

Brodie



Ro, girly, I have no clue what to say to this thing. Hi, I'm Brodie, jeez this is so dumb. Names Brodie, and Ro, I love ya girl, but I'm not good at these... things... I was a part of the group of people who hid in the subways when the bombs went off... we stayed down there networking until the dumbasses stopped the fighting. Military packed up, but they didn't leave as quickly as Colvin says they did. They hung around for a hot min. They tried to wrangle us all up and file us away in what I could only imagine would be internment camps. They took about half of us, but the other half fought back. Most ended up fleeing the city. I was left there with like twenty other kids. I wish they were all still here with us. Some others got out; they didn't believe in Col's and my idea. They left thinking they needed the adults to protect them, and some of them, honestly, probably needed them. But the ones who stayed love those bastards. I guess this is what this video is for... my brother didn't make it out of the subways. We were on a run together, we didn't know the military was setting up traps, we didn't know, why would they set this up in the square. They all knew that we all used the square to trade and get food. I know they did this on purpose. I will never trust anyone in uniform, f that. My brother, he saved this little boy, his dumbass threw himself in front of the explosion like he was freakin superman and took the hit, shrapnel got him in the skull. He was still moving, he it – it's like he refused to die. He walked the boy to safety, then collapsed in my... he didn't make it. Phew, Ro, I hate you, girly. Anyways, after losing him and a few of our own, we were on the move for revenge. I fell into a dark place, we used what we could and sabotaged the military camps. Loosening the grenade pins. Uncapping the gas tanks, pissing in the gas tanks, dumping water in the gas tanks... we did a lot of gas tanks. They caught a few of us. I haven't seen them since. I don't know what happened to them, and that that sucks. One day, I was waiting for the military to notice we swapped out all their guns with paintball guns when I heard this horrendous wail. Oh, it was awful, like dying cats being eaten by a beluga whale. Rightfully, I followed the sound because how kewl would that be, and I found Colvin. Not as kewl. He just lost his brother. Suicide. Not kewl. Colvin took it really bad. It took a lot for me to convince him to hang out with everyone. He was completely obsessed with making the Pharos. Like obsessed. But eventually, as everyone started showing up, like Tink and Dwight, Lenox, and even Donny and Matty. Everyone helped him, whether he'll admit it or not. Then he shacked up with Olivia, gawd she annoys me, but I think she annoys me because she walks around like she's on vacation. Lenox and I are not together... right now. I will die with those feels, sorry Ro. So that's the jist of it, we scoured the surrounding camps to see if any kid wanted to join, we stole Lenox and Monk that way. Tink hooked up the fence to the electrical grid. I don't know how that shit works so don't ask me. Everything has been great, well, not great great. NARC keeps ringing the doorbell. They've got their claws in the other camps, but the hell they'll get into ours. I heard that the pricks who killed my brother, shacked up with President Dickweed. So let them come-a-knocking.