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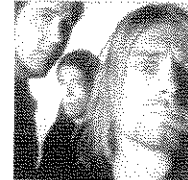
Profile

Below is user information for [weise](#). If you are this user, you can edit your information (or choose what information is considered public) at the [Edit Profile](#) page.



User: [weise](#) (1684314)

Thoughts of a Dreamer
Liberate your mind, bitch.



[View all userpics](#)

Name: [weise](#)

Location: [Redlake, Minnesota, United States](#)

Birthdate: 1988-08-08

Gizmo/LJ Talk: weise@livejournal.com (Jabber)

MSN Username: decemberofthesoul@hotmail.com

Bio: I'm nothin' but your average Native American stoner. I'm mellow half the time, mostly natural, but mostly drug induced as well. I'm not a junkie, or an alcoholic, MJ is my gal of choice. Enough about that though, I don't know why you're readin' this anyway. I'm gonna roll this joint so I'll c'ya later...

Interests: [6](#): [classic rock](#), [hippie era mentality](#), [history](#), [mary jane](#), [some other stuff...](#), [world wars](#)

Schools: *None listed*

Friends: *None listed.*

Friend of: [254](#): [00zero00](#), [0123 emergency](#), [1_z0m613](#), [2bee 0rn0t 2bee](#), [2toneskanker](#), [333stitch333](#), [3766981](#), [q00n](#), [handsbound](#), [celeste](#), [hobo core](#), [lovetheartless](#), [missy](#), [novarum](#), [teendistortion](#), [vempire](#), [aaroy](#), [abusivebitch](#), [ac slater](#), [acerbus lacus](#), [actofheresy](#), [adamdenterkin](#), [ah piemonade](#), [amanda14269](#), [ancient red](#), [anonymous lives](#), [ascian](#), [ashweirdo](#), [babygirljar124](#), [bboyneko](#), [benqrinds](#), [bidnez](#),

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Account type: Basic Account

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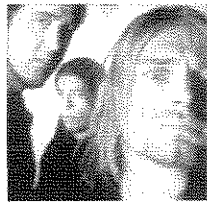
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Thoughts of a Dreamer

About

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weise

Page Summary

[#] (no subject)
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[#] Welcome to Salvation.

Navigation

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January 2005

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Jan. 27th, 2005 @ 09:37 am



So fucking naive man, so fucking naive.

Always expecting change when I know nothing ever changes.

I've seen mothers choose their man over their own flesh and blood, i've seen others choose aloccohol over friendship.

I sacrifice no more for others, part of me has fucking died and I hate this shit.

I'm living every mans nightmare and that single fact alone is kicking my ass. I really must be fucking worthless. This place never changes, it never will. Fuck it all.

Jan. 4th, 2005 @ 06:39 pm

Welcome to
Salvation.

Dec. 14th, 2004 @ 01:18
pm



Out with the old, and in with
the new.

As I sit here typing up my
musings I listen to Cheech &
Chong Up in Smoke, the
movie. Occasionally shifting
my eyes from screen to
screen, trying to balance out
typing and observing.

This is my new journal, in
which I will put my thoughts
down to words. My view on
the days past events and
whatnot, my two cents on the
world in general. This is my
new introductory post - all the
spelling and grammatical
errors are all by-products of
the new Me.

Blah.

That sounds so egotistical.
Whilst you're here, you might
as well check out the message
board for the band I'm in:
<http://6sik6.proboards25.com/>

Ciao.

Current Mood:

accomplished

Current Music: Johnny

Cash - When The Man

Comes Around



Alias: [Regret](#)
Web: none
AIM: [decemberoftheso
ui@hotmail.com](#)

Age: 18
Gender: Male
Habitat: ~~A Weed-Induced Coma~~
Job: ~~MT - (mj tester)~~



Message from Regret:

Nothin' but a Native American teenage-stoner
-industrialist. I'm on home-bound schooling so I've
got a shitload of freetime...

[L.G.](#) [Dark](#)

Exp. Points: 60 / 100
Sign-up Date: 8/5/04

[Music by Regret](#)
8 reviews available

Music Reviews by Regret:
- none -

Flash by Regret:

Music by Regret:

-- choose below --

- none -

Favorite Flash Artists:
- none -

Favorite Flash Content:
- none -

Experience: Ranked # 177,085 out of 1,050,512 users!
Blam/Protect: Ranked # 96,497 out of 1,050,512 users!
Stickers: 0 ([click to order](#))
Voting Power: 1.60 votes



Rank: Citizen

GLANS: Involved in the termination of 4 crappy entries.
SAVES: Assisted in the protection of 4 quality entries.



WHISTLE LEVEL: Normal

[BBS Posts](#), 0 in total (0.000 per day)

Favorite Films:

Elephant, Zero Day
Hunger, Scarlet
Woman
Dawn of the Dead

Favorite Bands:

John Lennon, Korn
Soundgarden
Buddie si Judd
Grassie
Sallyn Lennon, Nirvana

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Nationalist Forums (<http://www.nazi.org/current/forum/YaBB.cgi>)

Nationalism >> Native American Nationalists >> Native American Nationalists?

(Message started by: Todesengel on Mar 19th, 2004, 12:09am)

Title: Native American Nationalists?

Post by **Todesengel** on **Mar 19th, 2004, 12:09am**

Hello all.

My name is Jeff Weise, a Native American from the Red Lake "Indian" reservation in Minnesota. I'm interested in joining the group, as I support your ideals and even though I am young, I still want to join. What is the age requirement (if any)?

Title: Re: Native American Nationalists?

Post by **BlueEyedDevil** on **Mar 19th, 2004, 12:29am**

on 03/19/04 at 00:09:08, Todesengel wrote:

Hello all.

My name is Jeff Weise, a Native American from the Red Lake "Indian" reservation in Minnesota. I'm interested in joining the group, as I support your ideals and even though I am young, I still want to join. What is the age requirement (if any)?

There is none that I am aware of; we welcome all ages and all nationalities, regardless of your background. Our main goal here is to educate and inform--in hopes of creating a better world for all of us. I welcome you, Jeff! What brings you to the forum?

Title: Re: Native American Nationalists?

Post by **Todesengel** on **Mar 19th, 2004, 1:15am**

Thank you.

What brings me to the forum? Well, I stumbled across the site in my study of the Third Reich as well as Nazism, amongst other things. I guess I've always carried a natural admiration for Hitler and his ideals, and his courage to take on larger nations. I also have a natural dis-like for communism.

When I was growing up, I was taught (like others) that Nazi's were (are) evil and that Hitler was a very evil man ect... Of course, not for a second did I believe this. Upon reading up on his actions, the ideals and issues the German Third Reich adressed, I began to see how much of a lie had been painted about them. They truly were doing it for the better.

It kind of angers me how people pass pre-judgement on someone if they even so much as say

something like "I support what Hitler did," without even hearing what you have to say. This goes double if you're ethnic. I also hear things like, "oh he had syphilis, he was crazy and thats why he did what he did." Or, "he molested his neice," it's easy to see that even today people are trying to destroy the image of a man who deserves great respect...

Title: **Re: Native American Nationalists?**

Post by **BlueEyedDevil** on **Mar 20th, 2004, 12:39am**

I respect your open-mindedness; not everyone is so brave to think the way you do. I have to admit...it took me a long time to drop the taboos' enough to view it all with a clear mind. It's kind of funny, how you think you can know all there is to know about something, then come to find out you don't really know as much as you thought you did. I'm glad I took the time to research the topic a little further, my life has never been the same way since. In a way, you could say the LNSG has given me new hope and new purpose; shedding light on things in my life that were unclear to me before; now can be viewed with the utmost perfection. I would like to see all Nationalists work together towards a common goal; there is much we can learn from one another.

Title: **Re: Native American Nationalists?**

Post by **freenation** on **Mar 25th, 2004, 5:01pm**

There is a place for you, I hope you stick with us.

Title: **Re: Native American Nationalists?**

Post by **Todesengel** on **Mar 25th, 2004, 8:27pm**

Once I commit myself to something, I stay until the end...

Title: **Re: Native American Nationalists?**

Post by **binarymike** on **Apr 8th, 2004, 2:43pm**

We welcome you, brother. It will take many combined minds for us to unite, and forge something out of nothing!

Title: **Re: Native American Nationalists?**

Post by **Ravensburg** on **Apr 14th, 2004, 2:34pm**

BLUT & EHRE!

Title: **Re: Native American Nationalists?**

Post by **Todesengel** on **Apr 19th, 2004, 11:41pm**

Hmn, after a recent discussion with some misinformed people I had to ask you guys, why are people so close minded?

By the way, I'm being blamed for a threat on the school I attend because someone said they were going to shoot up the school on 4/20, Hitlers birthday, and just because I claim being a National Socialist, guess whom they've pinned?

Title: **Re: Native American Nationalists?**

Post by **atem** on **May 2nd, 2004, 11:12am**

This is a time in which nationalists are demonized. Much as "terrorist" indicates "someone who disagrees with our global empire," so does "nationalist," but the complexity of separating that term from "patriot" will confuse the general population, so they use simple words like hate, Hitler, bigot, ant-semite, etc.

Title: **Re: Native American Nationalists?**

Post by Todesengel on May 26th, 2004, 2:27am

You encounter a lot of hostility when you claim to be a National Socialist, but ~~because of my size and appearance people don't give me as much trouble as they would if I looked weak. I already had a fist fight with a communist not to long ago over me being what I am (I also won),~~ but it was worth it. I don't try to hide what I am from anyone, if they're going to start something over it then fine, I'm not backing down; Nor am I hiding. I try not to be aggressive in most situations, I'll use force if I have to, but I'm not about to go out and pick a fight. I'm mostly defensive, I'll defend myself if someone tries something but other than that I'm a peaceful person.

But the school threat passed and I was cleared as a suspect, I'm glad for that. I don't much care for jail, I've never been there and I don't plan on it.

Either way, I was wondering if there was a way to become a more active member, besides posting on this board I can't really think of anything else to do. I could do some recruiting, but a lot of the people I socialize with are against Nazism whole-heartedly, I managed to sway a few opinions in the favor of the movement none the less, and there is also a few of my "friends" who only like Hitler because they think Nazi's are "cool." Which I agree with, don't get me wrong, but they aren't as serious about it as I am.

Any ideas?

I may young, but I'm willing to help.

Title: **Re: Native American Nationalists?**

Post by **Somberlain** on Jul 19th, 2004, 4:39am

Hello NativeNazi,

I find the idea of a Native American National Socialist rather interesting, as I have never heard of one before now. I have several questions for you. First off, what would a typical person on your reservation think of racial consciousness or racial nationalism? From what I read, it sounds like your ideas are greatly opposed, which sort of supprises me, as I thought that American Indians weren't as poisoned by political correctness as the rest of the US population. It also seemed to me that American Indians have a lot of racial pride and wouldn't let their race die.

I am also curious what the boundaries of (a) Native American NS state(s) would be like. Would there be a state for each tribe (if so, would they be situated on current reservations?), for each cultural/linguistic group, or would there be a single American Indian state?

Lastly, in what way(s) do you feel Jewish power has affected the lives of Native Americans in general? I look forward to reading answers to these questions. Thanks for your time.

Title: **Re: Native American Nationalists?**

Post by NativeNazi on Jul 19th, 2004, 11:33am

Apparently a lot of people have never heard of a Native American National Socialist, which surprises me.

I think most people on this Reservation would respond well to the racial question if it was disguised.

For example, if I asked your average teenager on this reservation: "Are you proud to be Native?" The answer I would get is, "hell yeah dawg."

Now for some reason, I would find myself asking "if you're so proud to be Native, then why do you walk, talk, act, and dress like an African American?"

But I always refrain from doing so.

The only one's who oppose my views are the teachers at the high school, and a large portion of the student body who think a Nazi is a Klansman, or a White Supremacist thug.

Most of the Natives I know have been poisoned by what they were taught in school. The basic "Nazi = Bad, Jew = Good. Defend Jew at all costs." You get the idea, the public school system has done more harm then good, and as a result it has left many on this reservation misled and misinformed.

But you are right about us Natives having a lot of pride in our heritage. I own my share of "Native Pride" shirts and sweaters, and I see many more in school, yet they are still outnumbered by your basic Rap culture paraphernalia.

I haven't given too much thought to the way our land would be divided or how it would work, so thanks for bringing it up.

What ways has the Jewish power affected us in General? Ever since the Jewish post-war propaganda has been taught in our school systems (on reservations), a lot have been brainwashed into thinking purity is wrong, at least that's my take on it. I can't help but notice how many pure blooded Natives there are left since...

Sorry if I didn't answer some of the questions in the ways you had hoped, but I'm a little tired right now. I'd be happy to field anymore questions you may have for me though.

Title: **Re: Native American Nationalists?**

Post by **Somberlain** on **Jul 19th, 2004, 11:56pm**

on 07/19/04 at 11:33:05, NativeNazi wrote:

Apparently a lot of people have never heard of a Native American National Socialist, which surprises me.

Do you have any info about other Native American National Socialists?

Quote:

I think most people on this Reservation would respond well to the racial question if it was disguised.

For example, if I asked your average teenager on this reservation: "Are you proud to be Native?" The answer I would get is, "hell yeah dawg."

Now for some reason, I would find myself asking "if you're so proud to be Native, then why do you walk, talk, act, and dress like an African American?"

But I always refrain from doing so.

This reminds me of just a few weeks ago when I went to the nearest reservation with my brother to buy fireworks. One vendor there, who must have been in early 20's, had a tattoo on his arm that said Native Pride, with Northwest Coast style artwork representing a sun tattooed above it. Farther down on his arm, he had a low-rider tattoo. He was just one case of "riggers" that I saw there.

Quote:

The only one's who oppose my views are the teachers at the high school, and a large portion of the student body who think a Nazi is a Klansman, or a White Supremacist thug.

So do you have any friends who share your beliefs?

Quote:

Most of the Natives I know have been poisoned by what they were taught in school. The basic "Nazi = Bad, Jew = Good. Defend Jew at all costs." You get the idea, the public school system has done more harm then good, and as a result it has left many on this reservation misled and misinformed.

Do the teachers say things like, "The White men tried to wipe us out, and the Nazis tried to wipe out the Jews, so we have a lot in common and should defend them."?

Quote:

But you are right about us Natives having a lot of pride in our heritage. I own my share of "Native Pride" shirts and sweaters, and I see many more in school, yet they are still outnumbered by your basic Rap culture paraphernalia.

Good to see that you and your people have pride in themselves. It's a shame though that they have been infected with rap culture, which seems to mess up any people it touches.

Quote:

I haven't given too much thought to the way our land would be divided or how it would work, so thanks for bringing it up.

You're welcome. I would be interested to know what you think about that issue once you have given it more thought.

Quote:

What ways has the Jewish power affected us in General? Ever since the Jewish post-war propoganda has been taught in our school systems (on reservations), a lot have been brainwashed into thinking purity is wrong, at least that's my take on it. I can't help but notice how many pure blooded Natives there are left since...

Yes, I've noticed that many Natives I have seen are somewhat mixed. When you say that many Natives are brainwashed into thinking purity is wrong, does that mean that the teachers at your school encourage race-mixing?

Quote:

Sorry if I didn't answer some of the questions in the ways you had hoped, but I'm a little tired right now. I'd be happy to field anymore questions you may have for me though.

Don't worry, you've answered my questions quite well.

Title: **Re: Native American Nationalists?**

Post by **NativeNazi** on Jul 20th, 2004, 4:17pm

Anymore Native American NS's? Not right now, though I'm thinking of recruiting a few for the party once school starts up again.

About the wannabe's, I call them "n-iggers," since technically that's what they are. Native - liggers, though I tend not to use the term so much in public for obvious reasons.

Right now I know about two people on the Rez who share my beliefs, but they don't share them entirely.

The teachers at my school are all white (besides the Ojibwe language teacher) , yet the times I have brought up that Native Women and Black men, or White women and Native men shouldn't be together to keep their blood pure, I've been called a racist. When I bring up the point that our tribe

(the Ojibwe) is mixed a lot and is in need of more pure bloods, I get the same old argument which seems to be so common around here. "We need to mix all the races, to combine all the strengths..." ect ect. It gets old real quick when you hear the same argument over and over.

They (teachers) don't openly say that racial purity is wrong, yet when you speak your mind on the subject you get "silenced" real quick by the teachers and likeminded school officials...

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Solitudê

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Location	
endless scrutiny, Minnesota, United States	
Occupation	
Doormat	

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My MD Category Interests

- Military
- High Schools
- Death & Dying

A Little About Me

16 years of accumulated rage suppressed by nothing more than brief glimpses of hope, which have all but faded to black. I can feel the urges within slipping through the cracks, the leash I can no longer hold...

Favorite Things

moments where control becomes completely unattainable...

times when maddened psycho paths briefly open the gates to hell, and let chaos flood through...

those few individuals who care enough to reclaim their place...

Hobbies and Interests

- Planning
- Waiting
- Hating

Favorite Quote

"We are little flames, poorly sheltered by frail walls against the storm of dissolution and madness, in which we flicker and sometimes almost go out." - Wehrmacht Private Paul Baumer, All Quiet on the Western Front

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Occupation:

Bein a Problem

More About Me

Hobbies:

Drawing. Listening to music. Chillin. Gettin high. Being a smart kid. Being a Native American National Socialist.

Latest News:

On anti-depressants. Seeing a therapist... Thats about it, I got a brand new pair of cuts on my wrists that are gonna turn into beautiful scars some day.

Favorite Quote:

The law of existance requires uninterrupted killing... So that the better may live. - Adolf Hitler

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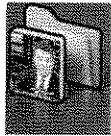
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DarkHelmet

posted on 13-5-2004 @ 10:13 PM

School Scare

I just heard on our local news that a student at my HS was suspended indefinitely after police found a "hitlist" of over 100 students at my school. I can't help but worry if my name was on there, because I'm one of the more popular guys and they tend to be the most common on lists like that. I've never picked on anyone so I don't have to much to worry about but who knows. I only live like 2 hours from Columbine, and good thing they stopped this, or we coulda had another. I'm not sure who the kid was, but I'm sure I'll find out soon.

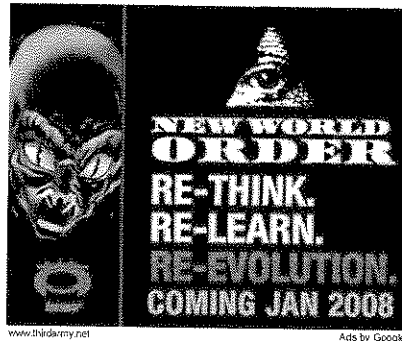
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DarkHelmet

posted on 13-5-2004 @ 10:17 PM

Whoops... They said Fountain, and then came back and said it was Falcon HS. Even so, still good thing he stopped them. Oh yeah... I didn't mean 100 students but 10.

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AinilamOmega

posted on 13-5-2004 @ 10:22 PM

And I see that your schwartz is as big as mine!!

seriously, though, these hitlists are little more than an way of getting rid of aggrivation. When I was a freshman, I knew a rather... delusional person who once told me he was going to bring a gun to school and shoot everyone he didn't like. He told me he had a list and everything. Needless to say, he never did, the red-headed stepchild. He was just venting and being a little dramatic, but he did scare the pants out of me for a day or two. This is quite common in our culture of movies and fashion. Students don't usually go on shooting rampages like Columbine. Look into that particular issue of Columbine as it reeks of occult government involvement that was motivated for the means of banning guns.

[Edited on 5/13/2004 by AinilamOmega]

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DarkHelmet

posted on 13-5-2004 @ 10:28 PM

I was worried, because I have some messed-up kids at my school that probably WOULD do something like this...

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Shoktek

posted on 13-5-2004 @ 10:30 PM

at my high school there was a period of time with bomb scares...I remember a few times in one week there would be bomb threats called in, and we would all wait outside until they swepted the building. lol. then, some kid actually set off a dry ice bomb in a garbage can, which didn't do any damage to anyone (and wouldnt be powerful enough to) but still made everyone feel uneasy. Then some other kids were caught "with a bomb" in school according to my physics teacher who said they had been suspended...but all these kids ended up back in school eventually. nothing else ever happened.

then there's my middle school, where each year there would be a different threat of people who were supposed to come shoot up the school. I remember my friends and I had thought up escape plans and everything, and on one day that it was rumored to happen the administrators called people to the office asking about it, and police actually surrounded the building to wait...nothing happened. The rumor was based on a kid being held at gunpoint in the school parking lot by someone who said they would be coming back...this all had something to do with our dean who was later convicted for violation of *paroll* and *child solicitation* when he would buy things for students, excuse them from punishments for misbehaving, etc...in hopes of having boys perform sex acts with him...he is currently in jail, but I had him for nearly three years as dean at middle school. This school was also in a really bad neighborhood, so it figures, and it is now in terrible shape (at the time was the best middle school in the area)...but yea, that sums up my experience with school violence. 🌐

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Weise

posted on 13-5-2004 @ 11:06 PM

They pegged me as a possible school shooter earlier this year, or wait, that was last month.

Apparently someone was supposed to shoot up the school on 4/20, and there was alot of buzz around me, and for good reasons I guess.

I wear combat boots (with my pant legs tucked into them), wear a trench coat, and at the last basketball game my friend Mac, (who happens to wear a black trench coat like mine), did a "Sieg Heil" during the national anthem (for shock value), so they had us pegged as "Trench Coat Mafia." My "friend" Rose even said that I fit the profile of a school shooter that she saw on 60 minutes. They also pinned it on me because 4/20 happens to be Adolf Hitlers birthday, and I seem to be the only one who promotes National Socialist beliefs (not the stereotypical "White Power" bs you hear racists shouting, either). So it's not hard to label a school shooter.

I happen to be "not so popular," Gothic (in the sense that I wear nothing but black, spike my hair in "devil" horns, and listen to music like Cradle of Filth and KoRn), and happen to be an emotionally disturbed person, if you could call me that. So it's really no problem slapping a label on someone because they fit the stereotype. And no, I wasn't the one who did the threat. On "Game day" (4/20) the Feds were all around the place, watching, cop cars on nearly every corner around the school and a few large unmarked black vans sitting around, I bet they were on standby. So they WERE prepared for something to happen.

(PS, I'm not a white supremecist, can't even spell it, I'm a Native American, Ojibwa, living on the Redlake Indian Reservation in Minnesota, and lets not have this turn into a hardcore political discussion about my political ideals, ok? 🙄)

[Edited on 13-5-2004 by Weise]

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» Paranormal Studies » The White Owl



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The White Owl

Weise

posted on 8-11-2004 @ 01:14 PM

The White Owl

I wasn't sure what Forum to post this in, because it confuses me alot and has me wondering, but I'll take a guess and post it here in the Paranormal forum.

A few months ago, when I was on my way back from the Theif River mental health clinic after a suicide attempt, I saw something that I thought was severely out of place.

1.) It was an Owl, sitting in plain site in the brush near the road, I saw him/her clearly, and to boot it was White. A White Owl in the middle of the day sitting next to the road.

I didn't think too much about it till about two months later, I asked my grandmother about it.

She told me a story that scared the scheisse out of me.

She said, one time when her and a friend were on there way from somewhere (I forget, since it's not really that important of a detail), her friend saw an Owl in the middle of the day during their drive. They were on their way to the casino, she said her friend mentioned the Owl to her but neither paid any attention to it.

They were sitting in the casino playing their favourite game when my grandmothers friend (same one who had witnessed the Owl), fell the to the ground. She had had a heart attack, long story short she didn't make it. Period.

Now when I heard this, I must've looked like a carton of milk I was so white from fear.

"That was the only experience I ever had with an Owl being seen during the day," she said.

I always heard seeing an Owl during daytime was an Omen of some sort, since Owls are a night bird, but doing some research on the net I didn't find out what exactly they are an omen for, but rather, that they have always (for the most part) been associated with evil forces.

Now I posted this here to hopefully gain some insite from the more spirtually affluent peoples of the board.

I want to know: am I screwed?
What does the Omen mean.
And, should I be worried?

Any help would be greatly appreciated, as I'm still worried over this whole thing... Any help would be greatly appreciated.

[edit on 8-11-2004 by Weise]

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superdude

posted on 8-11-2004 @ 01:18 PM

Well you did try to commit suicide as I read it. Sounds like you're pretty much screwed

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RingMadness.com

Weise

posted on 8-11-2004 @ 01:30 PM

superdude

Originally posted by superdude

Well you did try to commit suicide as I read it. Sounds like you're pretty much screwed

Would you please try to be a little bit more considerate?

I had went through alot of things in my life that had driven me to a darker path than most choose to take. I split the flesh on my wrist with a box opener, painting the floor of my bedroom with blood I shouldn't have split. After sitting there for what seemed like hours (which apparently was only minutes), I had the revelation that this was not the path.

It was my dicision to seek medical treatment, as on the other hand I could've chose to sit there until enough blood drained from my downward lascerations on my wrists to die.

I am now on Anti-depressants, and just because you've probably never been through anything Like I have doesn't give you the write to say what you have.

I am trying to turn my life around, I'm trying really hard, the attitudes of people like you are what set me back.



[edit on 8-11-2004 by Weise]

superdude

posted on 8-11-2004 @ 01:34 PM

Sorry, I didn't mean to be insulting. Unfortunately a failed attempt at humor.

copyright & usage

Weise

posted on 8-11-2004 @ 01:35 PM

Originally posted by superdude

Sorry, I didn't mean to be insulting. Unfortunately a failed attempt at humor.

copyright & usage

Eh... No problem, I would try to be a little bit more easy about it all, except it's hard to be humorous about the things I've been through. No worries though man, water under the bridge.

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dacruz

posted on 8-11-2004 @ 01:52 PM

don't interpret so much things in that story. You have other problems that you have to grapple with---with no ill intent!

I mean, if I had such problems like you dude, i wouldn't waste my time with that stuff, or am im totally wrong



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Weise

posted on 8-11-2004 @ 01:58 PM

I'm getting over much of the problems I've had in the past, dacruz, the only reason I'm so worried about this whole thing is it seems to be rooted in truth. If a White Owl is a bad Omen, then I'd rather be prepared than unprepared.

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JAK

posted on 8-11-2004 @ 02:07 PM

Shows · Concerts
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Nightlife

What's
Happening?

Who's Going?

Find out
what's
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on in
Los
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This Way Out.
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Hey Weise, personally I wouldn't give it another thought. I love to hear those kind of old-wives-tale stories, I really do. But the only ones I give credit to are the medicinal plant ones.

As far as your owl sighting goes - if it were me, I'd just consider myself lucky to have seen such a thing so clearly. 🐼

And the very best of luck to you for your future. To go what you've been through already and come out to be posting today proves you've got good spirit.



Jack

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Bleys

posted on 8-11-2004 @ 02:24 PM

Weise :

I do not consider it a bad omen - at least based on a similar experience I had several years ago. My husband and I were camping and had gotten up very early to use our telescope. Just as dawn was breaking I felt a great weight on my head like someone was trying to push me down. As I started to reach up the weight lifted and the most beautiful white owl flew off. My husband and I were speechless. The owl never made a sound and although it perched on my head it never broke the skin or pulled my hair.

So what's my point you ask?

I don't think I have ever felt more at peace or euphoric than I did at that moment. I am a skeptical person by nature and have a tendency to dismiss the world around me as jaded and full of self-interest. This experience had a significant impact on that view - in short it gave me hope. I can't explain why something some may see as insignificant had such a dramatic impact, but it did and in the end that is all that matters.

Look at this chance (or not so chance) encounter as a physical reminder that you are a special and unique individual who has something to offer and something to live for. Carpe Diem.

U2U me anytime,
Bleys.

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St Udio

posted on 8-11-2004 @ 02:30 PM

Dear **Weise** ,

If i could help i would. The 'white owl' is probably only a white owl caught in the daylight- away from its safety nest-
Is there construction, which may have reduced his/its sanctuary to rubble?

As far as some different 'signs' + 'omens' ...being a precursor to bad things. i believe that is called superstition...
but, in giving overdue attention to these anomolous 'signs' is an act of surrendering your own vitality & personal power to that object/sign/omen...

i recall that a 'fluorescent light' burned out, above a choir (60 members), the Haitian nanny at our house said that burned-out-light was a long known omen/token of death...
How many faults of reason & logic can you recognize in that incidence??
?

Do you have any spiritual friends, guides, elders, shamans...to speak with?

+if nothing 'pops up' =synchronistically...visit others, shelters or hospitals or even AA or NA, ->the more you network-> the better the results can be

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Welse

posted on 8-11-2004 @ 02:36 PM

Bleys, thanks for your uplifting message.

I feel more at ease after reading your post, and that really was all I was looking for. Thanks. 🙏

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LadyV

posted on 8-11-2004 @ 02:42 PM

Originally posted by superdude

Well you did try to commit suicide as I read it. Sounds like you're pretty much screwed 🙄

I can't believe I just read such a cold callous thing from someone...WTF is wrong with you!? 🙄 🙄

As to the omen...the problem with omens, is that it depends on which people they come from...in one setting, and owl may mean something bad, and in another something good....they cancel each other out....LOL do not worry about it at all, just am owl 🙄
Brightest Blessings to you!

[edit on 11/8/2004 by LadyV]

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dusran

posted on 8-11-2004 @ 03:56 PM

The owl could mean many things. Perhaps the owl is a sign of a positive change within a persons life. Western society views death as a negative and something that should be feared, but not all cultures feel the same way. Your grandma's friend may have been one of the people that saw death in a more positive light. Perhaps she was a spiritual person, knew her time was near and looked forward to the experience. The thing is that we can't be sure so you shouldn't worry over it.

What is important is the signifigance in your own sighting.

You saw the white owl after delivering a crushing blow to your suicidal tendencies! You saw it on the day you were released from the clinic! You saw it on the day of your journey to lead a better life!

A white owl during the day! An animal usually shrouded in the darkness of night made itself visible to you on they day of your release! With white feathers (the color of purity and a new hope)!

The owl was an omen for your life to come. Like the white owl, you have stopped living your life in the dark. Your future is bright and full of new hope. Trust in that.

[edit on 8-11-2004 by dusran]

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dotgov101

posted on 8-11-2004 @ 04:42 PM

A Word To The Wise...

And wise we are!

I, too, have had numerous suicide attempts in the past due to having to live with Schizoid-Affective Disorder, which in laymen's terms means living with Schizophrenia and Depression/Mania. As my father told me once, I got dealt the full deck.

Getting dealt the full deck beats five card stud any day. Most "normal" people live lives full of constant choices, not unlike a game of Texas Hold'Em poker, whereas people like us have the entire deck in our hands. A bad analogy, I know, but a true one at that.

I see spirits and hear their thoughts. Tell a doctor that and you get a lifetime supply of anti-psychotics, yet I humor the doctors. I am on twice the human max dose of Seroquel along with a slew of tranquilizers throughout the day to help with impulse control.

Yet I am still able to function like everyone else. However, the reason why I am on such a dangerous dose is because it merely turns their thoughts into whispers.

The Other Realm is real, and symbols of it are placed in front of us every so often. I do not know the symbolism of a white owl, but I know that sparrows and crows are attracted to me, as are most mammals. Three weeks ago I trained a friend's pit bull by using only hand signals.

Embrace your illness. It is not only a part of you, but a part of your aura. You get to see and hear entities that others do not. Remember that just because others do not see them does not make them false. I once asked a psychiatrist if he'd ever seen the Eiffel Tower. He said no. I then asked him how he knew it could be real.

I love their lack of answers!

Anyways...stay alive. The reason you are alive will never be told to you, that is a question you answer on your deathbed when God decides it's your time to move. Listen to your doctor(s)...they're doing the best they can. They help make life liveable, not just tolerable.

Hold on to your beliefs, but remember that beliefs are like opinions-some should remain in your soul and never be discussed. Discuss only the beliefs that may inflict harm on you or anyone else.

With that said, wait for more signs, as they will always be waiting for you.

Fondly,
Dot.

Edited for editing.
Where's my sig????

[edit on 8-11-2004 by dotgov101]

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kickass

posted on 9-11-2004 @ 07:46 AM

Let's look at this owl-thing this way:

There are probably a lot more people that have seen a white owl in daylight that have *not* died than people that have. And the people that died probably would have died regardless of seeing the owl.

Don't put too much into your encounter. It was an owl, albeit white, but just an owl and that's that.

No omen and you are still living...don't worry.

// k

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Chakotay

posted on 9-11-2004 @ 01:17 PM

You in Canada? Part Indian? Listen, you'll hear a lot of rumors about Owls as bad omens among the People. But they are not, if you get the real info from an Elder. If you're any Indian at all, find a tribal midwife to talk to. Owls are very complex spirit animals and are not signs of doom. We all are going to die someday, so don't rush the end or you'll miss the best parts of the story. It is easy to die; it is hard to live. So do what is hard. Be strong. Live. You are here to use your power to help others and yourself learn. There is so much to see, to understand, to know. It doesn't all feel good, but it is here for us and that in itself is a miracle. Owls are reminders that life does not end with the night. They are spirit guides, guardians and protectors that give the power to understand, to survive, and to heal one's self and others. They are the Medicine Chief of the Bird Nations, humble, silent and powerful. You have been blessed. 🍁

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COOZ

posted on 9-11-2004 @ 01:31 PM

RE White Owl

I live in Montana, and I see owls all the time out in the country all times of day. Though, I have never seen a *white owl*, which I will assume is a snow owl, I have seen several other varieties during the day time. You are safe. The heart attack was a coincidence!

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eaglewingz

posted on 10-11-2004 @ 11:10 PM

Re : The white owl

Unusual appearances of owls has also been linked with possible UFO abduction cases. Although it's usually linked only with the memory of seeing an owl, not an actual appearance. Unless you have missing time or other inconsistency, this may not apply.

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Magickesists

posted on 1-12-2004 @ 02:42 PM

i know for fact.

Myself im an ardent lover of nature sure i hunt and trap and other things but all is with reason in its own way otherwise balance would not exist.

The omen of the white owl. Otherwise known as the barn owl or arctic horned owl(i highly doubt it was the latter) is a symbol of death or reincarnation as i had explained to me when i was younger. The owl may be a foretelling of someone close to you dying, or ment as a sign to bring you a revelation. As Part native i have some strange link to the meaning of animals and white owls are never a bad omen unless they fly over you.

The meaning of omens is always very vague but as far as i can figure this owl is definatly a sign of a new beginning as previously stated. Your not in any need of worrying.

However the person who had the owl land on her head is a very complicated omen it has a basic meaning reaiting to death but not immediate or near you its directly related to you as your death may be tomorrow or in 80 years from now but either way it will not be unpleasant and you will most likely be able to embrace it with warmth.

I personally belive all omens are nothing more than beacons to make you think about what you plan to do and how you will will you destiny to its course or change it either way those are the meanings.

I am sorry i have no cold hard evidence to prove it but those are the things I was raised on and understand now almost intuitivly.

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ColonelForbin

posted on 2-12-2004 @ 01:43 AM

Originally posted by superdude

Well you did try to commit suicide as I read it. Sounds like you're pretty much screwed

What the hell kind of sadistic SOB are you? That is one of the illest comments I have ever seen on this board. Instead of offering support to someone who greatly needs it, you ridicule him?!?!? If he ever does go through with it (hopefully he will not, there are always reasons to live), I hope you can live with his blood on your hands. Somebody please ban this guy, someone with this kind of attitude has no place on ATS.

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Blades11 photo **Blades11**

TOTAL POSTS :: 772

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Buy Me ezSupporter!

My Personal Information

FIRST NAME :: *private*LAST NAME :: *private*

AGE :: 19

LOCATION :: :Minnesota:.

OCCUPATION :: :Amateur Writer:.

HOBBIES :: Writing, drawing, listening to music, chatting/hanging out with friend's, playing guitar, and animating.

PERSONAL BIO :: I'm a fan of zombie film's, have been for year's, as well as fan of horror movies in general. I like to write horror stories, read about Nazi Germany and history, and someday plan on moving out of the US.

My Contact Information

EMAIL ADDRESS :: neonecrosis@hotmail.comMY INBOX :: [Send me a Message!](#)IM :: MSN - neonecrosis@hotmail.comPERSONAL LINK :: [Click here for a Welcoming](#)

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25 March 2005

Jeff Weise writings, retrieved via Google on March 24, 2005.

[Blades11 on The Tall Man's Guest Book](#)

[Blades11 on EZ Board's The Writer's Coven](#)

[Blades11 on Dune2K](#)

[Blades11 on Raptorman](#)

See also Jeff Weise postings on Nazi.org: <http://cryptome.sabotage.org/jeff-weise.htm>

As Blades11 on The Tall Man's Guest Book
THE TALL MAN'S GUESTBOOK December 2001
It takes some big balls to speak up to the big guy!
Comments list started on December 1, 2001 Last post on December 31, 2001
Blades11, Redlake,MN Sat Dec 1 23:06:05 EST 2001
P1: Yes
P2: Yes
P3: Yes
P4: Yes
Ok,I am writing about the e-mail. To me it seem's to be a sort of Fan fiction.Are some body hoping to make people wonder if the movie's were real.That is what I believe.As for the Phantasm series?,I LOVE IT!. My Fav's P3,But they are all cool....Love the site,I'd like to see still's from P3..... But that's just me....
-Blades11

As Blades11 on <http://p090.ezboard.com/fthedeadwalkfrm10>

Source: <http://p081.ezboard.com/bwriterscoven.showUserPublicProfile?gid=blades11>

Blades11

Total Posts :: 772

Member Since :: October 8, 2001 (Global User)

My Personal Information

First Name :: private

Last Name :: private

Age :: 17

Location :: :Minnesota:

Occupation :: :Amateur Writer:

Hobbies :: Writing, drawing, listening to music, chatting/hanging out with friend's, playing guitar, and animating.

Personal Bio :: I'm a fan of zombie film's, have been for year's, as well as fan of horror movies in general. I like to write horror stories, read about Nazi Germany and history, and someday plan on moving out of the US.

My Contact Information

Email Address :: neonecrosis@hotmail.com

My Inbox :: [Send me a Message!](#)

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The Writer's Coven

Source: <http://p081.ezboard.com/fwriterscovenfrm8.showMessage?topicID=49.topic>

Easter par-tay! *w00ts*

Writers Coven

> The Writers Coven

> Surviving the Dead

Author

Comment

Blades11

Surviving the Dead

The Damned

Posts: 2

(24/12/03 9:11 pm)

Reply

This is the first in a 3 part series, tell me what you think.

Warning: Readers Discretion Is Advised.

“Surviving the Dead.”

1

The small town of Grovers Mill sat somewhere East, nearly forgotten by all except those who lived there. It was after eleven and dark as most stormy night's are, rain hammered down on the town relentlessly accompanied by it's usual acquaintances thunder and lightening. It's dull barren street's were completely void of anything living, all the shop's had closed for the night and everyone was in their warm bed's dreaming simple dreams.

The shadowy figure stood on the outskirts of the town's eastern border looking from side to side making sure it was clear, the black storm poncho kept his black jumpsuit and tactical gear safe from the rain. He tilted the cap of his black battle helmet upwards so that he could see better, seeing the coast was clear he shifted his M-16 to his right hand and brought up his flashlight pointing it down the opposite direction of the road flicking it off and on twice.

In the distance through the falling rain a pair of headlight's flicked on after seeing his signal, the man put his flash light away and took the M-16 into both arm's once again as the truck slowly started to drive forward. The truck came to a rustic stopped near the town's morgue, a one story tall concrete monstrosity with a freshly mowed lawn with lush green grass looking almost fake. From the passengers side another man jumped out dressed in the same manner as the signaler had been.

The looming military figure removed his talk box from his tactical belt and pressed down the talk button, speaking a single word. “Mask's.”

Hearing him over the radio the driver pulled a gas mask up from the floor of the truck and quickly put it on, those on the military hummer that had escorted the transport truck slid their mask's on too. The passenger from the transport truck slid on his gas mask moving towards the back of

the truck, he climbed onto the bed and removed a single barrel, he set it down on the wet concrete and looked for the keypad somewhere on it's top.

He punched in a four digit code on the keypad attached to the barrel and with a loud pop the top opened releasing a plume of yellow smoke, quickly he moved to the front of the truck jumping into the passenger's side.

He picked up the CB radio, "GO GO GO!," his tone was frantic and frightened.

The transport truck quickly backed out of the morgue parking lot and sped off towards the western exit followed by it's escort. Unbeknownst to the townsfolk "Operation Paperclip" had just begun...

Max's tired eye's fell upon the cliché maroon brick school as he stepped off the trademark yellow bus, he let out a sigh and started towards the entrance. He surrendered his black book bag to the ape like security guard named Ben and took anything metal out of his pockets, (a set of key's and a CD player), and stepped through the metal detector. It buzzed as it went off, he let out a sigh.

"I don't have anything," said Max annoyed.

Ben pulled open the drawer of the metal desk he sat behind and pulled up a hand held metal detector, he moved around the desk and Max assumed the position. He put his arm's up as if he was reaching for the sky, Ben waved the "wand" all around him, when it didn't beep he simply said, "go on."

Max let out a sigh, even for a small town the security was tight. He hated that, after the school shooting's like Columbine and Cold Spring's they had stepped up the security at the front door, Max grabbed his stuff off the desk and started towards the Canteen where he and his friend's hung out.

"Hey," Max said to the other's as he walked in.

A few of them were already talking and barely acknowledged him, a few nodded their hello's and one actually returned his greeting. He took a seat in the corner on an aluminum folding chair plopping his back pack down next to him. The canteen was small, very small, yet he and his six friend's still used it as their main "headquarters." It was there's pretty much, it would've been if it didn't belong to the school.

Max looked at the watch on his wrist, "8:01 AM," 14 minutes till first class.

“What did you do last night?,” asked Mike.

The question came so quickly it almost knocked Max off his chair, “uh... Nothing really. Listened to music, watched a movie... that’s about it.”

Mike nodded and sat down on the chair next to Max, “cool... I went to see Cher again.”

Cher was Mike’s girlfriend who lived 10 miles away at the next town, he had met her at the last basketball game when the school’s “Wolverines” faced their “Badger’s.” It had been a slaughter, Badger’s won twenty to nothing, Max had lost ten dollar’s on that game. Either way, Mike had been bragging about her for ages, though Max had half the mind to tell him she wasn’t much to brag about... But he couldn’t do that, Mike was his best friend, and they’d probably end up throwing punches over it. Before either could speak another word the bell rang, 14 minutes only seemed like a couple second’s when Max thought about it.

He stood up slinging his backpack over his shoulder, “see ya’.”

Mike nodded as everyone exited the canteen, Mrs. Silver, (the librarian), closed the Canteen’s door and locked it as everyone was trying to get in to by a pop at the last minute. First class was always a pain for Max, Mr. Reinhardt’s class, he had his mustache shaved like Adolf Hitler, even had the same hair style, which made everyone uncomfortable and nervous around him. A few of the kid’s had complained about it to the principle, but nothing came of it.

“Now class, open your text book’s open to page 420,” said Mr. Reinhardt, he taught American Civics, not really Max’s favorite subject either, since he planned on moving to England when he turned 18.

“CODE RED! CODE RED!,” came over the intercom, a few gasp’s and “oh my god’s” came from some of the class.

Mr. Reinhardt quickly ran over to the door and locked it, “class move to the back of the room!”

No one argued, most rushed to the back of the room, Max didn’t have to, he was already there. “Code Red” had been discussed a lot by the teachers, Max had been growing sick of it. Code red was what would be said over the intercom if someone entered the building with a gun, teacher’s were supposed to lock their classroom door’s and move all student’s to the back of the room. So far so good.

“Now kid’s stay calm,” said Mr. Reinhardt who sounded as if he was about to pass a stone.

Max wasn’t really afraid for his life like most of the other student’s

probably were, the only thing running through his mind was “the school had it coming.” He couldn’t help but wonder if he knew the shooter, maybe it was Ray, he hadn’t shown up that morning... The class was quiet, too quiet, Max could hear a few whimper’s and someone sobbing but that was it. Most were probably waiting to hear a gunshot, Max knew that’s what he was waiting for. He hoped it wasn’t a stupid drill, though as time passed he would wish it had been.

In the distance, somewhere else in the school, the sound of a blood curdling scream echoed through the hallway’s. Max nearly jumped out of his seat when he heard it, fear was setting in now. He had heard plenty of scream’s in his sixteen year’s of life but never anything like that, it was a cry. A death cry.

“Jesus,” the word had escaped Max’s mouth too quick for him to stifle it.

“Jesus had nothing to do with that, son,” Mr. Reinhardt said in a cold emotionless tone. “That was the devil’s work.”

The word’s sent a chill down Max’s spine as he thought about them, then again another scream broke the silence, the sound of shattering glass and the sound’s of a man screaming in agony were all too real. Max closed his eye’s trying to take his mind off of now, he would’ve given anything to be elsewhere.

That’s when the pounding started. The classroom door began to shake, with each strike every person in the classroom shook. The moaning started shortly after, bone chilling moan’s of hunger. The strength and pace of the strikes began to quicken, there was now more than one person trying to get in.

“Don’t worry kid’s,” said Mr. Reinhardt. “That door’s solid reinforced steel, they’re not going to get in.”

Whatever held the door in place was now starting to bend, soon the door was nearly flying open with each strike. The collective fear in the room could be felt strongly by all. The door was struck once more, finally swinging open in submission. Max’s eye’s snapped open as he heard the door strike the wall, in shambled two men. The first was tall, dressed in a suit. A burial suit. It’s face had been caked with make up, some of which had been washed away near the mouth by blood, his eye’s had sunken deep into the socket’s and were surrounded by black ring’s.

The second was Ben, the security guard, or what was left of him. His throat had been ripped out, replaced by a bloody mass of torn tissue, crimson had drenched his blue work shirt below the neck. A white foam dripped from the sides of his mouth which hung open loosely. The site of both men sent the room into chaos.

One of the student’s shattered one of the classroom window’s with a

chair and climbed out, other's took his cue and did the same. Max climbed out one of the window's, turning back just in time to see Mr. Reinhardt being tackled to the floor by both men. Max had cut his hand as he climbed out the window, but he didn't even care, the adrenaline helped him ignore the pain and soldier on, he ran for the mass of police car's that had gathered by the front of the school. He looked at the front of the building, two men dressed in tactical gear stood cautiously by the front entrance while another evacuated student's who came out quickly with their hand's atop their head's.

"How many were in there? Can you tell me?," asked a police officer as a paramedic bandaged Max's hand.

Max remained silent, he had no answer. He would've spoken if he had something to say. The officer moved on to another student to ask the same question like a mindless automaton.

"Max," said a female voice.

Max looked up, it was one of his friend's, Morticia, he finally broke his silence. "Hey..."

"Oh my God are you ok?," she asked seeing his bandage.

Mike was standing next to her, "damn man. Did you get shot?"

"There wasn't a gun..." Max mumbled.

"Huh?," asked Mike.

Max shook his head. "Nothin'... I cut my hand climbing out that window over there."

The sound of gunfire made Max jumped, he turned his head towards the school where it was coming from.

"They ain't goin' down!," someone said over the radio, Max could hear it from the cop standing next to the ambulance.

More gunfire came from inside the school, the three police officer's in tactical gear near the front door's began to run as they saw something inside, more rain began to fall from the gray sky. Max sat unmoving on the back of the ambulance watching, the rain wetting his black pant's and shoes. Out of the front entrance came another officer dressed in black tactical gear as the other's running, four people chased after him, as he ran he unholstered his Colt M1911 .45. He turned and fired two shot's point blank into one of his pursuers but to no avail. The bullet's did nothing, the person chasing him merely jerked a few times then tackled the fleeing officer. No one could do anything but watch in horror as the man's throat was tore out by human teeth, his blood flowed mixing with

fallen rain in a steady stream down to a gutter than into a storm drain.

“Cannibal’s...,” Max heard someone say.

Max had come to a conclusion that only time would prove right or wrong. These “cannibal’s” weren’t living, but dead. It was beyond him where the conclusion came from, maybe his subconscious had pieced it together. Maybe not.

“Drop ‘em!,” was the order that came over the police radio.

Gunfire erupted from the police who had their gun’s trained on the four creatures. Bullet’s tore through them as they feasted on the police officer’s body, trained gun’s and sighted rifles blew them back to hell, where they belonged.

“Cease fire,” Max could hear the order over the police officer’s radio who stood next to the ambulance.

Unnerved law enforcement lowered their gun’s, then slowly the four creatures rose to their feet... Along with the police officer they had killed. Max’s eye’s widened, total shock and awe. The undead creatures began to run at the living with only one thing on their minds: Food....

Edited by: [Blades11](#) at: 29/12/03 10:36 am

[Blades11](#)

The Damned

Posts: 3

(29/12/03 10:29 am)

[Reply](#)

Surviving the Dead

Warning: Readers Discretion Is Advised.

-2-

The entire town had already succumbed to the rank’s of the mass murder and carnage committed by the ravenous “human’s,” who seemed to be in a trance like state. The phenomenon had ravaged the town, spreading quickly like a wild fire in dry brush, Morticia and Max had seen a lifetimes worth of violence in just the first hour since the “crisis” had started in their small town.

“Come on!,” Morticia shouted pulling Max along the long alley way.

Max ran as fast as he could, though it was still not fast enough for the *things* were gaining on him. His soaked shoes sloshed each time his foot pressed down on the wetted concrete, his clothes were soaked as well from the rain that seemed to never stop. The overhanging gray storm cloud’s seemed to cast a gray hue over everything, for everything seemed a duller color than it really was.

“Come on!,” Morticia shouted again.

Max heard her, but here was little he could do. She was faster than him, and it seemed so were the creatures that pursued them.

“Over here!” a voice ahead of them shouted.

Both Max and Morticia could hear it over the sound of raindrop’s hitting various things. Ahead of them was a man, one who looked as if he wasn’t a day over 20, standing dressed in black BDUs, a matching cap on his head, soaked from head to toe. In his right hand he held a large rifle, like something out of an Arnold Schwarzenegger film.

“Hurry!” he continued.

Morticia and Max quickened their pace, running with renewed purpose. Max glanced over his shoulder as he ran seeing a site that encouraged him to go faster, the site of the snarling human monstrosities reaching out after him with ravenous claws. He reached the man standing at the end of the alley a few steps after Morticia, every inch of his being filled with absolute fear.

The stranger with the gun looked ahead of him as the two frightened teenagers rushed past him, three of the creatures in hot pursuit, hell bent on acquiring yet another hot meal. The first to reach the end of the alley was met with a swift and deadly blow to the skull from the stock of the stranger’s rifle. The second one doubled over as a 5.56mm slug tore through its forehead, exiting through the back of its skull blowing much of it away. The third’s knees were blown out from under it with two expertly placed shots, the heroic stranger stepped forward looking down upon the horrific creature with disgust. Its head cracked open like a melon under his black combat boot, he gave another stern kick to the merely destroyed skull for good measure.

Max had nearly crashed to the ground from exhaustion while Morticia on the other hand was fairing well, she leaned against a brick wall taking in as much oxygen as she could. Max hadn’t been built for running like Morticia had. The stranger dressed in black checked the creatures, to make sure that they were truly dead, before turning to the two shaken teenagers.

“You two kids alright?” the stranger asked, his voice was filled with something that wasn’t quite concern, but wasn’t quite anything else.

Max simply nodded his reply.

Morticia had finished catching her breath and looked at the mysterious stranger before asking, “who are you?”

“Lieutenant 1st Class Edward Hawkins, at your service,” he replied in a polished tone.

The stranger, who had identified himself as Edward Hawkins, looked at Morticia noticing her slightly unusual attire, wearing all black clothes in an unusual style he had never seen. Her counterpart Max was the same, dressed in complete black garb with a chain hanging from his left back pocket attached to one of his belt loop's, his wet hair which looked like it had once been in spikes that had been destroyed by the bombarding rain. He was a little less stringy than the girl, but that was only to be expected.

"Now may I ask who you two are?," he asked casually.

"I'm Morticia and that's Max," she replied snappily. "But my friend's call my Morty, since Morticia is too long."

"Where'd you come from?," asked Max, he was a little uneasy around this "Edward."

"Recon element, second SS, I was separated from my squad a few block's from here when we ran into these," he paused thinking about it for a second, "... thing's."

"SS?" Max gave him a curious look.

The Lieutenant replied almost on cue, "Slayer Squad."

To Max the name sounded like something out of a low B-grade movie of the 80s, or rather like something from a video game.

"So I take it you're military," said Morticia, looking at him untrustingly.

Edward gave a quick nod, "yes. This whole area's an I.Z."

"I.Z.?" asked Max curiously. This was all so new to him, though the Lieutenant seemed more comfortable with it.

"Infected Zone," the Lieutenant said again in a polished tone, sounding more like a brainwashed automaton from the cheerfulness of his nature. "We should probably get a move on, find a place to hide until help comes, the shot's I fired will undoubtedly bring more of the creatures."

Neither Max or Morticia voiced any disagreement with the lieutenant's idea, they followed him willingly like obedient lap dogs.

The three had taken refuge in a small corner coffee shop, the Lieutenant had secured the place with the top's of tables and other assorted wooden item's that could be nailed across opening's. Luckily the owner of the place had kept a healthy supply of nail's in the pantry. The rain continued to fall from the heavens outside, it filled the air with

it's unusually fresh scent that would've been welcomed happily any other day. But not that day; for it was truly the day of the dead.

"So, Lieutenant Hawkins... What're you really here for?," Morticia asked him as she sat on a bar stool she had frequented regularly, sipping a random cold cup of coffee.

The lieutenant sat with his back to her and Max checking his gun's, an M4 Carbine and a Beretta 9mm pistol, facing the front door which had been boarded up from the inside. "I'm sorry, but I cannot disclose that information."

His tone had been monotonous, noticeably different from when he had spoken before.

Morticia rolled her eye's as she looked at him, "are you serious? We're in the middle of something like this, most likely going to die, and you can't tell us a single thing?"

"We're not going to die," said Max who had become unusually quiet, though he never had never really been a talker for the year's Morticia had known him. And that was kindergarten through present.

Morticia had never been a pessimist, but she seemed to be doing well at it. "We're going to end up just like Mike."

Max closed his eye's thinking about what happened to Mike, then tried to shift his mind onto something else since the thought was too painful, tear's began to streak down his cheek's as he silently wept.

"No, he's right," said the Lieutenant. "We're not going to die." He knew it was a lie, but false hope was all he could give.

Morticia's eye's darted around the coffee shop, all window's had been effectively and sufficiently boarded up to keep the thing's out, though they hadn't found the three survivor's yet, but there was no doubt in her mind that they would. She looked at the lieutenant who kept a watchful eye on the door. "Where'd you learn to do this stuff? Like the... nailing, and all that jazz..."

"Basic training for all in the SS, securing a perimeter to effectively stave off the 'U.D.' is one of the most invaluable skill's I was taught," replied the Lieutenant.

"W-wait, 'U.D.', what's that?," Morticia asked.

The lieutenant was silent for a few second's before replying. "Undead."

Morticia nearly choked on the drink of the cold coffee she took when she heard him, she spit it out and gasped for air. "Undead?!"

"Told ya'," said Max who sat behind the counter hugging his knee's to his chest.

"You mean, those thing's out there, they're already dead?!", she had thought Max was only making thing's up, lies caused by fear and an inability to explain what had been occurring.

"Affirmative. The only way to deal with one of the U.D. is to destroy the brain," the Lieutenant spoke as if it were all normal. "This is merely a training exercise, one I've been long preparing for."

Morticia asked no more questions, the shocking information provided by the Lieutenant was enough to make her wish she'd never asked. She was afraid to ask anything else now, scared of what she might be told. I don't need this, she thought. I'm only a kid still, I want to live, I want to live...

Max remained silent, what had started as a regular day had turned into a blood bath for the ages, one he would not soon forget. The air seemed to be alive with a sort of "electric" feeling, Max could smell it as well as feel it slightly. Mixed in with the scent of the rain that continued to pour as if God was crying was barely noticeable. Max closed his eye's, thinking of his house. His nice little house on Gorman ST where he and his mom and dad lived, and his dog Chopper. He wanted to be home, in bed, he wanted to wake up and find that this had all been a bad dream. He wanted to wake up and find that this had all been an elaborate nightmare, cooked up by his subconscious from eating the wrong thing's and watching horror movies before bed.

He pinched himself to reassure himself that this wasn't a dream, a nightmare, but reality. Cold harsh merciless reality. He pondered on his loved ones, and his friend's he hadn't seen since the school that morning, wondering if they were ok. He began to doubt that he would ever see them again, that he would ever wake up Saturday morning's to the smell of his is mother making breakfast, since she never had the time during week day's because of work. Saturday's were always special, more tear's began to well up in his eye's as he realized he would never see another Saturday morning.

Morticia had the same feeling's, she wanted to be home, listening to music and drawing as she usually did out of boredom. She wanted to hear her Evanescence CD once more, she had forgotten it that morning on her dresser. But it wouldn't have been of much good use, since her CD player ran out of battery's that morning. She wanted to see her cat again, she wanted to hold Boot's once more and pet him. Hear and feel him purring in her arm's affectionately. She wanted to argue with her mother about thing's that weren't really important, only now had she come to the realization that she and her mother never really talked. Arguing was their form of communication, the argument's were never

anger filled, they were the only way the two knew how to talk. She realized now, now that it was too late, that she wanted to have a regular conversation with her mother. She lowered her head in sadness, knowing that that would never happen.

"Morticia...", said Max from behind the counter, still sitting in his spot hugging his knee's to his chest.

"Yeah?," she asked.

"How are you feeling?," Max sat silently waiting for her reply.

"I'm alright... How about you?"

Max wiped away his tear's, "I'm alright... I've been better though." The pain was present in his voice, though he tried to hide it.

"Better? Like that time in 8th grade when we spit in Mr. Nilbog's coffee, and he came back from the office and took a big drink?," said Morticia with a grin, recalling happier times.

Max closed his eye's, laughter coming from him as he remembered that day with crystal clarity. "And," he paused. "That time Tex McCormick came to school without any pant's on, and no one told him till 1st hour when he walked into Misses Liz's class wearing nothing but a muscle shirt and tighty whiteys."

Morticia slapped her knee, nearly hurting with laughter now. "How about that time when we put Clearsol in Mikes pop in 3rd hour, and he started farting all wickedly?"

Tear's were coming from both their eye's now, but they were tear's of joy, tear's from their laughter. Max grinned, "I remember that, he had to go home and c-change his pant's and underwear 'cause of the stuff gave him the Hershey squirt's."

Mortica started to laugh again, "y-yeah, and Allison Cordaine broke up with him after that 'cause she was embarrassed to be seen with him... We were mean," she paused. "Good times... good times..."

The two were both indeed weird, each one of a kind. But that was part of the reason they got along so well...

Edited by: Blades11 at: 29/12/03 10:43 am

Blades11
The Damned
Posts: 4
(2/1/04 2:57 am)
Reply

Re: Surviving the Dead

-3-

Something struck the front door of the coffee shop with great force,

shaking the entire building, the door nearly flew off the hinges from the first strike.

"Jesus!," Morticia said frightened by it, she hopped over the counter landing next to Max.

Both crouched low, peeking over the edge of the counter.

"Stay down kid's, if those thing's get in here I want you both to lock yourselves in the pantry," said the lieutenant standing with his M4 at the ready, pointing it at the door way as inhuman moan's came from outside.

The glass window's shattered as discoloring hand's shot through the openings between the boards, finger's curling and uncurling hungrily, reaching for whatever was inside. With each strike the door weakened, the boards nailed across coming loose. Lieutenant Hawkins undid the button to the leather strap that held his pistol in it's holster, just in case he had to draw it quickly.

Lieutenant Hawkins drew in a deep breath and exhaled slowly, calming his nerves like he had been trained to. He had to remained focused, there was no telling how many of the thing's had accumulated outside, he should've told the kid's to keep quiet, their voices were like a dinner bell to the undead. But he hadn't, he wanted them to enjoy their final hour's as the living.

Another devastating blow came to the door, the lieutenant knew it wouldn't be able to take much more. Another strike was delivered knocking a door hinge loose, the lieutenant's eye's narrowed as his hand impatiently wrapped around the pistol grip of the M4, a weird feeling in his stomach developed, his index finger curled around the trigger as he waited anxiously.

Another coordinated strike was delivered to the wooden door knocking three of the four board's nailed across it off, hardened fist's knocked away the table top that had been nailed across the doors window sending it to the shop's tiled floor. Through the exposed window the three survivor's could see a sea of dead faces, expression's of hunger and pain on all. Some had suffered vicious wound's to the skull that had not finished them, Max could see one pour soul missing an eye and a jaw. Morticia caught a glimpse of one who's face had been torn away, the flesh and muscles eaten away down to the surface of the bone. She turned around and dry heaved, Max looked away too, he couldn't bare the sight of them.

Another strike tore the door from the frame tipping it like a tree, before the first could enter the lieutenant had already started firing. He took his shot's carefully yet quickly, the roar of his M4 mixed in with the chorus of the undead moan's was a hellish anthem of carnage and

torment. Yet still, for each one the lieutenant shot another took it's place, his gun clicked empty and before he could draw his pistol they were on him, the first tackled him to the tile floor, his unsecured pistol slid out of it's holster towards the counter landing close to the two teenagers.

A few of the reanimated corpses noticed Morticia and Max and started towards them, though some were slower than other's, rigor mortis had set in, Max scooped up the Beretta 9mm in his left hand as he and Morty fled to the pantry. The thick metal pantry door slammed shut just as the first corpse arrived, bouncing off the solid steel surface clumsily. The two teenager's sat in the rather large pantry, still breathing heavily from fear. All Max could do was stare at the door, it looked similar to the one of Mr. Reinhardt's classroom, the one that had given way so easily to so little of the dead.

"What now?," asked Morticia.

Max looked in her direction, though neither could see each other for the pantry was dark. "I don't know... I... I really don't..."

A light clicked on in the room, Morticia had found a light switch, the two looked at one another, each expecting the other to know the answer. They could hear the sound's of the lieutenant screaming in pain outside, though neither paid him any attention. So selfish. The pounding on the door could faintly be heard as well as the moan's, the thick wall's as well as the door kept almost all sound from reaching the two.

Max looked at the black Beretta in his hands, he had never held a gun his entire life before now. It wasn't at all like the movies, the gun was definitely heavier then he would have expected, and strangely cold, like a block of ice. He didn't know much about gun's, only that you pointed it at whatever you wanted to die and pulled the trigger.

"Wait," said Morticia as she moved a box out of the way near the door.

Max looked up, "huh?"

"There's something here, some kind of hatch," she said now on her knee's pulling at something.

Max climbed to his feet and walked over, looking over her shoulder just as she pulled whatever it was up. It came open with a strange noise as musty air was released into the pantry.

"Yuck, smell's like."

"Sewer," Max finished her sentence. "This might be our only way out."

She looked at him with her icy blue eye's. "Well what are you waiting for?"

He shrugged his shoulders. What did he have to lose? He tucked the pistol into his kangaroo pocket on his black hoodie and started his slow descension by mean's of the rusty cold bar's that were mounted to the concrete sewer wall. The last two bar's were missing, he was forced to drop the rest of the way, which wasn't that far. He landed with both feet evenly, the grayish green sewer water knee high, some of it splashed upwards getting on his hooded sweater as he landed.

"Aw sick, you have no idea what just floated past me," said Max.

Morticia rolled her eye's as she started to climb down, "where's the other bar's?!", she asked sheepishly.

"Just jump," Max replied looking up at her. "It's not far, trust me."

"Oh, right, trust you, Max Kimble, the kid who once told me to trust him in the 2nd grade by wearing a blindfold, then pushing me into a mud puddle, yeah right," she said sarcastically.

"I'm serious, come on."

"Well... ok, but you've got to catch me," Morticia waited for a response.

"Uh, ok sure. I'll catch you."

She let go of the bars and jumped down, Max tried to catch her but she fell on him knocking them both over into the sewer water. Max kept his head above the surface, he didn't want to swallow any, sadly Morty wasn't so lucky, she shot up from the sewer water gasping for air.

"MAX!", she shouted angrily, "YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO CATCH ME YOU IDIOT!"

Max helped her up. "Sorry, I tried, but you came down at a funny angle...", he said trying to stifle a laugh.

"Oh sure,... erm... gross, now I smell like sewer water," she wiped her eye's with the back side of her right forearm. "Where to now?," she asked.

Max looked both way's down the nearly pitch black tunnel, lit only by dim light bulbs that hung from the ceiling of the sewer which seemed to be entangled with vines and brown roots of some kind, he shrugged his shoulders, "don't ask me man, I just work here."

"A man hole, we've got to find one," Morticia started down the right side of the sewer tunnel.

"How do you know that's the right way?," Max asked.

She stopped and turned to him, "Max, the town ain't that big if you haven't noticed. We're bound to run into one sooner or later, this place can't be that big."

Max stood still, looking in the opposite direction.

Morticia stopped again, turning towards him once more, "you coming or are you just gonna stand around with that 'I'm lost' look on your face all day?"

Max scoffed and unwillingly followed.

Minutes later they found one, by now they were dreading the stench of the sewer, eager to get to the surface to the rain, the only thing they dreaded worse than the smell of the sewer was the flesh eating corpses which awaited them above. Max was the first up, since he was the one with the pistol, and probably had a better chance of being eaten first. Such a friend Morticia was. Max didn't let it get to him though, she was his best friend now, and if that meant getting nibbled on by ravenous corpses then so be it. He reached the top of the bar ladder, pushing the manhole cover up, it came open easier then expected but was heavy.

He pushed it aside, the cold rain drop's hitting his face, he could see his own breath in the air as he surfaced. He climbed up all the way and turned back to help Morticia up, she surfaced and she too was relieved to feel the cold rain drop's on her face. The dual sat next to the man hole for a second, taking in the welcoming fresh air, a nice change from the stagnant stench of the sewer system.

"T-time to go!," Max said climbing to his feet, Morticia saw what he saw and scrambled to her feet as well.

Max had been a few step's ahead of her but turned and waited for his friend before continuing to flee. Behind them a sea of the undead moved towards them, spread out thick taking up the full width of the street, moving ever forward like a cannibalistic tidal wave of the damned.

"Where are we going?," asked Max in between breath, Morticia had taken the lead once again as she was a faster runner than him.

Morticia looked back, seeing the intimidating army of the undead shambling after them, only a few now fresh enough to run, "the bridge, we've got to get out of this town!"

Max voiced no disagreement and continued to run, the dusty pike bridge was on the west side of the town, where he and Morticia where, if they could make it there then maybe they could loose the creatures. It wasn't long before they could see the bridge in sight, though the heavy

fog which had set in rather quickly only permitted them to see so much...

Private Beckman stood behind the sandbag and barbwire blockade formed on the bridge, on the opposite side of the blockade bullet riddled vehicles littered the base of it along with the bodies of the re-killed corpses. The town's other exit's had been blocked by similar methods, though most of the wooded area had to be patrolled by helicopter and ground unit's. All of the SS units that had entered the town hadn't returned or reported back.

"Private Beckman, has there been any contact with the SS?," Captain Luc asked.

Beckman shook his head, "no sir, this storm's been messin' with our radio equipment, haven't been able to raise anyone within the I.Z."

The captain mumbled something then went off to bother someone else.

Beckman sighed, he couldn't wait till this stuff was over, he wanted to get home to his family. His wife had just had their first kid a few day's earlier, named him George after General George S. Patton, which was Beckman's idol. He let out a raspy cough which nearly name him drop his M4, he walked over to Private Bates who manned the m60, positioning it's tripod on the top of a sandbag as he knelt on one knee.

Bates had seen a lot of thing's that day, thing's he hadn't been prepared for, though he'd been selected to protect the bridge all he could do was his duty, not to let any body out. If anyone were to approach the blockade they were to be put down immediately, be they man woman or child. He wasn't the only one with his gun trained in the direction of the town, towards the opposite side of the bridge. There were forty other men with him, but even that didn't make him feel safe. The first car that had sped towards the bridge had been riddled with a barrage of bullet's from nervous troops, those who survived only lived long enough to see their family members bleed to death, in one case a kid in the back seat had only been injured but the rest of his family had been killed. After a few minutes the other three in the car came back to life, and tore the kid apart as he sat wounded in the back seat. Yes sir, there was one to tell his grand kid's some day.

"Hey," said Beckman as he took a knee next to Bates.

Bates nearly jumped out of his skin, he had been deep in thought, "hey," he replied keeping his eye's dead ahead.

"Hell of a day, huh?," commented Beckman who was now pointing his M4 in the same direction as Bates.

"To say the least. I didn't join the corps for this kinda thing, I joined to see the world, hell, I wanted to be the first kid on my block to get a confirmed kill, I didn't join to be put out in the stick's to kill innocent civilian's," Bates grip tightened on the m60's pistol grip as he stared ahead.

"Yeah, well the only innocent are the unborn," replied Beckman. "But yeah, I know what you're talkin' about. I didn't join up to put holes in my neighbor's either, orders are orders."

"Everyone's real nervous, there's thing's happenin' here that shouldn't be happenin'," Bates sighed. "I don't know if I'll ever be able to sleep again man, not after I've seen this kinda shit... Dead people comin' back to life, mothers and fathers eatin' their children... It ain't right..."

Beckman let out another raspy cough, he paused for a long time before replying. "You know, when they told me to aim for the head, 'cause other shot's wouldn't work, I told myself my hearin's goin'. Told myself I was hearin' them wrong, until I saw my first. It's wrong, I know, but order's are order's."

"You hear that?," asked Bates.

Beckman quieted down and listened, he could hear it. The sound of hundreds of the undead moaning in unison, their distinctive dreadful hunger filled moans.

"Lock and load ladies, we've got company!," Captain Luc shouted as he heard the same noise as the rest.

Beckman's breathing became ragged and unsteady, he was getting nervous, his hand trembled as it rested on the M4's pistol grip, his index finger anxiously resting on the trigger gently. Bates swallowed his fear and righted the M60, mounted it to his shoulder sternly, relying on the tripod to take most of the weight. The soldiers were ready to gun down anything that came out of the thick gray fog, who ever and whatever it may be.

"Come on, we're almost there!," shouted Morticia to Max.

Max ran as fast as he could, the sound of the creatures moaning behind him pushed him harder.

"Come on!," Morticia's foot clanked down on the steel surface of the bridge.

Morticia was on the ground before she heard the shots, Max heard

the shots before he felt the pain. Max could feel his warm blood rushing up his throat, forcing his lip's open as it shot into the air and fell across his face and pavement in a random scarlet pattern. He coughed up more of his own coppery flavored crimson body fluid and closed his eye's, he could feel them in his stomach and chest, a few of the bullets still burned inside. He had never thought about bullets burning though, never thought the pain would be like this. He flopped around on the ground like a fish on land, the pain clouding his mind like the fog that engulfed him, he whimpered and groaned in pain.

He caught a glimpse of Morticia out of the corner of his eye, she wasn't moving; wasn't breathing. A pool of blood was steadily forming around her motionless body, but Max could only feel his own pain, his hand's curled into tight fist's, his black painted fingernails dug into his palm as the pain from his wounds made him press harder. Cold bodies crashed to the steel surfaced bridge near him, few seconds passed before he could feel the pain leaving him, all was going peaceful now. He could hear nothing, but he watched with a silent eye as the corpses that had once pursued him dropped like flies, most down for good but others with shattered ankles and knee's, only slowed by the slug's which the living threw by mean's of their guns. Max closed his eye's as everything seemed to be getting brighter, though it didn't hurt his eye's, he knew soon he would be seeing Morticia. His breathing slowed, his fist's uncurled, his body went limp, the warmth already fleeing, his last breath escaped freely carrying away his soul, he was leaving hell behind...

"There's too many," the freight filled words crawled slowly out of Private Beckman's gaping maw.

Private Bates still fired away, but for every one he put down another took it's place. It seemed pointless, even for a town the size of Grovers Mill there was still more than they had expected. Beckman slapped a fresh clip into his M4, lock and load, he continued to fire at random target's with no time to choose, some of the damned thing's were running.

"Keep shooting men!," Captain Luc shouted in a tone that was something like seriousness, but bordering on the verge of psychopathic.

It wasn't long before the thing's reached the barbed wire and turned over wrecked cars, not much of a blockade but it would have to do. The enemy was only inches away, Bates and Beckman could smell them, it was no longer firing at distant shapes, it was looking at their faces. The faces of the damned, the faces of evil. The first to reach the barbed wire sheepishly walked into it, then fell forward becoming entangled in the sharp and treacherous fray, becoming easy targets.

Beckman had been firing away randomly when he had heard the two

single most beautiful words that had ever been spoken.

“FALL BACK!”

There was no need to tell him twice, he stood up and moved in the opposite direction along with the other troops, Bates at his side keeping a weary eye. The falling rain and fog shielded hazardous dangers that could pop out at any moment, and when they did they'd meet Bates welcoming M60. The troop's piled into various military transport vehicles, both air and land before leaving the area in a speedy pace.

Minutes later the sound of fast moving aircraft shooting through the air excited some of the creatures below as they shambled about through the streets of Grovers Mill, still in search of food. Endlessly in search. Most lazily tilted their heads towards the gray sky as a pair of black objects fell from the heavens, a high pitched whistling noise accompanying them. The town disappeared in a flash of bright light, shock waves spread outwards from the impact points leaving a path of fiery destruction in their wake.

As the smoke cleared and the fires fizzed out all that remained where Grovers Mill once sat was a flat lot littered with random lumps of ash and the charred shells of ravaged buildings

General Worthington sat behind his steel desk, a few manila folders sitting before him idly. He puffed on a fat Cuban cigar as he sat back in his swivel chair, feet up on the desk. He took the time to reach over and grab one of the folders and opened it, looking at the paper clipped pages.

“No less than 24 hour's after the chemical was released into a controlled environment the entire town, population 650, succumbed to it's effect's, either infected by the carrier's or by the chemical itself through inhalation. Special operation units known as the 'SS' effort's to survive within the I.Z. were hopeless, suggestion is of course more training to combat and contain the U.D. within an I.Z. so that if said chemical were ever used in war time scenario's the U.D. may be swiftly dealt with after their purpose was fulfilled. Storms caused by the chemical in open air have been reported to mess with radio and radar equipment.” The general flipped the page in the thin report. “Estimated time it would take for the chemical to infect the population such as a city - Example: Bullethill City - no less than 7 day's. Smaller area's would succumb in a shorter time frame.”

The General picked up the other folders and opened his file cabinet, he slid them in a larger brown folder marked “Operation Paperclip.” He opened one of his desk's drawers and pulled out a liter of Vodka and a shot class, he poured himself a shot with a sigh.

*Side room for program
writing Nazi Scientists to US*

He wished the chemical had never been developed, there were some
 weapon's mankind shouldn't possess. .

The End.

 Any comments? Any at all?...

[<< Prev Topic](#) | [Next Topic >>](#)

Easter par-tay! *w00ts*

Writers Coven

- > [The Edge of The Abyss](#)
- > [Hello All...](#)

[<< Prev Topic](#) | [Next Topic >>](#)

Author

Comment

[Blades11](#)

[Hello All...](#)

[The Damned](#)

Posts: 1

(23/12/03 7:00 am)

[Reply](#)

I came across this place on the EzBoard search thing, and this seem's like my kind of place so... Where do I start? My names Jeff Weise... Kind of a plain and boring name I think, I hate my first name so most of my friend's call me by me last, and I would prefer that it would be that way around here if that's not to much to ask. I'm a writer (horror only, though might experiment with non-horror stories some day), and I'm 15... That's about it, just wanted to make myself known to everybody.
 (PS - I'm a guy, if most haven't figured or wanted to know, lol.)

"The oldest and strongest emotion of mankind is fear. And the oldest and strongest fear, is the fear of the unknown."
 -H.P. Lovecraft

[Gabiellala](#)

[Re: Hello All...](#)

[Libera Me](#)

Welcome, Weise. (and its a good thing we can call you that, after all there's another Jeff on here.)

Posts: 77

(23/12/03 12:17 pm)

[Reply](#)

[ezSupporter](#)

[Blades11](#)

[Thanks.](#)

[The Damned](#)

Posts: 2

(23/12/03 10:19 pm)

[Reply](#)

Thank's for the friendly welcome, I'm going to get started on writing again (have a few idea's).

"The oldest and strongest emotion of mankind is fear. And the oldest and strongest fear, is the fear of the unknown."
-H.P. Lovecraft

VAMPQUEEN01
Deaths Nightly Henchwoman

Re: Thanks.

Posts: 299
(24/12/03 12:05 am)
[Reply](#)

Welcome Weise.
Im Erica, 14-f-Chicago, Illinois, USA
I hope u enjoy ur stay here
like everyone else!

-Ecera

Can you survive?

Writers Coven

Vampirness Miyu
Lady of the Vampaneze

Re: Thanks.

Posts: 349
(24/12/03 8:27 am)
[Reply](#)

Welcome Weise (though I really don't know how to pronounce that!)

My name is Justyna, I'm 17 and a vampaneze...
anyway..
I hope you post some of your work.(maybe he has... haven't been there yet...hm..)
anyway..
enjoy your stay.
I do!

Lord Of The Darkness
The Scarabaret Sacrilegend

Re: Thanks.

Posts: 85
(24/12/03 6:15 pm)
[Reply](#)
ezSupporter

Weise, welcome!
I really like the quote in your sig, by the way...
yawns What more to say? Well, make yourself at home and post up some of your work if you want to.
Oh, and Merry Xmas

Blades11 on <http://www.dune2k.com/forum/index.php>

View the profile of Blades11

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March 24, 2005, 18:42:22 [Cryptome retrieval]

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Username: Blades11

[Picture/Text](#)

Name: Blades11
Posts: 39 (0.053 per day)
Position: Member
Date Registered: March 24, 2003, 22:29:01
Last Active: May 03, 2003, 02:34:34

ICQ:
AIM:
MSN:
YIM:
Email: *hidden*
Website:
Current Status: *Offline*

Gender: Male
Age: N/A
Location: Redlake
Local Time: March 24, 2005, 18:42:22 [Cryptome retrieval]

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Pages: [1]

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Author Topic: **.:Global Nightmare:.** (Read 365 times)

Blades11

.:Global Nightmare:. « on: April 16, 2003, 23:58:05 »

.:WARNING:.
 This thread is rated R for:
 Violence.

Gore.
Possible sexual situations
Over all Vulgarity.
Readers discretion is advised.

This is my first fan fic' (that I've started on this board),it's basicaly like this: the storys take place in a world where a literal global apocolyptic nightmare is taking place.Vurtually every evil and horrific creature ever imagined is praying upon the earth,Vampires,Werewolves,Zombies,Demons ect.All stereotypical weapons against these creatures must be used to dispose of these creatures like silver bullets for Werewolves,wooden stakes for Vampires,severe damage to the brain for Zombies.

You may lead up to 10 charactors,15 at the max.You cannot kill another person's charactor without that person's consent.You don't need any permission to kill off the creatures (Werewolves ect).You can'not control major figures such as Presidents,Prime ministers,or any major head of the country type government officials NO QUESTIONS ASKED (lol).

Other rules:
No infinite ammunication.
No god powers,invincibility ect.
And try to make all of your post's at least 2 paragraphs long.

Also,you can have "custom" weapons since that's basicaly what a silver bullet is.You can (if literally possible) a three barreled shotgun,a wooden stake gun (as seen on so much vampire movies) and all that other stuff that qualifies as custom.

I think that about raps it up,enjoy.

« Last Edit: April 17, 2003, 00:00:10 by Blades11 »

<u>Dante</u>	<p>Re.:Global Nightmare.: « Reply #1 on: April 17, 2003, 08:31:48 »</p> <p>Important question: Do we have to be the good guys? Because if there's no opposition then it get's kind of dull.</p> <p>I volunteer to play some villains! Can I?</p> <p>The lovable cymek formerly known as Dust Scout.</p> <p>The Time of the Titans is nigh!</p> <p>You annoy me.</p>
--------------	--

<u>Blades11</u>	<p>Re.:Global Nightmare.: « Reply #2 on: April 17, 2003, 12:35:17 »</p> <p>There's no rules against being a bad guy,you can be any type of person you</p>
-----------------	--

want as long as you keep it realistic...

Mr Apollinax

Lol **Re.:Global Nightmare.: « Reply #3 on: April 17, 2003, 16:59:40 »**

realistic



If only I were TS Eliot.

Good Ol' AK

I don't **Re.:Global Nightmare.: « Reply #4 on: April 17, 2003, 17:20:23 »**

know....Bad guy or good guy....

And I roll a 6...6 again!Aaaaand...6 again!So I play theeee.....

BAD GUY!

I will be a zombie.

Riley Saunders(Thats his name-or at least WAS his name)

He wears the same red shirt and torn baggy pants he wore when he was killed...and resurrected.

No hair, cause he is sorta...dead...and...rotting

No eyes, just white in the eyes sockets.

He was 14 years old when he was killed, so he is 14 years old....technically.

Tall, the size of a large middle-grader.

Not to fat and not to light-middle.

My actual Rping will continue on the next post.

It seems I have developed a electric guitar fetish, possibly caused by watching too much FLCL...

Good Ol' AK

Riley **Re.:Global Nightmare.: « Reply #5 on: April 18, 2003, 07:31:29 »**

wandered through the streets,moaning slightly.

What have I become?

He asked himself.

He wandered aimlessly,running into barely anyone else in his deserted hometown of Charlesville,California(I made that up).

The clouds were gray and there was a strong breeze.

Suddenly he heard a scream.

A woman came running out of a small house, followed by some 4 legged creature.

*I have to help here!*Riley thought to himself.(Even though he was a zombie, he hadn't lost his senses, and did not have any intention of wreaking havoc)

Riley loped over to the dog creatuer and slammed into it.

It yelped and fell down.

Riley got up, and started pounding it(If you've seen the,"Allie with the Ix or alli with the Tleilaxu" movie,then imagine the part with the contaminor

slapping that guy)

The dog was beaten senseless...and then, to,"death".

After he took care of the dog, he started lurching towards the woman.

She screamed and ran.

Of course,

Riley thought to himself.

I'm just a piece of rotting flesh.She has a right to be scared at me.

Riley suddenly became filled with anger.

He started loping after her.

he caught up easily, and started beating her(Just like the contaminator in that movie).

Soon she was dead...

It seems I have developed a electric guitar fetish, possibly caused by watching too much FLCL...

Blades11

Here's my official **Jack Slytherin** « **Reply #6 on:** April 18, 2003, 11:18:34 »
1st RP post,tell me what you think.(I RP slightly different than most because I kinda' RP my characters in a third person story format).

The young rookie drew his Berretta m29 and cocked the hammer back.

"F-freeze!,"he shouted at the man sucking on the young womans neck.

As soon as the sound of his voice reached his ear's he dropped the young woman who had two puncture wounds on her neck,each an inch apart.The rookie's partner called it in and stepped out of the police cruiser and also drew his weapon.The woman on the ground appeared to be dead and was just seen in this man's hand's,the man who had drank the womans blood was now a murderer in the polices eye's.

"Freeze asshole or I'll blow yer fucken' brains out!,"the other cop said,a slightly over weight caucasian police officer with a thick mustache and double chin.

The man with a stream of blood escaping from the left side of his purple lip's continued to walk toward's them,he seemed to float along the ground as if gliding.His feet never moved as he glided on the ground towards the police cruiser.

The rookie fired a single warning shot into the air "don't come one step closer!."

The man came into view more as he entered the reaches of the squad car's headlights.The two police officer's nearly dropped their weapon's at the site of him.He was completely bald,his ear's seemed of those of an elf and his nose reminded them of *Count Chocula*,his teeth were twisted and yellow.They looked like they had went untreated for hundreds of years,jagged and pointed every wich way,the top and bottom portions met

each other looking like the bottoms of two broken beer bottles pushed together with two long fangs spaced two teeth apart in the middle.

"**** it,drop this creepy son-of-a-*****!,"the fat cop shouted to the other.

**BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!BLAM! BLAM!
BLAM!BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!**

Each cop unloaded their clip into the mans body.The rookie continued to pull the trigger,dry firing.The over weight cop quickly reloaded and pulled the slide back on his pistol putting a bullet in the chamber.Both men stood frozen in fear,the creepy ***** in the cape was still standing.He examined the bloodless bullet holes in his body breifly with his head tilted down.He slowly raised his head revealing a twisted expression of pleasure.A ghasly shriek penetrated the cops' ear's as they looked on in utter disbelief as the ***** in the cape burst into flames,being reduced to nothing but an exact replica only made out of grey ash, blow away in the light cool breeze of night.

A man in a black trench coat stood three feet behind where the creepy blood sucking ***** once stood,wearing a crusifix around his neck,he held a bow gun.He walked over to what was left of the ash and retrieved his wooden stake.The two police officers,still in shock,turned to each other and than to the mysterious man who had just saved their asses and said at the same time: "what the **** was that thing!?"

The man threw back the side of his trench coat and swiftly set the stake back into a pouch.

"That,gentlemen,was a vampire.And before you give me that 'they don't exist' bullshit lem'me assure you,they're as real as the ground you stand on,"the man turned and walked away.

The man in the trench coat turned to them one last time and said "names Jack Slytherin by the way,and I assume you'll both be seeing alot more of me."

He stopped half way and pulled out a small vile."Holy water,"he said to himself opening the cap and pouring it on the vampires last victim,she too burst into flames and blew away.He set the vile back into his pocket and continued to walk off into the darkness.

« Last Edit: April 18, 2003, 11:20:00 by Blades11 »

Good Ol' AK

After **Re.:Global Nightmare:. « Reply #7 on: April 18, 2003, 11:48:14 »**
Riley had killed her, he began to understand that he WAS truly a monster.
What have I done? What have I done? WHAT HAVE I DONE?!
He thought to himself.
But, at least, she would turn into a zombie too, so she wouldn't be actually

DEAD,more like...undead.

Riley wandered away, into the night...

(Sorry it was so short,I will modify it and it will be longer)

It seems I have developed a electric guitar fetish, possibly caused by watching too much FLCL...

Blades11

Jack and an Old freind « Reply #8 on: April 19, 2003, 14:43:49 »

The SWAT team busted through the apartment complexes' front door wich had been barricaded.The interior was a site of ghoulish slaughter,blood had been splattered on the milky white walls,the marble flooring had been slathered in ankle deep gore.A SWAT team members bends over and lifts up his face mask,he chucks all over the floor.

"Jusus fucking christ...I've never seen anything like this before,"another SWAT team member say's lowering his MP5.

A creature dropped from the ceiling of the dimly lit entrance way taking the SWAT team commander to the ground.Several other things joined their companion in attacking the SWAT team,bullet's flew as the SWAT team opened fire riddling the ravenous civilians with bullet's.Fresh blood splashed the wall wich had already been coated with the crimson body fluid.Minutes later the last gun shot was heard,a Bennelli shotgun round.A police blockade had been formed around the apartment complex,snipers had taken strategic posistions around the building.A helicopter flew overhead positioning it's spot light on the last surviving SWAT team member who emerged from the shadowy entrance.He took three step's and collapsed holding his throat wich was bleeding profusely.

Jack stood atop the grocery store across the street of the apartment building.The sniper's paid no attention to him,assuming he was some kind of new officer.Another man walked up to him,wearing a black leather trenchcoat and a .30-6 hunting rifle slung over his shoulder.

"Jack Slitheryn,"the man said.

Jack turned around.

"Hunter Prince,"Jack said with a smile.

Jack and Hunter hugged.

"Jesus christ,haven't seen you since O'Biernin '86,"Hunter readied his .30-6.

"Yeah,that whole town was loaded with Vamps' and Werewolves,"Jack pulled out his Bow gun.

"I caught wind of this through the CB radio in my car,I think we've got Bats and wolves in there,"Hunter said.Jack nodded.

Jack was the best archer in the world,and Hunter could pick off a moving humming bird from up to three miles away with a clear line of site.Hunters gun was loaded with .30-6 silver bullets,Jack's bow gun had special tip's on his arrow's made of a strong wood to peirce the rib cage and strike the heart.Jack knelt down and took aim,Hunter laid on his belly and turned on his nightvision for his scope,he took aim at the door...

Dante

"Ich **Re.:Global Nightmare.: « Reply #9 on: April 19, 2003, 15:08:36 »**

denke nichts, mien freund... Ich denke nichts..." The vampire perched on the skyscraper smiled to himself in German. He could see the SWAT members, the two men below him. He knew what they could do. He had had some considerable trouble evading the damn helicopters. And of course there was always the accursed thrown stakes... But that was no longer a problem. Not at the moment at least.

He picked up his own rifle from the ledge to his left, and took aim at the two men. He could kill them... No, he couldn't, they'd be wearing armour of some kind. And even if they weren't, the vampire's sadistic nature just couldn't let him kill something without torturing it first.

Karlat Jhareg aimed for the ankle of the man on the left, waited a second... He fired. The man rolled over at once, ignoring the pain of his doubtlessly broken, possibly shattered ankle, and shot back. Karlat grinned and caught the silver bullet. He admired the shining thing in his pale palm. So, they were hunting werewolves.

Still, the entire team knew of his presence now. He doubted if he could beat them all, but his distraction had almost certainly allowed at least one of the many werewolves to escape. Coupled with the traitor that Karlat knew was within their ranks... the living would fall soon. He turned and slunk back into the apartment through the smashed window.

A man and his daughter cowered in the corner, away from Karlat. Seeing that he was returning, the man's parental instinct forced him to stand up and put out his fists in defence. Karlat grinned and waved his hand. The man was swept down by a horde of rats. Karlat liked rats. They were everywhere. In every building, every city, every town in the country. Their population had exploded. They were the vampire's army in the same way that wolves were their shock troops and bats their scouts.

The man was dead. Karlat reached over the seething mass of bodies to pick his shrieking daughter up by the wrist. He walked back to the window, and noticed with some satisfaction that the SWAT helicopter was already peering in the windows below. He held the girl out over the seventy-floor drop, just long enough to pin the note written in blood (of course) through her heart with a wooden stake. Karlat loved the irony. Then he dropped her.

Of course the note would still be legible at the bottom, it was demon blood after all. And Karlat knew the two men, they knew him. They would know who sent them the message. A reminder that he was still out there, and growing stronger.

The lovable cymek formerly known as Dust Scout.

The Time of the Titans is nigh!

You annoy me.

Dante

Re.:Global Nightmare. « Reply #10 on: April 26, 2003, 12:10:21 »

Hello?! Lets be having some posts here shall we?!

The lovable cymek formerly known as Dust Scout.

The Time of the Titans is nigh!

You annoy me.

Blades11

(Sorry if the **.:Karl at and Jack:.** « Reply #11 on: April 26, 2003, 12:57:08 » German in this post is a little off,I'm not that good at translating or speaking it...)

Hunter rolled over holding his bleeding ankle.He grabbed Jack by the colar and pulled him close.

"Get that *****!"Prince said wincing in pain.

The sharpshooters turned their attention to the figure in the flowing cloak high on the sky scraper.

"I've hit him more than three times already!,"one of the snipers said reloading his sniper rifle.

body of a young female hitting the grocery stores roof.Jack noticed the stake and the note.The letters were words were printed in blood,it took Jack a second to pick of the scent of Demons blood.The note had been written in German and in demon blood.

The note read: "Eraten wer Ist Rücken in der Spiele."

Jack thought to himself "Karl at."

A hummer with a truck like back and an M60 emplacement took aim at Karl at who sat atop the sky scraper.It was the national guard,the M60 spit simulainious rounds tearing into the concrete around Karl at.Jack slid down a pipe on the side of the building as the vampire crawled back into a window.He ran into the sky scrapers entrance sticking an thin long wooden stake on the bow gun and jumped into the elevator.He heard distant screams of pain and three gun shots before silence.

"Vampires rarely use human weapons,"Jack thought as the elevators bell

dinged.

Within seconds he was at the floor wick the vampire had entered in. The power went out just as Jack stepped out of the elevator but Jack could see just as well, helicopters circled as well as the stationary spot lights on the ground witch shined in through the windows. Jack was careful where he stepped. There were lasers coming in through all the windows, the snipers had this place staked out as well. A swift movement ahead made Jack more alert. He walked by an open door, he hit the ground as Karlat kicked him in the side. Jack took aim quickly squeezing the Bow guns trigger sending a wooden stake into Karlats chest missing his heart by two inches. Karlat quickly kicked Jack in the jaw and threw him against a wall with fluid grace. Jack groaned drawing his 12" special forces knife and slicing off one of Karlats finger, he knew it was useless since the finger would regenerate within hours but it bought him some time to load another stake.

Karlat knocked the stake away before it could peirce his heart and hissed. He slowly walked over to his advisary who was breathing hard on the floor slipping in and out of conciousness. The door to the staircase burst open as another division of the SWAT team burst in with their guns blazing, Karlat reacted quickly ascending into the rafters. The SWAT team looked around confused and nervously panning the flashlights attached to their guns around the corridor. A square of the ceiling tiles broke away as Karlat pulled a SWAT team member up into the rafters. The SWAT team fired randomly into the air. Jack crawled into an open apartment were he could recover for a few moments....

Dante

Yay! **Re.:Global Nightmare.** « Reply #12 on: April 28, 2003, 13:02:32 »
At last!

Karlat smiled as the blood from his most recent kill dribbled down his chin. He had been waiting for this much fun for years. He casually reached down and hauled up another screaming member of the SWAT team. First disarming him, and then pulling his limbs off one by one, to attract the others with the screaming. Hearing the sound of gunshots below, Karlat finished the man off. They were never much trouble, it was only the professionals... He checked the finger, and the hole in his ribs. Both were healing quickly, but he'd have to take a few nights rest after this to replenish energy. He dropped down into the centre of the crowd below and vanished in a puff of grey smoke. The men shot anyway of course, the stakes and bullets flying straight through to kill their own men. The irony was just sublime. Two men survived, for the next few seconds. Removing their guns, Karlat stepped over the bodies and into the first apartment. Stepping up to the window, he took flight...

And ran into a helicopter. Well, Jack knew he had destroyed two in the air before...

The lovable cymek formerly known as Dust Scout.

The Time of the Titans is nigh!

You annoy me.

Blades11 Show All Posts

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March 24, 2005, 18:43:01

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1 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / Betrayed](#) on: June 19, 2003, 14:35:54

Grey turned his back on Cibil check around the corner of the shadowy hallway. That's when he heard it, the tell tail sound of a Baretta m9s hammer being cocked back, he felt it's cold barrel against the back of his head.

"Cibil...?," Grey asked, still a little unsure of who was behind the pistol.

"Yeah, that's right, now drop your weapon's," she replied with a grin on her face.

"What are you doing...?," Grey complied with her order's, dropping his pistol's and shotgun.

"Why are you doing this?," Grey asked hearing her breathing get slower.

"All these fucking question's ya' stupid Mick...remember when we first met, you told me your name was Grey O'brien, and back there, you told me how you were a hitman. I've been peicing this together ever since you told me that last bit. My father, a Lawyer, Thomas Lawry, remember him? He was killed by an Irish mobster, by the name of Grey O'brien AKA The Ghost. After his death I looked into your little Gang, did a little searching myself and found out you were the guy who killed my father."

"I've never even hea-"

"Silence!," Cibil shouted, pressing the barrel of the gun harder against the back of his skull "You were the one who did it, three shot's, one to his stomache, another to his chest, and another to his skull."

"I SWEAR!," Grey shouted, now knowing this crazy broad behind the gun was serious.

"Do you realy have the gut's to shoot a man in the face, look a man in the eye when you kill him?!," Grey shouted turning to Cibil, his voice echoed through the corridors, he found the barrel of the Baretta m9 in between his eye's.

"You know what? I think I do. Adios mother fucker!," Cibil quickly lowered the pistol squeezing the trigger once.

A bullet ripped through Grey's stomach, he fell to his knee's gasping for air, he was notorious in the "business" for being bullet proof, never once getting a scratch in anyone of his job's, they never could hit him, he was like a Ghost which earned him his alias. He looked down at the gun shot wound, blood poured out of it, the piece of lead still burned with fury inside him, shrieking like an injured cat. It hurt like a *****. Grey felt blood pooling up in his mouth, it ran out the sides of his lip's streaking down his neck and staining his white muscle shirt.

Grey looked up at Cibil one last time, she was smiling. He heard the pistol bark again, this time, it ruptured his chest cavity, screaming through his rib cage and piercing his heart. His eye's rolled to the back of his head, everything was dark. All he could hear was faint distorted sound's, he heard Cibil's Baretta bark one last time before his body died. It has splattered his brain's all over the school's marble floor. But this didn't matter to Grey, for hell awaited him in darkness of eternity...

2 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / ...](#) on: June 14, 2003, 00:21:53

OCC: Actually, in the original NOTLD one of the THEORIES as to why the dead were returning was radiation from a crashed satellite, but it was never stated as fact. George A. Romero never explains why the dead are re-animating, I guess that's one of the reason's I like the dead trilogy so much.

3 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / Scrinlord](#) on: June 08, 2003, 15:26:27

To Answer your question Scrinlord:

In George A. Romero's version (he's the one that started the entire flesh eating zombie thing, the makers of Resident Evil just used his "style" zombies), but anyway's, in George A. Romero's version of Zombie movies there isn't an explanation as to why the dead are returning to life, they just are, there are theories to as why but nothing solid.

They are slowly (as all dead bodies would be after rigor mortis sets in), they are weak and very easy to dispose of if they are alone (a single shot to the head, or sever trauma to the cranium or chopping its head off ect.), but they are dangerous in large numbers.

If you've got any question's just ask ME (I'm sort of an expert on this whole flesh eating Zombie topic).

4 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / The Search for a Freind](#) on: June 07, 2003, 16:07:22

Where are we?, "Annie asked her husband Draven.

"We're about thirty miles away from Chicago, I know that much, but I'm not sure exactly where we are, we might be in Minnesota," Draven replied looking at his road map.

Annie brushed her dark red hair away from her face and began checking her Baretta. Draven looked over at his beautiful wife Annie, they had met a few minutes

after he had shot a lawyer on the street's of Chicago from a rooftop with a PSG-1 suppressed sniper rifle a year before.

He was in a rush to get away from the area,since the lawyer was under police protection and they'd surely have about forty pigs searching the area.Draven had to get rid of the rifle,so he wiped his prints off the trigger and grip and tossed it off the roof top,amazingly,it impaled a police officer as he checked the lawyer for a pulse.

Draven met Annie as she was in the same building,strangling one of the employee's to death with a peice of Piano wire on the staircase,Draven fell in love with her at first site.Two contract killer's meeting on the same day with their target's dead a few minutes apart.They both made a smooth escape through the back exit.

Draven had never heard of Annie,but she worked for the same guy as he did.Mr.Runey,an Irish mobster.As soon as the shit hit the fan Runey was killed in an assination by a black gangster name Tay.But that was in the past,Draven was now looking for his freind Grey,Ironicaly he was another contract killer.

A creature lumbered forward,creeping up on Draven and Annie's parked car.It picked up a rock and slowly made it's way over to the back window,it started to hit the glass window,but the window didn't brake because of the lack of energy the creature had.

"Shit,let's get that peice of shit before he brakes our window,"Annie said climbing out of the car.Draven followed.

"Hey you,yeah you rotten mother fucker!,"Annie shouted taunting the creature,beckoning it to come closer.

As she did Draven snuck up behind it,Annie grinned as Draven grabbed ahold of it's shirt and jerked it back knocking it off balance,Draven cocked the hammer back on his .45 and stuck the barrel in it's mouth squeezing the trigger,blood shot up and hit him on the face.Annie started to laugh.

"God damn it!,"Draven said whiping the blood off his face.

Draven looked at her and smiled as they climbed back into the car...

5 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / The Temporary Hiding Spot](#) on: June 03, 2003, 21:47:01

Grey and Cibil took refuge in a little shanty on the side of the road.Grey leaned his shotgun against the shacks wall.Cibil sat on the floor in the darkest corner of the room.They were in a rural area,not another house for miles.They knew it would be awhile before one of the creatures made it's way out this far.Grey lit a few candles for light.

Grey took a seat at a warped wooden table,he unholstered his .44 Magnum and began checking it.Cibil gazed at him.Grey set the magnum down on the table infront of him and turned to Cibil.

"What did you used to do before this?...I've seen how you killed those ghouls,with out a second thought,"Cibil asked.

"...I've done my share of killing,"Grey said "I used to work for Murphia."

"Murphia? whats that?,"Cibil shifted her position.

"The Irish mob...,"Grey replied.

"You don't sound Irish,"Cibil said.

"Heh,"said Grey "I used to do hit's for a gangster named Runey."

"You seem open about it...,"Cibil put on a new shirt.

"It don't bother me,I guess I'm sort of proud of it,"Grey holstered his magnum.The tell tale moan of one of the creatures.

"Shit...any we barely got enough rest,"Grey stood up and walked calmly over to his shotgun.It was already loaded.

He ran over to the door,it shook again.He leveled the shotgun up to shoulders length and squeezed the trigger,a basketball sized hole tore in the wooden door.He heard a loud thud,he looked out the hole down to the headless figure below.He grinned.

Grey turned to Cibil "I just blew our hiding spot,we've better go..."

6 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / Bedlam](#) on: June 02, 2003, 23:04:11

The dream slipped away,Grey was awake,but he still had his eye's closed.He was tired,still sleepy,but he kept feeling warm liquid speckles hit his face.Everything was still silent,but sound was slowly fading in.He heard a someone out of breath,grunting everytime a loud metallic thud sounded.Grey opened his eye's.

"JESUS FUCKING CHRIST!!!,"Grey shouted looking at Cibil.

Cibil was 19,she had red hair and was good looking,Grey and another survivor he had met named Aitch had found her in a university dorm room nearly being eaten by her room mate turned zombie.Since the first second Grey had seen Aitch he knew there was something off beat about him.Cibil's shirt had been torn off and her bra had also been removed.She was crying but had an evil look on her face,she had a lead pipe in her left hand and sat on top of Aitch.

She brang the pipe down hard upon Aitches head again splattering Grey with a few more speckles of blood.Aitches pants were down to his ankles,Grey already knew what had happened,Cibil continued to viciously bash Aitches skull in.A pool of Aitches thick crimson blood was already forming.Grey wiped the blood speckles off his face.

"FUCKING HELL! WHAT THE **** ARE YOU DOING?!!!,"Grey shouted again.

"He raped me!He fucking RAPED ME!!!,"Cibil barked back and hit Aitch on the head again.

The living dead outside had locked onto Grey and Cibils location,they banged on the front door of the small one bedroom house.

"Jesus...,"Grey said now that he had grasped the situation.

Cibil started to cry,she struggled to bring the pipe down on Aitches head again but something was stopping her.After a few more failed attempts she gave up.Grey took the blood and gore encrusted pipe and threw it aside.He knelt down beside Cibil and wrapped his brown quilt around her.

"He's dead...he's dead,"Grey said trying to calm Cibil down.

"The ***** ...,"she said with tear's rolling down her cheek's.

Grey stood Cibil up and took her a few step's back,he grabbed his over and under shotgun wich was leaning against the houses sheet rock wall next to them.

"The fucking ***** ...,"Cibil said again crying on Greys shoulder.

"shhh,"Grey said "it's ok now,he's dead."

He put his arm around her trying to comfort her.

"We've got to go now,"Grey turned to the door "it won't be long before those dead ****'s get inside."

Grey un-holstered his Baretta m9 out of his hip holster and handed it over to Cibil "here,there's fifteen shot's in there,aim for the head,like always."

Cibil nodded.Grey knelt down to Aitches dead body.He quickly un-hooked the ammo pouch from Aitches belt and hooked it onto his belt next to his pouch full of .12 gauge shells and grabbed Aitches .44 Magnum and holster.The pouch was filled with .44 cartridges.Grey could hear the insidious moans of the living dead outside,they craved their meal wich dwelled within the house.

"Shit!,"Grey said as the door gave in,it swung open and hit the wall shaking the entire house.

The ghouls rushed in through the freshly breached front door,Grey took aim with his .12 gauge and pulled the trigger tearing the zombie on the business end in half.Cibil raised the Baretta to shoulders length and squeezed the trigger once nailing a cheerleader ghoul in the forehead,greenish sludge shot out of the fresh bullet hole as the cheerleader corpse crashed to it's knee's and slumped over backwards.

"The backdoor,GO!,"Grey shouted motioning Cibil away.

She ran for it. Grey popped open his .12 gauges barrels ejecting the two spent shell casings, he reached into his pouch and slid in two more fresh round's as he slowly moved backwards to the backdoor. More of the living dead were flooding in through the front door, but Grey had a bullet for each of them...

7 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / The beginning of the Mission](#) on: May 21, 2003, 20:48:42

OCC: Sorry about that guys, I would've been gone for three day's because of a camping trip with my school, I should've let you guys know. But it was cut short and I'm back, I'm sore and I'm tired but I wanted to write a quick reply so I didn't hold up the RPG any longer.

Gecko had already radioed the sniper somewhere nearby to assure he wouldn't be pecked off. He put on his show. He walked up to one of the african street gangsters standing near the back entrance smoking a cigarette. He quickly patted his pockets.

"Aye homeboy you got a light?," Gecko said in a mocking tone.

"What did you say motha' fucka?!", the gangster said reaching into his pants to pull out a pistol.

Gecko quickly unsheathed his KA-BAR survival knife and threw it like a tomahawk digging into the gangsters skull before he could squeeze off a round. Gecko ran up to the door and jerked the blade from the dead gangsters head, he quickly sheathed the knife and retrieved the dead gangsters weapon, a .38 special. He could get past this outer door easily, he did, after all, grow up in Little Havana. And in Little Havana you had to know how to get past any lock if you wanted those few extra bucks for "munchies."

8 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / Re:GTA Part 2](#) on: May 18, 2003, 20:17:49

Gecko grins and catches the walkie talkie.

Gecko: Ok, I've got everything I need here.

Tommy asks him his name.

Gecko: Names Gecko.

Gecko walks out.

(BRB in like 20 mins)

9 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / ...](#) on: May 18, 2003, 20:00:18

Gecko: Yeah, I want in. But if you don't know if you can trust me than send me on some sort of "mission" so I can prove it to you. Somethin' you don't wanna waste some of the men you already have on, than If I do it right and come out alive than you can see I'm the kinda guy who'll stick to his promises and carry out anythin' that he's asked.

10 General Discussion / Fan Fiction / Re:GTA Part 2 on: May 18, 2003, 19:36:04

Gecko took a seat.

Gecko: I'm here hoping to find some work with you,you see I used to work for this guy named Paulie Viti,but he tryed to have me whacked...so long story short I put a dent in tha' Ferelli family's biz.I was hopin' to work for your 'Orginization.'I hear you guy's are big on the street's,you guy's don't take shit from anyone. That's the kinda thing I wanna be a part of.

11 General Discussion / Fan Fiction / Alas on: May 18, 2003, 19:22:58

The guard came down the step's.

Guard: Your here about work right?

Gecko: Yeah.

Guard: You packin'?

Gecko reached under his coat and unholstered his DE .357 and handed it over.

Gecko: I want that back.

Guard: Sure thin'.

The guard motioned Gecko to follow him up to the office.Gecko did...

12 General Discussion / Fan Fiction / Gecko's meeting on: May 18, 2003, 18:46:34

Gecko sat at the bar of the Malibu club.

"Are you sure you dont want something to drink?,"the hot bartender in a bakini and cowboy hat asked.

"Nah,I've got to talk to someone and I don't wanna' be stumbling aroun' when I'm gunna' talk business,"Gecko replied.

"Ok,"the bartender said slipping him a small peice of folded paper "names Alchemy,gimme a call sometime."

Gecko grinned and slid the peice of paper in the inside breast pocket of his black overcoat.

He pulled out a pack of cigarretes and pulled one out,he put it in his mouth,it hung limp,he tucked away the pack of cigarettes in his inner breast pocket and pulled out his zippo lighter,he dropped it.He bent down to pick it up,just than Tommy Vercetti walked past him and up to his office,Gecko sat back up not even noticing that Vercetti had arrived.He lit up his cigarette and took a drag.

He saw the light of the office up stairs flip on.Gecko walked up to the two body

guards standing in front of the stair case leading up to the office.

"I'm here to see Mr. Vercetti, Micheal sent me," Gecko said.

"Micheal Sullivan?," one of them asked.

"Yeah, I'm here about some work," Gecko replied.

"I'll go see if he's not busy," the guard on the left one said walking up the stairs.

13 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / Gecko and his Coffee](#) on: May 18, 2003, 01:45:59

Gecko sat in the diner sipping a cup of coffee. A friend of his Micheal sat down across from him. Gecko looked up, he already had his Desert Eagle .357 pointed at Micheal under the table.

"What do you want?," Gecko said.

"Take it easy Geck', I've just come to talk," Micheal replied resting both hands on the table to show he wasn't armed.

"So...talk," Gecko said taking another sip of his coffee.

"I heard about the shit you pulled at the strip bar, everyone's been talken' about it. They're callen' you 'The Bullet proof Lizard'," Micheal said with a grin.

Gecko laughed "The Bullet proof Lizard? Why are they callen' me 'dat?'"

"Because, everyone knew you walked away without a scratch," Micheal leaned in "I know a guy who I can get you some work with."

"Work? I just got done whacking a fucken' underboss of the Ferelli family and his goons, I already know I've got a price on my head, why would a dead man like me be looken' for work?," Gecko quietly slid the Desert Eagle .357 back into its holster.

"Because, I know a guy who has a vendetta against the Ferelli family, his name Tommy Vercetti, he's looken' for more stone cold killer's, he's got some of the best in the league like those crazy bastards Sharp and Dice."

"Yeah I've heard of those two, and Vercetti...you trust him?," Gecko asked.

"You know me I don't trust anyone, but I think I might be able to set a little 'business' meeting up," Micheal replied.

"Ok, do it," Gecko finished his cup of coffee.

"Meet me at the Malibu dance club tomorrow evening, if Tommys there he's there, if he's not there than forget about it, Capesche?"

Gecko nodded.

"Aight,take it easy.I'm out,"Micheal stood up and walked out.

"Fucking *****, "Gecko said under his breath.

14 General Discussion / Fan Fiction / It's Payback on: May 17, 2003, 12:06:18
Time

"I told you,I didn't do anythin',I was just in the wrong place at the wrong time,"Gecko said calmly.

The hot light over his head wasn't making him talk,he had been in this chair plenty of times before.

"Yeah you've told me this before,we've got witnesses.We've got the two .45s tha-"

"The two .45s that havent been fired,"Gecko said cutting the fat fed off "and about these witnesses you claim to have,what are 'dey,'da fucken ground and walls?!"

"LISTEN TOUGH GUY!,WE'VE GOT ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO PUT YOU BEHIND BARS FOR THE REST OF YOUR FUCKEN' LIFE, YOU CAN BE SOMEONE'S ***** FOR ALL I CARE!,"the sweating FBI agent shouted.

"Get 'da **** outta' here,if you had the evidence and witnesses you'd have me in the fucken' cage right now!,"Gecko shouted.

The fat FBI agent went over to another "He aint gunna' talk,we've got nuthin."

The other agent nodded "Cut 'em loose."

The jailor behind him uncuffed Gecko.

Two Hours Later,The Strip Club

A knock came on the back door.One of the big Mafia goons slid the metal plating over the rectangular looking hole to the side and peeked out.

"Who 'da **** is it?!",he asked.No reply came.He turned to the other goon "prolly some fucken' kids."

The goon infront of the door grinned and turned back to look out again,he found himself looking into the triangular barrel of a massive hand cannon,a Desert Eagle .357.

"Oh shit...,"he said.

BADAMM!

The mafia goons face exploded.The other goon quickly ran over to the door

with his SPAS-12 shotgun and opened the door. He stepped outside quickly looking around. He saw nothing, the alley was bare, except for the dumpster. He could see nothing, Gecko dropped from the fire escape above the door with his knife drawn, he buried the knife in the goon's back severing his spinal cord, the goon died instantly.

Gecko pulled the knife out of the mafia door guard. Another big ***** came running down the hallway towards Gecko, the hallway was briefly lit by the strobe lights of the main lobby, where the strippers and dancers were. Gecko raised the Desert Eagle and fired three shots into the guard dropping him to the ground stone cold dead.

Paulie sat in his office sweating, a nervous wreck. His hands trembled, he had a bottle of tequila in one hand and a burning cigarette in the other. He heard the gun shots and screams from outside, he knew who it was. Gecko was coming for him. A few seconds later all the gunshots stopped. Paulie stood up holding his sawn off Ithaca over and under shotgun. The door flung open, someone came sliding in on a rolling chair, Paulie squeezed the trigger hitting the person on the chair in the chest making it cave in. The person was wearing Geckos' top hat and over coat, the top hat fell off, it was Regina. Paulie's favorite dancer.

Paulie's attention turned to the metallic clanking of a small tank of propane rolling into the room, it stopped at Paulie's feet.

"Why?", Gecko asked stepping into the light of the office from the darkness of the hallway.

"...I'm so fucken' sorry Gecko please don't do this to me!", Paulie said breaking down into tears.

Gecko shook his head in disgust.

"I'm so sorry!!!", Paulie cried out again, he put his hands together as if praying "PLEASE HAVE MERCY!!! SONNY FERRELI MADE ME DO IT!"

Gecko took his top hat off of Regina's dead body and put it on himself. He turned to the door.

"So long Paulie," he said flipping Paulie off over his shoulder.

Paulie quickly went for his shotgun "***** YOU YOU FREE HOLE!!!"

Gecko turned with his Desert Eagle aimed, he squeezed the trigger before Paulie could hitting the small propane tank, it erupted like a small atomic bomb destroying everything in a twelve foot radius. Paulie exploded, pieces of him flew in every direction. Gecko walked away calmly.

He no longer belonged to a *Family*, but he was a stone cold killer. The best. He could find work.

15 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / The Set up](#) on: May 14, 2003, 22:47:01

Gecko opened the envelope and pulled out the letter wich was printed on expensive parchment.It read:

"Gecko,
Sonny's the rat ***** whose been ratting the family out to the FEDs,do what you do best and get rid of his body.After you've done that forget you ever saw him,Capesche?!"

-Paulie"

Gecko folded the note and put it in the inside breast pocket on his overcoat and continued to walk to his Cutlass.They both got in.

"So Sonny,what kinda' shit you do?,"Gecko asked putting one hand on the steering wheel,he reached down to the left side of his seat and grabbed his unregistered snub-nose .38.

Sonny laughed and paused for a few seconds "...I'm a *mechanic*..."

Gecko chuckled "A mechanic?A little behind on our fucken' terminology,eh?"

"You know what a mechanic is?,"Sonny said sarcastically.

"Fucken-a I know what a fucken' mechanic is,my fatha' used to use 'dat kinda slang when me 'n my bro's and sis's were little fucken' brats,"Gecko snickered.

Sonny laughed."Where we goin'?"he asked.

Gecko pulled into an alley "we've got business."

Gecko got out of the car and walked over to a door,Sonny followed closely behind.

"So...what we doin' he-"

BAM!

Gecko had spun around so quick that Sonny had no time to react,the .38 had fired once striking Sonny in the left eye.Sonny fell to the ground dead.Gecko leaned forward a little bit to see if Sonny was still alive,he squeezed the trigger five more times striking Sonny in the face.Gecko whiped off the handle of his unregistered untraceable snub-nose .38 and dropped it on Sonnys dead body.

Gecko reached into his left coat pocket and pulled out a clean milk white cloth and whiped the beed's of Sonnys thilthy blood off of his face and stuck it back into his coat.He spat on Sonnys corpse.Gecko dragged Sonny over to the car and stuck him into the drivers side seat and slammed the door,he tossed the gun,note,and envelope into the car and walked over to the gas tank.He pulled the cloth out and stuffed it into the hole and pulled out his zippo lighter,he started it up and started to run.The car exploded.

"Fucken' rat basta'd," Gecko said laughing. A cop car pulled in front of him blocking the exit. Gecko quickly turned around and started for the other direction, another cop car pulled in front of that side.

The SWAT team stood on the roof tops on both buildings above him pointing their weapons down at him. A police helicopter flew over. A FBI agent stood next to the SWAT team on the right building talking down to him on a bullhorn.

"This is the police, we've got you surrounded. Surrender any weapons you may be carrying and step away from them. Then put your hands behind your head."

"****!", Gecko shouted.

"It's a fucken' set up! Feds aren't just standing by on coincidence... Paulie... it was him, it had to be. He's goin' down!", Gecko thought...

(OCC: Hey Sard, maybe you could recruit my character into your Family, I've got an "underplot" involving Sonny Ferrelli if you do.)

16 General Discussion / Fan Fiction / Gecko and Sonny

on: May 07, 2003, 12:59:14

"Forget about it, none of the families will touch that cocaine shit. Salvatore Leone said that, if you **** wit' 'dat shit you get whacked," Lenny said straightening the collar on his brown leather jacket.

"Why do you wear 'dat peice a' shit anyways?!", Stan asked a little annoyed looking at Lenny.

"Because, you little shit eatin' *****, it's the style," Lenny replied with a chuckle.

"AYE **** YOU YOU PEICE OF SHIT!", Stan said quickly standing up and knocking his chair back, he drew his Snub-nose .38 "SAY SOMETHIN' ELSE YOU LITTL-," Gecko stood up and put his hand on Stan's gun and pushed it down.

"Cool it man!", Gecko said sitting Stan down.

"Yeah...", Stan glared at Lenny.

"Yeah go **** yourself Stan," said Lenny as he lit a cigarette.

BAM!BAM!BAM!BAM!

Stan tipped over taking the chair in which he sat on with him.

"Nah, you can go **** yourself, asshole," Stan spat on Lenny, he stuck his smoking .38 back in between his pants and belt.

"Aww look what you've done you short tempered *****!... *****... you're diggen the

hole this time you sun-of-a-****!", Gecko said walking over to Lenny's dead body.

"So, who gives a ****, aint the first hole I've ever dug," Stan kicked Lenny again "his whole familys full of pricks anyway."

The others around the table got up and walked away.

"Yeah that's right you fucken' pussies walk away!," Stan shouted.

"Aye **** you asshole," one of them said as they exited the room.

Stan ran after him with his .38 drawn, Gecko grabbed Stan by the collar and pulled him back.

"Get 'dis peice of shit in the fucken' trunk before we get pinched!," Gecko shouted at Stan.

Stan was 5'2', he liked expensive clothes and had a short temper.

"Aye Geck, Pauly want's to see ya, Gecko Pauly wants to see ya'," Johnny two time said. He got that nickname because he said everything twice.

"Yeah," Gecko turned to Stan "you're gunna' have to do this shit by yourself."

Gecko walked out of the room. He walked towards the back offices and into Pauly's.

"Take a seat kid," Pauly said pointing towards the wooden chair.

Gecko took a seat and looked over to the guy sitting next to him.

"Gecko, this is Sonny, Sonny this is Gecko," Pauly said.

"Aye, Sonny Tucci, nice to meet ya'," Sonny said extending his hand.

Gecko nodded "just call me Gecko."

Gecko shook his hand.

Pauly handed an envelope to Gecko "now go do your job, ok kid?," Pauly said motioning them away.

Gecko nodded...

17 General Discussion / Fan Fiction / Gecko on: May 01, 2003, 21:14:31

A clap of thunder and a flash of lightening lit up the cloudy night sky. Toni Fulci ran to his car with a news paper over his head trying desperately to keep his greasy hair-do dry. He jumped into his Cutlas and started the engine. He lit up a cigarette and took a few drags before realising he didnt want it, he rolled down his window to throw it out since he was too fat and lazy to butt it out in the ash tray. A figure moved out of

the shadows in a black top hat and knee length over coat, in both of his hands he held nickle plated Colt .45. He calmly walked up to Toni's car, Toni sat in it trying frantically to roll up the window but the lever was stuck. Toni was totally oblivious to the fact that a hitman was moving towards his car.

"BLAM!"

The shadowy figures gun spit out a single round strikeing Toni in the neck. Toni quickly turned to the shadowy figure.

"G-Gecko...?," Toni said coughing up blood.

Gecko nodded and squeezed the trigger again popping off another round, blood splattered the interior of the car. Toni slumped over the passenger side seat with another .45 slug in his skull right below the left ear. Gecko threw back both sides of his overcoat and slid his Colt .45s into their hip holsters. He walked away calmly with an evil grin on his face.

His street name was Gecko but only his family knew his real name, and they were all 6 feet under. He was a low-life mafia punk doing hit's for a man named Pauly Tucci. He grew up in Vice City in Little Cuba, even though his family was Italian his family couldn't afford a house anywhere else or an apartment. The man he had just whacked was Toni Fulci, another wise guy who got out of line, he had pissed off the wrong people and now he was dead.

An Hour Later

Gecko walked up to the back of the strip joint ran by Fat Andy and Joey Carbone. He kicked the door a few times to let guys behind the door know who it was. The thick steel door opened and Gecko stepped in.

"Hey Gecko How ya' doin'?", "one of the big henchmen in cheap suits asked.

Gecko nodded and kept walking. He walked into one of the back offices and took a seat.

"So...is it done?," Pauly asked.

Gecko nodded "Yeah. I made sure."

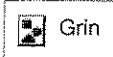
Pauly smiled "god damn Gecko I knew I could count on you."

Pauly threw him a half an inch thick brick of one hundred dollar bills. Gecko smiled and pocketed the cash.

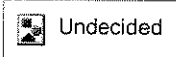
"Come by later, I've got something I want you to do," Pauly said.

Gecko nodded and exited the room. He went up to the front and sat around watching the dancers under the neon light.

- 18 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / Well,as soon as you start the thread...](#) on: April 30, 2003, 17:41:50

Well,as soon as you start the thread I'll start posting,so hurry the **** UP!!! 

- 19 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / Re:GTA Themed Thread Part II Sign-Up Thread](#) on: April 29, 2003, 16:41:55

Is this damn thing ever gunna get started? 

- 20 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / Re:GTA Themed Thread Part II Sign-Up Thread](#) on: April 26, 2003, 18:28:26

Lets just start now

- 21 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / ..Karl at and Jack:.](#) on: April 26, 2003, 12:57:08

(Sorry if the German in this post is a little off,I'm not that good at translating or speaking it...)

Hunter rolled over holding his bleeding ankle.He grabbed Jack by the collar and pulled him close.

"Get that *****!"Prince said wincing in pain.

The sharpshooters turned their attention to the figure in the flowing cloak high on the sky scraper.

"I've hit him more than three times already!,"one of the snipers said reloading his sniper rifle.

body of a young female hitting the grocery stores roof.Jack noticed the stake and the note.The letters were words were printed in blood,it took Jack a second to pick of the scent of Demons blood.The note had been written in German and in demon blood.

The note read: "Eraten wer Ist Rücken in der Spiele."

Jack thought to himself "Karl at."

A hummer with a truck like back and an M60 emplacement took aim at Karl at who sat atop the sky scraper.It was the national guard,the M60 spit simulainious rounds tearing into the concrete around Karl at.Jack slid down a pipe on the side of the building as the vampire crawled back into a window.He ran into the sky scrapers entrance sticking an thin long wooden stake on the bow gun and jumped into the elevator.He heard distant screams of pain and three gun shots before silence.

"Vampires rarely use human weapons," Jack thought as the elevators bell dinged.

Within seconds he was at the floor wicth the vampire had entered in. The power went out just as Jack stepped out of the elevator but Jack could see just as well, helicopters circled as well as the stationary spot lights on the ground witch shined in through the windows. Jack was careful where he stepped. There were lasers coming in through all the windows, the snipers had this place staked out as well. A swift movement ahead made Jack more alert. He walked by an open door, he hit the ground as Karlats kicked him in the side. Jack took aim quickly squeezing the Bow guns trigger sending a wooden stake into Karlats chest missing his heart by two inches. Karlat quickly kicked Jack in the jaw and threw him against a wall with fluid grace. Jack groaned drawing his 12" special forces knife and slicing off one of Karlats finger, he knew it was useless since the finger would regenerate within hours but it bought him some time to load another stake.

Karlat knocked the stake away before it could peirce his heart and hissed. He slowly walked over to his advisary who was breathing hard on the floor slipping in and out of conciousness. The door to the staircase burst open as another division of the SWAT team burst in with their guns blazing, Karlat reacted quickly ascending into the rafters. The SWAT team looked around confused and nervously panning the flashlights attatched to their guns around the corridor. A square of the ceiling tiles broke away as Karlat pulled a SWAT team member up into the rafters. The SWAT team fired randomly into the air. Jack crawled into an open apartment were he could recover for a few moments....

22 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / Re:GTA Themed Thread Part II Sign-Up Thread](#) on: April 25, 2003, 19:39:27

ok

23 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / ...](#) on: April 25, 2003, 19:29:24

Well, when we gunna start ? I'm bored.

24 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / Re:GTA Themed Thread Part II Sign-Up Thread](#) on: April 20, 2003, 16:08:24

When we starting?

25 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / I'll join, and stick around this time...](#) on: April 20, 2003, 14:30:49

I'll join, I'm making up a different character besides Tony Montana (got bored of being him). But when does it start? What ERA does it take place in? and what City?

26 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / Jack and an Old freind](#) on: April 19, 2003, 14:43:49

The SWAT team busted through the apartment complexes' front door wicth had been barracaded. The interior was a site of ghoulish slaughter, blood had been

splattered on the milky white walls, the marble flooring had been slathered in ankle deep gore. A SWAT team member bends over and lifts up his face mask, he chucks all over the floor.

"Jesus fucking christ...I've never seen anything like this before," another SWAT team member says lowering his MP5.

A creature dropped from the ceiling of the dimly lit entrance way taking the SWAT team commander to the ground. Several other things joined their companion in attacking the SWAT team, bullets flew as the SWAT team opened fire riddling the ravenous civilians with bullets. Fresh blood splashed the wall which had already been coated with the crimson body fluid. Minutes later the last gun shot was heard, a Bennelli shotgun round. A police blockade had been formed around the apartment complex, snipers had taken strategic positions around the building. A helicopter flew overhead positioning its spot light on the last surviving SWAT team member who emerged from the shadowy entrance. He took three steps and collapsed holding his throat which was bleeding profusely.

Jack stood atop the grocery store across the street of the apartment building. The sniper's paid no attention to him, assuming he was some kind of new officer. Another man walked up to him, wearing a black leather trenchcoat and a .30-6 hunting rifle slung over his shoulder.

"Jack Slitherin," the man said.

Jack turned around.

"Hunter Prince," Jack said with a smile.

Jack and Hunter hugged.

"Jesus christ, haven't seen you since O'Biernin '86," Hunter readied his .30-6.

"Yeah, that whole town was loaded with Vamps' and Werewolves," Jack pulled out his Bow gun.

"I caught wind of this through the CB radio in my car, I think we've got Bats and wolves in there," Hunter said. Jack nodded.

Jack was the best archer in the world, and Hunter could pick off a moving hummingbird from up to three miles away with a clear line of sight. Hunter's gun was loaded with .30-6 silver bullets, Jack's bow gun had special tips on his arrows made of a strong wood to pierce the rib cage and strike the heart. Jack knelt down and took aim, Hunter laid on his belly and turned on his nightvision for his scope, he took aim at the door...

27 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / Jack Slitherin](#) on: April 18, 2003, 11:18:34

Here's my official 1st RP post, tell me what you think. (I RP slightly different than most because I kinda' RP my characters in a third person story format).

The young rookie drew his Berretta m29 and cocked the hammer back.

"F-freeze!,"he shouted at the man sucking on the young womans neck.

As soon as the sound of his voice reached his ear's he dropped the young woman who had two puncture wounds on her neck,each an inch apart. The rookie's partner called it in and stepped out of the police cruiser and also drew his weapon. The woman on the ground appeared to be dead and was just seen in this man's hand's,the man who had drank the womans blood was now a murderer in the polices eye's.

"Freeze asshole or I'll blow yer fucken' brains out!,"the other cop said,a slightly over weight caucasian police officer with a thick mustache and double chin.

The man with a stream of blood escaping from the left side of his purple lip's continued to walk toward's them,he seemed to float along the ground as if gliding.His feet never moved as he glided on the ground towards the police cruiser.

The rookie fired a single warning shot into the air "don't come one step closer!."

The man came into view more as he entered the reaches of the squad car's headlights. The two police officer's nearly dropped their weapon's at the site of him. He was completely bald,his ear's seemed of those of an elf and his nose reminded them of *Count Chocula*,his teeth were twisted and yellow. They looked like they had went untreated for hundreds of years,jagged and pointed every wich way,the top and bottom portions met each other looking like the bottoms of two broken beer bottles pushed together with two long fangs spaced two teeth apart in the middle.

"**** it,drop this creepy son-of-a-****!,"the fat cop shouted to the other.

**BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!BLAM!
BLAM! BLAM!BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!BLAM!
BLAM! BLAM!**

Each cop unloaded their clip into the mans body. The rookie continued to pull the trigger,dry fireing. The over weight cop quickly reloaded and pulled the slide back on his pistol putting a bullet in the chamber. Both men stood frozen in fear,the creepy ***** in the cape was still standing. He examined the bloodless bullet holes in his body breifly with his head tilted down. He slowly raised his head revealing a twisted expression of pleasure. A ghastly shriek penetrated the cops' ear's as they looked on in utter disbelief as the ***** in the cape burst into flames,being reduced to nothing but an exact replica only made out of grey ash, blow away in the light cool breeze of night.

A man in a black trench coat stood three feet behind where the creepy blood sucking ***** once stood,wearing a crusifix around his neck,he held a bow gun. He walked over to what was left of the ash and retrieved his wooden stake. The two police officers,still in shock,turned to each other and than to the mysterious man who had just saved their asses and said at the same time: "what the **** was that thing!?"

The man threw back the side of his trench coat and swiftly set the stake back into a pouch.

"That, gentlemen, was a vampire. And before you give me that 'they don't exist' bullshit lem me assure you, they're as real as the ground you stand on," the man turned and walked away.

The man in the trench coat turned to them one last time and said "names Jack Slytherin by the way, and I assume you'll both be seeing alot more of me."

He stopped half way and pulled out a small vile. "Holy water," he said to himself opening the cap and pouring it on the vampires last victim, she too burst into flames and blew away. He set the vile back into his pocket and continued to walk off into the darkness.

28 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / Re::Global Nightmare::](#) on: April 17, 2003, 12:35:17

There's no rules against being a bad guy, you can be any type of person you want as long as you keep it realistic...

29 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / ::Global Nightmare::](#) on: April 16, 2003, 23:58:05

..:WARNING:..

This thread is rated R for:

Violence.

Gore.

Possible sexual situations

Over all Vulgarity.

Readers discretion is advised.

This is my first fan fic' (that I've started on this board), it's basically like this: the storys take place in a world where a literal global apocalyptic nightmare is taking place. Virtually every evil and horrific creature ever imagined is praying upon the earth, Vampires, Werewolves, Zombies, Demons ect. All stereotypical weapons against these creatures must be used to dispose of these creatures like silver bullets for Werewolves, wooden stakes for Vampires, severe damage to the brain for Zombies.

You may lead up to 10 characters, 15 at the max. You cannot kill another person's character without that person's consent. You don't need any permission to kill off the creatures (Werewolves ect). You can't control major figures such as Presidents, Prime ministers, or any major head of the country type government officials NO QUESTIONS ASKED (lol).

Other rules:

No infinite ammunition.

No god powers, invincibility ect.

And try to make all of your post's at least 2 paragraphs long.

Also,you can have "custom" weapons since that's basicaly what a silver bullet is.You can (if literaly possible) a three barreled shotgun,a wooden stake gun (as seen on so much vampire movies) and all that other stuff that qualifies as custom.

I think that about raps it up,enjoy.

30 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / Re:Night of the Living dead.](#) on: April 16, 2003, 00:08:07

Jack grabbed a creature by the torn brown t-shirt and threw it to the ground.He grabbed the sawn-off SPAS12 wich hung at his side.The creatures' purple split lip's curled back revealing it's yellow rotting teeth.Jack jammed the shotgun into it's gaping maw and squeezed the hair trigger,the creatures head erupted like a juicy water melon wich had been struck with a heavy sludgehammer.

Cold fingers gripped Jacks right arm,a re-animated body moved in for the kill,Jack backhanded his nude attacker.A buck ass redhead with a missing arm threw herself at him.Jack reacted swiftly delivering a lethal spin kick to the creatures skull.Another came at Jack clumsily walking right into his battle hardened fist.He quickly dispenced of the worthless ghoul by splitting it's skull with the fold-out stock of his SPAS12.

It was strange to him that the dirt road was so "populated" by the walking dead.Perhaps he was nearing a town.He grabbed his battle helmet off the ground and banged it against his knee to get all the dirt out.Jack wasn't realy that big,he was short and slim but tough.The rest of his platoon had been fragged by renegades wich packed serious fire power.It was a bloody skirmish wich lasted four hours,by the end of it all Jack stood atop a pile of blood soaked corpses.Golden brown shell cases were everywhere.

So now he walked down the vacant dirt road wich seemed empty for as far as the eye could see.He walked another three miles until he came upon a two story house atop a hill.Five minutes later the front door had been blown off with the last of Jacks pastique.The inside was well kept and clean.He walked into the kitchen and over to the refriderator.He opened it and looked inside,nothing apitizeing.Soon he felt cold steel pressing against his head "who the **** are you?!"....

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31 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / heh,thanks.](#) on: April 09, 2003, 18:12:04

I know I can only can control a few chars',but I won't be continuing the cannibals,that was just a one time thing.I wanted to break away from Tina and Mike for a little while...

32 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / Re:Night of](#) on: April 09, 2003, 00:24:42

the Living dead.

Mike and Tina,the brown house.

BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!

One hit the ghouls chin,the other nicked it's left ear,and the third and final shot had hit it's skull dead center,right between the eye's.

Tina lowered the pistol.

"That's better,"Mike said.He walked over to the ghoul tied to the tree "about an inch to your right."

BLAM!

Another well placed shot.

"Perfect,"Mike unholstered his Desert Eagle "but hold your gun like this."

Tina watched closely,examined every move right down to how he pulled the trigger.

BADAMM!BADAMM!BADAMM!

All three .50 Cal slug's had hit the creatures skull with ferocious impact.Tina grinned with pleasure.Mike was getting into the habbit of using his KA-BAR knife to carve x's on the bullet slugs tips to make them stronger,and they worked perfectly.Mike kissed Tina.The two had grown to care for eachother,the 'crisis' had brought the two together,they knew eachother's deepest darkest secret's and had listened to one another's story's without getting bored are bitching.

Tina had hardened emotionaly,the site of a corpse with a split skull no longer bothered her.She and Mike had came to the conclusion that they were *not* human and it was up to them to drop the ghouls where they stood.Mike had also become more daring,for target practice perpouses Mike had been tying down corpses.His method was to catch them off gaurd,stick a thick lead pipe in their mouths and than after restraining it putting a pillow case over their head's until they were ready to shoot.Than they would tie them up to a tree and exercise their shooting skill's.

Mike and Tina had found some old surgeon books and books on the human anotomy in the fat bald guys old bedroom upstairs of the house.They studied closely figuring weak spot's and other way's to dispose of the dead with their bare hand's or a melee weapon.A few area's actualy worked,one was the hit it down by where the neck met the head with either bare fist or club because it severed the skeletal cord with the skull cutting off all mobility.It worked perfectly.Another was the temples,a *zombie* had tackled Mike and Tina didnt have her pistol,so she grabbed a nearby rusty screw driver and jabbed it in the temple with the butt of it,the zombie went limp instantly.

The worse failed one was a move they thought would kill a zombie,it was

striking a ghouls nose upward with the palm wich was suposed to drive a 'bone' into it's skull suposedly killing it instantly, Mike had seen it done in thousands of kung-foo movies. He executed it perfectly, but since the nose is made out of cartilage it's nose just lodged into it's head making it look unpleasent, but not killing it. Mike had to crush it's temples in with his bare hands pushing them into the sides of it's head as if his hands were a vicescript.

Mike grabbed a meat hook and hooked the headless ghouel by the shirt and dragged him over to the edge of the hill, he gave the lifeless body a little nudge with the tip of his foot sending it down the hill.

"Com'mon, it's getting dark. We'd better get inside," Mike said to Tina. She nodded and they headed inside...

Nearby Holigin Hospital, last occupied rescue station

Riggs bit into Private Bates's fried arm. It had only been a month and the rescue station's occupants had already resorted to cannibalism. The food rations were devoured within the first four week's of the crisis. Many people had died of starvation, dehydration, and malnutrition in the hospital, they were burned in the furnace before someone got the great idea of feasting on human flesh. Private Bates was the only *sane* soldier in the rescue station before his former comrades turned on him and stabbed him to death, they fried bit's of him with what little wine they had and feasted on his cooked flesh.

The hospital was the largest in the state, the size of four football fields across and seven in length. It stood seven stories and even had it's own sleeping quarters for nurses and doctors who had to work long shifts. It sat at the edge of the large city wich had become a necropolis. The walking dead had turned it into a mass graveyard wich you were lucky to survive an hour in. The hospital itself was occupied by more than three thousand survivors. Most had broken off into groups and moved on to different part's of the hospital living like wild tribes. Crime was rampant in the seven stories of death. Murder, rape and other types of crimes ocured almost daily. At times it seemed the city was more safe than the innards of the hospital.

The group of twelve soldiers sat in a circle hunched around a flaming metal pan wich held more chunks of the human flesh their aching stomachs cried for. The men faught over every speck of greas and microscopic chunk of meat that came from the pan like wild savages, cavemen even. They were sick, they didnt have conciousnesses anymore. They were souless. Their eye's seemed black as they staired off into nothingness. They were carbon copies of the living dead wich threw themselves at the hospitals chainlink fences trying to get in, they were two and the same except these guy's had pulses and blood pumping through their veins.

They had once been honorable marines who protected the hospital and encouraged morality. Now they were bottomfeeders, wild and dirty. A female cadett had once been with them, but the men had no will power and she had been continuously raped. She was alive only a weak after the men started using her. They found her dead, still tied to the pipeing on the wall. Naked and brused. Bleeding from

her brutal 'sessions.' She died from starvation and loss of blood. She became something of a dish after the men decided that this was the only option for survival. But survival for them soon became habit, and they found themselves eating human flesh not just for survival, but for pleasure.

What was left of Private Bates sat up, he lay on the marble floor limbless. Colonel Riggs scrambled over to him, he raised his KA-BAR knife over his head and drove it into his gaping maw pinning Bates' head to the floor. The zombie seemed confused about what was happened, he wanted the flesh of the humans that surrounded him but they seemed to want his more. He watched the biting into his raw flesh and tearing it away viciously. The predator had become the prey...

33 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / The Safe Haven...](#) on: March 30, 2003, 22:03:47

Mike picked up Tina and brought her into the two story house. They had made it out of the suburbs and into the sticks, Mike had watched everything and everything for movement. While driving he saw nothing, nobody not even so much as a bird. The sticks were as dead as the city and the suburbs, he saw a few of *them*. The only house he saw fit to inhabit was a two story brown and white house with windows that were six feet from the ground, bars on the basement windows and thick steel doors which had dead bolt's and a chain lock on them. He had secured it and searched in thoroughly before deciding to move in. A large one way mirror window provided a good view for at least seven miles down the road. The trees were bare and spread out, perfect for spotting anything coming from the sides or attempting to sneak up. The only place he hadn't checked was the basement, which was locked from the inside.

"Where are we?," Tina asked waking out of her sleep.

"In the sticks, you were asleep the whole drive," Mike gave her a bottle of water and the .45 "I think you'll need these. The pistol is loaded and off safety, you see something you holler, if it's too close shoot it, and if it's one of those things shoot it in the head."

She nodded and took them. Mike walked away.

"Where are you going?!", she blurted out with a hint of fear in her voice.

"I'm gonna' check the basement."

She nodded and sank back into the couch.

Mike grabbed a hammer and philips screwdriver he had found in one of the kitchen doors and knocked the two pins in the door hinges out, the door nearly fell on him, he set the door on the floor. A nauseating smell wafted out of the basement. The basement's light was on, it was very well lit and the windows were the same as the ones up stairs, one way mirrors. He unholstered the Desert Eagle and slowly crept down the carpeted stairs. It was luxurious in the basement, patriotic paintings hung on the walls as did trophies, a Deer's head, a bear head and a few other animals that had been hunted and stuffed. It was a large spacious room, with a big screen TV, and three gun cases and four gun racks with seven large steel trunks in a corner. There were

four room's built into the basement,three were open and one was closed.

Mike turned the door handle,it was unlocked.He pushed it open."Aww ****"he said to himself.The body of a teenage girl lay tied down on a bed totally naked.Three bullet holes had tore through her skull leaving a gorey mess on the bed and around it.Another body was sitting on a la-Z-boy recliner.The body of a rotting bald fat man with a massive revolver in his right hand.His head too had been blown open,but it was a self-inflicted wound.The bullet hole in the milk white sheet rock wall sprayed with blood and brain matter told the story.He walked back up stair's and turned to Tina who sat on the couch bored.

"I need your help,"he told her.

Tina followed Mike down into the basement and into the room.

"Oh god,"she said turning away in disgust.

"Yeah I know,find me some sheet's and rope,"Mike motioned her away.

Tina left up stair's to go scavenging.She soon returned and gave mike two of the sheet's,Mike used his KA-BAR knife to cut off a large peice of roop from the roll Tina had brought him.He wrapped one sheet around the stiff fat mans upper body and the other over his bottom.He double knotted the rope to ensure it would stay sealed.He cut the arm restraint's over the teenage girls hands and legs and rolled her into one of the sheet's and did the same.They carried the two bodies up stair's and out the back door rolling them down the long hill to a creek below.Tina and mike scrubbed the blood off the floor and out of the maroon carpet.Mike washed what he could off the mattress than flipped it over.

"Home sweet home,"Mike said to Tina who nodded in the affirmitve.

Mike put the main basement door back up and made sure the lock's still worked.He checked the other three room's,one was another bedroom complete with dresser and hair care product's,the other's were stacked with supplies.Toilet paper,bottled water,canned food's,MREs,Nails,Boards,some blade sharpeners and last but not least,video tapes.The gun collection was amazing,rifles handguns and a few bows.Mike checked the steel trunks wich sat in one corner."My god" he said to himself.The crates were filled to the brim with ammunition and explosives.

"Wow.We're set,"Tina said.

The basement looked as though it had been stocked before the shit had hit the fan.Who ever the bald fat man was,he was smart.But some of the family pictures suggested he wasn't that right in the head.

"My god.That naked girl tied to the bed must have been his daughter...,"Tina said looking at a photo.

"What?,"Mike walked over and looked at the photo.

The frame was hand made in clay and had the enscription "me and my daddy."The picture in the frame was of the girl who had been tied down and stripped and the fat bald man.

"Sick ****",Mike said shaking his head in disgust.

"You hungry?I'll get us a can of somthing,"Mike walked over to the room with the food supplies...

34 General Discussion / Fan Fiction / Out-run on: March 28, 2003, 18:35:10

Tina sat up and yawned.She stretched out and walked over to coffee pot and poured herself a cup.She sipped it while rubbing the back of her neck.

"I havent slept that peacefully since before I became a anchorwoman,"she said setting the coffee down on the counter and took a seat at the dining table.

"I just woke up an hour ago,Rogers been awake for a long long time...I don't even think he slept,"Mike downed his sugar 'n creamer less coffee and set the glass down.

"I better go check,"Tina said walking down the hallway and knocking on Rogers door."Roger,you awake?"

She slowly opened the door "Rog-"she let out a eardrum popping shriek and ran to the bathroom.Mike came running,he stood in the doorway "shit/"Roger/sat in the corner,a pool of blood around him.His wrist's each had one inch long slits in them,each had peirced major arteries.Roger's expression was still the same as when he had passed,his eyes were open and rolled back,his mouth was gaped.He still wore the expression of pain wich rigormortis had made into an eternal mold.

"He must've done this last night"he thought.

Roger didn't seem suicidal,he seemed "ok."Mike was still suprised he didn't come back and take advantage of the sleeping humans who were still among the living.Mike looked over to the corner were Roger had set all of his weapons,ammunition,smokes and a note wich read:

"I can't take this anymore,
Tina's got you Mike.She's your responsibility now.
Maybe in the next lifetime I can find some peace and happiness.

(P.S Put one in my head with my DE...I don't wanna come back)."

Mike picked up the KA-BAR knife that Roger had used to slit his own wrist's up and set it in it's sheate wich Roger had left in the pile with his rifles,along with the DEs holster and everything else.He grabbed a white sheet from the near by bed and set it over Rogers stone cold stiff body and picked up the DE,he took ten steps back and readied the massive pistol.He checked to make sure the safety was off.He stood

trying to gather enough courage to pull the trigger.

A minute passed...and soon the sheet started to stir.It was Roger,he was back.Tine sat in the corner of the bathroom in a fedal position.Her eye's were closed tightly as she weaped.**BADDAMM!**Tina quickly put her hand's over her ears and bit her bottom lip **BADDAMM!BADDAMM!BADDAMM!**

Mike stood holding the smoking pistol,three shot's had missed...one neck shot nearly popping Rogers head off...the second tore into his chest...the third grazed the ear...and the fourth and final shot had struck dead center in between the eye's.Mike rubbed his right wrist.Roger had told him the gun was powerful,how he was right.

When Tina opened her eye's Mike was standing in the bathroom door way,Desert Eagle in hip holster,extra .50 cal rounds in the bullet loops.SPAS12 slung over his shoulder,KA-BAR knife in ankle sheathe and wearing sun glasses wich added to the stereotypical badass image.He walked over to her and helped her off the floor.

"I think we better get going,those gun shot's might've attracted some unwanted attention,"Mike gave her the coat.

She wiped her tears away and looked at him with her penetrating beautiful blue eyes
"Yeah."

They walked away...

35 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / Re:GTA Themed Thread](#)

on: March 25, 2003, 21:38:13

"May I ask why you've barged into my club?"

Vercetti stood before Tony.

"I come to talk business,"Tony replied.

Tommy Vercetti aproached Tony who stood at the foot of the step's.He put his arm around Tonys shoulder and walked him over to the Bar where the hot bar tender Ginger stood ready to serve them.Tommy sat and so did Tony.

"So,you wanted to see me.What about?,"Vercetti asked a little suspicious of this strange man with a broken english accent.

"I came to look for work,"Tony replied.

"Did you now...,"Vercetti stood up "What's your name?"

"I Tony Montana."

"I see..."

"Well you don't look like a dish-washer to me, and I'm sure you aint looken' for anythin' lagit'," Vercetti replied straightening out his colour "Come by tommorow, I may have somethen' for you do do."

Tony nodded his head 'yes' and walked towards the exit. "F*ckin' ****", Tony said walking away.

"Ginger, bring me up a Martini," Vercetti said returning to his office.

Tommy sat at his desk. "Montana... I've heard that name before." He picked up the phone and called Ken Rosenberg. Rosenberg answered the phone hastily, he was obviously high on crack as usual.

"Hey Rosenberg."

"Tommy, is t-that you? hahaha!"

"Yeah listen dip shit, have you ever heard of anyone named Tony Montana?"

Ken Rosenberg came to a pause.

"Y-yeah. He was indited for Tax fraud a month back, I was representing the state and trying to get h-him s-sentenced. I won" Rosenberg replied.

"Hahaha! That's funny, you won a case? Anyway's, who IS he?"

"He was a real big shot before you arrived on the scene, I thought he was dead..."

36 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / Mike](#) on: March 25, 2003, 21:17:06

Mike gripped the Colt .45 tightly and positioned himself in the middle of the street. The ground was shaking violently, something big was coming. He'd rather stand there and face the thing down like a man rather than cower and be sniffed out. His eye's widened as he dove out of the way of a speeding red Cutlas supreme, he hit the pavement and rolled. The car came to a screeching halt, a breath taking blonde woman sat before him in the car behind the wheel.

"GET IN!" she shouted to him, Mike dove in through the rolled down window.

The car sped off again. Mike turned around to look out the back window, there was a gigantic horde of the living dead giving chase.

"F*cking thing's been chasing me for three block's!", she shouted.

Mike nodded in the affirmative.

"My names Tina Kowski, you?", she asked. Still visibly shaking but trying to get to know Mike.

"Names Mike Slater, I thought I was the only person still alive on the planet," Mike

pulled out his gun.

"What are you gunna do?,"she asked slightly frieghtened by the sight of the pistol in a stranger's hand's.

Mike handed her the pistol "Nothing."Mike could see she was temporarily relieved.

Tina jerked the steering wheel to the side turning quickly into a driveway and into a garage,the garage door game down quickly.Another man came out of the house through the garage entrance.It was a tall white guy with dirty-blonde colored hair holding a SPAS-12.A Desert Eagle .50AE hung at his side in a black velvet hip holster.He was dressed in tactical SWAT gear.

"Come on,get in here quick!,"he said in a low tone of voice beckoning Mike and Tina to get inside.

They scurried over to the enrance and the SWAT guy slammed the door shut and pushed a book case over it.

"We're safe,but we're not safe enough,"he said.

Tina looked at Mike "this is Roger" she said pointing at the SWAT guy.

Mike looked at Roger "nice to meet you."

Roger staired at Mike suspiciously.

"I found him over on 4th Avenue,"Tina took out the .45 and handed it back to Mike.

One hour later

Mike and Roger sat at the kitchen table.Tina was in the living room sleeping on a lay-z-boy recliner,the curtains were drawn and the room was dimly lit.

Roger took a drag of his filterless cigarette and butted it.Roger turned to Mike "so,what were you doing on fourth?"

"I had just gotten out from a cellar where I was hiding,spent two day's down in that cellar with another man's body.He had committed suicide,that's where I got this here .45,"Mike replied showing Roger the pistol.

"Nice gun.But I preffer this,"Roger pulled out his massive Desert Eagle "the ammunition is hard to find but it's alot more effective than a .45 or Glock,the recoil is a sun-of-a-*****,damn near broke my wrist when I had to fire it whilst holding it only with one hand."

Mike chuckled."You know much about gun's?,"Roger asked.Mike shook his head no,"I've never even fired a gun in my life.I grew up in the suburbs,"Mike stuffed the .45 in his inside coat pocket.Roger looked at Mike and started to talk "I grew up

in a family of cop's,my dad was a policeman and so was my mother.I'd alway's wait for them to come home during shift changes in the middle of the night and listen to them talk about their job's,trying to help the community,doing good 'n all.That's all bullshit these day's,nobody want's your help in the city.Everyone hates the police.I went in for training for the Special Weapons And Tactics unit,got in.I was a sniper in the gulf war,decided to keep the war going and join the force,I was a sharpshooter before the shit had hit the fan.I didn't like the job that much though,most time's you had to make split second dicisions that would change somones life forever,I didnt like that responsibility,nor did I want it."

Mike nodded "I used to be a writer,you know,screenplays short stories.Hell,someday...after all this...this might make a good movie,"Mike said with a chuckle.He and Roger laughed as if they were old drinking buddies.All Roger's previous suspicions of Mike had dissapeared.

Roger picked up a bottle of tequilia and poured some in two shot glasses.He offered Mike a shot,Mike smiled and took it from him.They both bumped glasses "Down the hatch" Mike said.Roger grinned,they both downed their shots and slammed the glasses down onto the wooden table."F*ck thats good!,"Mike said rubbing his throat.Roger poured them both another...

37 General Discussion / Fan Fiction / The Return of Montana on: March 25, 2003, 00:25:15

Note:I'll be playing a movie character,although Vice and GTA3 were a little inspired by the movie SCARFACE in wich he was the main Character,if you've seen the movie than you'll know what is currently happening in his life.P.S (Vicecity is Miami were SCARFACE took place).

Hospital,ViceCity.

Tony Montana laid in the hospital bed.His body had been riddled with bullets and he had suffered an almost fatal wound to the back from a close range double barrel shotgun blast.He was almost fully recovered,ever since he was a child growing up in Cuba he had a strong tolerance for pain,and that had helped in through this.Elvira sat by his bed stroking his hair.Tony woke up out of a deep sleep,Sosa's hit squad hadn't done the trick because he was still alive.Sosa didn't know this,but it was a good thing.

Tony: Elvira,is that you?

Elvira nodded her head and pushed her hair back away from her face.

Elvira: I've been to the house,my god Tony what did they do to you?The FBI has seized our home Tony,they've even got the tiger.

Tony shook out of it.

Tony: That f*cking monkey Sosa is gunna pay for this shit!

A striking brunette walked into the room,it was Tonys doc,her name tag said

"Dr.Cipriani."

Dr.Cipriani: You're being discharged,I need one of you to sign this release form.

Tony took it and noticed they had marked him down as "

Elvira took Tony out to her Cremepuff convertible and put him in the front seat,she had snuck into their bullet riddled mansion and got him a few of his suit's,his prized nickle plated .45,and some cash.Tony was almost a changed man from his near death experiance,he remembered being intoxicated and fighting with Elvira,than remembered Manolo.His eye's began to water thinking about his little sister Gina and his best freind since childhood Manolo.

Tony: I should've let them f*cking be...

Tony wiped away his tears and slammed his fist on the dash board.

Tony: I killed him El...I f*cking killed him.And Gina,that Columbian f*cker Sosa,this is all his FAULT!!!

Tony punched the dashboard with all his strength.

Elvira: Calm down,it's ok.You'll get that ***** in time.

Elvira: I've got us an apartment suite on the beach.

Tony: I've got to get started again,I've got to get the money and the power,than I can get that ***** Sosa!

"I ran (so far away)" by "a flock of seaguls" played on the radio.Toney rubbed his eyes and sunk into the leather apolstry listening to the song.

2 Hours later-Elvira and Tony's new Apartment

Tony put on his suit.He loaded his .45 and slid it into it's arm pit holster and straightened out his colar.He stood looking at himself in the mirror,a black suit with white stripes.A white business shirt with light grey stripes going up and down it.Black pant's,and black glimmering shoes.

Tony (to Elvira) : I want you to stay here.I'm gunna go down to the club and talk some business.I heard there was a knew hassa in town...

Tony walked out the door,he took Elira's convertible and drove down to the Malibu club.The one he had killed the Diaz brothers a month before.A guard standing by the door recognized his face and backed away quickly.

Tony: You got a problem mayn?

Second guard (to Tony): No no man,no problem!

The second guard backed away intimidated.

Tony strutted into the club, music was going. People were dancing, like they had a month before when he frequently hung out there. He strutted down the steps and met Fernando half way down the steps. Fernando's eyes widened and he ran for the exit. Fernando was obviously still scared about what had happened when Tony caught him trying to screw his sister Gina in the club's boys restroom. Tony continued to walk through the dance floor. He walked towards the bar, and towards the steps to the owner's office where a big Schwarzeneger looking guard stood.

Schwarzeneger-guard: Where the hell do you think you're going?

Tony: Need to speak with the owner of the club.

Schwarzeneger-guard: Mr. Vercetti is busy, so f*ck off.

Tony: Vercetti? Mafia *****'s. You know who I am mayn? I'm Tony Montana. I used to run this f*cking town! I've been stabbed four times and shot three hundred and seventy times. Bullet's can't even stop me mayn. Now you get tha f*ck out of my way before-

Mr. Vercetti: Angy, what's the problem?

The big Schwarzeneger guard, whose name was now made clear, Angy, turned to Vercetti.

Angy: Just a little problem, nothin' I can't fix.

Note: I hope we can play along here guy's.

38 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / New Character](#)

on: March 24, 2003, 23:57:37

Name: Tony Montana

Age: 27

Skin: Tan

Hair: Black

Eyes: Brown

Favorite weapon: Colt .45

History: Was a former big shot in Vicecity (Miami) but after a few raw deal's would up being targeted by one of his business associates and freinds, Sosa. Sosa had sent a hit squad in to kill Tony, but they didn't finish the job. A Cuban refugee who has sent on the boat to America, he was one of the many thousands of Cubans who were from the dregs of Castro's prisons wich had been sent over on a boat. A ruthless, violent short tempered man who has the stomache to cary out any type of violent act. Tough as nail's and is cunning. Currently recovered from the assination attempt from Sosa.

39 [General Discussion / Fan Fiction / Mikes Survival](#)

on: March 24, 2003, 23:02:54

I sat there, looking across the room at "him." He was down here when I had first come down to escape the horde of the undead. His name tag read: "E. Davis." Brain matter was sprayed generously on the concrete wall behind him. A nickel plated .45 was in his stiff yellow hands "Mike" I told myself, "I've got to get that gun." The cellar was starting to stink, bad. The corpse was about a day old when I had gotten down there. The flies were buzzing, but soon after they laid their eggs in his decomposing flesh they took off, don't know where they went.

Sitting here staring across from him I started to notice the little things. He had a ring on that finger, which meant he had a wife somewhere. The military lab coat, and most of all the fact that he had committed suicide. The .45s barrel was stained in dark brown blood. After a few more hours I had made up my mind, my stomach was empty and the things had finally gave up after they realised there was no way in. I stood up and put my black t-shirt over my mouth and nose and slowly crept over to him. Rigormortis had set in and he was as stiff as wire, he was like one of those wire figurines people make in art classes. His body was a masterpiece, however strange that might sound. A perfect "painting" of death's artwork. It was almost a shame to ruin it, I grabbed a hold of the Colt .45 and pruned it from his stiff bony fingers.

After some work I tore the pistol away from his hands, the trigger finger was still curled around the trigger and took another fifteen minutes to get it off. I took the golden wedding ring off and pocketed it, a "reminder" of where this life saving weapon came from. The .45 was as cold as the body I stole it from, a heavy lump in my hand. I did a quick search of his body for more ammunition, all I found was one more clip. That was enough though, I moved hastily to my corner and gasped for air. The guys stench was like sulfur and sweaty ass. Not a pleasant smell. I checked the clip that was already in the pistol, 3 bullets in the clip and one in the chamber. A .45 holds six rounds, which meant I had 3 hollow point rounds and six regular ones with unique alterations. The six normal slugs had x's carved into the tips, which I assumed made them stronger.

I grabbed a lead pipe from a pile of lumber and headed for the door atop the stairs. I sighed heavily and turned the doorknob, I pushed the door open and the bright sun light hit me in the face like a baseball bat. I raised my forearm to shield my eyes from the blinding sunlight. I reached into my knee length dark green over coat and grabbed my sun glasses. I put them on and moved for the back door which was directly across from the basement door.

I walked along the tall white fence as stealth like as possible. I hadn't seen another living person since that SWAT team guy twelve days ago. Derelict cars line the suburban street with a large metro transit bus parked askew in the middle of the road. I stopped to pick up a penny, funny how the little things matter to me these days. I hear shuffling feet, a black blur on the ground slowly takes the shape of a human. I raised my head slowly to find myself looking into the eyes of a grey haired corpse. Its face was all fucked up, its lower jaw had been blasted off, its tongue flipped around like a fish on land.

I pulled my .45 out of my coat pocket and took aim.

'CLICK!'

The gun clicked,a mis-fire perhaps.No time to think because within a second this thing would be on my ass trying to take a peice of me as a suvenir.I ran over to "him" and swung the long lead pip like a baseball bat smacking it upside the head,it's head jerked to the left violently with a dry crack.It fell over smacking it's skull onto the pavement,it's skull caved in on impact.Slimey sludge like brains oozed through the bloody cracks in it's head,my knees buckled and I feel to the ground sick to my stomache.I still wasn't used to this shit.I dry heaved as I had nothing to eat for over two day's.I pulled out the .45 again and looked at it.It was on safe,heh,I never realised these thing's had a safety button.I'm not James bond,hell,I'd never even fired a gun before.I continued to walk down the empty street...

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