is looking at. He studies their faces for a moment longer before saying,

"Christ. This group is like a fraggin' *tolerance ad*."

The cart begins to move and Max yields the controls to Doc.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc works the simple controls on the monorail, and starts to ease the tram forward.

"Hey, you can walk if you want."

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **John**

Max feels as though he's been misunderstood,

"No, it's not that. It's just-- look at us. We're an elf, a human, a dwarf, and a troll. Add a girl and an Asian in a wheelchair and we'd have an afterschool game of three-on-three on our hands."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **GM Nick**

The monorail lurches forward with an unnerving squeal and then descends into the pitch black at reeling speeds. The team is bathed in darkness as the Dragonfly fails to keep pace.

Only the illumination from the small control panel can be seen, throwing the lower half of Doc's face into an alien yellow sheen.

After a seemingly endless series of bucks and bounces, the mono-rail seems to settle on a level track and slides along at a smooth pace.

Every one of the runners is struck with the uncanny sensation that they're in the middle of a very, very wide open space.

Doc's eye is drawn to a flashing dialog box on the cart's controls.

[font=Arial]*FLOOD LIGHTING CHARGED. TOUCH HERE TO ACTIVATE.*[/font]

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **John**

Max sees the button glowing in the dark and reaches beyond Doc to press it.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **GM Nick**

The team is blinded for a moment (except for Rawhide, who has flare compensators) as over a dozen flood lights affixed to the full perimeter of the rail cart buzz to life.

Rawhide lets out an appreciative whistle as their vision begins to return.

The monorail is coasting on a narrow beam that stretches to the limits of vision on either end. The cavern through which the team is travelling must have a diameter of at least 100 meters. There's a dizzying drop to the cavern floor below the mono-rail track, populated every now and

then by a rigid support arch.

Massive seams wind their way through the subterranean walls, glittering in the passing halo of the flood lights--crystalline, perhaps?

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Tyros's head snaps to the side as he picks up a cluster of astral signatures moving in fast.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc blinks as his eyes adjust.

"Sweet Zeus, look at that. Did they dig this, or find it? Tyros, any pings from the canister?"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **John**

Max sees Tyros's attention snap off to the side and follows the troll's gaze into the distance, trying to make out what's attracted his attention. Not taking any chances, Max draws his shotgun to his shoulder and peers through its mounted imaging system to try to spy into the expanse of this massive chamber.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **GM Nick**

A pack of four giant mantids swoops out of the darkness.

[ [Rawhide = 51](#) ]

[ [Doc = 42](#) ]

[ [Max = 37](#) ]

[ [Tyros = 20](#) ]

[ [Mantid 1 = 24](#) ]

[ [Mantid 2 = 24](#) ]

[ [Mantid 3 = 21](#) ]

[ [Mantid 4 = 17](#) ]

Rawhide squares his shoulders and squeezes off a round at the closest mantis.

(( Rawhide: [BF - Narrow] AGI 6 + automatics 6 + 2 [smartlink] -1 [range] = 5 -- 12P ))  
(( Insect Spirit: REA 6 2 [Running] = 3 ))  
(( Insect Spirit: BOD 6 + 2 [Armor] = 3 -- 9P ))

A spray of yellow blood signifies a hit as the first insect drops out of the air.

(( Rawhide: [BF - Narrow] AGI 6 + automatics 6 +2 (specialization) + 2 [smartlink] -1 [range] = 5 -- 12P ))  
(( Insect Spirit: REA 6 2 [Running] = 1 ))  
(( Insect Spirit: BOD 6 + 2 [Armor] = 1 -- 11P ))

The second burst takes out the adjacent mantis!

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc swings the crosshairs over the nearest mantid, and squeezes off a round.

"Drek! We keep killing them, and they keep coming back!"

He squeezes off another round at the next mantis (( if the first one goes down )).

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **GM Nick**

(( Doc Adams: AGI 5 + longarms 5 +2 (specialization) = 3 -- 11P ))  
(( Insect Spirit: REA 6 2 [Running] = 1 ))  
(( Insect Spirit: BOD 6 + 2 [Armor] -3 [AP] = 2 -- 9P ))

A wing is blown off, sending the spirit spiraling into the dark.

(( Doc Adams: AGI 5 + longarms 5 +2 (specialization) = 3 -- 11P ))  
(( Insect Spirit: REA 6 2 [Running] = 2 ))  
(( Insect Spirit: BOD 6 + 2 [Armor] -3 [AP] = 2 -- 9P ))

The second round catches a mantis in the thorax and sends it plummeting to its doom.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **John**

Max's finger hasn't even had the opportunity to squeeze the trigger by the time all of the bugs are dead. The astonished elf looks at his teammates and gives an appreciative whistle, going on to say,

"Not bad, fellas. Not bad."

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **GM Nick**

The mono-rail continues to speed along and the team begins to wonder just how far they've traveled. The air has gotten noticeably cooler and carries that unmistakable, subterranean odor.

Suddenly, and without warning, the mono-rail's control screen grows dark and the cart coasts to a gentle stop. The flood lights dim and then die, bathing the team in total darkness. After a terrible moment, a lone source of light--the control screen--flickers to life.

*[font=Arial]BATTERY MALFUNCTION. ERROR CODE 15A.[/font]*

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-25-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc studies the console for a moment, before kneeling down, and popping open an access hatch underneath.

(( Want to see if automotive mechanic can be used here ))

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-26-2011**

by **Elliott**

Tyros sighs, "Guess we are walking afterall..." He checks his comm again absently to see if any sign of the canister's frequency is coming through.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-26-2011**

by **GM Nick**

(( I'll allow it... this is going to be an extended test. ))

Doc discovers the operator's manual and thumbs through it, using the console's screen as a reading light.

"15A... 15A... ahh... here we go... general failure in primary wiring harness resulting in inability to power... auxiliary systems still on... yadda yadda... reroute power coupler D to E..."

[ [Doc, Automotive Mechanic + LOG \(6\) = 2](#) ]

Doc sets to work on the wiring harness, figuring that at his current rate, he'll need an additional 10 minutes to complete the task.

(( Nothing on the comm, the canister is still somewhere "in the general vicinity." ))

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-26-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Tyros' astral sight reveals a pinpoint of light in the distance, presumably moving along the mono-rail track.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-26-2011**

by **John**

Nodding at the task Doc is setting to, Max scans the cavern at the ready.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-26-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

While rooting through the wiring harness, doc absentmindedly tells the others,

"Keep an eye out for those bugs. We're a stationary target here."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-26-2011**

by **GM Nick**

A massive heat signature scurries along the mono-rail track towards the cart, growing larger as it approaches. Whatever it is, it's *big*.

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-26-2011

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc continues to trace wires in the harness, snipping here, splicing there. The bundle becomes an ever increasing mass of electrical tape.

He starts quietly humming a happy, catchy tune, completely oblivious to the oncoming shit storm.

(( This one's on you, guys! Doc's busy! ))

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-26-2011

by **John**

Max draws his shotgun to his shoulder and spies through the scope, prepared to fire the moment the creature resolves in his sights.

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-26-2011

by **GM Nick**

[ [Rawhide = 48](#) ]

[ [Max = 45](#) ]

[ [Tyros = 27](#) ]

[ [Large Heat Signature = 23](#) ]

Rawhide slips a drum of AP ammunition into his SMG. (( Simple action. ))

He cocks the slide and aims at the direction of the oncoming heat signature and waits. (( Delay simple action. ))

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-26-2011

by **John**

Max waits until the creature is within range and fires.

(( Delay actions. ))

---

## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: **10-26-2011**

by **GM Nick**

As the thing draws closer, the silhouette of an enormous insects comes into view. It appears to be mantis-like but its appendages are much larger.

Rawhide roars a battle cry as his SMG explodes.

(( Rawhide: [BF - Narrow] AGI 6 + automatics 6 +2 (specialization) + 2 [smartlink] -1 [range] = 5 -- 12P ))

(( ???: REA 8 = 1 ))

(( ???: BOD 8 + 12 [Armor] -4 [AP] = 5 -- 7P ))

The burst doesn't seem to deter the lumbering super insect.

---

## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: **10-26-2011**

by **GM Nick**

(( Max Overstreet: AGI 6 + longarms 5 +2 (specialization) + 2 [smartlink] = 4 -- 11P ))

(( ???: REA 8 = 5 ))

Max's first shot is wide.

(( Max Overstreet: AGI 6 + longarms 5 +2 (specialization) + 2 [smartlink] = 6 -- 13P ))

(( ???: REA 8 = 1 ))

(( ???: BOD 8 + 12 [Armor] -1 [AP] = 5 -- 8P ))

His second shot is good and is rewarded with a fountain of insect blood. But still, the giant spirit charges forward.

---

## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: **10-26-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc takes a hastily reconfigured connector, and plugs it in. He's rewarded with a bright flash and a shower of sparks.

"Fraggin' piece of drek ancient go cart," he says, slipping a piece of stripped wire into the blown fuse's socket.

"Keep it down up there! I'm trying to concentrate!"

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-26-2011**

by **John**

Max quips back despite the firefight,

"I think I've heard your sister say that same thing word for word!"

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-26-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc snorts, "That's not funny, man. My sister's a deaf-mute. Don't go putting words in her mouth!"

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-26-2011**

by **John**

Max's amusement with Doc's choice of words almost makes him drop his gun. Recovering himself from astounded incredulity, he returns,

"Out of the six of us, I assure you that none of us put any words in her mouth!"

Returning his attention from the brief reprieve to the Doombug barreling down on them, Max stops finding much amusement within the situation.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-26-2011**

by **Elliott**

Tyros' eyes go a little wide behind his visor as he sees the giant bug shrug off the bullets. Stretching both arms out towards the beast (centering), Tyros sends a small bead of yellow light zipping its direction (manabolt, f6). The glowing ball looks tiny and almost imperceptible as it closes on the spirit, and the precise moment of impact is impossible to discern until a bright flash of light in both the normal and astral spectrum signifies its detonation.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-26-2011**

by **John**

Max's body is knocked back by the force of the energy as it leaves his massive compatriot. From the floor of the of the small train car, Max watches as the ball makes its way to the massive bug. The impact is magnificent. Beautiful. Almost elegant. Scrambling to his feet, Max tries desperately to make out whether or not the creature is still coming.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-26-2011**

by **GM Nick**

[ [Tyros, Spellcasting + MAG + 2 \(Power Focus\) = 6](#) ]

[ [Giant Insect Spirit, WIL = 1](#) ] [color=#FF0000]\*\*12P DAMAGE\*\*[/color]

The blast of light slams into the insect creature and liquefies the front of its thorax. With an otherworldly shriek, the titanic mantis tumbles into the abyss.

[ [Tyros, Resist Drain, WIL + LOG + 2 + 1 = 2](#) ] \*\*7S DAMAGE\*\*

Tyros reels from the effort of casting the manabolt. It feels like the worst hangover he's ever had.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-26-2011**

by **John**

Max leans quickly over the edge of the cart, watching the creature flail into the endless darkness below.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-26-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc is trying unsuccessfully to cram a frayed wire into the back of a block connector.

"You guys done playing around up there?"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-26-2011**

by **Elliott**

((Jesus, 13 dice and only 2 successes!))

Tyros crumples to the floor of the cart with a groan. Moving sluggishly, he pops open his helmet

visor, tilts his head back and holds his nose, trying to staunch the flow of blood. "Think that one killed a few brain cells", he stutters.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-26-2011**

by **John**

The elf turns back to the troll, whose fatigue is instantly apparent. In a low and calming tone, Max kneels down next to the exhausted troll and begins,

"Once upon a time, there was a very beautiful princess who was very sad for a very long time..."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-26-2011**

by **GM Nick**

[ [Doc, Automotive Mechanic + LOG \(4\) = 1](#) ]

Doc gets a jolt as he crosses the wrong wires.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-26-2011**

by **GM Nick**

There's an inhuman screech as a pack of mantids swoop out of the darkness and begin dive-bombing runs on the cart.

[ [Rawhide = 57](#) ]

[ [Max = 33](#) ]

[ [Tyros = 18](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit 1 = 28](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit 2 = 20](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit 3 = 20](#) ]

[ [Insect Spirit 4 = 18](#) ]

Rawhide says something grievously offensive and fires two quick bursts, alternating targets.

(( Rawhide: [BF - Narrow] AGI 6 + automatics 6 +2 (specialization) + 2 [smartlink] 2 [] = 6 -- 13P ))

(( Insect Spirit: REA 6 2 [Running] = 1 ))

(( Insect Spirit: BOD 6 + 2 [Armor] -4 [AP] = 0 -- 13P ))

The first burst splatters gore across the cavern walls as it annihilates a mantis.

(( Rawhide: [BF - Narrow] AGI 6 + automatics 6 +2 (specialization) + 2 [smartlink] 2 [] = 6 -- 13P ))

(( Insect Spirit: REA 6 2 [Running] = 4 ))

(( Insect Spirit: BOD 6 + 2 [Armor] -4 [AP] = 0 -- 13P ))

Burst #2 saws a mantis in half. Two down--two to go!

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-26-2011**

by **John**

Max breaks off the beginning of his story and stands abruptly, turning in the direction of the airborne insects. Raising his shotgun, he fires on the pack, pumping armor piercing slugs into the vast expanse of the seemingly infinite chamber about them.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-26-2011**

by **GM Nick**

(( Max Overstreet: AGI 6 + longarms 5 +2 (specialization) + 2 [smartlink] = 4 -- 11P ))

(( Insect Spirit: REA 6 2 [Running] = 1 ))

(( Insect Spirit: BOD 6 + 2 [Armor] -1 [AP] = 1 -- 10P ))

Max picks off a mantis like a clay pigeon.

(( Max Overstreet: AGI 6 + longarms 5 +2 (specialization) + 2 [smartlink] = 9 -- 16P ))

(( Insect Spirit: REA 6 2 [Running] 2 [] = 0 ))

(( Insect Spirit: BOD 6 + 2 [Armor] -1 [AP] = 2 -- 14P ))

Another round, another victory as a spatter of insect blood rains down on the cart.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-26-2011**

by **GM Nick**

[ [Doc, Automotive Mechanic + LOG \(3\) = 2](#) ]

Doc fumbles with the power couplers, but senses he is very near completion.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-26-2011**

by **John**

Max, very pleased with his proficiency, barks at Doc,

"You almost done down there??"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-26-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc starts double checking the wires, and plugging the final pieces in.

"Almost there! Have some patience, perfection like this can't be rushed."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-26-2011**

by **Elliott**

Tyros groans...clearly unhappy with the pounding in his head.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-27-2011**

by **GM Nick**

[ [Doc, Automotive Mechanic + LOG \(1\) = 2](#) ]

The cart lurches forward as Doc connects the final power coupler. Near daylight is once again restored as the floods illuminate the cavern.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-27-2011**

by **John**

Max gives Doc an appreciative pat on the shoulder.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-27-2011**

by **GM Nick**

The exhausted team finally arrives at the collection site, having traveled some half dozen kilometers by mono-rail. The cart shudders to a slow stop on a platform at the top of a steep slope that descends into darkness.

The faint beeping of the GPS tracking program on Tyros' commlink is the only sound that can be heard.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-27-2011**

by **John**

Max turns to the team, shrugs, and says,

"No point in dragging this out."

The elf proceeds into the darkness with his shotgun at the ready.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-27-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc steps out of the cart, glad to have solid ground under his feet once again. A pinpoint of light moves toward the group as the Dragonfly tries to catch up.

He looks ahead.

"Man, good thing this mine has a pit of despair. I'd hate for this to not be creepy," He says, unslinging his rifle and descending into the tunnel.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-27-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide, Max, Doc and Tyros stumble down through the dark, following the path as it leads through a long tunnel and eventually emerging at a dig site. There is no need for light as the massive veins of crystal creeping along the cavern wall provide plenty of illumination.

The chamber that the team is in looks almost as if it was sand-blasted out of the rock. The bizarre crystalline mineral is plentiful here, zig-zagging throughout the perimeter of the cavern.

In the center of the room is a large pile of the eggs you saw before--hundreds, if not thousands. In the middle of the pile is the largest insect spirit you've seen thus far. It stands at least 5 meters high, with much longer appendages than the prior spirits were equipped with and some sort of birthing organ protruding from its thorax.

The mantis queen does not react as the team files into the chamber, perhaps not noticing their arrival...

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-27-2011**

by **John**

Max is in awe of the massive creature. Its size is baffling.

Max breaks his temporary paralysis and looks at the rest of the team and begins to creep along the chamber wall.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-27-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc presses against the wall, and crouches down behind a stalagmite. He scans the room for other tunnels while staying low and out of sight.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-27-2011**

by **Elliott**

((How long did the monorail trip take? Was Tyros able to rest off any stun damage?))

Tyros gazes around the cavern in astral sight, paying particular attention to the mantis queen and the crystals (roll assensing). Switching to thermal vision, he then scans the room for the telltail dark patch of the coolant maintained canister.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-27-2011**

by **GM Nick**

The queen and the crystals pulse brightly on the astral plane, both extremely powerful sources of astral energy.

Tyros spots a black "hole" in the bright patch work of the brooding pile that is roughly canister-shaped. Coupled with the rapid beeping coming from his commlink is a pretty reliable indicator that their objective is knee-deep in mantis eggs.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-27-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

The canister located, Doc makes a chopping motion under his chin to signal Tyros to silence the beeping.

Activating his commlink implant, Doc messages,

< I doubt we'll be able to just walk right up and take the canister. We need a distraction. >

He looks at the giant mantis with worry, and double checks that he has AV rounds loaded in the rifle.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-27-2011**

by **John**

Max suggests,

<The only member of this team we can use as bait without risking any life is your drone.>

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-27-2011**

by **Elliott**

Tyros turns off the tracking signal. <"I think the skinny elf should do a quick run through and swap the canister for half a dozen grenades...">

Tyros turns his attention to the crystal veins in the wall, trying to discern what it is and why it gives off a magical aura (roll whatever knowledge skills appropriate).

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-27-2011**

by **John**

Max shakes his head,

<She'd spot me. You're the only one that can go invisible here.>

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-27-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc signals the drone to hit the striker on the lighter to re-ignite it. It approaches the mouth of the chamber.

< I can send the drone buzzing around to the other side of the room. If a flying fire bug doesn't get that bitch's attention, then I'll have the drone start slicing some eggs open. That ought to piss her off. >

< Tell me when you're ready. Once I do this, we'll be at the point of no return >[hr]

Doc thinks for a bit, and then comms

< Max, you got some grenades, right? How about you move back to the cave entrance, and find a crack or crevice in the wall to stick a grenade in? If we have to run out of here in a hurry, we can pull the pin on the way out, and maybe collapse the tunnel behind us. >

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-27-2011

by **John**

Max nods: good thinking. Scurrying off, he sets about the task of stuffing a grenade into a place near the mouth of the chamber that, to the best of his deductive abilities, seems like a structural weak point.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-27-2011

by **GM Nick**

Max examines the entrance to the chamber but can't find a place to put a grenade that would cause any real damage, let alone cause a cave-in.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-27-2011

by **John**

Returning to the group, Max shakes his head in negation, showing them that the grenade remains in his hand.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-27-2011

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide puts his thumb against the side of his beefy neck and activates his subvocal microphone.

<How many flash-bang grenades we got in total? What if everyone chucks a couple and we grab the thing during the chaos?>

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-27-2011

by **John**

Max looks around the group in relative confusion,

<I don't know that we have any. All I've got are HE and one gas.>

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-27-2011

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc mentally comms back,

< I like that idea. Let me draw her away first. Tyros, if you go invisible, maybe you could make the grab? The moment it looks like she's losing interest in the drone, we can let loose with the flash bangs >[hr]

Doc reaches into his pack, and grabs four flash bang grenades. He hands two to Max.

< We ready for this? >

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-27-2011

by **John**

Max looks at his sawbones friend and cockily responds,

<I was born ready.>

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-27-2011

by **GM Nick**

(( FYI, and Tyros would know this, spirits can see astral signatures and improved invisibility does not mask that. Just to avoid some wasted stun damage. ))

Rawhide simultaneously rips the pins out of double-fisted flash-bang grenades with his teeth and spits them out.

<Time to party.>

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-27-2011

by **John**

Max pockets the flashbangs and readies his shotgun.

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-27-2011

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc sends the Dragonfly buzzing to the opposite end of the room, and has it jam the lighter into a pile of eggs. He gives it a further instruction to take off, and head up toward the ceiling if the queen gets within 20 meters.

< Here we go! >

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-27-2011

by **GM Nick**

The massive mantis head whips around and spies the dragonfly. Before Doc has time to react, a bladed forearm snaps down on the drone and slices it in two. Shifting her weight carefully, the queen turns to survey the rest of the lair.

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-27-2011

by **John**

Max's breathing stops hard as the bladed appendage cleaves the drone in half. Max feels like a deer in the headlights as the Queen surveys the room.

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-27-2011

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide chucks both flash-bangs, underhand, directly at the mantis spirit. Time to seems to slow as both of the tiny cylinders careen through the air.

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-27-2011

by **John**

Max's jaw goes slack as he watches the flashbangs fly through the air. In the moment that seems to stretch on for an eternity, he can't believe what he's witnessing.

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-27-2011

by **Elliott**

Tyros slams his visor shut, hoping the flare compensator helps against the flash.

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-27-2011

by **John**

As the grenades volley through the air, Max closes his eyes in preparation of the blinding light.

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-28-2011

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc ducks his head down, and covers his ears.

< Speaking of the point of no return, let's get the damn canister! >

He starts running toward the canister, pulling the pin on a flash bang, and getting ready to throw it.

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-28-2011

by **John**

Max is torn between protecting his eyes from the flash and covering Doc's back with the shotgun. He'd be of no use blind, so the elf opts for the former.

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-28-2011

by **GM Nick**

The mantis queen squeals as the flash bangs detonate with twin pops, filling the air with a sparking incendiary light show. 3 meter long appendages flail in a circle, hissing through the air like the reaper's scythe.

Doc charges forward, his eyes trying to follow the uncanny speed of the insect spirit's limbs. Confident there's an opening, he drops into a slide and hurls the flash-bang directly at the mantid head.

He grimaces at the third explosion, which sends the spirit rearing on its rear legs. With all the agility his augmented body can muster, Doc plunges his hands into the eggs and retrieves the cold, slimy canister.

Looking up from his prize, Doc's eyes widen as he meets the gaze of one pissed off bug mama.

Gunfire echoes around the semi-spherical chamber as Rawhide opens fire with his SMG, the bullets sliding pathetically off of the polished carapace and failing to make a single indentation.

The failed volley proves just enough distraction for Doc to roll away, narrowly avoiding being cleaved in two by the powerful forearms.

Already on his feet and running, Doc rejoins the group...

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc comes sprinting up to the others and the entrance, the canister tucked under one arm, and the other arm swinging in time to his footsteps.

"GO GO GO GO GO GO!"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **John**

Max is horrified to see the group's efforts thus far prove useless in damaging the giant bug, he turns and runs with all of his zeal. Reaching into his pack mid-run, he pulls out two of the mines he salvaged from the SPORE, arms them, and throws them to the ground covering their retreat.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Elliott**

Confidant that the mantis is distracted and his teammates have the canister in play, Tyros turns his attention again to the fascinating crystal formations. Using his Claymore, he searches for a fissure or imperfection in where a crystal stalagmite meets the rock and pries/chips a sizesble chunk loose.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **John**

Max is speechless.

(( Elliott-- the forum software is fucked up. For some reason, the first post on a new page doesn't show up until there's a second post from another poster. ))

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc spares a glance at Tyros, and his mind skips a beat.

Giant Death Bug, check.

Exploding munitions, check.

Gunfire, check.

Troll calmly mining for gems with a claymore...

"Tyros, we have to get out of here!"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Tyros is unable to dislodge any of the crystal material with his sword. The insect leg that nearly crushes him as it plows into the stone adjacent to his head is somewhat discouraging to his efforts.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide backpedals furiously, emptying the entire 50-round drum on the advancing insect spirit to no discernible effect.

"Drek. Fraggin' drek. Fraggin' frag frag fag--"

He releases the Ingram and unholsters the Ruger, squeezing off round after round, which ricochet off of the queen's head carapace.

"Fraggin' slitch frag frag drek!"

He stumbles as he narrowly avoids stepping on one of Max's mines. His eyes go wide and he jogs after Doc.

"FRAG."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **John**

Max is huffing it at full bore, desperately trying to reach the cart before he is cleaved in half.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

The team arrives at the mono-rail platform, mere moments ahead of the enraged mantis queen.

Rawhide ducks a flying appendage and locks another drum into his SMG. Pulling back the slide he says,

"Get into the cart! I'll buy you a few seconds!"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **John**

Max jumps into the cart and begins rifling through his bag. After a tense moment of the monolithic insect drawing ever closer as his compatriots also file in, Max finds what he's been looking for-- the gas grenade! Clutching the cold steel of the grenade in his right hand, Max pulls its pin violently with his left and tosses it underhand to just in front of the rampaging queen.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide doubles back and begins climbing the platform as the gas grenade spews forth its contents.

The mantis queen screeches and staggers backwards, obviously put off by the tear gas.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **John**

Max slams down on the controls for the cart, sending it back in the direction from whence they came. Over the roar of the tracks, Max shouts to Doc,

"You're the one with the grenade launcher! I'll drive!"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

"Fine by me!" Doc shouts.

Regaining his footing after the cart lurches, he keels down, and rests the rifle on the edge of the cart. Zeroing in, he squeezes the trigger on the MGL-6 and starts lobbing grenades at the queen.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

[ [Round 1, Ini. Pass 1](#) ]

[ [Rawhide = 40](#) ]

[ [Doc = 39](#) ]

[ [Max = 31](#) ]

[ [The Queen = 21](#) ]

[ [Tyros = 16](#) ]

Once safely aboard the cart, Rawhide hurls a freeze-foam grenade at the queen's massive legs.

[ [Rawhide, Grenades + AGI = 2](#) ]

[ [Scatter = 5](#) ]

A cloud of white gas explodes outwards as the grenade detonates, quickly hardening to a glue-like consistency and trapping several of the queen's limbs in place.

---

## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: 10-28-2011

by Drew Buddy

Doc fires two grenades at the queen's center of mass.

---

## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: 10-28-2011

by GM Nick

(( Doc Adams: AGI 5 + heavy 1 = 2 ))

(( Queen: REA 4 = 3 ))

The first grenade explodes on the cavern wall behind the queen.

(( Doc Adams: AGI 5 + heavy 1 -1 [RC] = 1 -- 11P ))

(( Queen: REA 4 = 0 ))

(( Queen: BOD 18 + 18 [Armor] = 9 )) \*\*2P DAMAGE\*\*

Grenade #2 explodes against the queen's carapace, charring it and obviously causing pain to the creature.

---

## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: 10-28-2011

by John

(( This creature should have 17 boxes of P, to give a heads up to everybody. Dougal, Manabolt bypasses armor entirely and is only rolled against her Will... ))

Shouting over the roar of the tracks, Max barks (mostly to Doc),

"Anybody else got anything greasy? If we can lube up the tracks behind us, maybe she'll fall off into the void! I've got a bottle of lubricant in my lockpick set!"

The cart rolling briskly along the tracks, Max rises and fires two armor piercing slugs at a joint on the queen's torso, hoping to split between the plates to her gooey insides. (( Bypass armor ))

---

## RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux

Posted: 10-28-2011

by GM Nick

[ Max, Shotguns + AGI + 2 (Smartlink) - 6 (Bypassing Armor) = 6 ]  
[ Queen, REA = 4 ]  
[ Queen, BOD = 3 ] \*\*10P DAMAGE\*\*

Max's expertly placed shot slips through a gap in the exo-skeleton and is rewarded with a fountain of gore.

[ Max, Shotguns + AGI + 2 (Smartlink) - 6 (Bypassing Armor) - 1 (Recoil) = 3 ]  
[ Queen, BOD = 8 ] \*\*2P DAMAGE\*\*

Max fires again. The slug plunges into the newly created hole and exits through the back, plastering the tunnel with bug organs.

The queen topples backwards, foam-frozen limbs tearing away as her massive girth falls and lands in a cloud of dust.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **John**

Max looks down at the felled, supine queen as she grows smaller and smaller with each meter that grows between she and the group. He can hardly believe the damage done by the shots he's just fired.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

The darkness is fading. All over the cavern, the crystalline veins are pulsing and increasing in intensity. Energy, almost like blood, courses through the mineral formations and undulates a spectacular light.

With the cavern now brightly illuminated, the team can clearly see the multiple swarms of insect spirits converging from every angle.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc slaps Max on the back.

"Nice shot"

He looks at the swarm below with concern.

"If they converge on our exit platform, we should try flashbangs again. It should drive them off long enough to make it into the tunnel. Do you have any of those mines left?"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

A wave of static assaults the team's comms and stabilizes. There's a transmission being broadcast on every frequency.

<Astral anomaly detected. Commencing purging protocol. Evacuate the facility. Safety lighting has been-->

The transmission is cut short and a harsh vibration bounces the mono-rail cart.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Elliott**

"Can't you make this thing go faster!? I think we just kicked the anthill!"

Tyros hunkers down in the cart, trying to stay out of the shooter's way, but ready to jump up swinging if any of the bugs get close.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

"I have a bad feeling about this!" Doc says, as he wills the cart to move faster.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **John**

Max nods,

"One."

Reaching into his pack, Max hands the mine to Doc.

Turning his attention to the swarm, Max fires on the two nearest bugs.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc takes the mine, and sets it on one of the cart's seats. Slapping a fresh magazine of fragmentation grenades, he fires indiscriminately into the swarm.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

An arc of violet lightning connects climactically between crystals on opposite sides of the cavern, causing a sort of ball lightning above the team's heads.

The energy ball shrinks until it's just a pinpoint of light and then explodes, sending shockwaves in every direction and flattening all four of the runners against the cart's bottom.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc blinks the spots out of his eyes as his hearing returns.

"The frag?!"

He stands back up unsteadily, and looks over the edge of the cart to see what effect the blast had on the bugs.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

The cart barrels onward, now within line of sight of its original point of departure. Hundreds upon hundreds of insect spirits swarm around the cart. It's readily apparent that the spirits are outright ignoring the runners in their frenzied hurry to escape the cavern.

Another arc of violet lightning explodes part of the cavern ceiling, raining down rock around the final stretch of track.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **John**

Max keeps his head and shelters himself from falling rocks with his hands and forearms. All he can do is hold on and wait for this ride to draw to an end so he can keep on running.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc gets ready to disembark.

"Not much choice here! We're going to have to run with the bugs!"

He readies a flashbang, so that the team will briefly have a clear area to step off.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **John**

Max responds with his head still under cover from his arms,

"Guess I can check Barcelona off my bucket list!"

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

The cart comes to an abrupt halt and promptly derails as a wave of insect spirits crash into it in a panicked stupor. All four of the runners are spilled out on to the ground.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **John**

Max catches his breath for a moment before pulling himself together, getting to his feet, and running like he's never run before.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc jumps up, and grabs the mine, stuffing it in his pack. He hoofs it after Max, using the butt of his rifle to swat away bugs that get too close.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide helps Tyros to his feet, wincing as an insect spirit buzzes him.

["Think you can manage?"](#)

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Elliott**

Tyros jumps out of the cart and starts running for the exit, swinging his claymore, not so much like a sword as a fly swatter.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide stares after the troll who seems to have gotten his second wind.

["I'll take that as a yes!"](#)

He kicks a nearby insect spirit out of the way and jogs after the rest of the team.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

The foursome struggles against the wriggling bodies hurrying past them, ducking serrated appendages as required. After a stressful run up the slope, the blinding gleam of sunlight greets them like a halo of salvation.

Immediately upon sighting the mine entrance, the tell-tale sounds of gunfire can be heard from the surface.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **John**

Max is nearly spent, but he can see daylight. The temperature is rising. He's almost free of the cave. Hearing the gunfire, Max readies his shotgun to pop some Renraku goons as needed.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc keeps running, knowing full well what is likely to greet them at the cave entrance. But surrounded by giant carnivorous bugs, he doesn't seem to care.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

The light and heat slam the team like a fireball as they exit into the blinding world of the surface. The scene is chaos incarnate.

A legion of Renraku heavy troopers are advancing over the dunes, spraying fire from a wide variety of firearms.

Opposite them is a rag-tag group of Sioux civilians, composed of men and women alike, wielding second hand assault rifles and submachine guns--no doubt from Enapay's stash.

Some of the Sioux are hurling spells--great balls of colored light--that explode amongst the Renraku and scatter them.

In the middle of it all are the insect spirits: flying, fleeing, attacking Renraku and Sioux alike at random in a panicked craze. The sky is thick with smoke and noise and flying spirits.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **John**

Max gets on the horn first and foremost,

<Dash, we need immediate evac!>

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Dash's voice crackles across the comms, frenzied and belligerent.

<What the frag are these things? I'm headed to the LZ, you gotta get there, double-time. Between the giant bugs and Renraku, I'm not going to have much time.>

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **John**

Max affirms in a hurry,

<Copy that! ETA??>

The elf is already on the move, armed and ready to shoot anything that pays any attention to him.

(( The post of the beast! ))

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc keeps running, making his way toward the civilians.

"Let's at least give these people a fighting chance!"

He takes out his four remaining flash bang grenades.

"If we can get the bugs to stampede toward the Renraku troopers, It'll give these folks a chance to get away, *and* get Renraku off our backs!"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

A team of Renraku troopers crests the hill above the mine.

"There! That's them!"

[ Combat, Round 1, Ini. Pass 1 ]

[ Renraku1 = 46 ]

[ Doc = 41 ]

[ Rawhide = 41 ]  
[ Max = 37 ]  
[ Renraku2 = 30 ]  
[ Renraku3 = 25 ]  
[ Tyros = 14 ]

The Renraku captain opens fire on Doc.

[ Renraku1, Full Auto, Firearms + AGI + 2 - 6 (Recoil) - 2 (Moving Target) = 1 ]  
[ Doc, REA = 3 ]

The automatic fire strafes the sand as Doc tucks into a roll.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Shrugging off the fire, Doc puts his plan in motion.

"This'd better work" He grumbles.

He pulls the pins on two flashbangs, and tosses them between the civilians and Insect Spirits. If his placement is right, it should drive the insects away from the civilians, and toward the Renraku.

"Eyes and ears!" He calls out to the Sioux as the flashbang grenades sail through the air.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Doc's words are lost in all the commotion.

Both flash-bangs explode and multiple members of both factions claw at their faces or dive for cover. The insect spirits, in their mad race for freedom, ignore the cacophony and take wing.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide alternates bursts between two of the Renraku.

(( Rawhide: [BF - Narrow] AGI 6 + automatics 6 +2 (specialization) + 2 [smartlink] = 8 -- 15P ))

(( Renraku: REA 5 = 1 ))  
(( Renraku: BOD 5 + 8 [Armor] = 3 -- 12P ))

The first Renraku's brains are blown out of the back of his helmet.

(( Rawhide: [BF - Narrow] AGI 6 + automatics 6 +2 (specialization) + 2 [smartlink] = 4 -- 11P ))  
(( Renraku: REA 5 = 1 ))  
(( Renraku: BOD 5 + 8 [Armor] = 8 -- 3P ))

Rawhide's second burst scores a hit on one of the Renraku's arms.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **John**

Max opens fire with his shotgun on the third Renraku foot soldier.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

[ [Max Overstreet: AGI 6 longarms 5 2 \(specialization\) 2 \[smartlink\] = 8 -- 15P](#) ]

[ [Renraku: REA 5 = 3](#) ]

[ [Renraku: BOD 5 8 \[Armor\] -5 \[AP\] = 2 -- 13P](#) ]

Max's shotgun puts a clean hole through the Renraku trooper, through which his internal organs quickly escape on to the sand.

[ [Max Overstreet: AGI 6 longarms 5 2 \(specialization\) 2 \[smartlink\] -2 \[\] = 5 -- 12P](#) ]

[ [Renraku: REA 5 = 2](#) ]

[ [Renraku: BOD 5 8 \[Armor\] -5 \[AP\] = 2 -- 10P](#) ]

The second shot catches the wounded Renraku in the chest, who flails and tumbles down the dune, dead before he stops rolling.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **John**

Feeling pretty great about himself, Max continues to run toward the extraction point as he reloads his shotgun mid-stride.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc keeps running, keeping an eye on the battlefield for more developments.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

The team stumbles and staggers as the ground lurches and a massive fireball belches out of the mine opening, frying a group of a dozen insect spirits that were attempting to escape.

It seems the Sioux are staging a tactical retreat as the Renraku forces advance.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **John**

Max has no time to pay attention to any of the catastrophes happening all around him. His only option is to press forward as quickly possible. Looking back at his teammate, Max yells,

"Still got that canister in hand, Doc?"

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

"Got it!" Doc yells back, stuffing the canister deep into his pack.

"Keep moving!"

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

The Ares Dragon sits motionless on the semi-sunken concrete heli-pad, obscured slightly by the shimmering of a heat wave. It seems as though the team has left all the carnage behind as the desert is eerily silent.

Rawhide wipes a layer of perspiration from his ruddy brow.

"It's a little too quiet."

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **John**

Max proceeds cautiously-- wary of the stillness of the helicopter since it was supposedly just in flight. Scanning the scene, Max abruptly holds up his hand in a motion telling the team to stop. Whispering, he says to the group,

"Look at the windshield. Looks like somebody put a bullet through it..."

Max gestures to the spiderweb of cracks that extend outward from a single hole in the glass windshield of the chopper.

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Something shimmers in front of the Dragon (and it ain't a heat wave.) The air bends and slowly parts to reveal a woman in form-fitting armor holding a high-velocity rifle against the wind-screen.

She grins wolfishly at the team, her pupil-less cybereyes adding to the insanity of the expression.

The same modulated voice heard not 12 hours ago says,

"Roll the canister down the dune towards me, or the helicopter pilot has lead and teflon for breakfast."

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc pulls out the canister, and sets it on the ground at his feet.

He points his heavy rifle at it.

"Let the pilot go, or you'll never be able to put Deus back together."

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-28-2011

by GM Nick

The woman's gloved finger moves from just outside the trigger guard to resting on the trigger.

"You sure you want to do this?"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-28-2011

by John

Max yells over the expanse,

*"He dies; you die!"*

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-28-2011

by Drew Buddy

Doc calls back to the woman,

"I was going to ask you the same thing. This canister means nothing but a single paycheck to me. But if it's destroyed, then Deus is destroyed. Everything you've done for the last several years will have gone to waste, and Renraku will lay that at your feet. Hell, I might not even kill you. Your company will do much worse to you than anything *I* could come up with."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-28-2011

by GM Nick

A man, dressed in a simple jumpsuit and sporting a shaved head, emerges from behind the Dragon and approaches the woman. He lays a hand on her shoulder.

"Perhaps, Reyna, this isn't the most honorable way to go about this?"

The woman snickers, her face the definition of hate.

"I should just blank this loser and be done with it."

He shakes his head. "Do what you will." Addressing the runners, he shouts, "It appears we are at an impasse. Both parties have something the other wants and neither side seems to be content settling. How about we settle this like gentlepeople? Your best against our best?"

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-28-2011

by GM Nick

Rawhide cracks his knuckles.

"Let me go, I'll tear that bitch apart with my bare hands."

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-28-2011

by John

Max smiles with pride at Rawhide, but then responds to the man for clarification,

"Explain yourself!"

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-28-2011

by GM Nick

The man walks in between Reyna and the group.

"You choose a member of your team and we, ours. We agree upon a type of combat. Winner takes that canister. The loser dies. Otherwise..."

He glances over his shoulder.

"Well, I can't say that my trigger happy comrade here is particularly gifted with mercy."

Reyna glowers. "I don't like this idea, Ullman."

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-28-2011

by John

Max shouts back,

"Who's the member of your team?"

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-28-2011

by **GM Nick**

Ullman squints up at Max.

"It depends on the method of combat you prefer."

Reyna begins to protest again but is silenced by a single look from the bald man.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **John**

Turning to Rawhide, Max says,

"So you wanna' get your hands dirty, huh?"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide thumps his chest.

"I've got bone lacing and a double black-belt in Shotokan. I'll pull her spleen through her sphincter and make her eat it."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **John**

"Looks like Rawhide here," Max says, slapping the dwarf on the back, "will be happy to engage in unarmed combat."

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Elliott**

Tyros looks over the assembled and hefts his claymore. Using his free hand, he pulls a stimpaq from his pocket and slaps it on the back of his neck. ((This should get rid of all my modifiers from the stun damage))

A slightly crazy look comes into Tyros' eye as the stimulant takes effect, "I could cut any one of them in half". Subvocally, <"Or I could just take over the bitch's mind and we could be done with this charade.">

Recognizing he is facing another mage, Tyros prepares to counterspell any magic she attempts.

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-28-2011

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc grins at Rawhide, and all his bravado.

"Destroy that bitch."

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-28-2011

by **John**

Subvocally, Max responds to Tyros,

<Take her over once combat begins if Rawhide is in trouble.>

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-28-2011

by **GM Nick**

"Steady on, Tyros. You may be big, but I've got mechanized nerves."

Rawhide sheds his lined coat and tosses it into the sand. He unholsters the Ruger and delicately sets it on top of his coat. With all the composure of a man on the verge of tears, he presses his Ingram Smartgun into Doc's hands.

"Take care of Martha for me, will ya?"

The dwarf turns and strides down the hill, his brawny arms swinging from side to side and glistening with sweat in the devastating heat.

Silently, he activates his adrenaline pump and the chemical gland which begins to leach Overdrive into his blood-stream.

"Hey, bitch, why not try picking on someone... slightly smaller than you?"

---

**RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: 10-28-2011

by **Elliott**

Tyros scans the scene astrally, looking for any other hidden members of the Renraku squad.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **John**

Max is nervous, but beyond that he's looking on in the anticipation of watching Rawhide beat the drek out of some Renraku goon.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc slings Martha under his coat, next to his unnamed Beretta.

*"Don't worry about her."*

He moves the barrel of the rifle away from the canister, but keeps a firm grip on it, ready to blast the canister open at the first sign of betrayal.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Ullman looks nonplussed.

*"Seems you've chosen hand-to-hand combat, then. That's very chivalrous. Reyna?"*

The woman lowers the rifle and leans it against the landing gear of the Dragon. She begins collecting her hair up in a bun.

*"This doesn't exactly seem fair. He's only half my height."*

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **John**

Max blurts out, overcome by hatred and chauvinism,

*"That just puts him at the perfect height to uppercut you in the slat, bitch!"*

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Ullman glances at Tyros.

"Don't even think about trying to interfere. I've had extensive counter-spelling training."

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **John**

Max folds his arms over his chest, eager to see things get under way.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Reyna saunters into the middle of the helipad. Her arms move smoothly and settle in a defensive Wing Chun stance.

Rawhide arches a brow.

"Thirteen hands form, I see."

Reyna grins.

"You know your kung-fu. Now let's see if you know your karate."

Rawhide returns the grin and settles into a bow-legged horse stance.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

[ [Adrenaline Pump = 5 rounds](#) ]

The odd pair glare at each other as the desert falls into complete silence. What seems like an eternity passes as nobody moves or dares to breathe. The tension is palpable.

[ [Rawhide = 62](#) ]

[ [Reyna = 38](#) ]

Rawhide is the first to strike--jamming forward with a quick scissor-kick.

[ [Rawhide, Karate + AGI = 5](#) ]

[ [Reyna, Block, Wing Chun + AGI = 3](#) ]

[ [Reyna, BOD + 2 \(Form Fitting\) = 1](#) ] **\*\*5P DAMAGE\*\***

Reyna's block is broken through and even the team on the hill can hear the \*CRACK\* of broken ribs as Rawhide's boot connects.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc watches intently, occasionally glancing at Ullman.

He has a sudden urge for beer and popcorn.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Reyna spits out blood and grimaces. Her eyes move along the dwarf's frame, sizing him up and trying to anticipate his next move. The grimace wavers and turns into an insane grin as her own chemical gland releases something into her blood stream.

She races forward and spins with inhuman speed, bringing an extended hand down towards Rawhide.

[ [Reyna, Wing Chun + AGI = 4](#) ]

[ [Rawhide, Block, Karate + AGI = 1](#) ]

[ [Rawhide, BOD + 2 \(Armor Vest\) + 1 \(Bone Lacing\) + 1 \(Dermal Plating\) = 5](#) ] **\*\*1S DAMAGE\*\***

Rawhide staggers as the hand slams into his side, but he recovers quickly.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

The dwarf and the Renraku killer circle each other, Rawhide favoring his side and Reyna clutching at her ribs.

[ [Rawhide = 58](#) ]

[ [Reyna = 49](#) ]

Rawhide lets out a piercing shout and aims a left-handed uppercut at the woman's jaw.

[ [Rawhide, Karate + AGI = 3](#) ]

[ [Reyna, Full Defense, Dodge + Wing Chun + AGI = 3](#) ]

Reyna feints, the uppercut grazing her chin ineffectually. She snarls and continues to circle.

[ [Rawhide = 56](#) ]

[ [Reyna = 39](#) ]

The dwarf double steps forward and aims a body-shot at his opponent.

[ [Rawhide, Karate + AGI = 1](#) ]

[ [Reyna, Block, Wing Chun + AGI = 4](#) ]

She crosses her arms and blocks the blow, using the momentum to transition into her attack.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

"Kick her in the dick!" Doc shouts down.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Reyna's hands are a blur.

[ [Reyna, Wing Chun + AGI = 7](#) ]

[ [Rawhide, Block, Karate + AGI = 5](#) ]

[ [Rawhide, BOD + 2 \(Armor Vest\) + 1 \(Bone Lacing\) + 1 \(Dermal Plating\) = 4](#) ] \*\*3S

**DAMAGE\*\***

Rawhide's chin snaps back as a double palm strike slams into him. He sways and steps back, shaking his head.

[ [Reyna = 47](#) ]

[ [Rawhide = 46](#) ]

Reyna moves in and begins a combination of strikes, starting with a knee.

[ [Reyna, Wing Chun + AGI = 2](#) ]

[ [Rawhide, Block, Karate + AGI = 8](#) ]

Rawhide's eyes widen in the split-second where the combination is beginning. He takes the opportunity to step into her attack and deflects the knee with his own.

He brings an arm around in a vicious temple strike.

[ [Rawhide, Karate + AGI = 8](#) ]

[ [Reyna, Block, Wing Chun + AGI = 5](#) ]

Reyna's expression falters as the meaty hand collides with her head.

[ [Reyna, BOD + 2 \(Form Fitting\) = 2](#) ] [color=#FF0000]\*\*9P DAMAGE\*\*

[ [Reyna, Consciousness Test, WIL + INT = 0](#) ] \*\*GLITCH\*\*[/color]

The sound of the dwarf's fist colliding with Reyna's head seems to echo throughout the desert. She crumples to the ground, eyes rolling back into her head.

Rawhide rubs his side and grins.

"Piece o' cake."

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide stumbles and drops to one knee as the adrenal pump wears off.

(( 5S DAMAGE. ))

He gives a weak thumbs-up to the team.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc keeps a firm grip on his rifle, but leaves the barrel pointed at the ground. His eyes stay locked on Ullman. It feels like the desert around him has taken in a deep breath, and is waiting to see what happens next.

"It seems the trial has concluded. What do you intend to do?"

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **John**

Max releases a breath into the hot, dusty air of the desert. It would seem as though all respiration had ceased the moment the fight began. Grinning, he takes a step forward and shouts out to Ullman,

*"Happy?? Stand down and let us pass!"*

Max fingers the trigger on his shotgun, which he holds against his shoulder but pointed at the desert sand.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Ullman looks furious. He strides out on to the middle of the heli-pad and glares down at Reyna's limp form. Reaching down, he tears a piece of fabric off of her suit.

*"You don't deserve to wear this insignia."*

He glances up at the team.

*"As promised, you're free to go. I'm sure we'll meet again, though I very much doubt that I'll be under Renraku employ..."*

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc gives a surprised and respectful nod to Ullman. He picks up the prize and places it back in his pack. He starts walking down the slope, unslinging the Ingram, and holding it out to Rawhide.

*"Damn fine work." He grins.*

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Dash staggers out of the Ares Dragon, clutching a gunshot wound to the stomach. His hand is shaking and holding an Ares Predator, pointed at Ullman. A trickle of blood leaks from the

corner of his mouth.

Ullman ineffectually slaps the pistol out of his hand and throws an arm under his shoulder, helping Dash back to the helicopter.

"I regret that my compatriot shot you from afar."

Dash mumbles something offensive and promptly loses consciousness.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Rawhide grins at Doc. His eyes are quite glassy.

"Did I... pass the mid-term...?"

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **John**

Max pushes begrudgingly past Ullman and proceeds to tend to Dash's wounds.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

"With flying colors! Now time to be a good student, and get blitzed!"

Doc eyes the rifle that Reyna had set down, and walks over to it.

"I don't suppose you'll be needing this anymore," he says to the unconscious body. He picks it up and looks over it carefully.

---

### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

[ [Max, First Aid + LOG + 3 \(Medkit\) = 3](#) ] **\*\*3P HEALED\*\***

Max extracts the bullet from the (fortunately) unconscious Dash and sutures the wound. He determines that the bravado-ridden pilot will be fine.

---

## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc hops in the pilots seat, and straps in.

"It's been a while since I've done this!" He calls back.

He finds a dog-eared pre-flight checklist written up god knows when. Flipping switches as he reads off the steps, he starts to bring the helicopter online.

"Okay, fuel pump... Ah there. Hydraulic self-test, okay... Everyone on board?"

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## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **John**

Max calls back,

"We're all here. You *sure* you know what you're doing??"

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## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

"Hey, piece of cake!" He shouts back as the rotors start spinning.

"Besides, these things have a decent pilot program. Should be able handle most of what we need it to do."

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## **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

The Dragon lifts off, rolling a bit as Doc fumbles with the unfamiliar controls. A cyclone of sand erupts around the helicopter as the rotors churn the air.

Ullman stands on the ground, watching the craft gain altitude.

From their vantage point, the team can make out a squadron of Renraku troops hurrying over the

dunes towards the helipad. Several of them enage the helicopter with their assault rifles, but it's a futile attempt at such range.

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

Dash awakens suddenly, grimacing with pain. He casts a bleary gaze around the cockpit and smiles at his friends. His smile ceases when he lays eyes on Doc jiggling the control stick.

"Doc is driving? How can that be!"

The shock proves too much and he lapses back into unconsciousness.

As if on cue, Rawhide slumps against Tyros and blacks out.

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **John**

Max slumps into an uncomfortable secondary pilot's seat at the front of the helicopter. His entire body aches. His eyes are burning. He smells awful. Wearily, he looks to Doc as he pilots the group to safety and suggests,

"You know, one of these days we'll have to grab a beer and try not getting shot at..."

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Elliott**

Tyros pats the dwarf on the head as he too feels the effect of the stimulants wearing off in his system. Addressing Doc, "Please don't crash, it would be a hell of a way for this day to end."

Tyros closes his eyes and quickly loses consciousness.

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **Drew Buddy**

Doc chuckles when he glances behind him.

"Frag, it's a regular nursery school back there! Hey Max, feel free to grab my rifle, and send a

couple of farewell grenades at those troopers. I'm sure the townsfolk wouldn't mind the extra help."

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **John**

Max slouches further into the seat. The elf produces a set of bootless feet in socks that left white behind many miles ago and sets them on top of the control panel at the windshield and says,

"No can do, buddy. I already took my shoes off."

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### **RE: Run #4: You Reap What You Sioux**

Posted: **10-28-2011**

by **GM Nick**

The Ares Dragon cuts a sleek silhouette against the moonlit sky of Nevada. She banks, turning North-ward towards Seattle and *home*.

The crystallized visage of Mr. Lo in tri-d smiles serenely over the exhausted runners.

"Four out of five, gentlemen. We're nearly there. You've done well. Having prevented Renraku from laying hands on the fourth canister means we don't have to rush to find the fifth. Take a week off and come see me at the *Golden Dragon* when you are ready."

The Triad boss dissolves and the cockpit reverts to mood-lighting.

A sense of camaraderie hangs in the air, managing, at least in this moment, to transcend all barriers of prejudice or judgment.

The staccato of helicopter rotor blades is a lullaby, easing the tired mercenaries into a well earned rest as the aircraft heads back to "regular" life, whatever that means.