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## Incoming Holocomm Transmission...

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Author	Message
<b>Dayanim</b> Game Master/Admin  Joined: 31 Aug 2007 Posts: 272	<p>Posted: 19 Sep 2007 07:39 am    Post subject: Incoming Holocomm Transmission...</p> <p>The Holocomm beeps, announcing an incoming transmission. A small readout indicates an encrypted transmission is being recieved and the Headhunters onboard computer searches for an encryption key in its database.</p> <p>A green coloured acknowledgement message indicates it has found the correct key and it takes a moment longer for the encrypted feed to be processed through the correct decryption routines.</p> <p>The holocomm pad activates and emits a blue glow. A three dimensional image flickers to life, forming into a familiar Kel Dor male.</p> <p><a href="#">QUOTE</a> <a href="#">EDIT</a> <a href="#">X</a> <a href="#">IP</a></p>
<b>Ulim</b> NPC  Joined: 19 Sep 2007 Posts: 6	<p>Posted: 19 Sep 2007 07:45 am    Post subject:</p> <p>The tiny figure looks serious, but then Ulim Forg always looks serious, especially if his business is important enough to warrant a Holocomm transmission.</p> <p>"Jedi Flor'Isz do you copy. This is Master Forg. Confirmation code 7yZd-53f-g57-92-Bantha. Confirm and reciprocate."</p> <p>Jedi Master Ulim Forg</p> <p><a href="#">QUOTE</a> <a href="#">EDIT</a> <a href="#">X</a> <a href="#">IP</a></p>
<b>Maelstrom</b> Player 	<p>Posted: 19 Sep 2007 01:20 pm    Post subject:</p> <p>He clicked on the frequency opening it up. " This is Flor'Isz, Master. Confirmation Jedi-4-3-473. GO ahead. "</p> <p><a href="#">QUOTE</a> <a href="#">EDIT</a> <a href="#">X</a> <a href="#">IP</a></p>



Joined: 11 Sep 2007  
Posts: 95

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**.. Ulim ..**  
NPC



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**.. Maelstrom ..**  
Player

Posted: 19 Sep 2007 01:56 pm    Post subject:    [QUOTE](#) [EDIT](#) [X](#) [IP](#)

The Kel Dor Jedi's image nods it tiny head on the dashboard in satisfaction.

**"Report your situation Jedi Flor'Isz"**

Jedi Master Ulim Forg

Posted: 19 Sep 2007 02:23 pm    Post subject:    [QUOTE](#) [EDIT](#) [X](#) [IP](#)

He was just leaving Dantooine orbit and almost ready to hit hyperspace. he gave his report.

**" I've gathered more information on a Seperatist camp on Tattooine. It seems they're hiding out ther and planning a raid for more funds. I've got Solvo in as a potential mercenary for the job and I'm on my way there now. "** He reported in as he flew in his Headhunter He would finish contact with Ulim before jumping.

**" Any other orders, Master? "**





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## Hu'shyan - 13 Years Ago

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Author	Message
<b>.: Dayanim .:</b> Game Master/Admin	Posted: Thu Sep 20, 2007 10:09 pm Post subject: Hu'shyan - 13 Years Ago <a href="#">QUOTE</a>
	<b>13 Years Ago....</b> <p>The small Skipray Blastboat came in towards the town of Hu'shyan sedately, switching to repulsorlifts to avoid the noise and danger of running the more powerful sublight engines over populated areas. As it reached the dusty little excuse for a spaceport, its forward-swept stabiliser fins rotated from their in-flight vertical positions, to the horizontal landing configuration. The Skipray came to a hover above the small circular landing bay and extended its landing pads, and with a gush of repulsorlift power it settled smoothly to the ground.</p> 
Joined: 31 Aug 2007 Posts: 272	<p>For a few moments the ship pinged as its engines cooled and its hull temperature equalised with that of the planets atmosphere. On the ships side, a docking hatch hissed as its atmospheric seal broke, and quietly slid to the side, allowing</p>

two robed Jedi to emerge one by one.

The first outsized the second considerably, although little of his features could be seen under the cowl of the Jedi robe. He was wider than a human and taller too. His hands were hidden in the sleeves of his Jedi robe as he carefully stepped out onto the side of the Skipray and lightly jumped to the ground.

Behind him the second Jedi emerged with similar ease and came to stand beside the first. Of human proportion, the smaller Jedi's body language showed that he deferred to the first, waiting for him to start walking before doing the same. The larger Jedi stopped for a moment, and removed a small device from his sleeve. A large three fingered hand, clutched a small remote which he pressed then returned to his sleeve, and continued walking.

Behind them the hatch on the Skipray Blastboat closed and sealed itself shut as the two Jedi walked towards the doorway of the landing bay.

Last edited by Dayanim on Wed Nov 14, 2007 9:31 am; edited 3 times in total

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**.. Haraan ..**  
NPC



Joined: 10 Sep 2007

Posts: 14

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Posted: Thu Sep 20, 2007 10:25 pm Post subject:

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The larger of the two brought both of his huge three fingered hands up to his cowl and pulled it back, revealing the features of a Whiipid. His huge tusks thrust upwards from his elongated flat face and his long nostrils flared as he sucked in the cold air of Forn's northern hemisphere.


Jedi Master Haraan turned to his Padawan.

"Next time Padawan, we should take something a bit more....convenient. Jedi we may be, but practicality is more important than humility sometimes. She is a fast ship, but I like to be able to lie down, let alone spar on a two week journey to the Outer Rim."

Jedi Master Haraan



<p><b>:: Xiaharr ::</b> Player</p>	<p>Posted: Thu Sep 20, 2007 11:14 pm    Post subject: <span style="float: right;">QUOTE</span></p>
	<p>He didn't bother drawing back his cowl. Firstly because it would serve no purpose and secondly because it was just a shade to much on the cold side. For all of that he was relieved to be free of the Skipray, cold air or no. Two weeks is a long time to spend with anyone in cramped quarters. Things grow even less fun when you're stuck with a recycled atmosphere and no real room to exercise. Add in being forced to share what little space remains with a Whipid and suddenly the mind turns to the ease and pleasures of nerf herding. All of that aside he drew in the crisp air, smiled slightly, and replied to his Master.</p>
<p>Joined: 04 Sep 2007 Posts: 45</p>	<p>That is most wise, Master. I am sure the ones that designed our craft had themselves in mind and were not planning for one of your grand stature. his tone was perfectly respectable but there was just a hint, perhaps, of an amused lilt in his voice.</p>
<p><a href="#">Back to top</a></p>	<p><a href="#">PROFILE</a>   <a href="#">PM</a></p>
<p><b>:: Haraan ::</b> NPC</p>	<p>Posted: Fri Sep 21, 2007 12:29 am    Post subject: <span style="float: right;">QUOTE</span></p>
	<p>The Whipid Jedi threw a half-annoyed half-amused look at his 12 year old Padawan.</p>
<p>Joined: 10 Sep 2007</p>	<p>"Im sure your correct Padawan. Perhaps you should have kept that in mind when choosing it for our transport. Perhaps on our return flight Ill have to get you to practise some memory exercises. A Jedi cannot afford to forget details such as these..."</p>
	<p>They passed through the entrance to the docking bay and into the town proper. It could be assumed that usually they would at least be met by a customs official.</p>
	<p><i>Probably afraid of Jedi mind tricks....guilty people usually are...</i></p>
	<p>Jedi Master Haraan</p>

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<div> <div> <b>:: Xiaharr ::</b>            Player         </div> <div>  </div> <div>           Joined: 04 Sep 2007            Posts: 45         </div> </div>		<div>           Posted: Fri Sep 21, 2007 2:48 am    Post subject:           <div>QUOTE</div> </div> <p>As they walked down the ramp he quipped.</p> <p>My Master speaks with the wisdom of his years. He could have more likely stopped a drunken rancor than keep that slight amusement out of his tone. Perhaps you will join me in those exercises, Master? Merely to remind me of how to properly perform them of course.</p> <p>Once at the edge of town proper he strained senses to pick up what he could. The soft wind whistled in the chinks of roofs and stirred dust across what little of his skin was exposed. Long clothing snapped in the breeze as people scurried their way around. Some, huddled or hunched, gave off the feeling of fear that had been inside them so long it was no longer sharp but rather oozed out in a constant wave. Perhaps the others were worse because theres was the sharper, a new fear felt the instant the Master got close. Predators seeing a larger predator might feel that way. Everywhere he looked he seemed to feel decay but the buildings seemed sturdy enough.</p> <p>All of that together was upsetting but not entirely unexpected or unfamiliar. What did catch him broadside was the sudden assault a gust of wind carried to his nose. Apparently someone had either forgot to check the sewage system lately or some form of livestock was not being very well looked after. Wrinkling his nose he muttered half to himself.</p> <p>Why do we always seem to get stuck in places that smell like a bantha herd had a communal accident?</p>
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<div> <div> <b>:: Haraan ::</b>            NPC         </div> </div>		<div>           Posted: Fri Sep 21, 2007 4:58 pm    Post subject:           <div>QUOTE</div> </div> <p>Haraan let out a growling snuffling sound, the Whipid equivalent of a chuckle, then looked at his Padawan for a moment as they walked.</p> <p>"Take care my young Padawan. Games and humour are nourishment for the mind. But when humour becomes ego, you leave yourself vulnerable to the dark side. Remember, not even Jedi win every clash of words."</p> <p>"Indeed this place does have a strong animal spell. You must learn to focus your senses on the world around you, and then relate what they tell you to the situation at hand. Tell me, what do your senses reveal to you?"</p> <p>Jedi Master Haraan</p>





Joined: 10 Sep 2007

Posts: 14

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Player

Joined: 04 Sep 2007

Posts: 45

Posted: Fri Sep 21, 2007 8:25 pm Post subject:

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The sounds his Master made no longer startled or worried him so he took the chuckle for what it was.

I understand, Master. I suppose it is just that I feel that if I do not attempt to win than I am only succeeding at losing. I don't mind losing after honest effort though. He shivered a bit despite the brief pause in the breeze. Besides I know better than to play games in front of those we are sent to meet. If I don't behave you might not let me hide behind you when the blasters start firing. He smiled in a way that could only be called playful and his tone was startlingly affectionate.

Both his smile and voice died as he turned back to what he'd felt. After a long moment he spoke again and his tone was far grimmer.

This place feels as if it were built to be honest. Plain but sturdy. Yet I feel as if the spaceport we just left was the last bastion of order left. Rigid and smelling of chemicals it might be but I welcome it as a bolt hole should talks sour. There is a mix here, but the animals are further out. The non sentient animals anyway. There is fear here, great fear, and it seems to be concentrated in...that direction. His gesture was small but it still pointed for a brief moment toward the northeast. For a moment he almost didn't seem aware of the fact that his head turned to face that direction before snapping it back



Vampire: The Masquerade

# Caitiff & Campaign

An exploration of personal horror

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7:32pm, May the 4th.

Author	Message
<div style="text-align: center;"> <b>Storyteller</b>            Site Admin         </div>  <div style="text-align: center;">           Joined: 26 Mar 2007            Posts: 361         </div>	<div style="text-align: right;"> <a href="#">quote</a> </div> <p>Posted: Sat Jun 23, 2007 8:46 pm    Post subject: 7:32pm, May the 4th.</p> <p>The still had a little light, and the stars only just starting to shine. The wind blew moderately from the west, rustling the corn in a sound all too familiar, something most locals found soothing.</p> <p>A path was trampled through the immature corn, chest size stalks broken and flat in a random and rambling pattern. Here and there was a fresh corpse of a small rodent. A humanoid figure squat in the fading darkness, there was slight cracking and suckling noise emitting from his direction.</p> <p>Timothy Landers' awareness returned to him slowly, a dead rat-like creature in his hands and a thick liquid starting to drip from his lips.</p> <p><i>//Tim, you now have 3 blood points, keep a record of this.</i></p>
<div style="text-align: center;"> <b>Dayanim</b>            PC         </div>	<div style="text-align: right;"> <a href="#">quote</a>   <a href="#">edit</a> </div> <p>Posted: Sun Jun 24, 2007 6:26 pm    Post subject:</p> <p><i>....Huh?</i></p> <p>Awareness returned bringing with it a wave of confusion.</p> <p><i>What the hell is going on? Where am I?</i></p> <p>Tim looked upwards at the thin wisps of cloud floating across the navy blue evening sky. It was so clear. The wind picked up driving the cold air into his nose bringing with it the sharp smell of corn and sap.</p> <p>Tim shook his head trying to sort out his brain. Maybe he'd taken a trip or something. He was so disoriented.</p> <p><i>How did I get here?</i></p>



Joined: 28 Mar 2007  
 Posts: 169  
 Location: Melbourne, Aus (GMT +10)

He knew he must still be near Maisfeld since corn crops like this were so common around the town. But what was going on?

Tim ran his tongue over his lips as he tried to suck in the cold night air. It felt strange. He realised he tasted something amazing on his lips. Just the scent of it excited some part of him and he felt the urge to taste it over and over again. He licked his lips as much as he could, eyes closing as the taste slid down his throat.

*Wait.....what the hell?*

Alarmed he touched his lips with his finger and sure enough, something dark and thick marred his hand. Blood???? Had he been hurt? Why did it taste like that?!

It was then that he realised what he was holding, noticed the feeling of warm fur covering frail bones and limp muscle.

*"Yech!!"*

Tim dropped the animal and his mind exploded in horror. What was going on? Had he killed...had he....was that really blood on his lips?! Tims eyes widened in fright and confusion. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand leaving a huge smear of dripping blood.

*"What the fuck!"*

Tim recoiled with horror and tried to flick the blood from his hand. He stood up quickly, a thousand things running through his mind, most of all an overwhelming feeling of fright and horror. He was in the middle of a field, it was night and he had just woken to find himself holding a dead rat with his mouth covered in blood. He forced a swallow and felt that same strangely alluring taste at the back of his mouth.

*Oh shit. Oh shit. Oh shit. What is this? What have I done????!*

He was freaking out. He was hyperventilating, but it seemed such an effort to breathe. Like every breath his chest wrenched at his diaphragm to pull it open and make his lungs fill with air. His body felt so strange. His chest felt so relaxed that he would stop breathing if he stopped forcing himself to.

*Ok now I really hope this IS a trip..*

*Ok stop worrying it must be. This doesnt make sense. Just calm down, and ride it through. Its just a freak out, nothing more. Find the good trip and stop thinking about the paranoia...*

He needed to feel safe, work out what was going on. If he was tripping he should to be somewhere safe. In fact no matter what was happening that sounded like a great idea. Fear gave him energy and he looked around the trampled cornfield.

Tim started to run...

Tim Landers



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**Storyteller**  
 Site Admin

Posted: Mon Jun 25, 2007 12:00 am Post subject:




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Tim's confusing headlong flight through the corn was brought to an abrupt halt as a body crashed into his from the left.

Taylor Dane made guttural animal growls.. A part of him watched as he lashed out at Tim; a stranger in his eyes, his mind closed, his body consumed by a raging hunger.. The smell of blood caused a rush unlike any he'd experienced before, and in Tim there was something unidentified to be savoured, something his instincts drove him toward relentlessly.

*//Taylor, make a Humanity check please.. (roll the number of dice equal to your humanity). Also, you have a single Blood Point. Keep a record of this.*



	Joined: 26 Mar 2007 Posts: 361
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<b>CosmicCowboy</b> PC	Posted: Wed Jul 04, 2007 1:43 pm    Post subject:
	Taylor stood panting, glaring through a haze. The scent drove him mad. The scent of....blood? The pounding in his head grew; his jaw was sore. He lashed out again, taking a wild swing at Tim before his hands went to his head.
Joined: 31 Mar 2007 Posts: 100	<b>AaaaaaaAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHH!! GET AWAY FROM ME!!</b>
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<b>Storyteller</b> Site Admin	Posted: Thu Jul 05, 2007 3:07 pm    Post subject:
	<i>// You can make a check to overcome frenzy if you like now Taylor, DC 7. Roll 9 dice minus your Conscience score.</i>  <i>//Feel free to respond Tim, its only Taylors <b>next</b> post thats affected by this roll.</i>
Joined: 26 Mar 2007	

Posts: 361	
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<b>Dayanim</b> PC  <p>Joined: 28 Mar 2007  Posts: 169  Location: Melbourne, Aus (GMT +10)</p>	<p>Posted: Thu Jul 05, 2007 10:41 pm    Post subject: <a href="#">quote</a> <a href="#">edit</a></p> <p>The swing missed Tim's face by centimetres, but one look at the starving face scared the shit out of Tim. Tim pulled away as if from a raging monster. He tripped and fell, then tried to scramble backwards on his hands and knees, even more freaked out than before.</p> <p>Tim Landers</p> <p>  </p>
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<b>CosmicCowboy</b> PC  <p>Joined: 31 Mar 2007  Posts: 100</p>	<p>Posted: Tue Jul 10, 2007 1:42 am    Post subject: <a href="#">quote</a></p> <p>Taylor straightened up, eyes close and hands clenched at his sides. A few deep breaths, and he felt in control.....sort of. The hunger still gnawed at him, and the scent urged him, tugging at him to let the beast free. He ran his tongue over his teeth, feeling the sharpened canines. Odd, that. What the fuck was wrong with him.</p> <p>He opened his eyes and looked at Tim. He was pretty sure he's seen the guy around town. Couldn't remember his name. The guy's hands and face were covered with blood, and it startled Taylor to realize that was the source of the maddening scent. He looked around nervously, before turning back to Tim.</p> <p><b>"Where the hell are we?"</b></p>
<a href="#">Back to top</a>	<a href="#">profile</a> <a href="#">pm</a>
<b>Dayanim</b> PC	<p>Posted: Tue Jul 10, 2007 1:10 pm    Post subject: <a href="#">quote</a> <a href="#">edit</a></p> <p><i>Monster! Kill it to save yourself!</i></p> <p>Tim shook his head trying to clear it.</p> <p><i>No! I am no killer!</i></p> <p>The urge pulled at his brain. He was starting to really question if this was a drug or not. Everything seemed so real, his senses so sharp. That taste.....so intoxicating. He was thirsty. He needed to find some water.</p>