

DRIFTWALKERS

“Awakenings”

Play Session: 8-24-2018 (Episode 01)

Character Perspective: **“Five”**



Episode 01

‘Ungh...., what the hell! Why does my head feel like somebody kicked me and my eyes feel like they have sand in them?’

I look around and, as my visions starts to clear, notice I am in some sort of odd bed.

Last think I remember is standing on a dock? Having just rowed across a harbor.... from a sail powered galleon? What?

Than a blinding light and I am in this odd bed.

I pick my head up and look around a little. Huh, see more beds. A number of them look to have people in them that are moving around a little.

I look down towards the foot of the bed, and see... nah my mind has to be playing tricks on me.... I see a girl in crappy clothing.

I watch the girl for a moment, she is walking around looking from bed to bed, and smiling. She seems damned excited. It is annoying.

I look around some more and realize that now my eyes are able to focus the others around me are recognizable. I cannot remember any names.

Ah hell, I don’t even remember my name. This is so damn annoying.

I do remember have a feeling that I trust these others and that we have some sort of odd, deep connection.

Now I know I must still be doped up or something because when do I ever rely on ‘feelings’ for anything. This is soooo screwed up.

As I look closer at the ‘bed’ some information and memories start to flood back. The ‘beds’ are some sort of hybrid stasis/medical care machines. They seems to have some sort of ammonia or glycol based cryo cooling system.

But damn me if I can remember why the hell I, or the others, were put in these things.

OK.

Time to try and figure some stuff out. Get the old noodle working again. Show these boneheads what a real intellect can do....

As I lift my head up, I get up on an elbow and say to the girl: 'hum ig e ik it?'

Well shit.

When she hears me try and say something the girl says, 'Hi, I am Amie. I will answer what questions I can until the Elder gets here.'

Lets try that again, obviously the old vocal cords have not been used a in a while. I clear my throat and try again: 'Amie, how long?'

Amie replies by pointing at an old calendar on the wall with markings. It looks like there are around 100 marks slightly separated into two groups.

So I then ask, 'So, a hundred years?'

Amie just shakes her head.

Not sure if she means 'no' or if she does not understand what I am asking.

One of the other guys, not sure who quite yet, asks the girl, 'Why were we pulled out?'

'You were no pulled out, you just awoke', Amie says.

Same guy asks her, 'what if we want to go back?'

What the nine hells does that mean, go back? Back to what. All I remember is some damn dream.... With all of these others present in it. That can't be, can it?

Amie: 'You will have to ask the Elder.'

This guy then starts asking Amie all sort of dumb ass random questions about if there is drinking, and some such drivel.

While this dope drones on, I start to remember that we were put in the cryo units for a reason, knowing that we would eventually wake up. But as hard as I try, I cannot remember any more than that right now.

I can start to feel my body now so I sit up. Then promptly almost fall out of the bed. I catch myself just in time or I was heading for a faceplant on the floor.

Great, notice we are all in our underwear. Nothing like a sleep over, eh?

Notice that one of the other 'sleepers' is a woman. I know I recognize her, but definitely do not remember a name.

She is staring at the girl, Amie, like she is some sort of puzzle or she has a crush. Very odd.

Looking at Amie I am thinking she needs a bath and is probably around 13 years old, maybe. Always hard to tell how old these people to be are.

Oh great, now one of the other guys starts to talk to Amie. Can't wait to hear what stellar thoughts hit the air this time

Guy 2: 'Amie, I do not recognize you, were you born here?'

Amie responds with, 'Seven, you are one of the smart ones.' She looks at a chart hanging on 'Seven's' bed, then says, 'No, I was not born here, my family came from the desert about a year and a half ago.'

The guy who talked earlier, lets call him Guy 1, then says 'Have we ever met?'

Ah wonderful, just great, now this dude is asking this 'girl' if he has ever met her. Classy.

Amie: 'No, you were in the chambers already, when we arrived at Ark 99.'

Ah ha. We must be somewhere called Ark 99. Great, doesn't mean shit at the moment.....

When asked how long we have been asleep, Amie responds with 52. Nothing more, just 52. What the hell does that mean!!!

Amie explains that the 'watchers' put the marks on the wall. When asked when she knows when to mark the wall, she says: 'We mark the wall when Pontiak's dial gets to the top.'

Well, that is absolutely zero help.

Now, one of the other guys starts staring at Amie. She is just a girl who obviously does not know much. Quit staring at her!

So, Guy 1 then says something very different: 'So, that dream, was that us? Did we all dream of a boat and a chest?' He seems to be directing this at everyone.

Guy 1 continues to talk with Amie about some damn book she is reading. Well, at least she knows how to read, that is a plus.

So, seems we all had the same dream, maybe. How the heck does that work?

No that I am starting to get a little more awake, I know I have heard the accolade 'The Elder' before and the it is a man who knows what is going on.

While we are sitting around, still trying to figure out which way is up and be stable enough to stand, we all seems to be looking at our individual charts.

Looking at the damn thing, I see that it is basically a vitals chart. There are a couple of things that stand out though. One is a box that says Mutation Gene: Telepathy. The other is Augment with a picture of an ape. Not sure what to make of those yet.

A few minutes later this ancient guy walks into the room.

I immediately recognize the guy and the name 'The Elder' comes to mind. I sense I am happy to see him. Odd.

The old guy walks around the room and puts his hand on each person's shoulder calling everyone by a number. Guess I am Five.

He then goes over to Amie, pats her on the head and says: 'Go see your mom, you did good. I will take it from here.'

The old guy pulls a chair to the middle of the room and sits down. This spurs some more memories.

Elder "Ho do you feel?"

I grunt out 'fair' and leave it at that. How else should I bloody well feel after being in cryo sleep.

The first guy that originally talked, who the Elder named Eight says he is thirsty. Well of course he is thirsty, come on....

Elder 'Oh yes, that makes sense. We will get you some clean water when we go up.'

Then, to my utter disbelief and incomprehension, the woman, who he named Three say 'I thought all water was clean.'

Now, I understand that I am smarter than any of these folk, and while I feel that I trust them to cover my ass in a bind, apparently, I have some remembering to do around just how dense some of them might be.

The Elder walks to Three and looks at her chart, 'The memories will come back soon.'

Eight says something inane about needing a drink, or some nonsense.

The Elder explains that the duration of 52 is roughly 52 weeks, or about 2 years that we have been asleep.

Somebody asks who this Pontiak guy is. The Elder indicates that he is a Gearhead who built some sort of timekeeper.

I remember what a Gearhead is. Especially since I am one and am the best. The name Pontiak sounds kinda familiar. Some sort of memory there. I am sure it will work its way out to me eventually.

Never heard of a time piece that kept time in rough 2 week increments. It will be interesting to grill this Pontiak on what logic he was using to set that up.

Three, the woman, asks the Elder why were put into the machines.

He explains that we volunteered and that part of the purpose was to unlock some mutation genes to try and promote improved survivability. The world is a place in decay and people are starving and dying.

This all starts to bring back some memories. None of them pleasant.

The Elder then indicates that the other 3 chambers were other friends of ours who did not survive the process. The warrants some though. We must be really desperate to try stuff like this.

Finally, Seven asks a fairly intelligent question, 'What was the group dream we had?' We had figured out a little earlier that we seemed to be having a group dream while under.

The Elder looks confused. 'There was nothing that we did to make you dream. I do not know what that was, what did you see?'

Not that, is a question I will need to think on long and hard. Something important there, no idea what yet.

The group all explains portions of the dream to the Elder. He seems really interested, but clueless. So, guessing he must be a really good organizer and people person, but maybe not a stellar intellect. Time, and remembering will tell.

We discuss the current situation some and each person's role before we went under. We all have different, but needed skills. Obviously being the smartest, it will be up to me to help guide these people to improve the situation here.

We have a lengthy discussion about the mutation process and that in addition to the mutations that were induced, genes from other species were introduced. Oddly enough, the three that did not survive, did not have the interspecies gene introduction. That is something I will have to research some more. Apparently the project was called the Alpha Gene project.

The Elder indicates that it was originally thought we would be under for about a year to complete the process, but it went 2 years, then the coolant for the cryo beds ran out and we woke up.

Is the process done? Not sure yet.... Interesting.

Eight starts to yammer about something and starts to get the Elder upset. To me, just sounds like Eight is scared. Worth watching.

The Elder then shares that during the investigation of the lands around us, the Stalkers, some group of folks who go out looking around, found cross species people. Further investigation found that these were the result of gene splicing experiments which they deemed the Omega project. We are part of both the Alpha and Omega projects.

Apparently we reside in some beat up old ship that somebody name Ark 99. The vault, were we currently are, is near the Ark but separate and not of the Ark.

There are 212 people left on the ship at last count. That is not many.

I get a flash of returning memory. I remember that we are part of the Ark community. Talking about it must have spurred on the memories to surface. We are part of the leadership group of the Ark.

That makes sense. Well, at least for me.

The Elder continues to explain that resources are low, people are getting worried. It is a daily struggle just to survive. He shares that they just completed 2 projects. Apparently this Pontiak fellow has some ability. He lead the install of a water gathering system and a farm.

Well, that is a very interesting way to wake up. I hope this never repeats.

But, time to get moving around and see what else comes back.

Right before I get out of bed, I have a sudden insight. A memory, or more of a feeling surfaces. I KNOW that whatever happened to the world, it has caused me great loss. Loss of somebody I loved. This is what drives me. I am gifted with an exceptional intellect. I will help, dragging if need be, this community back to a more stable state. I feel this is what I must do. Nobody will get in may way or hinder what needs to be done.....