

Vizie



Shit, let go of me. Len, I don't wanna. Ugh, okay, okay! I'm sitting. I'm sitting. This tiny thing? Can it even tell it's me? Oh, jokes huh, well, I'll take my big ass head and ego out the fucking door. Fine! I'm Viz, Vizie. I er before all this shit I was working on a ship at Sonny's Port. life's great waking up from a stupor already on the ocean. Worked all day, then docking every couple days. New people, new places. It was freaking great. Then we got word the sail was changing directions and we stayed out in sea for a good two weeks. When we docked that shit was a blazed. Everything was destroyed, I heard all the ports were targeted. We took a dingy onto land and spent a few weeks cleaning everything up and getting the rundown from the people on shore. Soon enough, we were getting word of camps popping up, and Cap sent out scouts to figure out if anything needed a cargo run. We did smaller food and supplies runs for some camps, but then Cap got in thick with the military and The NARCs. They are some sketchy as people. Their handshakes were like squeezing floppy fish. Soon we landed outside Punk Rawks gates, and it was the first time I found a place comfortable to call home. I'm still the runner. I'm in charge of everything going in and out of PRP, but I don't run a tight ship. We go out every day, finding new people and useful things. Livin' my best life. That was until rumors and shit kept popping up about NARC banging down some doors. I tried warning the king and queen, but they didn't seem fazed.