

On the Run

Posted by: theseus Mar 21 2005, 02:31 AM«

From somewhere nearby comes the sound of crashing wood, and the snarling of unnatural creatures. A moment later, Gideon abruptly disappears from the dreamscape, and the sounds stop.

Posted by: theseus Mar 21 2005, 03:56 AM«

AnnaGÇÖs rooms come back into vague focus, though Gideon feels dizzy and disoriented, the images from the dream still vivid. Snarling comes from the closed but now splintered door. There is a large crunching sound, and a black leathery hand with long white talons pierces the wood, proceeding to rip it apart. Anna leaps from the bed, throwing on a light summer dress from her rack. She clenches a dagger in her right hand. She glances across at Gideon fearfully.

Posted by: Curufea Mar 22 2005, 02:55 PM«

Verence leaps to his feet at the noise, grimacing at the pain in his foot as he does so. Is there another way out? he says.“ As he looks around the room himself he spots his discarded pile of clothes and suspiciously box-shaped impression in one corner which raises his eyebrow in speculation. The tapestry cloth on the bed shocks him for a moment and he instinctively grabs it rather than his trousers.

Posted by: theseus Mar 23 2005, 02:29 AM«

Anna nods. Keeping her eye on the door, she presses on the wall behind her back. There is a grating of stone, and a trapdoor opens up in the floor next to her. Two white horns on a black demon's head ram the door, shattering it to pieces. However, the demon gets stuck in the frame, his large bulk proving a disadvantage in these close quarters. Anna drops through the trapdoor while the demon is concentrating on freeing himself.

Posted by: Curufea Mar 23 2005, 07:07 PM«

A grab of a bottle of the vanity cabinet, his trousers on the ground and Verence is through the trapdoor behind Anna.

Posted by: theseus Mar 25 2005, 04:49 AM«

The trapdoor starts to close while Gideon dives through it. A moment later, it closes completely, and Gideon finds himself in darkness. There is a demonic roar above, and the sound of claws scarping at the stone above him. Anna takes GideonGÇÖs hand in hers, and leads him confidently forwards in the darkness. GÇ£Unfortunately, I left my light stick next to the door, but I know these tunnels well. And if we are lucky, they wonGÇÖt be able to work out how to get down here. I donGÇÖt understand how they tracked us down though. ItGÇÖs never happened before.GÇ¥

Posted by: Curufea Mar 29 2005, 07:48 AM«

Gideon opens his mouth to mention something, but appears to change his mind. Before? You've been hunted before?

Posted by: theseus Mar 31 2005, 07:53 AM«

By palace guards and their dogs, not demons. Anna squeezes Gideon's hand playfully. "You seem overly keen to find this situation is my fault!" Anna stops for a moment, then turns, guiding Gideon onwards. In front of them is a patch of light, coming from a grill high in the roof of the tunnel. Set into the wall are old iron rungs, forming a ladder. Anna approaches it carefully. We should be able to climb this toGÇ³" She falls silent, as a shadow with horns falls across the opening. The clumping of heavy feet on metal, comes and then recedes again." Anna looks puzzled, and whispers. I think they are tracking us magically somehow. Did you bring any loot along from your last job?"

Posted by: Curufea Mar 31 2005, 03:52 PM«

I have my pants, and a bottle of perfume from your dresser - oh, and this cloth. At least I hope that was what I grabbed. Everything else I left on the floor of your boudoir. But while we've stopped, I will take the opportunity to put them on, he whispers." Gideon fumbles his pants on in the near dark. Can you check - do you think they may have planted some sort of tracking device on us?

Posted by: theseus Apr 2 2005, 06:18 PM«

As Gideon gets dressed, he notices an odd pinprick of burning sensation in the middle of his chest, which has been there since waking. Anna frowns. GÇ£Show me the cloth. That could be it.GÇ¥

Posted by: Curufea Apr 3 2005, 08:39 AM«

Gideon looks down distractedly at his chest, half reaching for it with one hand. No! This cloth isn't it, and we dare not let it fall into Their hands. My... my chest. Look at my chest. He pauses, looking into Anna's eyes. Please.

Posted by: theseus Apr 5 2005, 12:30 AM«

Concerned, Anna obediently looks at Gideon's chest. GÇ£Looks like you have a tiny red dot, maybe an insect sting? I canGÇÖt see properly in this light.GÇ¥ She shakes her head, and looks at Gideon ruefully. GÇ£We have to get out of here. Want to make a break for it?GÇ¥

Posted by: Curufea Apr 7 2005, 04:16 PM«

Glancing around the tunnel somewhat desperately, Gideon grasps the cloth in his hands, tightly. Anna, If these demons were not tracking us... Or more to the point, if I was not here - would you be able to sneak your way past?

Posted by: theseus Apr 8 2005, 02:08 AM«

Anna shrugs in frustration. GÇ£They cover ground fast, but we also managed to get away from them

once. Yes, I think it's possible.

Posted by: Curufea Apr 11 2005, 10:43 AM«

Well then, I need you to carry this cloth and keep it safe. My life depends upon it. But with me gone, these demon things should no longer be able to track you.

Posted by: theseus Apr 12 2005, 01:35 AM«

Anna takes the cloth tentatively. "I have a secret bolt hole I can hide this. I don't like leaving you alone though, are you sure you can elude them? And how will you find me afterwards?"

Posted by: Curufea Apr 19 2005, 08:37 PM«

Gideon turns towards Anna in the close confines of the tunnel. "I need you to take this cloth to your bolt hole after I've used it, and they should no longer be tracking you. As long as you keep it safe, I should be able to get back to you, too," says Gideon. "Anna looks at him dubiously. Now hold the cloth open, good. He touches the surface of the cloth held in Anna's outstretched hands, hoping that she won't doubt his sanity. Although he, himself does. She looks at him quizzically over the tapestry as Gideon tries to recall the messages from his dream. Lay it on any..., he murmurs. "Ah, Anna? Please put it against the wall for me... thanks. Gideon again touches the cloth. And then he isn't there at all. The emptiness of the intruding air is like a soft sigh at his parting.

Outside the Cleft

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