

TINK

Sooooo sorry I'm late. Let me just take my helmet off, okay, I'm good? I'm good. Hiya, I'm Tink, my real name is Bethany, shit, cut that out I don't want Lenox knowing that. Tink's the name body shop is the game... shit that's probably worse than my name. I'm not good with this. I'll just start from the beginning. I lived about an hour's drive from PRP. I lived with my Auntie and Grandpa. They were the only family I had left. When the bombs hit PRP the aftermath hit our city. It wasn't bad until the military thought it was a good place to bunker down before actually getting into PRP. I am small enough to get by unseen, so my block used me and a few others to get in and out of the supply tents. I got used to swiping a lot of things. I think rather quickly on my feet, so the times I did get caught, I was able to talk myself out of trouble. Oh, and Tink isn't just because of my size, I like tinkering with this, always have. I always fixed my family's things... even if they didn't necessarily need fixin'. I was able to snag a few military radios and learn their lingo, but it wasn't quick enough to get back home and save my Auntie and Grandpa from the 'recruitment', then they sold me out! They did think they were helping me, but they trapped me in that bird's nest with Mrs. Bird Beak. Ugh, I hated that place with a passion. The whole place was under this dome, the military set up, they had all of us building parts for the war in exchange for food and shelter. Psht, shelter my ass, it was a prison, and the food, i wouldn't call it food. Slowly, I noticed the parts were being replaced with these new parts with the NARC logo on it. I tried asking questions and insert MRS. Bird Beak. Gawd, she was awful, totally out to get me. I broke into the main frame like once or twice and she damned me to hell. Anything that went wrong was my fault. Granted, I did do a lot of it, but she was never able to prove anything, so it was more or less all stipulation. But, any who, I broke into her office one night to try to find out the codes to the food locker, and I found evidence that we were all basically slave laborers and making tools and parts for NARC. The new American government based on fraud. This president used everyone's misfortune and snuck his way to the top with false promises and secret agendas. Soooooo I just hacked the dome and put a pause to their operations. Long enough for others to start to question what they were doing there. Finally. Adults take too long. So I got a bunch of people together, including... Michael... and we were going to leave. The only problem was when they sealed the doors, they did it under the false pretense that the radiation was too strong and we couldn't go outside. So Michael chickened out and told his parents, who told MRS. Bird Beak. So I had to leave. Pronto. I hid from them for a couple nights before figuring my way out, and I left them all high and dry.... Saying it out loud, it was kinda fucked. And I'm sorry, I couldn't be loud enough to wake everyone up, but I had no one left, Michael just betrayed me, and it was me against the dome. After I got out, I ran into Ro and a few others escaping from the Jesus Freaks' place. That whole thing is messed up! But I'll let Ro tell that one... we met Brodie and Colvin at the crumbling wall. They did their whole PRP spiel, yeah, it was kinda lame, fam this punk that, but I saw what they were trying to build and if I could help with that, I would, and I did. I got access to every-a-thing and it was amazing! I was able to electrify the fence and set up a whole solar panel field to make sure at least one building stayed lit up. Matty and I ran a one-stop shop for everyone's issues, and Vizie was my supplier. Couldn't keep that boy in one place for too long. So yeah, that's how the story goes. Now, excuse me, while I put my wheels back on, it's my shift on the water tower.

