

[sep 23, Monday, 2:35PM]

\*its decently cold day.. peaceful.. quiet. Just how you like it(I'm guessing)\*

\*your doing your own thing (whatever you want) as your doing your thing you overheard someone saying smth about a red portal appearing in the woods (I also have writing block rn)

Erie: hmm? What was that, Seneca?

Seneca: Erie! A portal opened in the woods, and there's now a weird robot in the front yard!

[meanwhile..]

Me: "man, where am I?"

[about 15 minutes later, a small pickup truck (think 1997 ranger) pulls up, and Erie gets out]

Erie: "hey, you need help?"

T: "..you're a human?"

Erie: *chuckles* "no, no. I only seem human. I assure you- we're equally freaks."

T: "rude.. I'm guessing you're some kind of like monster in disguise or something like that?"

Erie: *chuckles again* "no, it wasn't my intent to be rude. I'm just sayin'. And yes, you are correct. Just, get in the truck. I got a place to warm up- the woods are *quite cold* in the winter."

T: his eyes narrow slightly in suspicion "All right.. I'm not gonna get in the truck. I'll just fly, no offense or anything, but I don't really trust you.."

(OOC, use italics for actions)

Erie: *shrugs* "eh, it's not everyday you come across a guy living in the woods. I understand." *He gets in his truck, the engine turning over after a bit, due to about -32 degrees Fahrenheit weather, it struggles*

T: "Lead the way.." *two exoskeleton wings unfold from his back* (like this?)

(Perfect) *Erie puts the truck in drive, and starts driving towards the cabin, where Seneca (human form) is sitting on the porch, in SEVERAL layers of coats and snow pants*

T: *flies next to the truck while looking around the landscape*

Erie: "watch out for that tree..."

*T slams into a tree on the side of the road*

T: "..thanks.." *my is slightly cracked, it starts to slowing fix itself before hopping in the back of the truck*

Erie: *chuckles* "you have regeneration? What do you have, chainsaw hands? SMGs?... Nanites that'll shred anything?"

T: "you listed half of them actually.." *my right hand switches into the classic three long bladed finger hand before using one of them fingers to shotgun a small oil canister "Names T, you?"*

Erie: "mines Erie. Well, I'm kinda the keeper of these woods.. uh.. was that the can of motor oil I had sitting back there?"

T: "yea?" *Proceeds to toss it away.* "Kinda need oil to live"

Erie: "uh.. I was gonna put that in my truck.."

T: *shrugs* "Meh.. I'm sure you got spare, right?" *Leans back with my arms behind my head before my visor displays a retro ping ball game, presuming playing it*

Erie: *groans* "of course you say that... wait, where are you from?"

T: "last time I checked I'm from copper-9, why?" *Raises my digital eyebrow*

*Erie slams the brakes*

Erie: "WHAT?!"

T: *digs my claw hand into the side of the truck to prevent me from flying over the truck* "ROBO-JESUS, a little warning next time!? Jeez.. what about it?"

Erie: "number one, HOW?! COPPER 9 IS ABOUT 17 LIGHTYEARS AWAY. Number two, you're paying for the bodywork!"

T: “do I look like I have money? Plus this wouldn’t have happened if you didn’t suddenly pull the break knowing that there’s no seatbelt back here!”

Zee: \*you see a murder drone on the side of the road, you pull over\*

Erie: “yo, need a ride?”

Zee: \*looks up\* yea, thanks \*smiles kinda creepy\* whats ya name \*looks back and fourth between Erie and T\* \*stands up and gets in the truck without you saying anything\*

T: “cool, another one of my kind, lucky you Erie” *I said smugly*

Erie: “‘great’, that’s ’just what I wanted’”. (Btw that’s sarcasm)

T: *chuckles* “Anyway, how much farther are we from your place?”

Erie: “you want to feel weird? Because there’s two ways we can get there. Ones REALLY quick. The other is about.. eh.. 5, 6 minutes.”

T: “I’m guessing the weird one is teleporting?”

*Suddenly, we appear at Erie’s cabin- just your basic cabin in the middle of the woods*

Seneca: “uncle Erie! You’re back!”

Erie: “yeah. I brought two disassembly drones.. dunno how they got here.”

T: *waves at Seneca* “Sup”

Seneca: *waves back* “nothin’ much. How bout you?”

Erie: “huh. She must like you. She’s normally hostile to most.”

T: “Lucky me then”

Erie: “VERY lucky you.” *Sigh* “weeelp, we’re here. So... anything you want slash need before I head back to the store?”

T: “ besides oil, no.”

Erie: “you can just take the used motor oil.. I’ve been burning it in the fireplace, so you can take SOME of it.”

T: “all righty” *walks into the cabin while my visor displays a troll face*

Erie: “oh, watch out for the rifle room.”

T: “don’t worry, I’m practically bulletproof!”

Erie: “against .50bmg?”

T: “I can survive a mini hammer of dawn, so yea”

Erie: “... I’m not gonna ask...”

T: *Shrugs* “it’s a long story anyway..”

Erie: “let me guess... coworker hated ya?”

T: “No, some worker drone shot me with a railgun..”

Erie: “was said worker drone named after a sub-machine gun?”

T: “Mhm, you know her?”

Erie: “just. Had a feelin’.”

T: “That’s one heck of a feeling..” *picks up a oil can from next to the fireplace* “So.. what’s your real form anyway?”

Erie: “uh.. I have to do.. things.”

T: “you don’t have to lie, y’know”

Zee: *pops up out of nowhere* whatcha talkn’ about

T: “nothin” *chugs the oil can*

Erie: “yeah. Nothing important... have you ever seen an Uzi?”

T: “that’s the name of the worker who shot me..”

Erie: *facepalm* “oh, not that Uzi. Like, the SMG.”

T: “ik what your talking about, I’m just saying..”