

colvin

Hey Punks Col here,

Ro wanted us to, I guess, talk about ourselves or whatever. So, I'm Colvin, I was here since the beginnin'. I can't forget the bombs even if I tried. Like everyone's sob story, I lost a lot when the war came to American's home front. But I lost even more from the aftermath. I lived in a small apartment with my dad and Alan, my brother. There isn't a day that goes by that I don't think of him, but I can't let the pain from losing him control me. Don't get me wrong, it has everything to do with Punk Rawk and he's the reason why everyone is here, but I won't allow myself to get lost again, not like before. Alan helped me survive through the bombs and the firefights in those first couple months. I owe my life to him, but he ended up with radiation poison, and when the fighting ended, the military and their pop-up circus tents left, and took all the doctors with them. We were glad they left, but Alan sulked into his pain and became this miserable bastard up until the end. Actually, his dying wish was for me to get a life. Welp, not his exact words, think they were, "make this city something worth living for"... er - or something like that. I can't remember too much of Ro's hash. Heh. So, smack in strolls Brodie. Right after Alan... died. She was a quick slap into reality. America was rebuilding itself, and Punk Rawk was a prime location, close enough to the ports but further enough away to be isolated. Large enough to be inhabited but not too large where it is uncontainable. The bombs scared most people away with the fear of radiation poisoning and rumors we may or may not have spread about cannibals. Welp, Brodie and I began closing off sections and using the construction trucks and stacking debris along the opened sections of the city, making makeshift walls. In stumbles Tink, Lenox, Monkey, and Dwight. Not all at once, obviously, but as they arrived, we were able to build up and secure the city.

(Heh, ya sound like Lenox)

Shut up. But we did, we made the water towers and a couple other high points the lookout points, where we scout for threats and possible runaways. Once we heard about the other towns popping up, we drove up on them to see if anyone was left out. That's when we found Ro, Donny & Matty. Olivia and Vizie came later then word got out and punks flocked in. We it wasn't all fun and games, we had fought off adults and gangs at least a dozen times. But we always won and never had to lift a gun or kill anyone.

At least, not until recently, NARC started knocking down doors. They ran Tink's old stomping grounds. Got the talons into Sonny's Port and grounded the Jesus Freaks and Robins. I think Scarlet City and the military pricks are the only otha ones fightin' back. But I donno, Vizie's intel isn't always correct. We had to kill a few guys that broke into our city, but we let the others go thinkin' they'll tell NARC to stop messin' wit us. I donno why they just won't leave us the hell alone.

I'm slummin' it up with Olivia, she's a fun time. I see through her shell, though, nobody else does. She's just as a Punk than the rest of them, but she'll kill me if I ever said that to anyone - Er... Who's gonna watch this? Oh well, sorry, Olivia. Brodie? Brodie's kawl as shit, but I was never able to get through to her. She sneaks off every now and then I donno where she goes, nah I never tried to follow her, she scares the shit outta me. Lenox and her are together right now...I think. Kudos to him. Tink's my shit, she's the best thing ever, she's so smart I don't think she would have ever talked to me before all this. Probably skippin' grades goin' to like MIT or somethin'. She electrified the fence, still donno how, even though she told me like ten times. Tink's the backbone of this city, we wouldn't be here without her. Ro, I luv ya you know that. I call you crazy and poke fun, but I envy you, you know who you are and are so strong, never givin' into us picking on you. Lenox and Dwight, you guys are my brothers, nothing could separate that. I look up to both of you, shit, I feel like I'm turning this into a good-bye like Alan did before he... okay... Alan killed himself. Shit, Alan killed himself. He couldn't live with the pain and being useless, so he uh, he killed himself. Nope, no matter how many times I say it, it never gets easier.

Welp, that's, I guess, the rundown, see ya.

