RWBY react to Storyteller

by FEV_Grim

Summary

Team RWBY watch ShoddyCast's Fallout Storyteller. I don't own any of these series. RWBY is Rooster Teeth, Fallout is Bethesda, Storyteller is ShoddyCast.
Team RWBY was watching their TV when a video played with the title Fallout Storyteller. Out of wanting something new.

**FALLOUT Lore: Prologue – Great War**

The discovery of the atomic bomb in the 1940s has given humanity a question the FALLOUT series has strived to answer. If ever there would come a day when mankind possessed the capacity to destroy himself, what would come of us? Some predict that's where our story will end, but what if it was only another bloody chapter of human history? You've experienced the FALLOUT series in your own way, but want to learn more about its story. Well- to get to the heart of the story- you have to go back to the beginning...

"That makes sense. I mean we could learn a little about things that happen before the series take place." Blake told her teammates. RWY only nodded at Blake's comment. Change comes to all nations...

In the early twentieth century the great powers of the old world thought that their rule would never end. The Czars of Russia met their downfall at the hands of a bloody revolution. Western Europe fought a great war against fascists who sought to build a reich that would last a thousand years. It crumbled in less than a decade. The Japanese believed their Imperial rule was eternal, yet they were the first to have their pride seared away by atomic fire.

"Damn, their world is nothing but war." Yang said with a sad voice. Ruby only walked to her sister hugging her.

"Let's just hope this would never happen here." Weiss said, unknown what would come. The United States of America emerged as the world's great power by the nineteen fifties. Vast nuclear arsenals ensured that open warfare was a thing of the past, and soon after, America entered a cold war with their enemies. It was a long uneasy peace – a perpetual status quo as though the world were freeze dried and sealed in a vault for a century.

Those wandering the wasteland today might find it hard to believe that only two hundred years ago the richest nation in the world existed here. No deathclaws, no super mutants, no ghouls...

"What's a deathclaw, super mutant or a ghoul?" Ruby asked her team.

"Well Ruby, a ghoul is another name for zombies." Blake told her young leader. Ruby looked shocked that zombies exist in this world.

Most folk back then didn't have to fight for survival, or scavenge supplies. Factories produced everything a person could want – by the millions. Walking into a store with a stack of paper money, they could buy as much food, ammo, or clothing as they could carry. In fact the biggest "problem" people faced was finding a place to keep it all.

*A wall of clean cups and plates. Food and machines.*

Highways stretched three thousand miles from coast to coast with roadside diners selling fresh burgers made from something the Old World called a "cow". Riding in gas-guzzling Chryslus cars, and drinking ice-cold soda pop, the Americans enjoyed their prosperity for generations. Secure in their belief that their way of life would never alter. That they would never be forced to evolve.

"Wait they had cows there? What the hell happen to them?" Yang yelled out, as everyone got hungry after hearing about burgers and soda.

Change came slowly at first. And it was welcomed. People weren't satisfied just having a house where fresh water came right out of a pipe in the wall. No, they wanted more. Always more. They wanted robots to do their work for them, and they needed electronic computers to do their thinking for them.

"They sound lazy." Blake commented with no respace for these Americans.

Companies like RobCo filled the demand for domestic robots so that citizens didn't have to lift a finger. A robotic Mister Handy could walk the dog, do the laundry and watch over the kids too, leaving mom and dad free to spend an evening on the town, or to watch the latest show on the old
Radiation King television set.  
"A robot that helps us with house lives would help us huntsman and huntress when we're on missions." Weiss stated as her team would like that to.  
*A Mister Handy watching a young women.*  
"That thing is trusted to watch peoples kids." Blake shouted scared of the three eye/armed robot.  
"It looks so cool." Ruby sequel at the Mister Handy.  
If they got lost on the road, an American consumer could use the new Personal Information Processors to see where they needed to go without ever needing to open a map.  
Of course all of these new-fangled technological wonders needed power to run. Gasoline had been plentiful for over a hundred years, but the Earth had started to run dry by the middle of the twenty-first century. More and more of the power came from atomic energy and, thanks to companies like General Atomics, there were atoms to spare for decades to come.  
"Why do they don't have dust." Weiss ask her team.  
"Maybe their world just don't have it. I mean never heard of Gasoline and Atomics before today.” Yang tells her white hair teammate.  
Cities lit up, robots kept on humming and computer monitors kept glowing. Some factories even started turning out atomic-powered cars with fuel cells that still have some juice in them today – so don't go using those rusted old Corvegas for target practice.  
"Wait, what?" The team said together.  
Factories churned out toys for the kids, teddy bears, tricycles and comic books by the ton. Dad could mix his rum with a bottle of Nuka Cola, and mom had new spring fashions every year. Shelves were filled with snack cakes, canned meats and sugar-coated cereals – all of it pumped full of preservatives so that it would stay fresh forever and mom wouldn't have to take so many trips to the grocery store. You see, when it came to consumption- the Americans were the best.  
"Really?" Blake mocking tone.  
Yet even with the increased use of atomics, there wasn't enough energy for the billions of people across the world. Oil was more precious than ever and the petroleum rich countries of the middle-east sold their dwindling supplies at ever-higher prices.  
Eventually the wells ran dry in most of the world. The uranium mines were scraped clean, but no one wanted to give up their shiny new technology.  
"Makes sense." Weiss said.  
Change had come and with it, war.  
"All-shit." Yang said like she didn't see it coming.  
The Middle East could have used their limited uranium stock to power reactors for a few decades, but instead they squandered it on weapons to settle old scores. The European Commonwealth had been proud of how they had joined together in one glorious unified state, but it didn't take long before they turned on each other, scrambling for the last drops of oil within their borders.  
"All great a large nation fell do to it's greed." Weiss spate with no respace for this European Commonwealth.  
Alaska, with its abundance of natural resources, remained the source of America's power, and the only place on Earth where oil still flowed. The far off territory was a tempting target for a desperate China. The Americans foresaw invasion and fortified Alaska, but nothing could deter China from capturing Anchorage.  
With the two remaining superpowers at war, Canada was trapped in the middle and soon annexed by their neighbors to the south. Allegedly this was so that the entire continent could be one continuous nation allied against the Chinese invaders, but Canadians viewed it as a ruthless bid for America to retain control of the world's remaining oil supply.  
"That sounds like what Atlas military doing with Vale." Blake comment about Ironwood bring his ship here less then a mouth ago.  
The Resource Wars had come to American soil.  
In a resource war, the winner will always be the side that fights most efficiently. China used the greatest minds of the East to create stealth technology that allowed their recon teams to infiltrate and
assassinate while remaining completely undetected. Taking down high value targets with a single shot.

"That would work great for are ninjas." Ruby said smiling at Blake who has a smile.

*A lab with a scientist*

America had its own brand of eccentric genius. With the power of the atom at hand, unbridled American engineers created scientific marvels the rest of the world couldn't have imagined. The glut of consumer electronics that had flooded American stores were only the beginning of the wonders created by the likes of RobCo and Poseidon Energy whose true focus was the development of new weapons that could replace the inefficient tools of warfare used in past decades.

"Like my family company is doing now against the Grimm." Weiss said when hearing about the company working on saving their nation.

Combat robots, energy weapons and cybernetics entered the war as America sought to retake Anchorage. Battles were fought by daring men who fire nuclear warheads from shoulder-mounted crossbows. Cyberdogs with the brain of a loyal hound encased in an unyielding titanium body. Even robot butlers hovered across battlefields, armed with plasma guns and flamethrowers.

"I know that Mister Handy was bad news." Blake shouted, and still having chills from hearing of cyberdogs.

There was even a plan to engineer a new breed of mutant super soldiers, but it was the creation of power armor that ensured American victory.

"What was that a super mutant that was mention early?" Ruby ask, only to get shrug.

Power armor combined the mobility of an infantry soldier, with the resilience of a tank, and the firepower of an entire squad. Fueled by microfusion cells, these elite troops could inflict crippling strikes on Chinese military assets using a fraction of the resources of conventional military units. Early models of power armor were devastating enough, but after a decade of refinement the T-51b power armor represented the height or pre-war combat technology. With the aid of these perfected armored suits, America quickly liberated their territory from the Chinese.

"Okay now I what some power armor." Yang said after hearing how badass it was.

In the modern day the T-51b has become a symbol of the Brotherhood of Steel, but centuries ago it was the final majestic icon of American Exceptionalism.

"Whose the Brotherhood of Steel?" Ruby ask in confusion.

*Blueprint of T-51b power armor*

By autumn of 2077 the overt conflicts in the Pacific were finished, and most Americans were so tired after a decade of war that they genuinely believed peace had arrived. The paranoid, or perhaps just perceptive, began stocking their bomb shelters, knowing that China would not simply slink away across the ocean in defeat. A final confrontation was coming.

Team RWBY felt a chill down their spines, unknown what came next.

In an effort to preserve at least part of humanity from the inevitable end that approached, a secret enclave of America's elite set about ensuring survival at all costs. Victory? Rebuilding? No longer viable options. Their full intent is lost to history, but documented plans include taking refuge within a mountain, or an oil rig, and even launching a ship into space to find a new planet to colonize.

"So where they go?" Ruby asked.

The modern Enclave claim to be the descendants of that last group of America's elite. That might be true although many residents of the wasteland would argue that it takes more than a flag and a squadron of vertibirds to be a government of the people.

"True, you need to in that right." Weiss mention

Regardless of whether or not the Enclave's claims are true, the majority of America's population did not have access to off-shore bases, or secret mountain top fortresses. Fortunately for a hundred thousand of them, the Vault-Tec corporation provided access to radiation-proof shelters that could each keep about a thousand people safe while waiting for conditions on the surface to calm down.

"Thank Own for that." Blake said thankful for everyone to be saved.

No where near enough to save everyone, but it offered hope and kept the public from panicking.

"Spoke to so." Blake look down.
Most of the Vaults were stocked with everything their inhabitants would need for years. Even some of RobCo's latest gadgets like the Pip Boy 3000 which hadn't hit the mass market yet. Some vaults even had enough supplies to keep their inhabitants and their descendents alive for generations to come. A few vaults had some "unexpected" conditions though. Maybe it was bad luck, maybe administrative troubles at Vault-Tec headquarters. Or it could have been something more sinister, but at least the people who made it to those vaults were still alive the day after.
"Cool, what was that last part?" Ruby asked.
*A women with her Pip Boy 3000*

On October 23rd 2077 alarms rang across the United States, signaling an attack. There had been plenty of false alarms and training drills over the years and it isn't hard to imagine war-weary citizens shrugging their shoulders and going on with their day, unaware that this was really the apocalypse they had feared.
"Well-shit!" Yang said knowing where this was going.
Perhaps people laughed when they saw their neighbors racing to Vault-Tec facilities. The lucky and privileged few who had been assigned a place within one of the Vaults might have felt silly when the massive doors rolled shut, but they were among the tiny fraction of humanity that could still feel anything at all when the bombs landed.
"Lucky bustards" Blake laugh a little known that the smartest survive. Historians still don't know much about what happened outside the vaults that day. People weren't concerned with writing in their journals. Hard as it is to believe, there are still ways to hear first hand accounts of the pre-war times. The sources aren't exactly reliable, though.
"Yeah, when shit the fan you run not stay." Yang said.
A few rotten old ghouls claim to have been alive back then. Most of them are just telling tales, hoping to get someone to talk with them for a while.
"Wait the talk?" Ruby thought zombies only brain eating flesh monsters not this.
There were a few scientists who managed to preserve their brains in jars before the war, too. Some of those old brains are still alive today and might be able to discuss the old days, assuming that any of them are still sane after being a disembodied brain for two centuries. The right medical equipment has kept at least one person alive since before the war. Trouble is, a man with that kind of will to live isn't going to take chances by chatting with strangers.
"I wouldn't." Weiss said.
Knowing how people lived before the war can help the wasteland tremendously. Scavengers and research teams dig up all sorts of things that can't be identified. Any rusty old box could hold an ancient secret to providing clean water or fresh food or limitless electricity to the wasteland. At the very least the modern world can learn from the mistakes of the past.
The Americans never truly believed that their way of life could come to such an abrupt end. But change comes to all nations, to all people, all ways of life. The only constant in man's struggle for survival is war, because war- war never changes.
"That was good, let's watch another." RWBY shouted.
Team RWBY got around with popcorn to watch the next episode of storyteller.

FALLOUT Lore: Ch.1 – Vaults & Vault-Tec

When a frightened child fears that monsters are lurking in the shadows of their bedroom they pull their covers over their head and cower, hoping that a layer of cloth will protect them from whatever unseen threats stalk the night. On October 23rd 2077 the nightmares became all too real when the Great War commenced. Blinding light ignited the sky, and people ducked and took cover as they had been taught, cowering under whatever they could, hoping that if they kept their eyes closed and remained still that the merciless flames would pass them by. They hid beneath desks at school, under cars on the street, and behind desks at work. Perhaps a few were in their beds when the flash appeared on the horizon and – perhaps they drew their blankets over their head like children, hoping that the searing pain was just a bad dream.

"But it didn't." Yang said, her eyes glowed red at the fact people was killed with no mercy.

*Bed with a teddy bear on it*

Ruby shed a tear see the stuff bear know a child once held on it.

The ballyhooed tactic of Duck and Cover proved ineffective against armies that no longer cared about winning. Mutually self-assured destruction was the goal, and the American and Chinese exceeded it in spades. Hundreds of millions of people lost their lives within minutes, and billions more died over the days to come as radioactive fallout settled over entire continents. The fallout muddied the oceans, clouded the sky, and sunk deep into the soil.

Team RWBY was shock at how dangerous nuke lure weapons are.

Those who happened to be in the right place at the moment the bombs fell managed to survive. A well-timed spelunking vacation, a commute along the deepest subway tunnels, or the good fortune to live in a town in a place so remote that no one would ever think to bomb it. These "lucky" few formed the primitive tribal societies that struggled for survival in the years immediately following the war.

This makes the team think of who would survive if this happen on Remnant. Ruby and Yang's home of Patch would be hit dude to how close they are to Vale. Weiss and her family no dotty die from the blast. Blake knows she and she alone would survive do to her living away from everyone when not in Beacon.

Hidden from those tribal bands were another group of survivors. Those who had been selected for Project Safehouse. One hundred thousand people fortunate enough to have been offered shelter inside impregnable survival shelters called Vaults, created by the Vault-tec corporation. The first vaults opened again a few years after the war and their inhabitants slowly spread throughout the wasteland. By now tales of the Vaults have spread from coast to coast, although not many people alive today have actually been inside one.

At the height of pre-war civilization, the government and a few powerful corporations knew that an apocalypse was brewing, so they used their finest technology to create vast subterranean bunkers that could withstand a nuclear blast, a meteor impact, global flooding or other likely disasters. The general public wasn't entirely convinced that their end was nigh, otherwise there would have been a greater demand for Vaults. When the war started there were only about a hundred of them, scattered across America, and many held less than the thousand people they were intended to hold.

RWBY look down know that if only people were ready more people would have been saved.

*Vault door 101*

'Why was that vault peck to seen' Ruby thought as everyone just watch.

Those who were smart enough or lucky enough to be inside one when the end came were protected from the devastation by airtight steel doors, thick walls of concrete, and over 200 feet of soil. The fine engineers at Vault-tec designed their bunkers to run independently for ten years and even more. Geo-thermal power, hydroponic farms for growing food, and a water purification system so efficient
Vault residents could fool themselves into thinking they weren't drinking their own urine. "Ew!" The team said altogether. The designers made the Vaults as homey as possible despite the steel clad walls. The cafeterias were designed to look a little like roadside diners, and vault dwellers could close their eyes and imagine that they were eating a plate of Blamco mac & cheese and sipping a glass of Sunset Sarsaparilla out at Dot's Diner.

"Great now I what a Sarsaparilla." Yang said a little treats. "What's Sarsaparilla?" Weiss ask
"It's like a old fashion root beer." Ruby tells her partner.

Shiny new medical robots tended to those who suffered from mundane illnesses and injuries, while on the surface world billions died of radiation sickness, burns, starvation and violence. Housing wasn't as spacious as on the surface, but there was plenty of room for several hundred people, and the vaults that held a full thousand or more could work out fair ways to share their bunks for a while. Each vault was run by a leader called the Overseer who ran the underground community from a command center deep inside the complex. The Overseers were, usually, selected for their exceptional leadership skills, and the vaults had a security team to "keep the peace" using top of the line pre-war weaponry.

Weiss think back at her kingdom's history, how Ironwood take over everything. Winter working for him like a lap dog.

The Vaults were comfortable enough, but after ten years the radiation had gone down in most parts of the country, and the Vault Dwellers expected to head back up into the sunlight and begin rebuilding their flawed societies. Vault-tec had prepared them for anything that might await on the surface. The vaults had all the research material that they would need to rebuild America, including the entire library of Congress on holodisk, plus a hundred and one recipes on how to cook rats. Everyone was gross out about eating rats, all but one. Blake secretly what'd that book.

*Megaton*

"That's a restful town." Blake said at the metal town. Those who have walked the wasteland know that the world isn't a kind place. Sometimes people think of the pre-war days as a golden age. A time when people were better to each other. But there wouldn't have been an apocalypse if that were true.

"Nope." The team said in unionist. No- people were cruel and callous to each other even back then, and the folks who ran Vault-tec were no exception.

"Wait, what." Blake said.

We've all heard of Vault City, a paradise built by the people who emerged from Vault 8, using a pre-war device called the Garden of Eden Creation Kit. They represent what the world could have been like if only Project Safehouse had been on the up and up. Unfortunately, Vault-tec had some ulterior motives, and vaults like Vault 8 were rare.

The poor fools who weathered the fallout in Vault-tecs nuclear shelters were the control groups in horrible experiments. Keep people nice and safe for ten years, then open up and build a new garden of Eden? That happened a few times out of a hundred vaults. Most vaults were designed to deliberately malfunction as part of an experiment to see just how far the human mind could be pushed before it snapped.

"That's sick!" Ruby say after hearing what Vault-tec done.

Unbeknownst to the vault dwellers, Vault-tec, and some elite factions of the government had their own shelters far away from the public vaults. These elite wanted to learn how to rebuild society by observing the inhabitants of the defective vaults. Some of the vaults were designed so that their inhabitants would be trapped in isolation for generations. Think ten years locked in a vault is a rough trip? Try eighty, or two hundred. There could even people still sealed inside hidden vaults that haven't opened yet.

"That is really fucked up." Yang said disused. Other vaults had experiments that only a lunatic could conceive. A thousand men with only one
woman. A thousand women with just one man. Or even one man trapped all alone in his own vault
with nothing but a crate of puppets for company. One vault even seemed like it was designed as a
personal playground for a sadistic Vault-tec employee who just wanted some poor souls to suffer
forever in a virtual reality where he was a god in a world of his own making.
"What" Ruby.
"The" Weiss.
"Fucking" Blake.
"Hell?" Yang said, after hearing the experiments.
A few vaults were designed so that the inhabitants would almost certainly kill each other. Cram in
twice as many people as the vaults were designed to hold and see how long it takes before someone
kills his bunkmate just to get an even eight hours of sleep for once. Or, how about removing all of
the television tapes, but overstocking the armory just to see how long it takes before "good-hearted
and gentle people" find a way to amuse themselves.
"I'm losing all faith in these ass-holes." Blake said who use to have high respect.
You might be left wondering if the vault dwellers ever figured out what was happening to them. Did
any of them learn that their lives meant nothing to Vault-tec, and that they had become no more than
lab rats in a mad experiment? Maybe the inhabitants thought that their problems were accidental
supply errors. Or maybe they realized what had happened and cursed Vault-tec with their dying
breaths. In a few vaults the manipulations of Vault-tec were kept a secret by the Overseer, and the
inhabitants endured their fate cheerfully, awaiting the day the doors would open and set them free.
3 vault dwellers trying to open a vault*
Who knows if these experiments turned up any useful information for the sons of whores who
devised them. But all the suffering wasn't for nothing. Many vaults did open, even if later than
expected. Some of the people who emerged went on to do great things for the wasteland. Heroes
came from the vaults and put an end to the mysterious master of the Super Mutant army. Parts of
what used to be the Capital of this land even has fresh water thanks to some helpful Vault Dwellers
and technology scavenged from the old vaults.
That made the team hope grow for the dwellers.
Looters hoping to uncover riches in pre-war supplies should be wary of the Vaults, though. Project
Safehouse has brought some troubles to the wasteland too. The Super Mutants, for instance, are
connected to the corporation behind the vaults. In the West the mutants were made using ancient
technology intended to create super-soldiers for wars that ended two hundred years ago. In the East
there was a vault that burst open and unleashed an army of mutants into the surrounding lands, as
though someone wanted that to happen. Just remember wanderer, it isn't worth getting killed by
mutants just because you heard about a stash of Fancy Lad snack cakes inside some old Vault's
pantry...
"That's bad." Weiss said.
And mutants aren't the only thing lurking in the vaults. There's a whole city of ghouls who came
from one of the vaults. Sometimes you'll meet a ghoul who claims to have been alive back before the
bombs fell. Don't pay them no mind, unless their wearing a Vault 12 jump suit. Most of them have
long since gone feral, but a few of them still remember the day they were selected to be part of Vaul-
tec's Project Safehouse, and they aren't happy about it...
"So are the feral ones eat people?" Ruby ask, still fearing zombies.
The idea of a piece of the old world sealed fresh is just too romantic an idea for some people to resist.
Of course most wanderers have the sense to stay away from the vaults. If you really can't help
yourself though, there's a city called New Vegas where people can get a look at the inside of a real
live vault without having to worry about mutants, ghouls or old security bots. Right in the middle of
the New Vegas strip is an old vault that they turned into a hotel so that travelers have some place to
sleep while they waste their caps boozing, gambling and whoring. Tourists can even grab a Vault-tec
lunchbox in mint condition, or a stylish vintage Vault 21 jumpsuit.
"So this New Vegas is a city of greed?" Weiss wonder after hearing the drinking, gambling and the
sex.
"Is it bad I what to go there one day?" Yang ask her team. All of them shrug at the idea, not really know it's full story.

We don't know how many vaults are still out there undiscovered. They're hidden well, and Vault-tec liked keeping their secrets. Maybe a few of these unknown vaults still have people living inside, the descendents of that first group of survivors. Or maybe there's a thriving society buried right under our feet that doesn't even wonder what the outside world is like.

"I don't like the idea of unpen vaults that have dangers stuff." Ruby said still afraid of Vault-tec. Sooner or later though, that door has to open. Even the fine makers of the Vaults couldn't build a system that will contain humanity forever. And when those vault dwellers take their first steps out into the bright sunlight and feel the sands of the wasteland beneath their feet, they'll find the world has changed a lot in two hundred years. It's a big mean world, and their Overseer is small potatoes compared to some of the factions that run things now.

There are those who view the vaults as candy-shelled morsels filled with treats. Technology is nice, but the vaults held something even more precious – a pure gene pool uncontaminated by radiation, or exposure to virus-born mutagens. There are plenty of interested parties who want to get their hands on a fresh supply of pure strain humans who have yet to be exposed to the harsh wasteland. The girls got nerves of what group what pure human genes.

But that- is a story for another day.

"So we still got time what to watch who what's those pore souls." Ruby.
Team RWBY watch ShoddyCast's Fallout Storyteller. I don't own any of these series. RWBY is Rooster Teeth, Fallout is Bethesda, Storyteller is ShoddyCast.

The team decide to lay on their beds and watch episode 2.

FALLOUT Lore: Ch.2 – Super Mutants & Nightkin

When the Great War annihilated civilization, the survivors lost their loved ones, their homes, and their worldly goods. They endured a daily search for food, water and medicine, but they also had to seek out their lost identities. People have always defined themselves by the work they do, the place they live, the things they own. In the Great War it wasn't just buildings that were destroyed – entire cultures were erased from history. In the brutal years that followed, the survivors had to define themselves again, find meaning in their existence, or face a metaphorical loss of their humanity. But a much more literal threat to their humanity was already in place, waiting quietly beneath the desert for someone to stumble across it. Someone did, nearly a century after the war, and that threat came closer to extinguishing humanity than all the bombs and guns of the old wars.

"It's sad that they lost everything when the bombs fell." Yang sadly said, as she remember what she would lose. Her family house with their memory's, her dad and uncle the man who raise her. Weiss and Blake, her best friends in the hole world. Ruby, her baby sister. Lose everyone would break her.

*A table with four people sitting around it well a waiter*

A single neutron passing through a strand of DNA can cause a cancerous tumor, but a lifetime of exposure to unprecedented amounts of atomic fallout will have wildly unpredictable results. After a few generations of passing on this defective DNA a species will begin to mutate. That explains many of the strange beasts running around the wasteland. But not all of them.

"You don't think the Grim come mutates like that?" Weiss ask her team. After a min. they all got nerves.

"Let's pretend you never said that." Ruby said, with everyone agreed.

There's a different strain of mutant out there. They're shaped like men, but… bigger. Some of them are more dangerous than deathclaws, stronger than a man in power armor. They call themselves "Super Mutants" and they're not the result of random contact with radiation, but rather a deliberate act of genetic tampering.

The girls still scared at what Vault-tec did to people in their vaults, who would make monstrous mutants.

In the years leading up to the Great War the most powerful nations became desperate for ways to outmatch their foes. Deadlier guns and ruthless propaganda created armies of fanatical solders. Still, no matter how well conditioned or well armed a soldier is, they are still only human. But that can change.

That did not help the girls nerves.

Holotapes unearthed in pre-war military installations show that the United States government started out with good intentions. Rival nations had attacked America with biological weapons, resulting in a "New Plague" so America's leaders created their own defensive virus. The plan – originally – was to make a germ that would mutate America's population just enough that they would become immune to the viruses that the enemy might use.

"Okay, that would be good." Weiss said knowing spotting viruses would save so many lives.

It was an idea so outlandishly daring that it seemed worth the risk to a government that faced
imminent destruction. It could force the population to instantly evolve to a point where they were naturally immune to the New Plague – whether they wanted to or not.

In a sense this Forced Evolutionary Virus worked, but the effects were much more drastic than anticipated. The animal test subjects mutated by it were not only resistant to common biological weapons, they also grew stronger and more intelligent, but monstrously deformed.

In those last days of patriotic fervor there would have been plenty of soldiers willing to become human guinea pigs to test the Forced Evolutionary Virus or FEV. Lucky for them the war ended before the government started asking for volunteers. Huge vats of the virus were secured away in facilities on both sides of the country.

"Did he said both?" Ruby ask, only to get a nod from her sister.

In Maryland the virus was placed in a Vault-tec Vault, and used as part of their cruel experiments. According to files recovered from a Vault-tec mainframe, the people who took shelter in that vault were exposed to the virus by their own Overseer, the very man assigned to protect them after the bombs fell. After escaping the war, these people suffered even worse than those trapped on the surface.

"That fucking ass-hole!" Blake shouted.

"These guys sheer giving us reason to hate Vault-tec." Ruby said, still can't belief someone would do that.

The mutation process is painful, and most people exposed to the virus die a horrible death in a body they don't even recognize as their own. Those who do survive often wish they hadn't, because their very humanity is taken from them. Whatever they looked like before mutating, they transform into an enormous, bald, green brute. Back then lots of people defined themselves by skin color. After mutating they were all just varying shades of green. Women lost any shred of their original gender and became indistinguishable from the male mutants. And the men? Some of them even lost the very thing that made them men.

Ruby would not want to die in that form. Weiss scared of lose her neutral looks, only her scar could be left. Blake feels bad for anyone turn into those monsters. Yang on giggle at the last part.

*Super mutant in a vault*

All four girls scream at the mutant.

That sudden loss of identity would enrage almost anyone. Maybe with enough therapy a person could come to terms with their new body, but most of the poor creatures suffered from another side effect – reduced cognitive capability.

Despite the virus' potential to increase intelligence in some people, most of the super mutants on the East Coast were just plain stupid.

"That sucks." Weiss said.

In fact, many of their brains were too small to perform even basic autonomic functions like breathing, let alone engage in the sort of philosophical introspection that would make them at peace with themselves and the world around them.

"You have got to be joking?" Blake said at their small brains.

For those that survived, there were some positive trade offs. Their strength increased tremendously, as did their size. Even the "small" ones are nearly ten feet tall. In the Capital Wasteland these beasts continue growing throughout their existence. Wanderers have reported fighting super mutants that are fifteen feet tall, and foolhardy adventures have pumped hundreds of bullets from assault rifles into mutant overlords without bringing them down.

"Shit, that like the grim." Ruby said remember the older the grim gets the bigger and stronger.

Scouts from the Brotherhood of Steel even claim to have fought super mutants that are twenty feet tall and can survive a direct hit from a mini nuke.

"Are you shitting me?" Yang ask in disbelief.

Fortunately it takes a long time for a super mutant to grow to that size. Unfortunately, super mutants can live indefinitely unless they meet a violent death, and if the Capital Wasteland subspecies of mutant is not exterminated they will continue to grow in size and power.

"I will never complain about grim ever again." Yang said at the unknown fact of these human
monsters. The only factor that keeps them in check is that they are infertile and cannot reproduce – at least not the way that they did when they were still human. The first mutants created in that horrid vault might not have been as intelligent as the humans who created them, but they had strength and righteous fury on their side. The girls gave a sign of relief that the mutants can't reproduce.

The mutants turned on their creators and transformed them into the next generation of super mutants, and in time the vault was nothing but mutants, alone, undying and just intelligent enough to know that they had been betrayed by humanity. Forcibly stripped of their humanity, robbed of their ability to reason, and transformed into massive brutes they were an angry hoard trapped inside a vault. Rage and boredom are an unstable mixture and eventually that vault burst. Hundreds of super mutants emerged into a wasteland where their enhanced physical abilities made them better suited to survive than the humans around them. The disorganized humans had only one advantage, and that was their numerical superiority.

"Like Remnant of ancient times." Blake pointed out, making the girls more nerves. Out-numbered and unable to breed, the mutants were still cunning enough to understand that they had to boost their ranks by kidnapping humans and exposing them to the virus. "What?!" They all shouted.

"Two super mutant taking three people somewhere unknown* "Those pore souls." Ruby said sadly now knowing their fate. Further West, things were more complicated. California and the West Coast had their share of trouble with super mutants, but those mutants… they didn't just suddenly pop out of a vault and rampage like mindless savages. The mutants of the wasteland's core region were the result of a misguided plan to set the world right.

"Wait, what?" Yang ask. The stockpile of FEV in Maryland was only a fraction of what the government had produced before the war. In a secret base in Mariposa California they hid vats of the virus and conducted experiments in the final months before the war. Mariposa… Spanish for "butterfly". Maybe putting the base there was someone's idea of a joke. Humans could be dipped in the virus and metamorphosize like beautiful butterflies emerging from their cocoons. Of course, what emerged from these vats were hideous killing machines. These were just as strong and ugly as their Eastern cousins, but they were a bit smarter. Smart enough to have a plan to annihilate humanity and rule the world. "Oh, fuck!" Weiss yelled now more scared then before.

Mutated creatures weren't uncommon, so the first hints of a new threat went unnoticed. They worked with a network of un-mutated humans who masqueraded as a new religion. These Children of the Cathedral seemed like a benevolent group or at least just another harmless cult, but they were serving as scouts for the mysterious mind behind the mutant army. The mutant army was smart enough to scour the lands for new humans to mutate, and to select people with little exposure to radiation. Using humans with DNA undamaged by radioactivity meant they were more likely to keep their intelligence after mutating. The size and capability of this inhuman swarm grew, always hungering for the purest human DNA to serve as the building blocks of a master race.

"You think this mean they attack vaults?" Blake ask, only to see her friends look down. This was before the New California Republic had solidified. Before the Enclave chose to reveal itself. Back when the Brotherhood of Steel kept their technology closely guarded. There was nothing to stand against an army with such organization. Such single-mindedness. "Hold it, New California Republic?" Blake. "Enclave?" Weiss. "Seriously, who the hell is the Brotherhood of Steel?" Ruby shouted. Such… unity.
Who they had been before no longer mattered. The super mutants weren't divided by old world notions of race; and they did not bicker over religious beliefs, for they all worshiped the same Dark God, and claimed that they could hear his voice in their heads.

Did this dark god exist? Were the mutants led by some cunning mutant general? Could the master race have a Master of its own? Someone or some thing was certainly behind this new Unity movement.

"Now that scary," Ruby said as her eye shimmer, else where Salem look at her grim to send.

A few of the older and more civilized super mutants can be coaxed into discussing their former master and what they called Unity. Further information was unearthed by the Enclave at the ruins of the Mariposa base, and the Brotherhood of Steel scribes have some additional records regarding a secret Vault-tec facility that may have been involved with the mutant army.

All of these sources agree that the super mutant army did have a leader endowed with...unique mutations, no doubt acquired after prolonged exposure to the Forced Evolutionary Virus. This creature presumably originated at the Mariposa base where it remained concealed while perfecting the process of using the Forced Evolutionary Virus.

The girls got chills running down at the thought of some more powerful then a super mutant.

No doubt through much trial and error, this "Dark God" created generations of flawed beasts before finally discovering that the FEV works most effectively on people who have low levels of radiation exposure. Access to pre-war computers revealed that the wasteland held secret communities of uncontaminated vault dwellers whose gene pools had been protected for generations deep beneath the earth where the radioactive fallout couldn't reach them.

It's ironic that the super mutant master was done in by the actions of one of these vault dwellers. Fearing an attack from the mutants, one of the vault Overseers sent out a brave adventurer to stop the unseen leader of the mutants. Records are contradictory on just how the vault dweller did it. Was it with brute force? Trickery? Or maybe the vault dweller uncovered saw some pivotal flaw in the Master's plan. Maybe the unified super mutant utopia was doomed to failure all along, and the genetic engineer was "hoist with his own petard".

The girls cheered hearing the Master lost to a vault dweller.

Regardless of how it happened, with their master gone, the mutant army scattered. The most intelligent of the Lieutenants gathered the lesser mutants into smaller bands. But without the resources and abilities of their master, these groups do not pose a threat to humanity as a whole. The former elite guard of the mutant army have taken the fall of their master the hardest, and have become an unpredictable menace. These Nightkin as they call themselves were once the best of their species; augmenting their strength and cunning with pre-war stealth technology. They are usually still in possession of the rare Stealth Boy devices and use them without concern for the harmful effects of prolonged exposure. After decades of constant use, their minds have degenerated and their skin has darkened to a distinctive grey. They are plagued by hallucinations and imaginary friends; often their jabbering is the only sign that one is nearby. Due their tendency to appear in unexpected places and engage in bizarre behavior a single Nightkin can be more dangerous than a group of their green-skinned brethren.

"So it's stronger and more creaser then the normal ones." Yang cleared fid.

*Jacobs town*

"Look out Jacobs town!" Ruby yelled at the TV.

Some super mutants have formed their own communities, following charismatic leaders across the wasteland. Turn a radio to the right frequency in the right parts of Nevada and there's a broadcast coming from a mutant girl who thinks she can take the Master's place and guide the mutants to a new utopia. Although she has gathered many followers, her mental instability ensures that this is...unlikely.

"So there's hole for peace after all?" Ruby ask in disbelief.

Other mutants simply wish to be left alone. They have searched the wasteland for remote pre-war towns where they can live in simple-minded peace with their isolated surroundings.

Some wanderers even speak of outright friendly super mutant companions who accompany them as
friends and equals. Travelers from the East sometimes claim they've met a mutant who walks the
highways alone and spouts old-world philosophy. Given their resilience and long lives, these
benevolent creatures could still be out there looking for new adventures and traveling companions.
"Now I what a friendly super mutant as a companion in that hell hole. Who else?" Yang ask her
team, which all rise their hands.
A few diverse communities consisting of humans, ghouls and mutants alike have popped up – at
least for a time. Despite the best efforts to get along, it seems that differences will always reduce
people to fighting among themselves. Perhaps that Dark God was right, and what the wasteland
really needs is more unity.
If the super mutants do ever form another army, they're likely to find the wasteland a little more of a
challenge this time around. Since their master fell, the world has become a more dangerous place,
and there are other would-be tyrants out there ready to challenge any newcomers.
But that is a story for another day.
"Okay time for bed" Ruby said to her team.
"But I what to see more." Yang said to her sister.
"Yang, well watch more tomorrow after school okay."
With a sigh Yang ley on her bed. But sadly no one can sleep.
No one slept at all from what the watch last night. A world destroyed by man and no grim. Vault-tec doing horrible things to people. And of course the FEV and the monsters it creates.

After an hour of get dress and eating breakfast with team JNPR, classes begins. Oobleck talking about history has Ruby and Blake relies how close their history is close to America's history before the Great War. Port taking about his stories made Weiss and Yang glade their fighting grim and not mutants.

During lunch Ruby told JNPR about the Fallout series. About the Great War, Vault-tec and the Super Mutants. The Great War anger them, Vault-tec made Jaune and Ren sick to gut, and Nora wanted a super mutant as a companion. After agreeing to talking about every episode every time team RWBY watch one.

The team finally made it to their room ready to watch episode 3. Both wondering what they meet.

"About time!" Ruby yelled.

A wise soldier knows that it isn't the weapon that matters most, but the hand that wields it. An army equipped with the finest weapons certainly has the advantage in battle, but what happens when the battle is over? Over the millennia, the tools of war have changed. From bronze to iron then steel, and eventually plutonium – mankind grows ever more capable of waging war, and always less capable of using those weapons responsibly. There are those who feel that no one is responsible enough to wield power such as mankind had during the Great War. And then there are those who feel that they alone are worthy.

"Wait, who would think their that worthy?" Blake asked.

Travelers and merchants in the wasteland have seen towering soldiers in suits of metal armor, marching off to battle with laser rifles slung over their shoulders. These are members of the Brotherhood of Steel, and it is easy to distinguish them from other armored warriors by their pre-war power armor. Those T-51 b armored suits aren't just plates of metal strapped to their bodies. No, the Brotherhood of Steel's armor is a fusion powered artifact designed before the Great War; it augments their strength, protects them from harm, and marks them as members of an elite order.

"Okay, now why do they wear that armor?" Yang asked, only for Yang to shrug.

*Brotherhood members marching*

"That some cool looking armor. Now I what one." Ruby said with stars in her eyes.

"But it'll slow you down." Weiss tells her partner, which turned Ruby's star to dust.

The Brotherhood of Steel is among the most technologically advanced factions that the Wasteland holds. They are relatively few in number when compared to vast armies like the New California Republic or the Legion, but what the Brotherhood lacks in numbers they make up for in raw power and indomitable courage.

Like the teams that every huntsman learn after finishing their school.

The Brotherhood can trace its history back to the Great War. Long before the military base in Mariposa California gave rise to the Super Mutant army, it was a research facility. In the days leading up to the Great War there was a small contingent of soldiers assigned to guard the base and its loathsome contents. That loyal band of men didn't know they were protecting a horribly unethical group of scientists who were engaging in unfathomable experiments, they only knew that it was an important project and that they there were doing their part to fight the good fight and keep their country safe.

*Two gaurds standing in front of a lab*

"So they didn't know what was happen." Weiss said.

Eventually, they did learn the awful truth of the Forced Evolutionary Virus and that the base they were guarding was being used to experiment on human test subjects, inmates from military prisons.
The knowledge that they unknowingly participated in these atrocities, committed on their own brothers in arms no less, stretched their loyalty to the breaking point. Colonel Spindel, their commanding officer was unable to cope with this fact. Just a few days after the truth was revealed, he committed suicide, leaving his second in command, Captain Roger Maxson to deal with the aftermath.

"That's really sad." Blake said, remembering what happen to the White Fang leader before Adam did the same. It happen after a boycott at a Schnee factory, however the guards open fired at the crowd. He flat responsible for the deaths and committed suicide from the pain.

Today the Brotherhood looks up to Roger Maxson with religious reverence. Perhaps Maxson was destined to carry the fire of humanity, or he may have simply had the right balance of honor and pragmatism needed to lead men through the apocalypse.

*FEV victim*

The girls screams filled the room.

Maxson took it upon himself to take control of the base, ordering the interrogations of the science teams to maintain a semblance of order. As he started to believe that the project was backed knowingly by his government, he attempted to contact his superiors for a response, even going so far as to declare secession from the Union. At the same time, he and his soldiers then gathered their families with them and readied themselves inside their remote base. They waited for a response, any kind of response, anticipating that their own government would never tolerate such an outright insurrection and would have to come and provide answers.

"So after taking the base and getting their families, they just waited" Weiss said.
"Wait if this is the same place the super mutants came from. Why didn't they stop it if they stayed?" Blake ask remembering the last episode.

But the response never came. Unbeknownst to Maxson, The Great War was already brewing even as he staged his revolt. If anyone in the government knew about Maxson's rebellion, they no longer cared.

"Make sense." Yang said.

The base at Mariposa proved to be a reliable shelter against the onslaught of the atomic war. Maxson, his loyal troops, and their families were among the survivors. His own wife and son were at Maxson's side, and the understanding that his children would live in whatever world he left behind must surely have influenced his actions in the days ahead.

Humanity is a stubborn species and not one to die out easily, but mankind's knowledge, civilization and technology could easily disappear once living memory had passed. Would Captain Maxson's descendents run barefoot through the desert, hunting food with stone spears? Or would they stride through the wasteland clad in power armor, felling their enemies with beams of light and fire?

"Okay now here we go." Ruby said leaning on her chair.

It was not a difficult choice to make as Maxson led his troops and their families from the Mariposa base to a hidden military bunker in what is now called the Lost Hills. There they used what materials they had gathered to build a place of refuge and learning. They preserved their military discipline, and technological knowledge from generation to generation, carrying the fire, even if it was hidden beneath the desert.

*Maxson lead his men add their families to saftly*

The Brotherhood limited their contact with other communities of survivors, primarily trading for food and other essentials with technology they recovered or made. Sequestered with their precious laser rifles, computers and power armor, they kept the most fragile of old world technologies alive, but hoarded that knowledge to themselves.

"Knowledge is power." Blake stayed one of the most famous quote.

The tribal societies on the surface that had saved pre-war equipment found it wearing out over time. Spare parts were used up and no one had the capacity to manufacture anything new. As the years turned to decades technology grew more and more rare, and the understanding of how to use it began to disappear even as people learned how to hunt with spears and cook radscorpions.

"Wow, that was fast." Yang stayed about people going back using spears.
In time Maxon's son assumed command as the High Elder, and his son after him. Other respected members of the Brotherhood form a council of Elders beneath the High Elder, who has traditionally been a descendent of the Maxson line, although sometimes the role of High Elder has fallen to a distinguished Paladin.

Life within the Brotherhood still uses elements of the pre-war American military, with a strict hierarchical structure. Although there are many ranks within the Brotherhood, the three main branches of the organization are the Scribes, the Knights, and the Paladins.

Scribes are responsible for scientific research and preservation of ancient knowledge. At one point they focused their efforts on preservation, but the Brotherhood has grown less concerned with chronicling history than with the development of new weaponry.

Weiss felt if she was in their ranks, that'll be her.

The title of Knight once referred to armored warriors who fought battles while mounted on an extinct species of animal called a horse. Those knights are a far cry from the knights of the Brotherhood. In the Brotherhood a Knight is responsible for building, repairing and maintaining the weapons designed by the Scribes.

Ruby felt she would love that job.

Should a Knight distinguish themselves, they can eventually become a Paladin. The majority of the Brotherhood personnel seen by outsiders are Paladins. These elite soldiers cut a swath through the raiders, mutants and tribal barbarians that stand between the Brotherhood and the technology they desire.

Blake and Yang felt no doubt that would be them.

While the Brotherhood is eager to fight any bandits or raiders that they come across, they are reluctant to assist the residents of the wasteland in any significant manner. They view most outsiders as intellectual inferiors, unfit to receive technological assistance. Many people have attempted to join the Brotherhood, only to be sent on a suicidal errand to recover artifacts from heavily irradiated regions of the wasteland.

That piss team RWBY for not help others.

Their arrogance has nearly been their undoing on several occasions. When the Super Mutant menace appeared, Brotherhood scribes were the first to determine that they were a new form of mutant, and a clear threat. Yet it was not a Brotherhood Paladin that defeated the mutants, it was a mere wanderer accompanied by a mongrel dog.

They laugh that the dweller and a dog bet the mutants, well the big bad Brotherhood could not.

Much later the Brotherhood's view that they alone should be allowed to control the Wasteland's technology led them to wage a brutal war against the powerful New California Republic. Despite their technological advantage, the Brotherhood lost the war. Nowhere was this defeat more severe than in the Mojave wasteland. Garrisoned at a pre-War solar power station, the Elder of the Mojave chapter attempted to unlock its dark secrets to use against the NCR in the war. But before he could do so, the NCR forced a confrontation. Outnumbered ten to one, the Brotherhood was forced to retreat after losing half the chapter and the disappearance of their Elder.

"Take that ass holes." Ruby shouted.

*Helios 1*

"Okay that's a new building." Weiss said at the building.

The defeat at Helios was a crippling blow for the Brotherhood. After that the mojave chapter of the Brotherhood left the NCR alone, and retreated back to their old base in Hidden Valley. There they can tend to their computers and ray guns as much as they like. They still send the occasional Paladin up to the surface to procure crucial supplies, but recent years have proven to be a challenging time for the Brotherhood.

Sometimes individuals will leave the Brotherhood for extended periods – often to procure rare resources, but occasionally just so the Brotherhood can discreetly get rid of rebellious youth.

Wanderers who prove themselves worthy just might find themselves with a Brotherhood member as a traveling companion for a while, if they can demonstrate that their cause is of value to the Brotherhood.
RWBY look down know what their fate of staying alone would do. And, well, maybe a few travelers will warm themselves by a campfire fire and let an old Scribe tell his tales of the wild wasteland to anyone who'll listen.

"Hey, you don't think he's a Brotherhood member, do you?" Weiss ask, these will stay in their minds for awl.

Although the Brotherhood of Steel has seen better days, they are nonetheless a pivotal factor in conflicts affecting the Core Regions. Records back at Lost Hills show that there's also a disavowed branch of the Brotherhood who struck out East and took it upon themselves to defend the nation's former Capitol from the super mutants and a new incarnation of the Enclave. Some of them still adhere to the Brotherhood's goal of gathering pre-war technology, but others are more concerned with saving lives and helping the people around them. Of course they're still Brotherhood and they couldn't resist the chance to play with a giant pre-war robot when the Enclave tried to seize power over the United States. But that- is a story for another day…

"Hey did he said the ones in the Capitol wasteland help saving lives?" Ruby asking now giving the Brotherhood some hope of reedy.

"Let's watch and find out." Yang say with her fist up.
With the last Brotherhood they watch were real dicks, they can't wait to watch a group who helps others.

FALLOUT Lore: Ch.4 – Brotherhood of Steel (East Coast)

The Wasteland stretches from one horizon to the other, and very few people can say that they have walked it all. If a traveler sets out from the Boneyard on the West Coast and walks towards the rising sun in the East, it would take months before they reached the other ocean. It used to take a lot less time. Some of the old flight records at airfields say that people would fly back and forth across the entire country in an afternoon. Not many of those flying vehicles made it through the Great War intact, and the people who use them aren't likely to take on passengers. The roads used to be smoother, and people built a steel bridge over every little river that got in their way. Even when folks didn't have the time to fly from one city to the next, they could still communicate over great distances. At the time of the Great War this was done through wireless satellite transmissions, but even four hundred years ago people could communicate all the way across the country with a network of wires that were strung up on poles that lined the highways and railroad tracks. Some of those poles are still standing today, but the wires don't go anywhere anymore. So today, if you want to know what's happening on the other side of the horizon, there's only one way to find out. Go see for yourself.

Hearing how hard people have to travel from one place to the next, made the girl grateful for their vehicles.

*Table with a raido*

Lots of people go their whole lives without traveling more than a few days walk from the village where they were born. But for organizations like the Brotherhood of Steel, long distance travel and communication are on the front burner.

"So they travel to the east, to find what's going on?" Yang ask.

The Brotherhood of Steel has taken it upon themselves to preserve the technology of the old world. There's plenty of old gizmos and gadgets out in New California, but the truth is, the capital of this nation used to be out on the East Coast. A few decades ago, in 2254, the Brotherhood dispatched a military contingent to the east, to recover advanced technologies from cities and bases dotting the Eastern Seabord. The Brotherhood sent teams East before, to Chicago, and some folks say they planned a mission to Boston, but the Capital Expedition was one of the most ambitious projects the Brotherhood had ever undertaken.

"I don't know how far those are from their head quarters. But it has to be far away to send that many people there." Weiss say not know America's landmass at all.

A promising Paladin named Owyn Lyons was chosen to lead a force that would learn what had become of Washington and the surrounding area. After months on the road, the first reports from Lyons weren't promising. They passed through a hellhole that was appropriately named the Pitt. This pit of human misery fared worse than most after the Great War. "Pittsburg" is what they used to call it back then. Lyons led a Scourge of the city, killing any who fought back. Something was recovered that day, but only the Elder knows what it was. When the Brotherhood left the desolate city behind, the caravan carried twenty unmutated children saved by the troops.

'Hm. What did he found?' Blake thought about the unknown item. But before she can think of anything she hears her leader said.

"They saved children from the hellhole."

This was the first of many unconventional moves from Paladin Lyons; he not only rescued those children, but he defied tradition and made them Initiates in the Brotherhood. Most of the people in the Brotherhood are born into it, descended from their ancestors that helped form the order two centuries earlier. Taking in an outsider is extremely rare for any Brotherhood chapter, but to recruit a group of children descended from irradiated scavengers and slaves? To some that made Lyons a
hero. To others a pragmatic leader who needed the extra hands. And a few people saw him as mongrel-loving traitor to the Brotherhood.
The girls started to respect Lyons for not only saved children, but let them in for safety and purpose. To those who look down at him are idiots.
The Capital Expedition didn't stop with the Pitt, they pressed on into a region called Maryland, fighting raiders and slavers wherever they found them until they came to what was once the capital city of this land – and what they found didn't fill them with hope.
"Wait a minute" Ruby said before.
*TWO Brotherhood scouts sees large mutants.*
"I fucking know it!" Ruby yelled.
Aside from slavers, raiders, and feral ghouls, there were also some of the biggest super mutants they'd ever seen. All of them full of rage and ready to attack on site. This was nearly a hundred years after The Master's Super Mutant army had been scattered, and Washington had the worst infestation of them Lyons and his soldiers had seen.
That made the girls remember why their a feared of the super mutants.
The disorganized band of humans were no match for the mutants. Out East, people live in pathetic little villages built in the ruins of highway onramps, the basements of pre-war monuments, and even some crazy folks who built a town out of the husk of a bomber plane – complete with a nuclear bomb right in the middle of town. There was no organization that could stand against the mutants. Blake remember living in ruins of destroyed settlements as a White Fang members. The onramps weren't the best place to sleep with grim around, but maybe against super mutants it should work. Basements were dark, but with her faunus night vision it was not a problem. Then the last one made her jump. "What did he said a bomber plane, with a nuke?"
After a quake rewind, Weiss drop the remote.
"You have off to be kidding me?" Was all Ruby could say.
"Who stupid enough to live in there?" Yang ask.
The Brotherhood fought their way into the center of Washington, hoping that some remnants of the old world government might be there, but the whole town was mutants through and through. Dug in right in front of museums that housed priceless artifacts from the old days. Mutants walking the halls of the old Capital Building where great men and women once wrote the laws that defined their civilization.
Weiss is now piss that all of these thing are left to mutants who don't care.
And the biggest let down of all was a funny little building with five sides. Used to be the headquarters of America's military, back when the military was all that mattered. Lyons found the building had been hit pretty hard, just five crumbling walls around a courtyard. But that's when the Brotherhood's luck turned.
"Why is that?" Weiss ask.
*Scribe working on Liberty Prime*
"That's a big robot." Yang said.
Those folks that built this "Pentagon", built parts of it to last, and deep inside the roots of that building the Brotherhood found a treasure trove of pre-war intel, equipment, weapons and – best of all – a giant killer robot.
"All great." Weiss said after hearing giant killer robot.
His name was Liberty Prime, and he was built to instill fear in the hearts of America's enemies two hundred years ago. Liberty Prime could crush a soldier in power armor, he could throw nuclear bombs like footballs, and his eyes fired beams of electric death. All the while he spouted propaganda to terrify his Communist foes, and inspire his allies. He was the best toy any Brotherhood Scribe could ask for.
"So much weapons." Ruby drool at all it's firepower.
"Hey what's Communism?" Weiss and Blake wonder.
Liberty Prime never got to fight the Commies he hated so much. A machine that big, with integrated energy weapons, and the computing power to control it all autonomously? It was too much even for
America's most fanciful engineers. It took the Brotherhood's most brilliant Scribes twenty years to get the thing running. "Damn." was all that Yang could say.

Lyons and his followers fought a hard war of attrition against the super mutant scourge that plagued Washington. They built up the ruins of the old Pentagon into a fortress that they called the Citadel. They recruited the locals to bolster their ranks, and built up the finest army that Washington had seen in two hundred years.

"Awesome!" Ruby squad at the fact Lyons let people who what to help others do so. The goal of plundering pre-war military installations became less important to Lyons. How to best defend the people around him filled his waking thoughts. In time some members of the Brotherhood felt that Lyons has abandoned their original goal of recovering the lost technologies of America's capital. That included the main chapter of the Brotherhood back West, but also some of Lyons' own men. The girl can't believe Lyon's own men would betray him like that.

*Brotherhood in the Citadel*

These men abandoned Lyons, forming a band of Outcast-- a name they wear proudly to this day. These Outcasts took over a pre-war military base on the outskirts of the city, and from there they keep up the Brotherhood's original mission of gathering rare technologies from around Washington DC. They dream of one day marching right back to the Lost Hills-- their arms filled with shiny new gizmos and rejoining the rest of the Brotherhood as heroes.

"Yeah, because those guys would still be alive." Yang said remembering that the west have their tails in-between their legs.

Travelers can identify the Outcasts by their black and red armor. They don't care for Lyons' "Knight in shining armor" sensibilities, so they even abandoned traditional Brotherhood titles like Knight and Paladin. Instead they use ranks like Defender and Protector. Maybe this change was intended to reflect that they're defending the ideals of the Brotherhood, or protecting technology from the savages of the wasteland. But they certainly aren't defending the people of the Capital Wasteland.

"All great." Weiss said disappoint. They'll fight off any raiders they come across, and super mutants too, but do not mistake these actions for altruism. When the Outcasts clear out a slaver camp, or a nest of feral ghouls this is only because it furthers the Outcasts' cause in some way. They view most people of the wasteland as ignorant cavemen, unfit to touch a plasma pistol. You do not want to become a problem for them, because they have a knack dealing with problems rather divisively. Their weapons and equipment are among the best available in the wasteland, and their patrols are augmented with combat robots that pack a mean punch.

"More reason to hate the robots." Blake said, that only made Ruby nerves for Penny. These two factions of the Brotherhood in the Capital Wasteland tend to stay away from each other. But travelers don't want to be anywhere nearby when these cats meet. The sad thing is, the average settler can't tell the difference between the Brotherhood, and the Outcasts. They're all just people in armored suits shooting each other with ray guns. To most people in the Capital Wasteland, the politics don't matter, they don't care who's killing the mutants and raiders – they just want the trade caravans to run on time.

"That sound so shellfish." Blake stated.

*Enclave gaurds a steel door.*

"Wow, who are those guys?" Yang said point at the Enclave power armor. Maybe that's why the citizens of the Capital Wasteland didn't make that much of a fuss when the Enclave set up shop in the Capital as well. To them, the Enclave was just another group of tin soldiers with laser rifles talking high ideals. How does someone scavenging through a pile of rusty cans tell the difference? To the average Wastelander, the Enclave's propaganda machine is something to disregard. All just words to someone who won't make it through the night without a dose of Radaway.

"Why do I have a feeling there's more to it, then what we're hear?" Weiss ask her team, only to get
The Brotherhood of Steel knew the Enclave was trouble right from the start, and eventually went head-to-head with them in a battle unlike anything seen before, even if the Wastelanders didn't understand why they were fighting.

"We don't even know why?" Weiss shouted.

But that- is a story for another day…

"Hey, what time is it?" Yang ask.

"Time for dinner." Blake said.

"Come on, let tell team JNPR what the Brotherhood of Steel are like.
Enclave and Guest

As they ate dinner Blake talked about the Brotherhood of Steel of the West and East. Ren found the West not worth of taking the old world weapons. Pyrrha and Jaune like Lyon's East faction, do to Pyrrha training Jaune to the skills he has to day. Nora the idea with having robots helping with fighting you're enemies. However it was the Enclave that made them think. Who are they, and why would they and the Brotherhood be fighting.

After dinner team RWBY walk in to their room, were someone they did not know was here. She had light blue eyes and white hair. Her hair is laying freely on her back. She wearing a white tank top and light blue pajamas pants.

"Winter, what are you doing here?" Weiss say to her older sister. Winter pulled Weiss in a hug which Weiss gave back. After the two sister broke their hug Winter tell the reason why.

"Well Ironwood what my help to bring more knights here. But then I decide to sleep over for once. I hope you have no problem with that."

After the other members in the room talk about, they decide she can stay. After the team got their pajamas on, Weiss told Winter she can sleep in her bed to night. After everyone was on their bed Blake started the episode.

"What is this?" Winter ask her younger sister.

"This is Storyteller. He talks all about the world of Fallout, many America." Weiss tells her older sister.

FALLOUT Lore: Ch.5 – The Enclave

As far as anyone knows, this wasteland is the best damned wasteland in the world. When America and China went head-to-head two hundred years ago, both sides launched everything they had and most people assume that China was blasted back to the Stone Age. The only way to know for sure is to jump in a boat and paddle across the ocean so folks just assume that China, Europe, Canada and the rest of the world got hit at least as bad as America did. People look out at this land and some of them just know in their hearts that it's the garden spot of the whole world. Maybe that's why we can't go more than few decades without someone trying to take over the place.

Winter was shock about a world as bad this 'America' as he said it. And what did they launch to do some much damage.

When humanity was just beginning the struggle to rebuild after the war, there was no sign of the government helping out. People formed tribes lead by the strongest warriors and the smartest scavengers. The chain of command and the line of succession meant nothing to people who needed things done fast. The closest thing to a government that emerged was tribal elders, or the mayors of small villages.

"What? Why is the government not helping them?" Winter asked.

"That because their the Sons of Bitches that cause this." Yang tells Winter. This made Winter shocked that any government would do such a thing.

* A hotel lobby*

Eventually, in 2189, some of the larger towns in California banded together and formed the New California Republic, but they never claimed to be THE government. With no communications from the pre-War government for over a century, the memory of it faded as new generations replaced the old, convinced the old president and his kind were long dead, but the wasteland ain't so lucky…

"You know, we should be shock at that." Ruby said on her buck.

"Wait why should you not?" Winter ask. Weiss tells Winter everything they seen so far. After hear about all the shit that came before she can see why their not shocked.

'Okay now I really what to know who this New California Republic is.' Blake thought as Weiss told Winter the shit they seen.

Two hundred years ago, in the last days before the Great War, a secret coterie of America's top-
ranking political and corporate leaders decided to duck and cover – big time. They scurried right off the continent and hid inside a secret offshore base then cowered there while the rest of the country suffered a nuclear holocaust the government had caused.

"Son of a bitch!" Blake yelled, now remember who these guys are. Everyone just went back at watching.

There they stayed, safe and hidden for decades, and the group we know today as the Enclave is the result of ten generations of breeding between politicians, military brass, and corporate executives. The direct descendents of the people who caused the apocalypse? Not many people would make up a story like that, so it's probably safe to take them at their word about their ancestors.

"Ow, damn it!" This Ruby realize who they are to.

Regardless of who their great grandparents were, the Enclave certainly has access to an abundance of pre-war tech and weapons. They hoarded it on a man-made island – a metal city that grew out of the ocean floor. It was once used to refine oil, back when people could pull oil right out of the bottom of the sea. The Poseidon Oil rig was inaccessible to people on the mainland, so no one knew they were out there until they began their plan to rid the wasteland of everyone who didn't fit their definition of a real American.

"What's oil?" Winter asked.

"We have no idea." Weiss said not knowing self.

The Enclave had spent decades learning to improve upon pre-war weaponry– they weren't just collecting artifacts of the old world like the Brotherhood, they were looking toward the future. They had devices more advanced than anything seen in the wasteland, including the Brotherhood. It wasn't just better guns, or the ginchiest armor – The Enclave had a fleet of flying vehicles they called Vertibirds.

"Is it just me or do they look like bullheads?" Winter stated.

This made RWBY more nerves of how much their world and Fallout are so similar. Most folk had never even seen a car move unless it was hitched to a team of brahim, so these Vertibirds gave the Enclave an edge over every other human group in the wasteland. They could send in drop teams to kidnap whole villages at a time to use as test subjects. They could suddenly appear at remote locations, then just as quickly disappear. Most importantly, they could travel to and from their offshore base secure in the knowledge that no one could follow.

Winter was wondering why would they kidnap whole villages, but RWBY know it has something to do with the FEV.

Well, almost no one. There was a person back then who seemed to have a knack for getting vehicles up and running again. People who lived in the Den swear up and down that someone around 2242 they saw a person in a Vault jumpsuit driving around in an old Chryslus Highwayman – with a big green mutant taking up the entire back seat, and a cyborg dog poking his nose out the window.

That made RWBY laugh well Winter did not get it.

That's the sort of tall tale that would be easy to dismiss, but it happened in the same year someone managed to get a ship seaworthy again. They sailed that tanker right out into the ocean to the Enclave's base and took them down.

Stories like that – they fill a body with hope, maybe with enough work we could all be driving around in pre-war cars, living the good life. In a way, that sort of hope for the future was what the Enclave wanted, and they got it at the cost of their own lives.

"Irony." Ruby sighed.

*Three enclave scientist experiment on a wastelander*

Their ambition was their downfall. They weren't content to live out their lives in prosperity, they had to take back their country from the people they viewed as sub-human. To do so, the Enclave engaged in the sort of daredevil science that brought about the end, the Great War. They engineered a virus tailored for genocide, performed inhuman experiments, and even took to playing God by creating a species of intelligent deathclaws– just like their ordinary brethren, they were giant beasts that could rip a man in half, but smart enough to think like you and me and even mimic human speech.
After seeing the deathclaw almost made Winter piss her pants. But even deathclaws were nothing when compared to the Enclave's deadliest creation… A man named Frank. It's hard to say just what Frank Horrigan was. People who saw him in person tended to die quickly and gruesomely. At some point he must have been a man, a brutal killer, but still human. But when the Enclave discovered the old Mariposa military base and the Forced Evolutionary Virus vats within, Horrigan was exposed by accident. He was among the first of a new generation of super mutants created years after the Master's downfall. That makes everyone nerves.

The arrogance of the Enclave's leaders led them to believe that they could improve upon the virus. The FEV and Horrigan were used for horrid experiments that would make the Master cringe. When they could learn no more from his suffering, the Enclave turned Frank into their most devastating soldier, a mutated cybernetic terror encased in their finest power armor.

*Mutated Frank*

After see the giant armored mutant made Winter hold Weiss close. Weiss didn't notice at all. It's hard to imagine how anyone managed to defeat arguably the most dangerous being to ever walk the wasteland and bring down his Enclave masters… But somehow the "Chosen One" of an obscure northern tribe destroyed the Enclave oil rig, forcing the Enclave to flee New California.

"Whose the Chosen One?" Winter ask, only get a 'I don't know, we never heard of him.' from everyone.

Leaderless and directionless, they soon rallied behind Autumn, a senior scientist who was contacted by a new Enclave President. It didn't take long for the remnants to reach the East Coast with their Vertibirds. They had no fancy oil rig this time, but they soon nestled into Raven Rock and Adams AFB, pre-war bases that were nearly as impregnable. They changed their routine in Washington DC, promising that they could guide America back to the golden age of malt shops and drive-in movies.

"Yeah, their not." Weiss said.

On the West Coast, they had a man who claimed to be the rightfully elected President of the United States, but by the time they reached the Capital Wasteland, things had changed a little. Now their "President" remained unseen and only addressed the public through a swarm of floating propaganda robots that spewed "Stars & Stripes Forever" along with political rhetoric so hollow that it sounded like it was written by a random word generator.

"That stupid." Blake said.

The war for control of the Capital Wasteland was a trial for the Enclave. Bereft of their island fortress, and without the unstoppable brutality of Frank Horrigan, they had to fight a hard war to gain territory. The Brotherhood of Steel had a strong presence in Washington DC, and super mutants roamed the streets looking for humans to abduct.

The Enclave still had their technological superiority, and their Vertibirds. They even took control of pre-war satellites, and could fire missiles that had been waiting in the sky for hundreds of years. But, their greatest weapons were deceit and manipulation. The Brotherhood relied on a local wanderer for help in combating the Enclave, and it is possible that the Enclave managed to convince this individual to implement a more subtle plan that could accomplish their goals even after their repeated defeats at the hands of the Brotherhood.

"Really?" Blake said.

Yet it did not save them. In 2277, following their disastrous defeat by Liberty Prime at the Purifier, the Enclave was shattered again and with its leaders dead or missing, its major strongholds were soon annihilated by Brotherhood strikes. The few surviving members probably wish that they had stayed hidden on their private island out in the Pacific. Now the once mighty remnants of America's elite have been reduced to a handful of wistful old men hiding out in the wastelands.

"They should have helped at the start." Winter said.

Most gave up on the Enclave's vision of the world, and settled down to live quiet lives, getting as much peace as a person can in the wasteland. Travelers who visit a certain old motel in Novac can speak with a former Enclave pilot who isn't as bad as the legends make the Enclave sound – she's a tough old broad, but she's no Frank Horrigan.
RWBY found those members now living with settlers were smart.
Out East the Enclave continues to operate in small bands that harass the Brotherhood, and anyone else who strays too closely to their remaining outposts, but they are devoid of leadership or any long-term plans. In the West, sharp-eyed travelers can sometimes spot the rusted hulks of crashed vertibirds, but there is little else remaining of the Enclave – or at least that the Enclave wishes to reveal. Could an organization with such resources be entirely stamped out? Much like radoaches the Enclave has shown remarkable resilience, and the people of the wasteland should be prepared to deal with another hidden nest of these relics of the old days.

*Enclave battling Brotherhood members*

"Go Brotherhood!" Ruby said.

For now, the Enclave has joined the ranks of those who fancied themselves the rightful rulers of the wasteland. Their glory has faded along with that of others like The Master, but it seems like some lessons are never learned, and there's always someone new looking to claim our wasteland as their own. The New California Republic has flourished even as the Enclave faded. And while the NCR has ruled their lands with relative peace and prosperity, even this period of stability is threatened by a new would-be tyrant that seeks to rebuild yet another fallen empire….

"Not another tyrant." Weiss say as Winter lay there.

But that- is a story for another day.

"Okay, that was different." Winter said. As everyone start to fall asleep, Winter tells Weiss to call her and tell everything that happens next. As the start to sleep Winter tighten her hold around Weiss.
The sunrise hit the room in an orange color. Ruby and Blake already dress in their everyday wear. Yang came out of the bathroom, fresh out of the shower. Weiss and Winter slowly roll out of her bed. Winter got dress and look at her scroll, after reading her text she leaves. Everyone goes to breakfast and tell JNPR about the Enclave. Jaune was about to ask Ruby if they could watch Storyteller today, but miss Goodwitch come by.

"Team JNPR!" miss Goodwitch yelled. "You all go to the Forest of Forever Fall now!"

After going back to their room. "Let's watch the next episode." Ruby said.

**FALLOUT Lore: Ch.6 – New California Republic (NCR)**

Humility is a virtue in the wasteland. One will not find dignity when scavenging in a pile of rubble. Those who are lucky enough to be born into prosperity should know that their way of life can vanish in a moment, likewise those who come from humble beginnings must believe that they have the potential to build empires, lead armies, or heal the world around them. Each generation has seen would-be conquerors who seek to forge their own utopia from the ashes of the old world, but the most successful attempt at rebuilding has come from the most humble of origins.

"That'll show you, Enclave." Weiss mocked.

"Shady Sands"… sounds like the sort of thing you'd read on a pre-war postcard. A tropical getaway for bored families in the old world… But Shady Sands was actually a little village in California, made up of the people who came out of one of the Vaults. Lucky for them, their vault, number 15, wasn't so bad. At least when compared to some of the other ones.

*Shady Sands*

Shady Sands remind the girls of small towns around Vacuo. It was designed to open fifty years after the Great War, and its inhabitants were well-supplied, even though they were deliberately made up of people who Vault-Tec knew wouldn't get along. They managed to keep from killing each other until the doors opened, then most of Vault 15's inhabitants tore through the wasteland forming some of the worst raider gangs the Wasteland would ever see. Even the Great Khans today can trace their heritage back to the hooligans who came out of Vault 15. That reminds Blake about the some members of the White Fang came from the war. Not all of them were troublemakers like the Khans, though. Quite a few decided to settle down and build a farming town. They had some gadgetry from the Vault that made Shady Sands a prosperous little place, but that prosperity also made them a target. Raiders attacked Shady Sands without mercy, even going so far as to kidnap the Mayor's daughter.

Yang imagine if Ruby was the Mayor's daughter. Not only would the raiders be scared of her, but her father and uncle Qrow.

Superstitious folk will say it was destiny that brought the Vault Dweller to Shady Sands at their time of need. Or maybe it was just because Vault 13 happened to be located nearby and people are always in need. For whatever reason Shady Sands was the first place that tested the now famous Vault Dweller – this was before that kid from Vault 13 became the hero of the wasteland. The example set by the heroics of the Vault Dweller stuck with the people who lived in Shady Sands. Folk like Aradesh, Tandi and Seth, names that will go in the history books – once someone starts writing down history again.

"Wow." Ruby say with stars in her eyes.

Junktown, The Hub, and other places that the Vault Dweller passed through all felt the same call to be a part of something greater. The mayor of Shady Sands, Aradesh, guided the most influential communities of the twenty second century formed an alliance – each one had played some small role in saving the wasteland, and this brought them together.

In those early years of this New California Republic, even the Brotherhood of Steel was an ally, their original headquarters being right in the heart of the NCR. That alliance lasted about as long as you'd
expect, but it shows that the Brotherhood and the NCR could get along.
"Okay, make sense." Blake said.
Aradesh was made president for life of the NCR. He lived a good long life but like many old men he wanted to head out on a few final adventures before death came calling. He disappeared out in the wasteland one day, probably looking for his old friend the Vault Dweller. We're not sure exactly how it ended for Aradesh, when they write those NCR history books they'll probably make up something suitably noble and heroic for his last adventure.
Hearing that they don't know how Aradesh died sadden Ruby. It made her remember Summer's last missions.
With Aradesh gone, the natural successor was his daughter Tandi. The official records don't like to dwell on the way that President Tandi once had to be rescued from the Kahns by the Vault Dweller. Getting kidnapped wouldn't seem very "Presidential", but that sort of humbling experience helped mold her into an ambitious leader who was wise enough to know the dangers of the Wasteland around her. She led the NCR until she was nearly a hundred years old. A ripe old age for someone who never mutated, and she spent the whole time trying to unify the towns north of the NCR. Tandi was now Weiss and Blake's new role model, for her humble experience and her goal.
*NCR soildiers*
While places like the Hub and Boneyard were glad to join the NCR, up north things were a bit trickier. The Republic had access to some pre-war tech from vaults 15 and 13, but that was nothing compared the wonders of Vault City. Vault City was the community that surrounded Vault 8, and it was the embodiment of everything that Vault-Tec had promised people before the war. It was one of the few Vaults that opened right on schedule, just a few years after the war, and the happy people inside emerged to build their own private Garden of Eden (With a little help from Vault Tec's Garden of Eden Creation Kit).
The folks that ran Vault City had a stranglehold on their territory. They had the finest medical equipment available, and a security force to defend it, plus plenty of outsiders who were willing to become servants in exchange for a safe place to live. They didn't need to be a part of this New California Republic, and neither did nearby towns like New Reno, Redding and Broken Hills.
*Vault City*
"How did they do all that with a kit." Weiss ask holding a first aid kit for size example.
Even the NCR's mother vault, Vault 15, had fallen into disrepair by the time that Tandi was nearing the end of her presidency. And Vault 13… well the original inhabitants had been "relocated" by the Enclave and a new group of occupants had taken up residency. Good conversationalists by all accounts, but not the sort that most people would want as neighbors.
The NCR was so keen on expanding their territory that they even resorted to playing dirty tricks on Vault City to get them to join and share their medical supplies with the rest of the Republic. For all its good intentions, the NCR was heading down a road to the cut-throat politics of the old days.
"Owm, I hate politics." Yang stated.
The Wasteland isn't prone to unity. Many would-be rulers discovered that the hard way, and it was a lesson the NCR was all too familiar with.
In the years since, the NCR has had a series of presidents, none of which managed to rule with the insight of Aradesh or Tandi. The new leadership has still added some territory to the Republic though – parts of Nevada, Arizona, Oregon and Mexico too.
With the Pacific Ocean to the West, that only leaves the East for further conquest, and the current leadership of the New California Republic has been steadily spreading their influence through Nevada and Arizona for years. Other factions had long since held territory there too, like the Brotherhood of Steel.
"Right, the West Brotherhood fought the NCR." Blake said.
*NCR moving*
An alliance between the NCR and Brotherhood might have held up if there hadn't been such an abundance of amazing technology at stake. Just a little ways over the border in Nevada the Brotherhood had discovered a solar power station called Helios One. It not only had the potential to
provide energy for half the wasteland, but it also controlled an orbiting satellite that could focus sunlight into a deadly beam. The Brotherhood always loved their death rays, and they could never let anyone else get their hands on something like that.

"Wait, America went into space." Ruby said. Dust can never make of planet, so space travel is not yet.

It was an unprecedented struggle between the Brotherhood and the NCR for control of the facility. To the Brotherhood it meant keeping a devastating weapon in safe hands, and to the NCR it meant providing electricity to all of their citizens. Good intentions all around, but everyone was still certain that their side deserved Helios more than the other side.

"Wait, why didn't they just share? The NCR can have the power, and the Brotherhood can keep the weapon safe." Ruby said with logic. Everyone nodded at the fact.

The Brotherhood Paladins have terrifying weapons in their metal-clad hands, but the NCR has soldiers gathered from all over the republic. A vast army of Patriots who are willing to die for the idea of building a nation, state by state. Although numbers aren't the only thing that the NCR has; they have the Rangers...

Even before the Great War, the West had need of soldiers and lawmen. For centuries some of the finest of them adopted the title of Ranger, and today's NCR Rangers are made up of the best men and women that the Republic has to offer. They fight to bring law and order to this new West; and that's a powerful motivation for those who can temper their optimism with resolve.

The Rangers aren't feared because of the power of their weapons or the sophistication of their armor. The Rangers are feared because of their skill and relentless loyalty to the Republic. They aren't born and bred for this elite position like in the Brotherhood or the Enclave. The Rangers are but humble soldiers who volunteer for the privilege of serving their fellow man.

These Rangers made the girls think of them a Huntsman and Huntress. Another thing close to Fallout and Remnant.

With such loyalty in their multitudes of soldiers, it shouldn't be a surprise that the NCR seized Helios One. With it they just might have enough power to light up everything West of the Colorado River. That is if they can ever get the thing running properly.

*Hoover Dam*

But Helios is only one of their plans to restore civilization to the world. Right in the middle of the desert there's a great river, and a huge pre-war dam that once pulled electricity right out of the flowing water.

A feat of engineering, this great wall was named after one of the old presidents of a dead Empire – The Hoover Dam, they called it.

"Okay, that's a cool name." Yang said.

The NCR wanted that dam, but they discovered they weren't alone. The Colorado River had kept the Republic separated from another army, a veritable legion of bloodthirsty killers.

But that- is a story for another day...

"Damn it." Blake yelled.

"Guys, launch time." Weiss said.
As RWBY eats lunch wondering about how team JNPR doing.

Forest of Forever Fall. "Nora! Why did you do that?" Jaune yelled at the hammer wielder as their team run from a group of rapier wasps.

"So, you girls found something cool?" A voice came behind them. The team turn around to see Coco and Velvet stay there. So after a quake chat they told their friends about Storyteller. "Damn, that sound cool. Just not the blood-thirsty army." Coco said after the NCR.

"Hey, you don't mind if we watch the next one with you?" Velvet ask. RWBY didn't mind at all.

After getting to RWBY's room. Weiss and Blake move to their beds so, Coco and Velvet can sit on their chairs.

A long time ago there was a saying "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it" That made more sense back when every child in the country went to school five days a week and learned their history from a big room full of books. Of late it can be a mite hard to find a history book that hasn't been burned or rotted through, so it seems like the good folk of the wasteland are doomed to repeat a lot of history's mistakes.

Ruby thought of how sad it would be of Dr. Oobleck, he loves history. She has no dot in her mind he would love this series.

There's a certain man in Nevada who is deliberately repeating history's mistakes. Calls himself Caesar, spoken by his followers as Kaizar. He's not the first to go by either of those names. A good two thousand years ago the first Caesar ruled an empire on the other side of the world – that Caesar probably never even imagined that there was a whole continent over here full of new people to enslave.

Blake's eyes widen when hearing the name of Caesar and Kaizar. Caesar being Adam's father and Kaizar his older brother. She don't know where they are now, their both stronger then Adam would be.

Well, this new Caesar of the post-apocalyptic world is out to finish what the first one started. Rather than aiming to restore America to what it was in the days before the Great War, Caesar is forging a new nation, using the Roman Empire as some form of twisted inspiration.

"Okay, power hungry much." Coco said.

That's a funny idea for someone to get in their head, of course this Caesar had an unconventional upbringing. He was born in 2226 out West in the Boneyard, the ruins of what used to be Los Angeles. He didn't stay there long, his mother took him away when he was just a baby, and raised him with the Followers of the Apocalypse. Despite their name, these "Followers" aren't one of those doomsday cults, they're just a group of do-gooder intellectuals who try to preserve the knowledge of the old world.

"Cool." Blake said.

They also keep records about the present, so we know all there is to know about who Caesar was before he declared himself Emperor. He used to be a bright young man named Edward Sallow. He was chosen to go on a Followers expedition to study the tribespeople of the wasteland, and perhaps he was a little too intelligent and educated to be sent out among the savages. He viewed them with a mixture of sneering contempt, and misguided pity. He felt it was his duty to civilize them at any cost. The at any cost gave a chill down their spines.

"Nice outfit." Coco said.

In a stroke of irony it turns out that those uncivilized lands had some books from before the war;
books that weren't reduced to a pile of ash. Rare historical records, including an account of the original Caesar's war in Gaul. Sallow could have seen the history of Rome a warning about an empire that was doomed to fall. But, instead, he saw something of himself in Caesar, and decided to follow his example, even if it meant knowingly repeating the mistakes of the past.
The Romans described in those old books were, by the standards of their time, the most civilized group in the known world. So mighty was their Empire, they even had it better than most folks today. Food, fresh water, roads and libraries. The problem is that only some Romans had it that good – their empire was built on conquest and slavery, and the people on the bottom rung of society had it about as bad as a molerat in a Deathclaw den.

Velvet shacked at the word slavery, this cause Coco to hold Velvet to help her. Coco was wondering 'What the hell is a Deathclaw.'

Under the new title of Caesar, Edward Sallow forged the tribals of Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, and Colorado into an army patterned after the Legion of Rome. Their entire society was converted to the war effort, and they used merciless strategies to decisively end their conflicts. Eighty six tribes in all, and each one they encountered was either assimilated or annihilated.
The men who survive are forced to become soldiers in the Legion. All traces of their original tribe are eradicated and these slave soldiers have but one option in life: To die in the service of their conquerors. With each new victory the Legion grows in number, leaving behind no one to oppose them. In his own way, Caesar is bringing order to wasteland, one genocide at a time.

*Legion soldiers standly infront of dead bodies*

Blake was now starting to fear if Adam would be like Caesar and do this.
The women of conquered tribes are not allowed even the dignity of dying in combat. The Legion's strictly regimented society forbids such equality, no matter how skilled those women may be as warriors. This rigid separation ensures that half of the Legion's forces fight, while the other half breeds the next generation of slaves.

After hearing that the women are nothing but sex slaves pisses them off.
Caesar would say that slavery is a fitting punishment for the weak and cowardly members of the defeated tribes, a chance for them to prove themselves of worth in their new life. A compelling argument, but nothing can justify being born a slave. Children born into the Legion are separated from their parents, given no knowledge of the culture of their ancestors, and identify themselves only as one small part of the vast Legion. They are all destined to die in Caesar's servitude.

Ruby and Yang look at each other, not know you're family is to horrible for them to think of.
Caesar's love of the old times and martial virtues does not prevent him from arming his men with weapons developed in the twenty-first century. If throwing javelins at their enemy won't get the job done, then the Legion will reach for assault rifles or even more advanced weaponry. They do prefer to fight hand-to-hand whenever possible and some of the Legion's men carry kinetic energy hammers and ballistic gauntlets enhanced with twenty first century technology.

"I think, I could them no sweet." Velvet said.
Caesar is the absolute ruler of this army, and disobedience is punished with death. A slow death. The Legion burns people alive, crucifies them on poles along the roadside, and forces them to fight to the death in duels for Caesar's amusement.

Failure is punished with equal cruelty. Every member of the Legion knows that it is better to die in battle against the enemy than to stand before Caesar in shame. Even his highest ranking commanders, his Legates, can suffer his wrath.

"That sick." Coco yelled at the punishment.
A few years ago Caesar proved this when his army came upon its first worthy opponent. The New California Republic. Even as the Legion was spreading Westward, the NCR was exploring territory on their own Eastern border. The two nations clashed on the banks of the Colorado river for control of the Hoover Dam in 2277.

It proved to be the first defeat for the Legion. The NCR has the biggest, most organized army in the wasteland, and their Rangers are some of fiercest, most cunning fighters in the Wastes. The NCR feigned retreat across the dam and led the Legion to the town of Boulder City. Back when there was
A city exploded.
"Damn!" Everyone said.

The place is a graveyard now, filled with the bones of Legion soldiers who charged to their own
doom, certain that the NCR was fleeing in terror before Caesar's might. Caesar himself would have
been clever enough to deduce that this was a trap, but he had delegated the task to one of his Legates
who failed to see that the NCR was only pretending to run. When the Legion reached Boulder City
they found enough explosives to level just about everything in town.

Even with the loss of over one hundred soldiers during the battle, the NCR managed to rout the
Legion and secure the dam and leave the Legion stuck on the other side of the river. The Legate who
organized that disastrous attack learned just how terrible Caesar's fury can be.

"Take that you 'Roman' ass." Coco said.

He was one of Caesar's oldest friends, Joshua Graham. They met back before Edward Sallow started
calling himself Caesar, but that did not earn Graham any mercy. For his failure in the Battle of
Hoover Dam, he was set on fire and thrown down the biggest hole in the wasteland. The Grand
Canyon.

"What?" Velvet said, before looking a Coco. Coco and Velvet been friends since they were in grad
school. Think if Coco would do that to her would become her new nightmare.

There are tales of people surviving all sorts of fates. Men mutated into blobs of goo without dying,
cyborgs that are more machine than man, hell there's even a lucky bastard that survived having a tree
growing through his brain. Then there's Joshua Graham. People swear that they saw a "burned man"
walk out of the Grand Canyon not long after the Battle of Hoover Dam. Might have been Graham,
might have just been an old ghoul out scavenging. Either way, the possibility of Graham still being
alive is just one more worry for Caesar these days.

"You should be worried you bastard!" Velvet yelled out, making Coco jumped

Like any Emperor, Caesar knows that his military must constantly consume new territory. The
Legion produces little, and has left nothing but destruction in its wake. The only way for it to survive
is conquest. But now the Legion is stalled, camped out on one side of the Hoover Dam while the
NCR waits on the other.

Caesar can appreciate the potential of the Hoover Dam. It can generate enough electricity to power
the Empire he intends to build. For now though the Legion prepares a massive force to take it from
the NCR.

Legionaries cross the river in small groups on barges, and have established some camps on the
Western banks as a brazen affront to the NCR's authority. There are enough Legion soldiers West of
the Colorado river to cause plenty of trouble for settlers and soldiers out there. They need a fresh
supply of slaves, although the Legion will sometimes burn whole towns to the ground and torture the
citizens to death as a symbol of their might.

"That's horrible." Velvet said.

The horrific tales of these attacks help reminds people in the West that the Legion is coming
eventually. Caesar sees the NCR as a personal challenge, as though everything that's happened West
of the river for the last two hundred years all happened just so Caesar would have a worthy foe to
defeat, and he's definitely up there in that fort of his, planning for the next battle at Hoover Dam.

*Caesar looking over the Hoover Dam with two dogs*

"Creepy." Coco said.

But the dam is only the first part of Caesar's plan, though. He doesn't intend for his army to roam the
land indefinitely; he wants to found a new capital city for his empire, and just a stone's throw from
the dam is a town that already has a lot in common with ancient Rome. It's a decadent cesspool of
every vice that a body can desire.

A New Rome.
A New Vegas.
"Nice name." Coco said.

A place where the walls are high enough to keep out the worst critters the wasteland can throw at
them, and the streets are safe to walk thanks to an army of security bots. Not to mention a plentiful supply of leggy showgirls and roulette tables. The problem is, New Vegas already has its own tyrant. He's been there since before the bombs fell two hundred years ago, and he plans to stay there for two hundred more.

But that- is a story for another day…

"That sounds cool." Yang and Coco said.

"So mind if I watch this New Vegas?" Coco ask. All of them nodded, however Velvet looked down. "I think I'm done. I'll tell the guys where you are." Velvet said as she leaves the room.
They don't make 'em like they used to. Of course, they don't make much of anything anymore, but back before the war they built most things to last. Just about all of the robots puttering around the wasteland were constructed back in the twenty first century, and the amazing thing is, they're still functional after two hundred years. Most of them were made by the General Atomics Corporation, but the Securitrons that are rolling around New Vegas? Those were made by a competing company called RobCo Industries. It's no coincidence that New Vegas is crawling with RobCo robots, because the same man who founded the company back in the twenty first century is still calling the shots there today. He's over two hundred and fifty years old by now, but time hasn't slowed him down at all. He's a real pre-war industrialist, and they don't make 'em like that anymore.

"I think I like this RobCo boss." Coco said.
"Who can live for 250 years?" Ruby ask. In Ozpin office, Ozpin sneeze.

Robert House was born in a time when men were only expected to live about a hundred years, let alone close to three hundred. There are a few other unusual individuals out there who've managed to stay alive for that long one way or another. No one's actually seen Mr House, so some folk think he might have been one of the very first ghouls, gifted with long life, but cursed with a rotting radioactive body. Others think he might be a mutant – The Forced Evolutionary Virus grants indefinite life to mutants, but the first mutants didn't appear in Vegas until decades after the war, and House would have probably died of old age by that time.

"How did he live that long?" Coco ask.

His associates in New Vegas say he's just a resourceful man who preserved himself somehow – kept himself going all this time on the best life-support equipment that pre-war society had to offer. He set up shop inside one of the big casinos on the Vegas strip back before the war, and hasn't set foot out since. He only communicates through computer screens, so as far as anyone knows he could be a brain in a jar, or just a sentient computer that thinks it's a man.

"A computer has no soul." Weiss said.

'Don't you dare say that about Penny.' Ruby thought.

We do know a lot about House's life from before the war, thanks to history books. He was quite a flamboyant figure before the bombs fell, consorted with starlets, mingled with heads of state, and built robots for the military, so his exploits were gossiped about in books, magazines and holotapes.

He was born in New Vegas around 2020, back when it was called "Las" Vegas. He came from a wealthy family, but was orphaned at a young age, then cheated out of his family fortune. Mr. House didn't need to inherit his family's wealth however, because he inherited something far more precious; his father's business acumen and knack for engineering. It didn't take long for him to amass a fortune of his very own.

"I bet I could get rich like that too." Coco said. Coco came from a rich family, not only does she have a good sense of fashion but also business.

House founded RobCo in 2042 while he was barely in his twenties. Made a fortune building robots, including those clunky Protectron robots that are still clomping their way around the wasteland. Those bucket of bolts are slow and not too bright, but they're durable and versatile enough that they're used all over the country. Modified Protectrons have been turned into everything from a Sheriff to a Sexbot... for the more rugged technophiles that is.


The technophiles also love another product from RobCo. The PIP Boy "Personal Information Processor". They were issued to everyone inside the Vaults, probably to make it easier for Vault-Tec to monitor how their little "Social Experiments" were progressing. But those little gadgets were built
to last, and plenty of notable Vault Dwellers have used that old RobCo tech to make their way through the wasteland.

House and his company also had a hand in building Liberty Prime, the gigantic killing machine that the Brotherhood of Steel dug up out East. He seemed awfully smug about that one, even had a portrait commissioned of himself standing next to his monstrosity, like a proud father. He never actually got to see Liberty Prime running, though. House was smart enough to see the Great War on the horizon, and he turned his focus from national defense to keeping his home town Las Vegas safe. Ruby like how house looked at Liberty Prime as a 'son' as way.

Mr. House knew that an apocalyptic war was coming eventually, and in the years leading up to the war, he pulled every string he had to ensure that Vegas would make it through. He poured all of his resources to turn his Lucky 38 casino into a fortress with enough firepower and processing speed to shoot down or hack and disable any missiles that managed to make it near the city. Even built himself a personal army of Securitron robots that were vastly superior to the old Protectrons. Faster, smarter, with bigger weapons, and all of them under his personal control.

"I'm liking these guy more and more." Coco said.

He sealed himself up inside the Lucky 38 and planed out his new world while waiting for the old one to end.

But something went wrong with his scheme. House and his army of robots were quiet for close to two centuries after the war. He saved the city from the bombs and missiles, then just disappeared. His tower fortress was nothing more than a lifeless concrete spire growing out of the middle of the desert. Vegas itself deteriorated in the decades after the war; the roulette wheels stopped spinning, the slot machines ceased regurgitating coins, and the tourists were overwhelmed by savage tribals that invaded the Strip.

These tribes didn't care about the once-great city they inhabited, and they took no notice of that impenetrable tower in the middle of the strip. They spent their days looting and murdering. Some of them even engaged in acts of cannibalism – in a town that once boasted "All You Can Eat" buffets on every corner.

Everyone froze at that people engaged in cannibalism.

Savages like them would have been exterminated by the New California Republic if they had lived further West, and they would have been assimilated by Caesar's Legion if they were on the other side of the Colorado River. But in Vegas they maintained their ways for generations, even as civilization slowly spread through the wasteland around them.

There wasn't much reason for Mister House to interact with the outside world when he was surrounded by these wild men. It took the arrival of NCR scouts to give him hope of rebuilding the world. At that first sign of civilization, New Vegas, a beacon that could be seen all over the Mojave, lit up.

When House's robot army suddenly appeared the first thing it did was set about taming the tribals. The securitrons were useful minions, but House knew that he would need human hands to restore Vegas to its former glory, and draw the interest of the NCR. Under the threat of annihilation, the tribes either gave up their wild ways and allowed Mister House to remake them in the image of Vegas in its heyday or left.

One band of savages took on the airs of old-world entertainers from House's youth. They shed their Gecko-hide clothes, tossed aside their spears, and began dressing in pre-war suits, and quoting long-dead singers. Maybe some of the other tribes thought they'd gone soft for living in a swanky casino, but these Chairmen cocked their hats and swaggered right to the top of House's new strip.

"Their the smart one." Coco said.

House knew he'd also need a lower class of thug, so he also took in a tribe of brutes that could be counted on to perform the most unspeakable acts. The Omertas were dressed up in suits and ties, but they were no gentlemen. Their fortune was built on the worst form of slavery. They're the flesh-peddlers and chem-pushers of the strip. Unfortunately, their services are in high demand and they have become an essential part of New Vegas' economy.
'Useful.' Coco thought.  
*Benny.*

Although the town is a magnet for the seedier denizens of the wasteland, House has also ensured that New Vegas has something to offer those with more refined sensibilities. The White Glove Society is House's most successful attempt to recreate the splendor of the pre-war days. Once The White Glove Society was no more than a pack of wild animals doing whatever it took to survive, but now they operate the ritziest hotel in town, serving the most succulent steaks in the wasteland. Diners will need to put on their finest attire though, because The White Glove Society prefers patrons with marvelous fashion sense, if not particularly good taste.  
"To bland." Coco said.  

These three families ensure that House is at the center of a thriving city. As former rivals these tribes endlessly plot against each other, but House's securitrons ensure that there is no overt conflict and that the stores, brothels and casinos stay open. By the standards of the wasteland, New Vegas in a veritable utopia.  

That's why it has drawn the interest of both the New California Republic, and Caesar's Legion. Each empire must continue expanding their territory, and New Vegas is the golden egg trapped right in the middle.  

For now, House remains within his stronghold. Walls of steel separate him from the hedonistic paradise of his own city. Outside, two great armies prepare for a war that could crush New Vegas. House's army of robots and tribals is hardly enough to fend off both the NCR and the Legion. Unless he has some secret weapon that hasn't come into play yet. He waited in silence for two hundred years, could there be some missing linchpin needed for that scheme he began before the war? It wouldn't be the first time someone in Vegas had an Ace up their sleeve.  

Yang and Coco laughed at the joke, however Ruby, Weiss and Blake groan. No matter who holds the trump card in the war ahead, there'll be plenty of innocent people who'll cash out. Caesar views the soldiers in his Legion as expendable pawns who exist only to die in his name. The NCR's leadership has committed mass slaughter of those who stand in the way of their noble, but misguided goals. And House's minions have no mercy for the tribes that refuse to yield to his vision of New Vegas.  

Blake look down at these fact.  

Trapped within this triangle are countless smaller settlements and tribes. Peoples and societies that are constantly in danger of being eradicated or assimilated. Of them, none have suffered greater struggle than the Great Khans, a once-proud band of raiders who, like the NCR, can trace their roots back to the opening of the first vaults. It can be difficult to feel pity for a gang of chem-dealing raiders, but the Khans have faced extinction time and time again proving to be one of the most resilient groups in the wasteland. That kind of resilience is something even Mr. House could respect.  

'Me to.' Coco thought.  

But that- is a story for another day…  
"Hey, it's time for dinner." Blake said.  
"Hey, kid." Coco calls for Ruby. Ruby came to Coco well her team leaves. "Keep telling what happens okay." Coco leaves to see her team.
After eating dinner and on their beds, Ruby plays the episode.

FALLOUT Lore: Ch.9 – Great Khans

At night the wasteland is dotted with towns that light up the darkness. Each one is some settler's attempt at rebuilding civilization. The wasteland holds endless wonders and mysteries and you'll never see them from within the walls of one village. Life on the road doesn't leave time for growing crops or herding brahmin, so some people survive by taking what they need. Such predatory behavior is hardly commendable, but it does take strength to live the life of a raider, and who doesn't respect strength?

Weiss and Blake respect the strength of mind, Ruby strength of will, Yang full on power. Every few miles there's some new group of raiders on the prowl, always certain that their strength gives them the right to prey on the weak. And every damned one of them has a theatrical name and flamboyant heraldry. The Fiends, the Jackals, the Yakuza. Every pack of chem-addicts that stumbles across a history book just decides to play dress-up and terrorize the nearest village.

*Raiders camp*

"Really." Blake said.

Fortunately, most raider gangs don't last long. Entire groups can be exterminated in one fight gone wrong, or the whole lot can overdose on a batch of Med X that's been cut too pure. But a few of the raider gangs have managed to stick around for generation after generation, and the most resilient by far is the Khans.

A long time ago, many years before even the Great War, there was a place called Mongolia. Home of the Khans, some of the toughest warriors the world had ever seen. They were led by a man called Genghis, and under his rule they came closer to conquering the world than anyone else. Even a thousand years later people still know the name.

"Wow, thank what would happen if he did rule the world." Ruby ask. It could me the world would be united, and maybe the Great World would never happen.

The Khans of the modern wasteland aren't actually descendents of the originals from Mongolia. They came out of Vault 15 in 2121, along with a few other raider gangs, and the people who founded the village of Shady Sands. The folks that settled down in Shady Sands couldn't wait to start rebuilding civilization, but the rest – they took a liking to the wasteland just as it was. Some of those survivors from Vault 15 formed a gang called the Vipers, a band of kooks that worship snakes. They'll be remembered in the holotapes because one of them managed to kill the High Elder of the Brotherhood of Steel a century ago. But the Vipers are nothing compared to the most infamous raider gang that came from Vault 15. The Khans.

"Damn." Blake said hearing a raider killed a skilled man in power armor.

The Khans value strength above all other qualities. When that vault opened they knew that the world had become a place where the strong would thrive while the weak became prey. For years they ranged through the remains of Arizona and California, stealing what they could carry, razing anything left behind. Under the leadership of a man called Death Hand they thrived in an age where other bands barely managed to survive at all.

In time Death Hand grew old, his body covered in scars from a lifetime of battle. Even then there was only one person who had the might to best him in a fair fight, his own son Garl. The Khans would only accept leadership from the greatest warrior among them, and there is no truer test of a person's strength than a fight to the death. Garl killed his own father for the right to lead the Khans and took the title of Death Hand as his own.

"He killed his own father." Ruby said in tears. Yang would kill anyone that kill anyone in her family, but a family member did that would brake her.

He led the Khans in their raids against Shady Sands and other towns in New California for years afterwards. Many settlers considered him nothing more than a bullying low-life brute, but others
suspected that Garl Death Hand was merely seeking a worthy foe. If Garl had played his cards right, he might have lived long enough to have a son of his own and one day pass on the title of Death Hand but, before he could produce an heir, he met his end. In 2162, Garl and his gang had kidnapped a girl from Shady Sands, and she turned out to be the mayor's daughter, Tandi. That was a step too far for the people of Shady Sands, and it wasn't long before some do-gooder in a Vault 13 jumpsuit showed up at the primary Khans camp demanding that Garl release her. The legend of the Vault Dweller had just begun, and the Khans couldn't have known just what they were up against, but Garl had finally found a true equal to face in combat.

"All shit." Yang said knowing where this was going.

The Khans were hardly the greatest threat that The Vault Dweller had to deal with, and they weren't even mentioned in the dweller's memoir. Once a damsel in distress, Tandi went on to become president of the New California Republic, where she turned the NCR into a powerhouse the Khans could never hope to match. Only one Khan managed to survive the camp massacre, a boy named Darion who hid during the ruckus. Darion spent the rest of his life trying to atone for his act of cowardice. He created a gang called the New Khans and spent eighty years harassing Tandi and the people of her New California Republic.

*Young Darion*

"That kid is a real dick." Blake said. What Darion lacked in courage, he made up for in leadership. His New Khans were a bunch of real bruisers, maybe even tougher than the gang from the old Death Hand days. These new Khans were such threats that they even took control of Vault 15, right under the NCR's nose. Tandi couldn't let that stand, so she sent an operative to deal with New Khans.

That operative just happened to be a direct descendant of the Vault Dweller who had slaughtered the original Khans… The old bird probably got a laugh at that.

"Wait, really." Weiss said. By that time Darion was a half-crazed old man, but he went down with a hell of good fight. The Vault 15 security system recorded his final battle, and he would have made Garl Death Hand proud. Even though Darion was dead, the Khans lived on. A handful of raiders away from Garl's camp survived and carried the legacy of the Khans with them. The largest group lived away on the fringes of the NCR under Papa Khan, called the Great Khans to honor their illustrious heritage.

In 2267, Papa lead them East where they discovered the ruins of Vegas; that was years before Robert House had unleashed his army of robots. The Great Khans found a home among the hardened tribals that inhabited Vegas back then. There the Khans could test their mettle against the other warriors, and they wouldn't have to worry about the Vault Dweller's great grand kids showing up to kill them all.

"Make sense." Weiss said, The Khans worst enemy is in the west, so traveling east would be save. The Great Khans had a few good years there, until Mister House decided to send out his Securitron army and "Civilize" the inhabitants of his town. About the same time the NCR had begun to spread East into Nevada too.

*Khans walking infront of two securitron*

"Their so fuck." Yang smirk.

The Great Khans know more than anyone that annihilation is an ever-present threat in the wasteland, and they suddenly faced a war against two armies, so they chose to abandon Vegas rather than tempt fate. Outside of Vegas they were of little interest to House, but they still fought NCR troops at every opportunity.

The New California Republic had grown increasingly ruthless in its efforts to acquire new territory, and there are those in the Mojave who saw the Great Khans as victims of NCR hegemony. The two groups had been enemies for generations, and their battles were fought with little mercy from either side. The NCR eventually won a decisive victory though, at the Battle of Bitter Springs. Although most people around the Mojave call it The Bitter Springs Massacre.

"That make sense." Weiss said, everyone look at her. "Hear me out, from what I can tell California and Mojave are different places. To the Mojave, the NCR are just a bunch of bullies taking things."
"I can see that." Blake said after hear Weiss's reason was reasonably.

Bitter Springs was identified by NCR intel as the Khans' base of operation. The NCR cornered the Great Khans and invaded the camp. That's when the Khans started evacuating the camp down a nearby canyon. 1st Recon troops stationed there opened fire and killed most of the gang. They thought they were shooting raiders flanking their troops, but they ended up killing women and children, old folks too. Almost anyone who was at Bitter Springs has a different account of what happened. It might have been a mistake, some miscommunication between the NCR commanders, or bad reconnaissance at the site. Or it could have been a deliberate act of genocide.

Hearing that made Ruby like the NCR less, she also felt sorry for the Khans.

More than a few NCR troops just walked away from the army after that. Even if the massacre can be blamed on bad intel, the soldiers who pulled the triggers still had to hold themselves accountable for their own actions. Some of them have taken jobs as mercenaries protecting towns in the Mojave. Get them drunk enough and they might talk about what they did at Bitter Springs. Though most of them are drinking just so they can forget.

Yang thought of Qrow hearing that those soldiers drinking away.

"That a cool emblem." Ruby said at the emblem.

The Khans of course can never forget Bitter Springs. The massacre left the Great Khans a broken people. The ones that survived limped away to the West, way out in Red Rock Canyon. There the Great Khans are out of the way of the NCR and New Vegas. They lack the brute force and numbers to survive as raiders like in the old days, and now they make a living by manufacturing chems, and selling them to other raider gangs.

"Just like the Schnee." Blake said. It would have piss Weiss off, if it wasn't true. A long time ago the Schnee family once had a army at their command. But after a grim attack, they only her grandfather survive the attack. He made the company to help not only him but the world.

Papa Khan is aware of just how far his people have fallen, and the NCR bears the full weight of his wrath. He has even accepted envoys from Caesar in the hope that joining the Legion will allow him some final act of revenge against the NCR in the coming war. A fool's hope, but that might be all that the once great Khans have left.

"Wow, they really are broken." Ruby said. Joining Caesar would be the last resort. They have little choice but to hide in their canyon, lamenting their lost power. Still, even a group of broken down chem-dealers have it pretty good when compared to some people in the wasteland. If you can call them people. There are wretches out there who'd be happy just to have skin that isn't rotting off their faces.

Ruby froze fearing what it is.

But that- is a story for another day…

As everyone falls asleep Ruby can only look at the spinning fan.

JNPR finally made it to their room.
Ghouls and Wizard

During breakfast Weiss tells JNPR about the NCR, the Legion, Vegas and Khans. Jaune and Pyrrha like the NCR at first, after Bitter Springs Massacre it went down hill. Nora and Pyrrha what to kill Caesar for slavery, even Ren as well what to pull a pullet throw his skull. Ren wonder what House has to keep everyone away. Everyone feels bad for the Khans after the Massacre, many Ren and Nora.

JNPR has to study for a test coming up in one of their classes. So RWBY decide to watch more storyteller, but before they got to their room. Ozpin was stand in front of their door. "Hi, Professor Ozpin." Ruby yelled to the headmaster.

"Ah, miss Rose. Is everything okay here?" Ozpin ask the team leader.

"Yeah, why did you ask?" Ruby ask Ozpin. Ozpin explain how students keep hearing a men's voice in their room. "Ow, that just Storyteller."

Ozpin froze and ask if he could watch. After Blake sitting on her bed the began.

FALLOUT Lore: Ch.10 – Ghouls

The radiant heat of an atomic bomb can turn a human body to ash in an instant. The shockwave can crush bones and burst organs for miles in every direction. And those unfortunate enough to survive will soon succumb to the unseen threat of radioactive fallout. Most bodies will lay down and die once they've absorbed enough radiation; a horrible death that takes days, but maybe better than the alternative that some people face. Ghoulfication.

RWBY who watch from the beginning now see the effects the bombs cause. Ozpin did not even flinch.

Plenty of people in the wasteland will shoot ghouls on site. They look like zombies, or mummies – monsters right out old horror vids. The tragedy is that most ghouls are just as intelligent now as they were back when they were human, and they're perfectly aware of what's happened to them. There's still plenty of them that have gone feral, though. Spend enough time in a rotting body, and they degenerate into little more than animals that attack any human they see. Most folk think it's better to just shoot first and worry about being called a bigot later.

"Sad." Ruby feeling sorry for the ghouls.

* A feral ghoul attacking a wasteland *

"All shit!" Ruby shouted and jump on Yang for safety.

We're not sure why some people turn into ghouls while others just keel over after being exposed to radiation. The history tapes don't mention ghouls existing before the Great War, so something must have changed back around the end of the 21st century. Well, a lot of things changed, but even the best minds of the wasteland can't figure out which factor causes ghoulfication. The planet was covered with unprecedented levels of radiation. Some of the sites holding stockpiles of Forced Evolutionary Virus were hit in the war, and trace amounts of the virus were released into the atmosphere. Humanity's gene pool had also been reduced from billions of people down to a smattering of survivors – many of which had been selected by Vault-Tec for dubious purposes.

"Yeah." Blake said sadly.

Ghoulfication might happen when folks get just the right dose of radiation. Could even be a hereditary trait that was always present in humanity, but only activated by high levels of radiation exposure. Walk the wasteland long enough and you'll find evidence for all these theories and more. When the Great War happened, thousands of people made it to Vault-Tec facilities in time to survive the nuclear bombardment. Most of them were kept safe from the ensuing fallout, but there was one vault, number 12, where the doors didn't close all the way. They shielded most of the radioactivity, but just enough got through to turn Vault 12's population into ghouls.

"Fucking damn it, Vault-Tec!" Weiss yelled.

Every one of them was chosen by Vault-Tec, and they have a history of rigging their vaults to
experience "Theatrical" malfunctions, so it can't be a coincidence that the doors failed to seal up. This supports the notion that ghouls have a pre-existing dormant trait, but it could also mean that the scamps at Vault-Tec knew the exact amount of radiation to let in.

Either way, the ghouls who lived in Vault 12 used their pre-war technology to create a prosperous, if unsightly, town. Humans stayed away from the place, although naming the town "Necropolis" probably didn't help with tourism.

"True, but no humans shooting at them." Yang said.

The ghouls got along pretty well by themselves for close to a century. One of the few good parts about a ghoul is that they don't age like humans do. Some of the pre-war ghouls are still kicking, today. Unfortunately, most of them were killed a while back, because Necropolis was one of the first places to be overrun when the Master unleashed his mutant army.

The mutants stormed in hoping to find a Vault full of pure-strain humans with no trace of mutation. They must have been hopping mad to learn that all that was left of Vault 12's gene pool was a bunch of radioactive zombies. The ghouls managed to keep an uneasy truce with the Super Mutants for a couple of years, but eventually the mutants turned on them and slaughtered most of the town. It was nearly a hundred years after the Great War, but the folks from Vault 12 finally made it into their graves.

"Team RWBY I need to..." Before Glynda could finish she look at the tv and see.

*Two ghouls shot*

Before you know it, she running as fast she can.

"Wonder what she what'd." Ruby said.

Some of the surviving ghouls made it to the few settlements that would tolerate their kind, like Broken Hills where they lived with humans and mutants alike. Others just set up shop in places too heavily irradiated for anyone to bother them. Another perk of being a ghoul is that they don't get sick from radiation exposure. Hell, some of them even feed off the stuff and get a robust healthy glow when they're around it.

A few of them settled in a town around near a broke down nuclear reactor in California. They got it running again, even though it probably wasn't up to its pre-war safety standards. They were smart enough to trade their electricity with the surrounding cities too.

"Good idea." Weiss said.

They had the idea that if they could provide enough power to their neighbors in Vault City, then they might be able to use some of that Vault-Tec medical equipment to find a cure for being a ghoul. Nothing ever came of that idea, though. Vault City wasn't known for helping out their neighbors back in those days.

"Ass holes." Yang said.

A few scientists are still looking for a cure, including a ghoul doctor in Washington DC, but there aren't any tales of ghouls being miraculously renewed. Plenty of hucksters are looking to trick them into thinking there's a cure, or a better world waiting for them in the sky. Not far from the Colorado river is a glowing preacher who claims he's going to take his flock of faithful ghouls to some sort of utopian space paradise. That is if they can get their space ship repaired.

*Jason Bright talk to the REPCONN ghouls*

"Nice glow." Ruby said.

Back in the town of Gecko they had some mysterious genius hidden away beneath the town with a plan to renew their humanity somehow. They should have been a little suspicious, since the cunning plan involved gathering large amounts of cheese-flavored snacks…

Large ghoul settlements are rare these days because many factions within the wasteland have tried to annihilate them entirely. The Enclave has attempted genocide twice in the last forty years, and the Brotherhood of Steel isn't exactly sympathetic to their plight, either. Ozpin narrowed his eyes hearing Enclave and the Brotherhood.

There's a secret ghoul city built into an old museum out in Washington DC. They have a lady who remembers the days before the bombs fell, and she tries to help out the unfortunate people who have recently transformed. Yeah, people are still turning into ghouls. Doesn't happen often, but every now
and then some lucky bastard will spend too much time near a hot spot and find themselves slowly turning into a walking hunk of beef jerky. A person can never tell if they'll ghoulify. Even if they stay away from radiation, they can still end up looking a ghoul if they get exposed to the Forced Evolutionary Virus – the stuff that created the Super Mutants. "All great." Ruby said.

Normally when someone is dipped in a vat of FEV, they come out looking Boris Karloff with a touch of sea-sickness. But there's a few mutants who developed other forms of genetic aberration. Holotapes recovered from the Master's old base in Mariposa speak of people who gained psychic powers, and other unique alterations. A couple of these failed attempts at perfecting the Super Mutants ended up looking just like ghouls.

One of them used to live out in the Boneyard to the West. Joined up with the Followers of the Apocalypse over a century ago. Their records say he was an ordinary human before he was dipped in the FEV vats. He was pure strain human too, fresh out of one of the vaults, but he still came out of the vats looking like a brain-eater. He might still be alive out there too, if his mutation gave him the same long lifespan of the other mutants.

Ozpin eyes looked down. There's another old mutant who emerged from the vats looking just like a ghoul. He was a survivor of the Great War, and was the first mutant to walk the wasteland. Or at least that's how he tells the story.

He calls himself Harold, and he claims that he had a hand in just about everything that happened over the last two hundred years. He survived the Great War inside one of the nicer vaults, and used to know the Super Mutant Master back when the Master was just an ordinary human. Also claims he was good friends with the Vault Dweller who defeated the Super Mutant army a century ago. Funny that Harold isn't mentioned in the Vault Dweller's own memoir. Ozpin smirked a little.

Harold even said that he helped the Chosen One bring down the Enclave when they tried to take over California. That might have happened, plenty of people remember both of them being in the town of Gecko at the time. But Harold's got a fuzzy memory, so take his stories with a grain of salt. Being over two hundred years old will make a body go a little senile, and Harold's got some unusual problems with his brain on top of old age.

It started out as a little twig growing out of his head a hundred years ago. Some side effect of his mutation. Over the decades that little branch just kept growing and growing until Harold ended up more tree than man. He wandered the country for years at his own deliberate pace, then he took root out East in a desolated spot. "What, his the one with a tree growing out of his head." Blake said.

By that time, he looked more like a face growing out of a tree than of a tree growing out of a zombie. He even gave off seeds that took root in the surrounding soil, so he ended up attracting a cult of tree worshipers who thought he was some kind of forest god restoring the Earth.

Ozpin smirk again. Not much coherent news comes out of Oasis these days, but travelers from the Capital Wasteland say that the trees north of Washington DC have been looking a mite "greener" the last few years. That could be due to the Brotherhood of Steel purifying the water in the DC basin, but it would be nice to think that old Harold was still out there, making the world a more colorful place. The girls smile that Storyteller was giving Harold credit, Harold has walked across just about every bit of the wasteland in his two hundred years, although he
stayed out of the Mojave for the most part. There is a man, a courier, who has traveled all over the
Mojave, discovering its secrets and carrying messages from its highest mountains to its deepest
divides.
But that is a story for another day.
"Well, miss Rose think you for having me. But I must be on my way." Ozpin tells the team.
"Did any see him smile twice?" Blake ask.
Blake walks to her seat.

FALLOUT Lore: Ch.11 – Ulysses' Divide

There were some mighty inhospitable places in this world even before the war. Deserts that could sear the life from a man as fast as any radioactive crater, rivers so polluted they'd catch fire, and lawless lands ruled by brutal fanatics. It was a bad enough place that some people even looked forward to the apocalypse; a chance for humanity to start over and build a new society that was worthy of its people's loyalty. There are some folk who are proud to wear the flags of the new societies that have appeared in the aftermath. The Brotherhood, the Enclave, New California Republic – even some slaves in the Legion who are proud of the bull symbol embroidered on their clothes. But the flags of the old world are still out there for travelers who care to look. The red, white and blue, and the stars and stripes appear all over the Mojave. They're a code. A message for someone. Can't say who they're for, but the man who made the marks isn't shy about making his presence known.

"Whose that." Weiss asks.

He traveled throughout the Mojave as a messenger of the Mojave Express out of Primm, concealing his role as one of Caesar's Frumentarii. He calls himself Ulysses. That's a name from the old Roman times, and one that belonged to a general who fought in one of America's most bitter wars: Ulysses Grant. The Mojave's Ulysses named himself after this general, a hero who united two nations under a single flag. America's flag on his back is a symbol of that dedication.

"That's so cool." Ruby said in awe.

That is just one example of his beliefs. Ulysses is a man who respects symbols. He spent his life trying to find one that he could be proud to wear. It began with the tribe he was born into, the Twisted Hairs. They wore their hair in braids to symbolize their life and achievements, and Ulysses has honored that tradition throughout his life, even after the tribe was assimilated by Caesar's Legion.

"Damn." Yang said at Ulysses honor, even after joining the Legion.

He's a loyal man too, and that is a both a virtue and a curse in the Wasteland. Despite seeing his tribe betrayed and enslaved by Caesar, Ulysses still remained loyal to the Legion. Give that man a cause, and he'll fight under its flag.

"Really." Blake said. If this man would fine out about the White Fang, they could win a lot of battles.

He carried the symbol of the bull with him throughout Nevada and was the first in the Legion to discover Hoover Dam, where he spotted the Rangers from the New California Republic. The Rangers had their own flag, their totem was the two-headed bear of the NCR. These were men who shared his respect for symbols, and Ulysses knew that the bull and bear would battle to the death over that dam.

"Damn, he really smart." Weiss said.

Yang thought about a two-headed Ursa.

*Ulysses stars and stripes*

"Nice jacket." Ruby said.  

He didn't fight in the battle for Hoover Dam himself. Caesar had sent him further West to cut the NCR's supply lines. Interstate 15 used to be a highway where cars and trucks rolled at speeds faster than a deathclaw on Jet. Two centuries after the war, it was known as the Long 15, and it saw its fair share of traffic with brahmin carts bringing food and ammunition to NCR soldiers. The road served as a jugular vein for the bear's two heads.

"Think I know where this is going." Ruby said.

Shortly before the NCR clashed with the Legion at the Dam, Ulysses was out by the Long 15, in a town called Hopeville. That's the sort of name they liked to give places back before the war. Putting the word "Hope" in the name didn't save the place when the Great War struck, though. Got hit pretty
bad, and it took years before folk started settling back in. Seems there was a courier who frequented that route on trips between California and the Mojave. Funny that Ulysses and this other courier could walk the same roads for years and never meet face to face, but that other courier helped build up Hopeville and neighboring town of Ashton. The place was looking mighty promising a few years ago thanks to the work of that one courier.
"Cool." Ruby said.

Ulysses saw the symbols of the old world in that restored community. He realized that the stars and stripes had the potential to be greater than the Bear and Bull combined. Hopeville and Ashton could have been a new home for him, free of the war between the Legion and NCR. A starting point for a nation that was worthy of his loyalty.

But hidden away under those towns was a secret. No one knew that back before the war, they were actually used to hide missile silos. Those atomic warheads had slept nice and quiet for two hundred years, like mythological beasts from a primeval past. Whatever old world talisman was supposed to wake them for the Great War never arrived.
*Nuke*

"Son of bitch." Weiss said as they see the nuke.

Well, it didn't arrive until a couple of years ago. Without warning, the missiles started launching and exploding, right under the towns. It was the second time Armageddon, and it ripped the land open, torn the streets, filled the ground with invisible radioactive fire, and sent up dust storms that could skin a man alive. Why did they suddenly detonate, after all that time? The only person who made it out of there was Ulysses, and whatever he knew about it, he's kept to himself so far.

"Hey, do you think?" Blake ask.

Even though he escaped, there are still some souls living in the ruins of Hopeville. The NCR soldiers and Legion troops who were fighting over the place when the warheads blew are trapped there now. The radiation changed them, mutated them into something akin to the ghouls we have in the rest of the Wasteland.

"Yeap." Ruby said.

The harsh sandstorms flayed them alive, but their mutation kept them going even with their skin scoured off. Their red, exposed flesh marks them as the unfortunates who survived a second apocalypse, and their rage unites them against anyone who enters their land. Their identities as NCR or Legion are gone. The only vestige of those former lives are the scraps of old uniforms they wear. Luckily, they grow weak when they stray from the radioactive soil of this place they call The Divide now. Few people have laid eyes on them except for a couple of couriers and a foolhardy storyteller in rusty power armor.

"I knew it." Weiss said, now knowing she was right back at BOS west.

Ulysses managed to escape with his hide intact because of the automated medical technology in the Divide. The place was full of robots, including those little floating eyebots that the Enclave used to have out East. There must have been pre-war machinery in the Divide that could duplicate the eyebots, and modify them to do the work of auto-docs.

After climbing out of the ruins of the Divide, Ulysses was still loyal to Caesar for a time. Before he took his final trip back to the Divide, he was sent by the bull to the Great Salt Lake in Utah. There he manipulated the White Legs tribe into doing Caesar's will. He would inflict the same fate that had befallen his own tribe onto the White Legs, all to kill one man.

"What?" Blake said.

Joshua Graham was one of the few men that Caesar feared had allied himself with another tribe in the area, so Ulysses taught the White Legs how to wage war with Roman brutality and twenty-first century weapons. The White Legs were unaware that their alliance with the Legion would eventually be their undoing, and they hailed Ulysses as a hero, and honored him by mimicking his braided hair. They still wear it that way today, unaware that he considered it to be a mockery of his dead kinsmen, the Twisted Hairs.

"Can see it for both sides." Yang said, (who might does not even let Ruby touch hair.) "For Ulysses is to honor his tribe, which is a symbolize their life and achievements. But the White Legs only did it
to honor him, so it's 50/50."

RWB was only wide eye. His days of meddling with the tribals of Utah might have been the breaking point of his loyalty to the Legion. Not long after that he took to wandering the wasteland pursuing his own goals. He set about destroying the new America that seemed hell bent on repeating the mistakes of the old.

He knew that a weather station in a place called the Big Empty was connected to the sandstorms in the Divide, so he trekked into the deepest parts of the wasteland to find it. There he braved the roving bands of lobotomized slaves and attack robots to restore the Divide, and maybe the spirit of America too.

He left his marks while he was there, but he didn't leave many more after that. His travels must have taken him all over the Mojave and beyond, but all we know is that he was in the town of Primm recently. The log books at the Mojave Express office there show that he was hired to take something important to the New Vegas strip, but he turned down the job. Some other courier took the package, whatever it was.

After that, Ulysses disappeared back into the Divide. He left a series of messages behind him as he went, most of them addressed to another courier. Courier Six. Maybe that's the same courier who used to travel through the Divide years ago, or the courier who took that last job at the Mojave Express. Whoever it is, Ulysses was calling them to the Divide for some reason.

The girls don't know who this Courier is, but he has to be impotent. Maybe someone answered that call already. A mushroom cloud went up over the sky near Hopeville a while ago. Could have been Ulysses settling a score with that courier, although he'd have to have one Hell of a grudge if it involved nuking that town for the third time.

Ulysses has seen his tribe destroyed, his new home shattered, and loyalty spurned. He turned to the old world when the new one failed him. He's a man who could make any spot in the wasteland his home, but he chose to stay in the Divide because of what it symbolized for him.

*Ulysses standing over Hopeville ruins*

Blake is now see Ulysses like herself. She could make any place hers, but her team is what makes her, herself.

Lately there's been a person out there in the ruins above Hopeville, keeping a lonely vigil over the broken land. Has the lean body of a messenger, and wears the flag of the Old World on their back. It might be that other courier wearing a duster like the one that Ulysses used to wear. Or it might be Ulysses himself. After years of living only for his hate, he might have made peace with himself, and the courier. Decided to keep watch over the Divide and prevent the raging red-skinned monsters from trying to enter the Mojave. The wasteland has enough problems already, and lots of folk would find it comforting to think that Ulysses has come to the end of his journey, delivered his final message and is content to stand guard over one place for a while.

"I would to." Weiss said.

Ulysses was one of the greatest assets the Legion had, but even he was far from the deadliest. The Bull and the Bear have clashed twice over the Hoover Dam, and each time the Bull horns were sharped by some of the most dangerous killers to ever roam the wastes.

But that- is a story for another day…

"What." Yang said.

"Come on guys, time for launch break." Ruby.
RWBY made it to launch, where JNPR was waiting. "Guys, would not believe what happen." After minutes of telling them that Ozpin watch Storyteller. Jaune felt sorry for the ghouls. "So the Ghouls are like the Faunus." Ren said. Hearing the made Blake relies that he was right. Pyrrha felt that Ulysses is a honorable warrior.

The team made it back to their room and get ready for the most dangerous men in the Legion.

FALLOUT Lore: Ch.12 – Caesar's Legates
Walk the wasteland long enough and anyone will gather a few scars. Gecko bites, laser burns, scorpion stings. The little scars make for nice talk at parties, but some scars are so deep, so big that they end up defining a person for the rest of their lives. You see a man burned head-to-toe and he keeps on walking, or someone with their face torn off who refuses to lie down and die – That's a person who has more important things to do than tell you their story over a bottle of nuka cola. "That's true." Blake said. She thought back to Adam, who was clawed, burned and slash. He now wears a mask to cover the scars.

When Caesar and his Legion came upon the Hoover Dam in 2277, he knew that it was his destiny to march his army across the Colorado river just as the first Caesar had crossed another river two thousand years before. Unlike the original Caesar, this new Caesar found himself facing a foe that would not yield at the mere sight of an approaching army. The New California Republic was just as determined to hold that dam as the Legion was to take it.

When the battle came, Caesar's legate made several mistakes in the command of his forces. A combination of overzealousness and righteousness made the Legion an easy victim for a trap laid by the NCR, and the resulting debacle put an end to the Legion's march West. Now they wait on the far bank of the Colorado river, rebuilding their army with fresh slaves taken from the fiercest tribes East of the dam, looking for a way to send the NCR running in earnest terror. "Like the White Fang." Ruby said.

*Joshua and Caesar*
"Damn, he's hot." Yang said at Joshua.

The man who led them to their catastrophic defeat had been Caesar's first General. At the time he went by the title Malpais Legate, but he was once known as Joshua Graham, one of Caesar's oldest friends. Like all men, Caesar feared the unknown, and placed his trust in the people he knew best. Malpais Legate might have been the person best qualified to lead the assault and simply fell victim to a cunning ploy by the NCR commanders. Or maybe Caesar was unable to see the limits in his old friend's abilities, and should have led the charge himself. Either way, Malpais was punished for his failure in the worst way the Legion could find. Burned alive and thrown into the Grand Canyon. Even if Graham managed to survive, he'd be disfigured and in agony for the rest of his life.

"No way!" Ruby said. "It was this guy that got burned."

The next time that the Legion sets out to take that damn, they'll need a new Legate in command of their army. They'll need someone who can stir genuine fear in the hearts of the NCR troops. and they already have the perfect candidate. Joshua Graham ended his career with defeat and disfigurement, but his replacement joined the Legion through the same path.

Radiation, mutation, cybernetics, these can all create monsters, but the one they call The Monster of the East is just a man. He was not created by science, but by rage. Like all those who were assimilated into the Legion, he once went by another name, although that name is lost to history. He was the greatest warrior of the Hidebark tribe to the East. His brute strength and massive size put him on the path of the warrior at a young age and by the time he was an adult he had become the most feared man in his tribe. He was their defender, and the neighboring tribes learned to avoid Hidebark territory.

The girls feel that this man would be more scarier then the grim.
When the Legion first arrived, they quickly discovered that any soldier who entered Hidebark lands would be slaughtered by a giant swordsman who left behind a trail of bodies cleaved by a massive blade. The Legion named this unseen terror "Lanius" the Latin word for butcher. "Mep" Weiss said, she still have nightmares of the chainsaw wielding 'monster'.

There are very few tales of the Hidebarks that do not center around Lanius. A clan of savages whose only remarkable feat is that they survived for two hundred years after the bombs fell. As Lanius grew to manhood, the tribe in turn grew to depend on him too much. With such a terrifying champion to fight their battles for them, the Hidebarks became soft and weak over time. Their chieftains needed neither wisdom, nor might to flourish, so long as Lanius was there to protect them. "Is it bad I what this tribe destroyed?" Ruby ask. That shock everyone, Ruby normal what to help anyone and everyone. So hearing her said that must be bad.

When the Legion arrived looking for new tribes to enslave, the chieftain of the Hidebarks feared that this was a threat even Lanius could not defeat, and the tribesmen chose to surrender to Caesar, rather than face death in battle.

It was a weakling's gamble that gained them nothing. Although Caesar accepted their surrender, Lanius considered it a betrayal that the leaders of his tribe would prefer the many deaths of a coward over a single valiant moment on the battlefield. He killed them himself as the Legion watched. "Know it." Ruby said in a start face. This is really creepy the team out.

Although Lanius was capable of bringing down sixteen men single-handedly, he barely survived. His strength impressed Caesar, and he was offered a place of honor in the Legion. With his respect for his own tribe gone, he accepted on the condition that he be allowed to exterminate the remaining warriors of the Hidebarks.

The history and identity of the clan has been erased by the Legion, and they are now known only as one of 86 tribes that were "United" by Caesar. A footnote in a scroll lying at the bottom of a chest in Caesar's tent. The women of the Hidebarks have been scattered throughout the Legion as slaves, and the boys are now grown into soldiers of the Legion. The men of the Hidebark clan? Only one remains. Lanius, The Monster of the East.

*Lanius and Caesar*

"What is he hiding under the helmet?" Yang ask. Lanius has no love for the Legion. They employ deceit and trickery when assimilating new tribes, and Lanius is a man of very direct methods. He is loyal to Caesar himself though, and values the opportunity to prove his honor with each new tribe that he conquers in Caesar's name. Since he joined the Legion, he has led them to victories against 19 other tribes, and the NCR would be fools to think that Lanius won't lead the charge at the next battle for Hoover Damn.

This Lanius is like Adam's 'Blade', she remember him with no problem. He was sleeveless and tattoo down his left arm. He did save her life once, take a grenade in the face for her. He wear a mask that covers his face. Last time she seen him was at the train, where she had to kill him. Lanius wears a suit of armor crafted by the finest blacksmiths in Caesar's army. It isn't powered by a microfusion pack like the Brotherhood's power armor. No, Lanius carries the full weight of that metal himself. No hydraulics, no gadgets, just a man fueled by a lust for battle. "If he can wear a metal armor like that with no help. You know he can kill me with four hits." Yang said.

"Inless you hit him after first hit." Ruby said. He wields The Blade of the East. A few of the super mutants took to tearing the bumpers off pre-war cars, and hammering them into sword blades. That's fine for a giant gray beast hopped up on Stealth Boy rad, but a man like Lanius needs a more refined weapon. The legion forged for him a massive sword with old-world craftsmanship that is every bit as devastating as modern tech – when in the right hands. Lanius can cut an armored Ranger in half with one blow, and knock a supermutant right off its feet. Legion frumentarii even claim that he can run it straight through a Brotherhood of Steel paladin in full power armor.

"That sword reminds of Yatsuhashi's sword." Ruby said. When Lanius killed the leaders of his tribe, his face was disfigured in the fight – or at least that's what
some in the Legion say. He never appears without his helmet, and his personal servants are all blind, so there's no telling what the Legion is hiding behind the mask. That, of course, is Caesar's goal – to make his new general an enigma. Something made all the more fearsome by the mere fact that it is unseen.

"Reminds me of the White Fang." Blake said.

*Bandge Joshua looking over the Grand Canyon*

On very rare occasions, people will escape the Legion, and there are a few former members who have seen Lanius in person and are willing to speak of him openly. A former Frumentari named Ulysses will talk about Lanius to those who have earned the honor of conversing with him. Maybe he's a little overly optimistic, but he thinks that The Monster of the East can be reasoned with. That the next battle between East and West could end with Lanius peacefully parting ways with the NCR's envoy. An unlikely scenario unless the NCR can find a very persuasive representative.

"Don't think so." Blake said.

Ulysses also met Joshua Graham. Against all odds, Graham was resilient enough to survive being set on fire and thrown into the Grand Canyon. After crawling out of the canyon, he traveled East to Utah and lived among the people of his homeland, New Canaan. They were a people of faith – still worshipped one of the Old World gods from before the war, and their ancestors kept that faith alive. Among the New Canaanites he began the process of atoning for the atrocities he committed as Malpais Legate. They helped Graham recover from his injuries, and his sins were absolved in their eyes, although he would forever bear his burn scars. He might have been content to stay there for the rest of his life, living in peace but rumors of "The Burned Man" reached back to Caesar, and he couldn't rest knowing that a potentially dangerous enemy was still kicking.

"All man." Ruby said knowing where this was going.

The New Canaanites were soon wiped out by a band of tribals called the White Legs. Ulysses had a hand in that, back when he was still working for the Legion. Neither man seems to hold a grudge over the incident, although it's probably best to keep clear if they ever meet again. The White Legs had been sent by the Legion to kill Graham, but that man has a fire burning inside him that just won't go out. Again he survived, and The Burned Man now lives among the tribals in Zion Canyon. There tries to use his knowledge of war to bring peace among the tribes, a well-intended effort, but a reminder of his old life as a ruthless killer.

Blake looks down, she and Graham are so much alike. She know what she doing now won't make up for her sins, but she'll still fight.

The Monster of the East and The Burned Man are alike in many ways. Myths that outshine the men beneath their masks. Both are forever scarred by their association with Caesar. Yet Graham has learned to wear his scars with humility, a constant reminder of the monster that he was, while Lanius is unable to see the monster that he has become. Until he does, he will remain a valuable tool for Caesar, and a force of destruction in the wasteland.

Hearing how both men are similar made them have hope. Then the different, that only one knows he a monster is the only good thing now.

The Legion was built by men of ambition, but their origins were that of humility and service. It's hard to believe the Legion's founders had their start in an organization that works tirelessly to preserve light and knowledge in a world that is savage by nature.

But that- is a story for another day…

"Now that ironic." Ruby said.
"What's the next episode?" Ruby said.

FALLOUT Lore: Ch.13 – Old Time Religion

"I think I'll like this." Blake said.

Before the war, people prayed to all sorts of gods. Most of those old religions didn't survive the war. No time to memorize scripture, or recite prayers when every minute of the day is spent scavenging for food. Nowadays every bombed-out town in the wasteland has the remains of an old church in it, but most of them are empty, save for the radroaches and feral ghouls. If the old world gods are coming back, they sure are taking their time with it. In the meantime, the more superstitious folks in the Wasteland have been making up their own religions to help them get through the day.

"You can't make up a religion like that." Both Ruby and Yang said. (Explain that to L. Ron Hubbard.)

*Megaton bomb*

There's a group of kooks out East who worship a nuclear bomb that's right in the center of their town. The thing was a dud that didn't go off during the Great War back in 2077, and it's been sitting there ever since. Some of the locals must have thought it was divine intervention that prevented it from exploding, and this holy relic has been spreading thyroid cancer to the faithful ever since. "I can see how it would be a 'holy relic'." Weiss said.

These "Children of Atom" have been in that town since its construction. Their obsession with atomic energy means that they know a lot about engineering, so the townsfolk put up with them. They have a preacher who stands in the radioactive mud telling anyone who'll listen about the glory of Atom, and the holy Glow that awaits folk who die of radiation poisoning.

"That's a little messed up." Yang said.

The Children of Atom split into another group that hunkers down in a basement one town over. They aren't so much concerned with the bombs as they are with the effects of radiation on certain people. These Apostles of the Holy Light think that ghouls are lucky souls who've absorbed enough of Atom's love to evolve beyond humanity. A comforting thought for the handful of ghouls who cram into their tiny sanctuary during services, but the church doesn't have a lot of people begging to convert.

"That's, nice?" Yang ask her team, only to get shrugs.

There was town round the 2240s that was convinced they had a "rat god" living in their sewers. The townsfolk didn't worship the thing, but it seemed like the local mole rat population had taken a shine to it. The rodents organized somehow, and chased the humans out of part of the town for a while. Some adventurous types killed that King Rat a long time ago, putting an end to the whole cult, but that wasn't the only rodent god worshipped in the wasteland.

Some ghouls over in the town of Gecko had a mysterious preacher deep beneath the town. Turned out to be one mighty articulate vermin with some fancy plans. Promised the ghouls all that their humanity would be renewed through some supernatural force. Nothing ever came of it, but ghouls don't grow old, so the original cultists might still be there praying away and hoping for the best.

"So sad." Weiss said.

*Children of Cathedral*

Then there is this old cult, known as the Children of the Cathedral and was perceived since its foundation in 2156 as little more than superstitious, harmless nonsense. Tolerated by the wasteland, they set up hospitals throughout survivor communities. The imposing Cathedral in the Boneyard was their center of power, covering up their sinister plans.

"All great." Blake said.

Their Dark God was the Master of the Super Mutants, the Holy Flame dwelling beneath the ground in the darkness. Most people had never encountered anything like him. Useful mutations are rare, and among his many "Uncommon" mutations was a powerful form of telepathy.
Go on and laugh, but the files at the Mariposa military base confirm that the Master and several other people developed psychic powers after being exposed to the Forced Evolutionary Virus. The Master was… lucky in a sense, his evolved state allowed him to use his powers without going too insane. "Okay, that would scare the shit out of me." Yang said. Her team look at her like she was crazy at first, but then they started thinking. If he has these powers and not gone insane, he would know how to use them.

The cult worshipped his hideous visage, some following out of greed, others out of sincere belief, strengthened by brainwashing, self-torture, and other indoctrination. They did his bidding blindly, and spread out through the wasteland, their hospitals stocked with weapons and spies, to infiltrate survivor settlements and pave the way for their armies. "Motherfuckers!" Yang yelled. Using hospitals to make a army, from unwilling people. Like it or not, there are some goings on in the wasteland so terrifying that they'll turn a body to prayer. In Maryland there's a building that scavengers have stayed away from over the centuries. On moonless nights, the surrounding lands have shadowy forms that crawl about shrieking the words "Alhazred" and "Ug-Qualtoth". Words a human mouth was not meant to speak. "Wait what does it mean?" Ruby ask.

Those who've ventured inside claim to have witnessed dark rituals on an unholy altar. Seen the dead rise, and unnamable horrors appear through foetid mists. Sounds like a bunch of ghouls having a party, but that old office building is still one of the most bizarre places the wasteland holds. "Okay, who thinks it's haunted rise their hands." Ruby said raising her hand. Blake and Yang raise their hands, well Weiss did not. Whatever eldritch rites those ghouls practice is certainly from the old world, maybe even older than Mankind.

A handful of other pre-war cults proved to be tougher than roaches too. Not even the apocalypse could get rid of something called Hubology. Even before the war, most people knew that Hubology was a load of bunk. It was made up by a fellow named Dick Hubbell to bamboozle people out of their caps. "Okay." Weiss said slowly.

*Scientific Spirituality book*  
"I really what to read that now." Blake said.

Claimed that the spirits of dead aliens were the cause of everyone's problems, or some such nonsense. Of course the Hubologists would clear out those invisible "nuerdynes" – for a price. They were still running the same racket out in 'Frisco for centuries after the Great War. "What asses." Blake said do to her love of knowledge

One of the few old-time religions to stick around this long is something they called Mormonism. Mighty popular in the Mojave before the war, and it had a pretty good run after the apocalypse too. Until they drew the attention of Caesar's Legion. Now there's fewer of them than ever. That religion isn't likely to die out, though. The remaining Mormons are "resilient" to say the least, and they carry more than scripture these days. "Ha, take the Caesar you cock sucker." Ruby said at Caesar's failed plans in destroy the Mormons There's an old Mormon fort over in New Vegas, but there's no Mormons there anymore. It's a base for the Followers of the Apocalypse. With all of these groups and their fancy names, it would easy to think that The Followers of the Apocalypse are some sort of doomsday cult. But despite the name, they aren't a religious group, and they aren't trying to create another apocalypse, they're trying to heal the world in the wake of the last one. "And that's why I like them some far." Blake said.

The Followers were founded out West in New California a few generations after the Great War. First founded on the outskirts of San Diego, what you call Dayglow now, the Followers migrated and settled into an old world library, out in the Boneyard. Led by Nicole, they realized just how much of humanity's knowledge had been lost in the decades since the war. Instead of hoarding that knowledge, they decided to share it, to ensure that the Great War would not happen again. Nicole
and her Followers even had a hand in helping the Vault Dweller infiltrate the Master's cathedral, and the organization lives on today.
"Yes!" Blake shouted.

The Followers have a few things in common with the The Brotherhood of Steel. Both like to dig up pre-war tech, but the Brotherhood is mostly interested in weapons, and they refuse to share their technology with outsiders. The Followers are more concerned with how pre-war society grew their food, generated their energy, and healed the sick. Unearthing the weapons that caused Armageddon isn't part of their plan for the wasteland. They'd rather see some of the secrets of the old world remain buried, and that puts them at odds against some of the other factions of the wasteland.

"Makes sense." Weiss said.

The Followers have a complicated relationship with the New California Republic. The NCR knows that the Followers can be useful allies in the arms race against the Brotherhood and the Legion, but the pacifist nature of the Followers means that they are at odds with the NCR's expansionism. They have since split ways, with NCR supporting a more pliable, agreeable group of dissident Followers, the Office of Science and Industry.

"All great." Ruby said.

*Followers of the Apocalypse*

"I can see both Blake, Ren and Oobeck as members." Yang said.

Of course, as pacifists, they would never be tolerated by the Legion. Caesar himself was raised by the Followers. Taken in when he was just a child, but their teaching obviously didn't stick. Back when Caesar was a young scribe working for the Followers, he soaked up all that he could learn from them, then turned that knowledge toward a path that would horrify Nicole and the other founders of the group.

"I can understand Nicole." Blake said, remembering the day she leave Adam, the White Fang and everything she known.

The Followers are still very accepting of outsiders, though. People who value education and are willing to use their knowledge to ease the suffering of the world are always welcomed. There's even an individual among them who's descended from the surviving members of the Enclave. It seems he uses the Followers as a path to redemption for the sins of his father. That's a long road to walk, and a precarious position for a man to be in, torn between loyalty to a monstrous lineage, and an idealistic quest for absolution.

Hearing the form Enclave member trying to redeemed his sins, gives her hope for her self.

The Followers are doing their best to carry the fire of humanity with them as they aid the most unfortunate people in a world of suffering. They prove that what a person does is more important than what they believe. Very few of the Followers could think that they're heading to a place of everlasting peace after they die. Like most folk in the wasteland, all they're hoping for is a quick death and the satisfaction of knowing they made the world slightly less horrific.

The Followers know that knowledge of the Old World has its uses. Those pre-war types sure knew how to grow food and build houses. Although there are some who take the pursuit of knowledge a little too seriously. The unbridled pindexters who designed the weapons that got the world into this mess in the first place. Some of those smartypants Old World folk are still with us today. Found a drastic method of keeping up their research for a couple more centuries. They have a private facility out in the middle of nowhere, filled with lobotomized zombie soldiers, giant robot scorpions, and "teddy bears".

"Wait, what?" RWBY asked, hearing 'teddy bears.'

But that- is a story for another day….

"Let's meet these ass-holes." Yang said.
Think Tank

Everyone seat back with hungry stomachs. "Last one before dinner." Ruby
FALLOUT Lore: Ch.14 – Think Tank's BIG MT.

The great minds of the 21st Century created fantastic technology that their ancestors couldn't even
image. They shot machines into space, built robots too small to see, and harnessed the power of the
atom! They also made all of the horrors that ruined the world, and many of those scientific horrors
still plague us today. Forced Evolutionary Virus, Nuclear Warheads, Orbital weapon platforms. It's
chilling to think that the minds who created such things might still be out there… but they are. Still
thinking up new ways to kill, torture and mutilate.

"What!" Yang yelled.

About three hundred and fifty years ago, America was celebrating a war that they won by using the
first Atomic bombs. The whole country was inspired by the potential that Atomic energy promised.
They dreamed of a future where atomic rocket ships flew through the sky, atomic cars raced through
the streets, and giant robots defended America's shores… with Atomic death rays.

"Like Liberty Prime!" Ruby yelled.

At first that view of the future only appeared in movies; the old two-dimensional holo tapes of the
twentieth century. But by the middle of the twenty-first century, the future had arrived, and it looked
exactly how America thought it would. What had once been science fiction had become science fact.

"I don't think that's how to cut a cake." Blake said, as the Mister-Handy use it's saw.

The wasteland holds monuments to some of the people who brought about that future. The RobCo
factory still stands, as does the old Chryslus Factory, Poseidon Energy reactors, and of course Vault-
Tec Vaults. The big boys all built their facilities to last. But some of America's greatest pre-war
minds engaged in secret work that was best kept out of the public eye. These masters of the ethical
paradigm shift called themselves… The Think Tank.

"Why 'Think Tank'?" Weiss ask.

This group of egg-heads engaged in the sort of radical, theatrical, "unpossible" science that was once
the stuff of comic books. They concealed their laboratories deep within a complex called Big
Mountain, where their innumerable crimes against humanity and nature were hidden beneath miles of
stone.

There they constructed facilities to research new ways to fight America's wars. Titanic robot
scorpions with laser stingers. Cybernetic enhancements for man and beast. New stealth suit
technology that was surprisingly talkative for a stealth suit. Innovative new toxins to kill foreign
soldiers by the thousands. Every day at Big Mountain was like a science fiction double feature! No.
A triple feature.

"You many like the things Mad King does." Ruby said, about the comic book villain.

Their work wasn't theoretical, it was applied science. Applied with extreme prejudice. Big Mountain
maintained its own prison camp where imprisoned Chinese and Chinese-Americans were kept as
human test subjects. DNA splicing, automated lobotomy machines, and old-fashioned target practice
for new-fangled guns were just a few of the indignities forced on the unfortunate prisoners.

"Pore Chinese." Ruby said. Blake eyes glared at the tv, Weiss look down knowing what her family
company did.

The exploding collars that modern slavers use were widely used in the camp at Big Mountain. There
are even a few of those old prisoners still alive in that camp today; turned into ghouls when the
bombs fell two hundred years ago, and they have spent the centuries trapped in Big Mountain by
their slave collars. A horrid fate, even for suspected Commies.

When there weren't enough Communist prisoners for their experiments, the Think Tank had no
problem using unsuspecting American citizens. They distributed their technologies around the
country to military towns like Hopeville. In one instance, they even provided a resort town with fabulous devices like holograms, self-sustaining vending machines, and the most advanced autodocs in the wasteland. But the Think Tank took its pound of flesh. The experimental technology turned entire cities into proving grounds, often with disastrous results. The sandstorms over the Divide are courtesy of the Think Tank's meddling, as is a peculiar red mist that chokes the life out of anyone who ventures into the wrong part of the wasteland.

"They did that!" Ruby said in anger.

Most of their attempts to put science to benevolent use ended up going horribly awry. They designed a series of body-suits to autonomously transport wounded soldiers away from battlefields, but they ended up as ambulatory body bags for the vengeful bones of long-dead men. Even something as harmless as a toaster became a bloodthirsty killing machine once the Think Tank began experimenting with automated personality modules.

"You have got to be kidding me." Weiss said.

Sometime before the Great War, the scientists of The Think Tank developed a weapon so powerful that it blew the top of their mountain right off. Since then, Big Mountain has been a huge crater that forms a natural barrier between the Think Tank and the rest of the wasteland. Keeps most folk out, and mercifully keeps the Think Tank inside.

*Big Mountain*

"Okay." Ruby said. However Weiss eye grow widen, it looks likes one of the Schnee's biggest laboratory.

The six scientists who ran the place back then survived the Great War inside a massive dome at the heart of the Big Empty. Over the years since, everyone else who inhabited the place has met their end either from radiation, or more gruesome means, but those six scientists were mighty tenacious about continuing their research for as long as possible. As their bodies aged, they decided to preserve their precious brains in new mechanical bodies.

"Excuse me." Weiss said.

Transferring a living brain into a robot body is a tricky task. These men (And woman) survived the process, but it seems like a few chunks of brain got left behind in their old gourds. The resulting monstrosities became demented parodies of their once brilliant selves. The long-term effects of floating in biomed gel hasn't helped them any either.

"That's grist." Weiss said.

They go by mysterious code names like Doctor Zero, 8, or Klein. Their original names are lost to them, maybe a bit of brain damage during their transformation, or it might be some math nerd's idea of a joke. Klein is some sort of de facto leader, mostly by default, since the others are too incompetent to do much more than break things around their lab, rant about Communists, or indulge their remaining biological urges.

At some point after they transferred their brains into those floating cases, Klein had a falling out with a Doctor Mobius, and Mobius set up shop in a region of the Big Empty that he calls… The Forbidden Zone. From there he pesters the Think Tank with an army of robot scorpions.

"Great, JNPR would love that." Yang joke, which oddly enough everyone laugh.

It all sounds silly when you're nice and safe out here in the wasteland, but there are people who've been inside the Big Empty, have seen firsthand the nightmares within. Just about all of them ended up captured by robots, and had their brains scooped out. Normally getting its brain pulled out would spell the end for a body, but the automated surgeons in the Big Empty are programmed to cram in a bunch of electronics and a Tesla coil that keep people scurrying around without their brain. The Think Tank calls them "Lobotomites". They are the brainless workforce, keeping the remains of the glorious Big MT together. Beyond their janitorial duties, they just shamble around growling, and attack anyone they see who still has a skull full of grey matter.

*Lobotomite down*

"That's sick." Blake said.

An energy barrier around the crater prevents the Lobotomites from escaping, and keeps the Think Tank trapped inside too. But any creature that still has its brain inside its body can walk right through
that barrier. Many of the evils of the Mojave came out of Big Mountain. Those giant poisonous bugs, the Cazadores, were engineered by one of the crackpots in the Think Tank. And that same fellow thought it would be a bright idea to crossbreed a rattlesnake with a coyote, and the resulting abominations escaped to plague the Mojave. They slink around the desert at night, preying on the unwary. Many travelers have died with the sound of a nightstalker's rattle still echoing around them. "Wait, they made a hybrid with a reptile and a mammal?" Weiss said. (That is not in possible, but it's only work with a gene not half and half.)

There have only been a handful of people who got inside the place, and back out with their brains intact. The lure of buried relics from before the war is powerful temptation for folk who are so enamored of the past that they can't appreciate the wonders that the present holds. A disgraced Brotherhood of Steel Elder went there in search of the means to help the Brotherhood defeat the New California Republic. The place was a like a bank vault, just waiting for him to crack it open. Elijah's Brotherhood training with pre-war technology allowed him to easily outmatch the Think Tank, and have the run of the place for a while.

"But..." Yang said

He not only found arcane gadgets, but also learned about another hidden treasure trove of pre-war wonders. By the time he broke out of the Big Empty, he had everything he needed to pull off a heist at some legendary city of gold.

"There we go." Yang said.

The Think Tank is a little eccentric but they're still dangerous. Elijah was a rare man, an expert in the equipment found around the Big Empty. Others who stumbled across the Think Tank had a harder time evading them.

A man like Elijah drew plenty of attention, and one of the Brotherhood splinter groups sent out an assassin to stop whatever he was up to. That assassin, she didn't fare as well. Got caught by the Think Tank, and had her brain all poked up by one of their malfunctioning autodocs. She made it out of there eventually, with most of her brain still working. Then she headed off after Elijah again, this time with a better stealth suit, and an ever-growing grudge against the man.

'And I thought Adam can hold a grudge' Blake thought.

The only other humans who've set foot in the Big Empty and walked back out (mostly) intact are a pair of couriers. One of them wasn't so much concerned with buried technology as he was with speaking to people who were alive back before the war. The Think Tank might just be brains in jars now, but they were once red-blooded Americans in the days when great nations stretched all the way over the continent. It's hard to find a person who remembers that firsthand, and the Think Tank had five of them in one room. To a man trying to reawaken a nation, that's an opportunity worth braving the lobotomites and roboscorpions.

"What a brave soul." Ruby said.

The other courier seems to have stumbled across the place by accident. No grand quest for knowledge, vengeance or truth. Just bought a ticket to the midnight show of a sci-fi marathon that went on longer than expected.

*Wastelander watching a drive through movie*

"I love movie marathon night." the sister said, remembering having them with Summer, Tai and Qrow.

Even though they are just a fragment of their former selves, the Think Tank used to be some of the greatest minds that humanity had to offer. They brought about achievements in science that prove humanity is the most advanced life form on Earth. But Earth is just one small planet in a vast universe, and we are not alone. We have been visited by a malevolent race from beyond the stars who are as far above us as we are above the amoeba. For centuries they have observed us from afar with envious eyes.

"Wait, you mean... Alien?!" Ruby yelled.

But that- is a story for another day.

"Okay first dinner, then Aliens!" Ruby yelled as she leaves.
Alien and Puppet

RWBY made it to dinner and of course tell JNPR what happen. Pyrrha was scared of Lanius not because of his power, but because he's undefined like her. Jaune felt like sorrow for Joshua who lost his people and his humanity. Ren did like the Followers do to them what to help heal the world. But JNPR thought the Think Tank as sick.

After dinner the team walk to their dorm, when a enteric girl jump on Ruby. "Why." Was all Ruby said in a grown.

"Ruby you okay?" Yang said.
"I'm fine. Penny can you please get off." Ruby grown.
"Ops, sorry Ruby." Penny said as she was getting up. "What are you all doing."
"We been watch the Storyteller." Ruby said.
"Wait, really? May I watch?" Penny ask. RWBY shrug and nod.

Ruby jump on her bed and press play

FALLOUT Lore: Ch.15 – Aliens of Mothership Zeta
When the sun rises on the wasteland, a wanderer can look out over this vast stretch of lifeless dust and feel utterly alone. When that sun sets, and the stars shine, mankind must accept that we are far from alone in this universe. Of late, humanity has had to share the Earth with mutants, ghouls, and robots, but it has been centuries since our species could claim this planet as our sole domain. Even when America was just a group of colonies six hundred year ago it was being watched from afar by a diabolical race from the far reaches of the cosmos.
"What would that be?" Penny ask.
Most people will laugh if you say that aliens exist. Folk will believe in walking corpses, talking deathclaws, and brains in jars with psychic powers, but they draw the line at little green men in flying saucers. That's the stuff of pre-war holotapes and radio shows. But no matter how stubborn the skeptics are, the evidence is undeniable. Go to the right part of the wasteland, and anyone can see the remains of a crashed UFO for themselves.
"Wow." Everyone said.

*Three aliens*
"Ah, kill with fire." Ruby yelled.

Some people wave these sightings off as experimental pre-war air craft that just look like UFO's, but that flying saucer North of Washington DC sure wasn't a pre-war bomber. Alien ships have been crashing all over the wasteland for over a hundred years. They're hidden deep in the wasteland, but they're out there for those who want to believe.
"So only those looking for them finds them?" Weiss ask.

The descendants of the Vault Dweller from Vault 13 swear that the Vault Dweller stumbled upon such a craft over a century ago, and briefly carried an alien weapon. The wasteland's top scientific minds have held the thing in their hands. It doesn't work anymore – runs on some kind of alien power cell that humanity can't reproduce, but some of the brightest minds in the wasteland have examined it and are convinced that it's beyond anything made by human hands, even before the war.
"That makes sense that they can't make it." Weiss said.
"Yeah, maybe it's powered by early dust." Penny said. That made RWBY jump hear that.

That particular space blaster disappeared a while ago. Last anyone knew it was in the hands of a talkative merchant who probably had no idea what the thing was. Might have made its way into the hands of someone who put it to good use, or it could be at the bottom of old saddlebag adorning some brahmin skeleton in the middle of the NCR.
"That's a waste." Weiss said.
"And that give land." Yang try to make a pun. (failed)

*Alien Blaster*
"I like the design." Ruby said. Other alien artifacts have been discovered all over the wasteland, and some of the more wondrous technology out there is said to be derived from alien designs. A few unfortunate people out in the wasteland are cursed with mutations that grant them psychic powers. Sounds like a tall tale, but when you've seen a person's head explode from within, you'll become a believer right quick. The only thing that keeps these folk from nuking their noggins is a "Psychic Nullifier" that uses alleged alien engineering. The Master used these to keep some of his more unique mutants under control, but the design can still be found out there being used by "Highly Intuitive" denizens of the Mojave. "Okay." Blake said. Much of the amazing technology that the Enclave used is speculated to have extraterrestrial origins back before the war, and some military installations even have artificial intelligence that was said to be created in pre-war times with alien technology. Hearing the A.I. being made by alien technology, made both Ruby and Penny jump. The government back then never officially admitted it, but they knew that aliens had visited Earth. Right before the Great War, some of the smarter folk figured out that the apocalypse was a-coming, and they came up with all kinds of plans to survive. Vaults, and secret oil rigs, but one of the more daring plans was to leave Earth entirely. The knowledge that there were other inhabitable worlds out there inspired the Enclave to look into space travel, although the war hit before they could actually get off the planet. "Take that ass-holes, you'll never get to us." Yang said. The Enclave are probably lucky that they never made it to another world, because by all accounts the aliens are just as nasty as anything here on Earth. "No kidding." Blake said. Yup, there are people who've met these malevolent visitors face to face and can still talk about it. A few years ago, a person who came out of one of the vaults on the East Coast ended up getting teleported aboard one of the mother ships. That's right, those little saucers that are crashed all over the place, those are just scout ships. There was a whole army of aliens up there in a mothership, and their own records prove that they've been here for a good six hundred years. Kidnapping and experimenting on humanity the whole time. "Oh my." Penny said. The aliens own records indicate that they've been here since 1697, maybe even longer considering that some of their captives were wearing medieval armor and carrying swords. A handful of those unfortunates survived the ordeal, and now have the rare privilege of looking down at the ruins of Earth from their home in the sky. The view probably ain't as pretty as it used to be before the war – and some of them know firsthand. They were kept in a form of suspended animation that's more advanced than anything on Earth. People hundreds of years old, emerging from stasis without aging a day. Bet the folks at Vault-tec would have loved to have had access to that sort of tech back when. "I know the General would love that." Penny said. RWBY look at her like something was up. These alien captives are among the few un-mutated people who were alive before the Great War. They can not only talk about their lives back in by-gone centuries, but they can also describe what it was like to live among the invaders from space. "I have a bad feeling." Blake said. These beings do not see humanity as equals. Our lives mean no more to them than brahmin. According to the survivors, when a human is captured, they are interrogated briefly, then tortured and stored away in stasis until the day their captors decide to use them for gruesome experiments. "I would whether be eating alive." Weiss said. *Abomination* "Ah, kill it with fire!" Ruby and Penny yelled. WBY did agreed to kill so things if they see one. Maybe at some point in the past, the aliens' goal was simple vivisection, to open us up and see what makes us tick, but eventually they learned to manipulate the human body and transform us into mindless abominations. Maybe they needed these half-human abominations as soldiers to fight in some far off war. Maybe they were the unexpected results of a failed experiment in trying to
transform humans into something else entirely. Or maybe – maybe these aliens are just a bunch of little green jerks.

"I say jerks." Ruby said.

We can't truly fathom their goals, though. We can only gather evidence and seek out patterns in the nigh inscrutable collection of objects discovered in the cargo holds of their ships. Their teleportation beams have been sucking up junk from the Earth's surface for centuries and the random materials are crudely organized around their ship, as though they are trying to learn about us by examining our junk foods and soda machines.

Elsewhere in the massive ship are neatly organized rooms devoted to unlikely objects that were carefully collected and preserved. Just what were the aliens planning with that vast armada of robot ponies? Was alien technology used to make children's toys in the pre-war days? Could these visitors have done more than merely observe us in the years leading up to the war? The answer could be too terrifying to imagine.

*Robotic horses*

"What a waste." Weiss said.

Humanity is not the only species to suffer at the hands of these creatures, though. They seem to have spent some time interrogating various other Earth species before determining Humanity to be the most intelligent. They might have gotten the impression that Brahmin were the smartest creatures around on account of the two heads, but that hasn't kept the brahmin out of harm's way in the alien experimentation labs.

"So aliens do take cows." Yang said.

Our species are alike in some ways, though. We can eat their food, such as it is. As far as we can tell they live on a diet of space squids, and giant worms. Not exactly a delicacy from BlamCo, but no worse than mirelurk meat. We can use their biogel too to heal our wounds, and even keep disembodied brains alive for decades after they've been removed from their bodies. But it doesn't seem like our visitors appreciate the similarities between our species. To them, were no more than lab rats.

"So take over the Owln damn Mother ship!" Weiss yelled.

The good news is that whatever pony-loving scheme they were up to was stopped a few years ago when that vault dweller got beamed up to the mothership. That fancy light show over the Eastern horizon a while back was a battle happening in outer space. Somehow humanity got the upper hand in that ruckus, and now there are a lot fewer aliens around.

Everyone cheered.

They ain't all gone, though. A little North of Vegas, some of the farmers have been seeing strange lights in the sky recently, and you can bet it isn't a Vertibird. The aliens have held off any sort of full-scale invasion, but those little scout ships are still out there causing trouble for people who wonder into the wrong parts of this wild wasteland.

"Boo!" Everyone did.

There are people who claim to have seen other species of alien life around the wasteland. With all the weird mutants out there, you can't blame them for thinking that some of these critters can't be from this world.

"No you can't." Blake said.

The wanamingos out in California are often called aliens, but they're actually the descendents of genetically engineered creatures that were bred back before the Great War, using the Forced Evolutionary virus. They look like something out of an old science fiction holotape, all tentacles and gaping maws.

"I seen enough hentai to know where this is going." Yang said. Blake blush, well everyone else look confuse.

Most of them were wiped out a few decades ago when some adventurers killed the wanamingo queen out in Redding. That was only known queen, but there have been sightings of wanamingos as far West as San Francisco too. Luckily, as a species they've all but died out these days. Good thing too since they were mighty tough to bring down. A good flamer helped keep them at bay, but if you
ever come across one of them, just shoot it in the groin socket to show it whose boss.
Yang grinned at that tip.
Wanamingos aside, it seems like the skies have become a safer place for now, but the aliens are still out there. Who knows what they're after? It's not unrealistic to think an alien race flew all this way for raw materials, or a sip of water.
Water. Now that's a resource that's always been in demand, and those who control it, control the wasteland.
But that- is a story for another day…
"Why is that?" Penny ask.
"I don't know Penny. But it's time for bed." Ruby fell asleep. Everyone walk to their beds as Penny leaves for her room.
Traders

RWBY and JNPR ate their breakfast, only to go to class after words. It was only at lunch were Weiss tells JNPR about the aliens. They thought their are little green jerks, Jaune then ask about watching the next episode.

JNPR grab their chairs and sat next to RWBY. Ruby then plays the episode.

FALLOUT Lore: Ch.16 – Crimson Caravan, Gun Runners, Van Graffs

Civilization is a delicate thing. Tribals can hunt and gather in complete isolation. Small towns can grow their own food and dig their own wells with little need for outsiders. But anything larger than a little collection of shacks, and folk will need to bring in supplies from somewhere else eventually. Before the Great War, people had more belongings than they knew what to do with. The bombs destroyed a lot of it, but many of those pre-war goodies are still out there, waiting for someone to come along, dig them up, and haul across the wasteland in search of someone who's willing to pay for them.

"I could easily have that job." Both Nora and Ren said.

Some parts of the wasteland are blessed with piles of pre-war rubble that hold endless bits of scrap that can be used for repairs. Other places have the rare gift of fertile soil and can grow crops. And a few places even have fresh water without a taint of radiation. Problem is, most of those places are far away from each other, and the roads between them are filled with raiders, abominations, and hostile robots. It takes a brave person to walk those trails day in and day out. Or a ruthless one.

"Like Yang." Ruby said.
"And Pyrrha!" Nora yelled.

*Two old cars on top of one another.*

The Crimson Caravan has been driving brahmin carts across New California for over a hundred years, and they're still around because of their business savvy, luck, and plain old ruthlessness. They were among the first organized groups of traders in what is now the New California Republic. Not a glamorous start, hauling scrap and water from the Hub to Necropolis and elsewhere, but their adventurous spirit, and outright recklessness made them grow into one of the biggest businesses in the land today.

"That's a okay start." Weiss said, knowing her grandfather had to start off low.

Back in 2161 New California was much more wild, and gangs like the Vipers, the Khans and the Jackals were a serious danger to anyone who set foot outside of a town. The Crimson Caravan would hire just about anyone with a gun and a few scars to guide their caravans and fight off the raiders. If you loved the sound of bullets whizzing by, and didn't mind killing someone over a wagon of Nuka Cola, then there was always plenty of work to go around. One of the Vault Dweller's first companions pulled a stint with the Crimson Caravan, and rumors around the Hub say that the Vault Dweller personally guarded a few shipments too.

"Neat." Nora said. Everyone did thought they could guard a caravan with ease.

In those days the Crimson Caravan hitched their brahmin to the husks of pre-war cars, but these days most traders just bundle everything up on the poor brahmin's back then walk the wasteland on their own two feet. The caravans are smaller, but they're well-armed, and it's a common site to see traders and their bodyguards chasing off a pack of overzealous raiders who were hoping to find some easy loot.

"Like Yang at Jr.'s." Ruby said.

*Brahmin*

"Okay, why is it both ugly and cute at the same time?" Weiss ask. (I fine cow cute... And delicious.) The Crimson Caravan has spread out East into the Mojave after 2273. A move that ain't working out too well for them. These parts have had their own couriers and caravans for years. Too much competition for the new blood. Everyone knows that if you need something moved fast, the Mojave
Express will get the job done. And with the NCR streaming towards the Colorado river there's too much commerce going on for any one company to handle it all.
"True." Ren said.

The Wasteland is a big place, but there aren't many trade routes that can be traveled safely, even for a heavily armed caravan. The competition between the Crimson Caravan and the Mojave's trading organizations is fierce. They sent out one tough broad to take charge of the local chapter lately, and she's the sort of lady who ain't afraid to "Buy out" the competition… with plasma.
"Like someone father we know." Blake said. Weiss again is not angry at what Blake.

The one competitor that doesn't have anything to fear from them has also been around for over a century as well. Before the war, the term "Gun runner" meant someone who illegally smuggled weapons to places they weren't supposed to go. Eighty years after the war, the term had come to mean one particular group that excelled in repairing and building weapons.

These days, the Gun Runners don't need to smuggle anything because customers come running to them. Everyone West of the Mississippi knows that if you need some heavy firepower, the Gun Runners are your new best friends.

Ruby, Yang and Nora's eyes lit up.

Like the Crimson Caravan, the Gun Runners had humble origins after the Great War. Started out as just another Hub gang that immigrated to the Boneyard 'round 2131, camping in a small factory in a ruined neighborhood in the Boneyard – what used to be called Los Angeles. They kept any nosey neighbors away with a moat of radioactive sludge that surrounded their headquarters, and ensured that only serious customers came by to see their customized weapons. By 2155 they adopted their business name, becoming known as the number one dealers in killer hardware, right after the Brotherhood that is.

*Gun Runners*
"Okay." Pyrrha said.

Their business took a hit in the sixties, due to a pack of Deathclaws that built a nest nearby. Not exactly good marketing for Gun Runners to say they can't kill the local varmints. They got some help from a wandering do-gooder, and thrived. Eventually, Gun Runners became a major supplier of weapons to the fledgling New California Republic.

"That's great." Jaune said, still remembering about what happen with the Khans.

Nowadays the Gun Runners have kiosks spread around the wasteland that sell their wares. They build the things around their robots salesmen – no way in or out, just a little chute for dispensing weapons and taking in caps. Helps deter anyone from taking the five-finger discount, or trying the Shady Sands shuffle on them when they ain't looking.

They send out caravans to trading posts on occasion, but those caravans usually just trade with big-time buyers like the NCR, and they aren't afraid to chase away small fry's. Despite their intimidating preoccupation with weaponry, the Gun Runners are still among the more honest weapon merchants in the wasteland. Treat them fairly, and you get the same in return. That ain't so with some of the other iron mongers out there.

"That's is really cool of them." Jaune said.

If you're the sort that's too civilized to lob balls of lead at your enemies, you could buy a genuine death ray from the Van Graff family. But make no mistake, the Van Graffs are merchants of death, plain and simple. They don't share the Gun Runners' devotion to craftsmanship, and they aren't interested in experimenting with wild new variations on their arsenal. No, if you walk into the Van Graffs' shop out in Freeside then you're facing folk who just want caps in exchange for firepower, and they are just as likely to vaporize you as they are to sell you a plasma pistol.
"So their ass-holes." Ruby said.

The Van Graff family has stirred up trouble all the way from New Reno to Freeside, and they'd be happy to sell their wares to disreputable folk East of the Colorado river too. They've set up shop in a pre-war casino just outside of New Vegas. There are no more roulette games there, but patrons are gambling with their lives by approaching the place. Their underhanded dealings have built up plenty of animosity to other traders around the Mojave, and it ain't a good idea to go anywhere near them if
you've got a former trader at your side.
"I can see that." Pyrrha said.

But there are plenty of dangers that even the finest new energy weapons can't fight. Find a person
crawling through the desert who hasn't had anything to drink in days, and they'll trade you their
shiny new plasma rifle for a bottle of water. Water can be more precious than caps sometimes.
Around the rest of the Wasteland, water falls from the sky, bubbles up from the ground, and dribbles
out of pre-war toilet pipes, but most of it still has particles of radioactive material that's been giving
off atoms since the war. In the Back When times, they had devices that could purify water, but most
such gadgets have long since fallen into disrepair. People who have access to fresh water control one
of the most valuable resources out there.
"Maybe Weiss would rule the wasteland like that." Yang joked.

*Water Merchants trading with wastelanders*

In the days right after the war, the supply of fresh water in New California was controlled by a group
of Water Merchants who ran caravans out of the Hub. They knew just how precious water was, and
for a brief time they managed to rule the Hub and surrounding territory with an iron fist. Their power
was so great that even the Vault Dweller turned to them in Vault 13's time of need.
"Did they help?" Jaune ask.

Over the years since, the NCR has done a decent job of seeing to it that fresh water is distributed
fairly in their territory. The Mojave is lucky enough to still have a supply of fresh water from Lake
Mead – thanks to those clever pre-war engineers and their dam. The Water Merchants are all but
unknown in these parts now.
"To bad." Pyrrha said.

The merchant caravans aren't quite as organized in the Capital wasteland. Before the war, that area
had a high population density, at least when compared to the Mojave. All of those big cities, and little
suburbs along the coastline meant plenty of goods were available for people who were willing to dig
it out of the ruins of their local Super Duper Mart.

*Inside a Super Duper Mart*

There are a couple of trading hubs out there, though. Canterbury Commons was started up by a
fellow looking to make it the East Coast version of The Hub, although it ended more like something
out of a pre-war comic book. The trade caravans quit visiting the place when a pair of costumed
cornballs started fighting over the town. The trade caravans quit visiting the place when a pair of costumed
cornballs started fighting over the town. One of them was out to destroy the place, and the other was
trying to save it. Can be hard to remember which was trying to do what, since their battles always
seemed to end with the town in ruins.
"Sounds like Xray and Vav." Jaune said, remembering the first episode.

For the most part, the Capital Wasteland relies on freelance do-gooders to transport messages and
items from town to town. Independent traders wander their territory dispensing bits of junk to
whoever happens to stumble across their path. On occasion though, lucky wanderers might meet a
trader with a pre-war military robot for sale, in decent condition, if a bit over-enthusiastic.
"That would be luckily." Blake said.

Before the great war they had a saying that one man's trash is another man's treasure. That's never
been more true than now. A spare water chip can change the fate of the entire wasteland, and having
the right pile of scrap metal, electronics and sensor modules in the right place can unite a traveller
with the best friend they'll ever have. All of that junk gets hauled from one end of the wasteland to
the other by the brave, the ruthless and the just plain crazy.
"Crazy." Everyone said.

Humanity is slowly rebuilding civilization, one piece of scrap at a time. But there are men who don't
think the Old World is returning fast enough. They crave the buried riches of the Old World just as
hungrily as men craved the gold once buried in the California hills. One man isn't content to watch
while humanity slowly crawls back to the glory of the pre-war days.

But that- is a story for another day…
"Sorry guys but I have homework to do." Jaune said.
"We better help." Ren said to his team and leave.
"Lets start." Ruby said.

In bygone years these lands had tall tales of folk heroes like Pecos Bill, John Henry, and Paul Bunyan. Little yarns about big men. They helped children believe the world was a more magical place than it really was. Lately, folk don't need to tell campfire stories to make the world seem... interesting.

"Yeah! But stories are so cool, they made me what to help people." Ruby said.

Travelers will still find a few pre-war posters and postcards about the Sierra Madre scattered around the wasteland, and every now and then some crazy old scavenger scrawls "Gone to Sierra Madre" along the highway before wandering off into the desert to die on a fool's quest. Hundreds of years ago, foolhardy men would head out West into these hills in search of gold, but the prospectors these days are panning for pre-war prosperity.

"Only to die." Yang said.

*A wall with "I WISH I WAS AT THE SIERRAMADRE" written on it with a sad face*

"Yeah, like it really is prosperity." Weiss said.

The Sierra Madre is an Old World resort whose opulence is said to be perfectly preserved through the apocalypse. It was built by an industrialist named Frederick Sinclair, for the highest of high society. Makes the New Vegas strip look a back alley in Junktown. An oasis where the lucky could win a fortune at the roulette table, see the biggest celebrities in the world like Dean Domino, or promenade with up and coming starlets through quaint Villas.

"I don't think anything is better the Vegas with out some kind of cache." Blake said.

It was an exclusive, far-off vacation spot. Suspiciously secluded for a tourist destination, as though Sinclair might have had some ulterior motive for building it. The great War struck before the place could have it's grand opening. Maybe that was Sinclair's plan all along, to spend the apocalypse with the movers and shakers. Or there could have been some quieter, more personal meaning behind all the grandeur.

Finding the place offered a chance to let go of your troubles, whatever they are, and start again. For folk who never got a fair shake in life, a chance to begin anew is more valuable than gold, water, or even caps.

*Waiting room*

"Okay, that's to good. What's the cache?" Weiss said.

Plenty of people have heard the call on their radios. A sultry siren's voice telling them of the opportunities the Sierra Madre holds. Those who follow that voice disappear into the wastes. Could be that the fabled casino is so wondrous that no one wants to leave, or it might be that anyone who heeds that call ends up cashing out their chips the hard way. Others have trekked out into the deepest wilds of the wasteland, only to be turned back by a cloud of poisonous red mist that kills those who try to enter. Somewhere within that cloud they are certain a treasure awaits.

"There we go." Yang said.

There's an abandoned bunker near the banks of the Colorado river – used to be a Brotherhood of Steel outpost, but lately it's been used by an undetermined individual. Someone who's been to the Sierra Madre and brought back a few souvenirs from what looks like a mighty interesting vacation. A safe full of shiny chips with the Sierra Madre logo on them. Jars of toxic red goo that must be related to that mysterious red cloud. Even more interesting is an art deco vending machine with the same logo.

The thing is a lot more advanced than a simple vending machine, though. Lots of machines will take in a handful of coins and spit out treats, but that vending machine from the Sierra Madre was the pinnacle of what the Back When times had to offer in terms of luxury.

Some of the schematics brought out of the Big MT show prototype matter recombinators that operate...
along similar principles as that vending machine.
"Okay" Weiss said.
Maybe the people who built the resort thought that these machines would let them run the place with their own currency. Replace the old paper money with something more intrinsically valuable. No need to stockpile junk when you can make whatever you need right on the fly.
In the hands of altruists like the Followers, or the New Canaanites this would be a boon to humanity, but the man who is most likely running things at the Sierra Madre is definitely not a humanitarian. The location of the Sierra Madre was lost centuries ago, but those vending machines and other tech were developed by the Think Tank at Big Empty, and surely the exact location of the casino could be found somewhere inside Big Empty. A while ago a few people caused a big ruckus there, and among them was a former Brotherhood of Steel elder named Elijah.
"Great, it's the guy who got out of those Think Tank guys." Ruby said.
Elijah had the technical know-how to uncover all of the Think Tank's secrets, so he is without doubt the one person who could have discovered the location of the lost casino, and learned the nature of the treasures within.
There was a time when Elijah meant well. Suppose the same could be said for the Brotherhood on the whole, but Elijah took the Mojave chapter of the Brotherhood on a particularly dark path. Before he became Elder, he was a Scribe. His role with the Brotherhood was to research technology, and figure out how to restore whatever gizmo the paladins discovered on their expeditions. He was a genius, even among even the Brotherhood's bloodline of technophiles, and he rose to the esteemed rank of Elder in the Mojave chapter.
*Elijah and four knights standy in front of Helios One*
"And he loses Helios One." Yang stated.
Once in a leadership role, he defied the Brotherhood's traditional approach. He sought to improve technology, rather than merely catalog it. He pushed for new, more dangerous weapons. Ones that could unleash mass destruction on the foes of the Brotherhood. After all, their isolationism left them few in number and devoid of allies. A trump card was needed.
When the Brotherhood discovered an old world solar power plant called Helios One, Elijah was convinced that it would give him the weapon he would need to put the Brotherhood at the top of the Mojave's food chain.
"You are so wrong." Yang said.
Even a mind such as his requires time and study to fully comprehend such a masterwork of engineering. Unfortunately Helios One was also coveted by the New California Republic. Elijah couldn't let go, and forced his soldiers to endure a siege while he struggled to unearth the arcane secrets of Helios One.
It was ultimately a futile effort that wasted lives on both sides. The Brotherhood abandoned Helios with its mysteries still unsolved, and the surviving members of Elijah's chapter retreated to their base. Elijah, however couldn't accept the defeat, and set off to the far corners of the wasteland in search of other means to see his Brotherhood take revenge on the NCR.
"Good luck with that." Blake said.
Many members of the Brotherhood felt betrayed by his disappearance, others presumed he was dead. A few, who genuinely believed in him once saw this as the final step in his decent into madness. Among his protege's were a pair of younger members of the Brotherhood, who tried to see the good in him, even though he had repeatedly interfered with their happiness. He placed his interests ahead of their young love, and that would only be the first of many injustices he would inflict upon one of these women in the name of the Brotherhood.
"That asshole." Yang said.
*Elijah*
While the Brotherhood of Steel had access to amazing technologies, they were still limited to what they could find in the ruins of the Old World. Elijah knew that in the days leading up to the Great War, there had to have been inventions that weren't released to the public yet. Secret prototypes, and forbidden research that even the Brotherhood could not unearth.
He found an array of unethical scientific goodies scattered all over Big Empty. The place was a giant toy box for him, containing the kind of reprehensible devices that would ensure his next group of subordinates would be even more loyal than his Brotherhood underlings. Among them was an advanced form of bomb collar, similar to the ones used by slavers, but with additional features that would reward teamwork, and punish treachery.

"Damn slavery!" Blake yelled.

At Big Empty, Elijah discovered another form of pre-war gizmo that never made it into mass production – Holographic emitters. These devices were miraculous even two hundred years ago. There's still a working prototype at Big Empty for those who want to behold this wonder for themselves, but the only place where they were widely-used was in the Sierra Madre. The man who built the Sierra Madre, Frank Sinclair used them for security purposes. The holographic security force was composed of pure energy. Invulnerable, and deadly. They don't need armor, they don't need guns. And badges? They don't need no stinking badges. The girls laugh at that. "Damn, it's still funny." Yang said.

They originally had the benevolent purpose of protecting the inhabitants against the potential dangers of the pre-war world, but in the hands of Elijah, they could be used as an army to wreak havoc on an already chaotic Mojave. With an army of such soldiers he could slaughter the less civilized cultures of the Mojave, and even fend off the New California Republic.

The mysterious red cloud around the Sierra Madre is no naturally occurring phenomenon. Certainly an invention of the devious minds at Big Empty, perhaps intended as a weapon to be used against pre-war China. In Elijah's control it would mean indiscriminate death to anyone outside the safety of the Brotherhood. Or a fate worse than death if that cloud has mutagenic properties. If Elijah is out there in that lost city of gold, looking for a way to rebuild the glory of the Brotherhood and take revenge on the NCR, he'd do best to heed the words of that sultry dame who invited him there in the first place. "Let go". Let go of his vengeance, his humiliation, his losses. Those who can appreciate what they already have, have no need for stories of buried treasure. Besides, if there is anything the Wasteland can teach us, it's that things that reside in the past best stay buried there.

"So he's gone? Good." Ruby said.

The wasteland holds more stories than any one person can experience. Over the decades of my life, I've walked from one end of this continent to the other, and back again. My own role in the wasteland's history isn't as interesting as that of the Vault Dweller, or as exciting as the Chosen One, but it is a long story, and definitely one for another day…

"Even though I what to watch more..." Ruby said to her team. "We still need to eat."
"RWBY made it to dinner and tell them about Elijah's Sierra Madre. JNPR feel weird about the hull thing. After dinner JNPR has to go to bed early because of some sleep less nights."

Yang push play, but they see something new.

**FALLOUT Lore: Ch.18 – The Storyteller**

*Fallout lore opening*

You've experienced the FALLOUT series in your own way, but want to learn more about its story. Well-to get to the heart of the story-you have to go back to the beginning...

"What's this?" Ruby said. Just as she said that a note landed in front of them.

"Hi, FEV Grim here. I felt really bad for never putting the opening in. But do to it being the season finale, I thought why not now." The note said.

"Whose FEV Grim?" Weiss ask.

The Great War happened over two hundred years ago, and the people who remember the days before the bombs fell are fewer in number each year. Ghouls, brains in jars, alien abductees, and a handful of pre-war tycoons who had life support systems ready to go when the worst hit. Among the people who were alive in the 'Back When' times is a man who some call a ghoul, others say he's one of the very first mutants. To those of us who've known him a while, he's just Harold.

"Yes, the tree guy!" Yang cheered

Harold was a child when the war began back in 2077. He wasn't exactly a historian at that age, doesn't remember the global war over the dwindling supply of oil and uranium, the desperate fight in Anchorage Alaska where America and China fought like alley cats over the last drops of fuel in the world.

Everyone look at Blake, Blake turn her head to no one. "Really guys, really? You guys that I did that, because I'm part cat." Everyone looked back at the tv embarrassed.

He survived the war inside one of vaults, and was twice the lucky duck for getting into one of the good ones. The Vaults were part of an experimentation scheme. While some were really supposed to protect the dwellers within, many more were designed to go horribly awry so that the government could study how humanity adapted to outlandish situations, like a thousand kids with no grown-ups, or an army of defective clones running amok. One Vault even had an entire society based around ritual human sacrifice.

"We all know this around ready." Weiss said.

*Vault 29 suit dweller, wondering the wasteland*

Harold emerged from his vault in 2090 into a wasteland where the first generation of survivors were forging their new civilization. Small communities had sprung up, and Harold and some of the other Vault Dwellers eeked out a living as merchants and prospectors. But he was unlike the others. He prospered and became a respectable merchant with his own caravan. His life changed when around 2102 he and Richard Grey mounted an expedition to find the source of the mutants harassing their caravans.

"Okay, now we get to see how he got that mutants." Blake said.

They tracked them to the old military base in Mariposa, California. A secret place from before the war, surrounded by some of the most horribly mutated critters the wasteland held at the time. Most of Harold's companions were killed before they got inside the place, but Harold and his friend Richard survived… in a sense.

"Wait, whose Richard?" Blake asked.

Comparing Harold's stories with records the Brotherhood recovered from that base, it's not hard to guess at what must have happened to Harold and Richard. They'd been exposed to an extreme dose of the Forced Evolutionary Virus, and each of them had developed a unique set of mutations.

Richard became an abomination unlike anything seen in the wasteland since. Harold on the other
hand turned into something that looked like a ghoul, although he was an entirely unique being. Folk in the Hub didn't know about super mutants back then, so they treated him like any other ghoul – which wasn't well. He lost his business, customers, friends. He took to loitering in the out-of-the-way parts of the Hub and he was happy to tell his story to anyone who would talk to him.

"That's so sad." Ruby said, feeling bad for Harold.

Coming from the Vaults as he did, Harold could recognize a fellow Vault dweller when he saw one. He swears up and down that back in 2162 he met the Vault Dweller. The savior of the wasteland. Harold didn't know he was in the presence of greatness. To him the Vault Dweller looked like any other lost soul wandering around Old Town. It took a long time for word to spread about the Vault Dweller's deeds, and for folk to piece together all the tales about that person from Vault 13.

"Alright." Yang said.

Vault 13 was designed to stay shut for two hundred years, but its water purifier broke down a hundred and twenty years early, and it's Overseer sent out an exceptional young person to look for a replacement. The Overseer knew little of the wasteland, but Vault-Tec records told them that there were other vaults nearby, and the young Vault Dweller set off in search of nearby Vault 15.

"What, that's where Shady Sands is at." Blake said.

Vault 15 had long since been plundered, but its inhabitants founded a nearby village called Shady Sands around 2121 and those folk pointed the Vault Dweller to some of the larger towns in California. Places like Junktown and The Hub had all sorts of pre-war salvage, but no water chips. The Vault Dweller did meet Harold in the Hub – even though neither of them realized it was a moment of destiny.

"Bummer." Ruby said.

The Vault Dweller eventually found a replacement chip in the ghoul city of Necropolis. It was built on top of Vault 12, and they had a water chip that ended up saving Vault 13. It seemed that the Vault Dweller had saved the day. But saving the day is never that easy in the wasteland…

"You mean the super mutants." Blake said.

Even as the Vault Dweller set about the humble quest for water, a secret and malevolent force was at work in the wasteland. Necropolis wasn't just full of ghouls, it was invaded by the first generation of super mutants, and the Vault Dweller was among the first people in the wasteland to encounter them and live to talk of it.

"That's right!" Yang said.

The Brotherhood of Steel found the corpse of one of the mutants, but didn't know what to make of the thing. They couldn't believe that some wasteland wanderer might be able to help them, but all the same they sent the Vault Dweller out on a fool's errand to one of the most desolate spots in the wasteland. It turned out that he was able to succeed where others had failed and unraveled the source of the Super Mutant army, and the location of its leader.

"Take that west." Yang said.

In doing so, the Vault Dweller finally found out what happened to Harold's old friend Richard…

"What happen?" Ruby ask.

*The Vault Dweller leading his followers up north*

After the Super Mutants were scattered by the Vault Dweller, he wandered North, gathering outcasts from Vault society and other followers. They formed a tribe far up North in Arroyo. Not as sophisticated as life in the Vaults, but at least they were free of Overseers, Vault-Tec and all the problems of pre-war society… for a time.

"Just like settlements around Remnant." Yang said.

The Vault Dweller had passed on, but a few of the people who knew him were still alive, in their old age. Harold was among them; his unique mutation has given him long life among other interesting traits. By the 2240's he had a tree branch growing out the side of his head. Made him stand out among the other ghouls at least.

He met the Chosen One when he was living in a ghoul city called Gecko. The Chosen One was said to be the direct descendant of the Vault Dweller, and like his predecessor, he was sent on a quest to acquire some Old World gizmo made by Vault-Tec. This time, instead of a Water Chip, it was
something called a Garden of Eden Creation Kit. A fancy fusion-powered device that could transform a stretch of the wasteland into a fertile patch of paradise.

"So why is he called the Chosen One?" Weiss ask.

"What makes you think its a dude. Maybe the Chosen One was a girl." Yang said.

Monty damn it. Why did this has to happen early in the story?

The elders of Arroyo sent their Chosen One out to track down the location of their homeland, Vault 13. The Overseers of Vault 13 had always been a might paranoid about the outside world, so they kept their location a secret right until their bitter end. The Chosen One had to trek all over Northern California, looking for anyplace, or any one associated with the old Vaults.

Harold and the other ghouls in Gecko had been trying to live in peace with the folk of Vault City, a community that had sprung up around Vault number 8. Vault 8 had already used their GECK, but the Chosen One still lent a hand in resolving their dispute with the ghouls. That was Harold's second brush with greatness.

"Take it!" Everyone yelled.

Harold wasn't the only one who knew both the Vault Dweller and the Chosen One. Tandi, the president of the NCR at the time had met the Vault Dweller in her youth. She saw some potential in the Chosen One and talked them into doing some political dirty work to unite the territories around Vaults 13 and 15. Even back then the NCR was constantly scheming to rope in new territory, just like they are now in the Mojave.

"Makes sense. They have to start that way." Weiss said.

The Chosen One ended up stumbling across a plot to wipe out humans worldwide, perpetrated by some of the descendants of the very weasels who had subverted Project Safehouse and turned the Vaults into twisted experiments back before the war. Somehow this Chosen One – a mere "tribal savage" – outwitted the Enclave, one of the most advanced factions in the wasteland. Some old timers in the Mojave still remember seeing the Vertibirds flying East never to return.

*Three Enclave vertity birds fly* 

"Ha! Take that assholes!" Ruby laugh. This still creep the team out.

The Enclave wasn't the only Organization that decided to see what was going on in the East. The Brotherhood of Steel had sent out an expedition to Chicago, but lost touch with them. Another team, of course marched all the way across the country to Washington DC to scour the eastern seaboard for technology.

By this time that little branch in Harold's head had grown into a full-sized tree, with Harold trapped inside, and he was rooted to the spot. On the bright side, he had a group of apostles who thought he was a god, magically spreading greenery to the dying land. They took care of Harold for the most part, even though he grew a little crankier every day.

"I would to if I was him." Yang said.

His "Treeminders" would only let people talk to Harold if you drank their magic potion first. Was really some kind of chem made from tree sap. Can't rightly recall what happened to Harold. We can only hope that people who visit him in his Oasis take the time to talk with him and remember his contributions to the wasteland.

"I would sit down and listened to his stories." Weiss said, (Her favorite teacher is Port) Everyone agreed with Weiss.

Once things started to settle down in the East a new world had sprung up in the West. The tribal villages in Arizona had been razed, or conquered by what looked to be something out of the history books. The Roman Legion had returned and set about civilizing the savages, all because some would-be Emperor had found the wrong book.

"Damn Legion." Blake said.

Seems that Harold got out of New California at the right time. Hopefully he's still alive. I long to hear more of his stories for myself, and walk the Wasteland through his eyes.

*Storyteller and two wastelanders around a camp fire* 

"I fucking know it. Storyteller is a Brotherhood member!" Weiss yelled.

That's all we really have in the end, you know? Whether its talk of the Old World, or what's
happening on the other side of this dustbowl. Stories allow us to travel to places we've never actually been. Live lives some of us can only dream of.

Ruby and Blake smiled hearing his reason for him telling them all of this.

"Of course that's just the handful of stories I've happened to stumble across in my days. The Wasteland has many more mysteries buried in its sands, and strangers like me are all too happy to share them with fellow travelers. Did I tell you about that time I took a riverboat down the Chesapeake Bay and met the inbred descendants of pre-war hillbillies in the swampy ruins of an old park?" Storyteller.

"No, tell us." Yang said, everyone lead in smiling.

"Uhhh, not really?" Wastelander 1. "All I wanted to know was where Nuka Cola come from, and you've been going on about the Wasteland FOR FOUR FREAKING HOUR!"

"Wait, REALLY?" Blake ask.

"Yeah, and now that I think about it. You've barely said anything about Nuka Cola." Wastelander 2.

"Well, in the Back When times they took their soda pop mighty seriously. There's a robot cowboy over at the Sunset Sarsaparilla factory that'll tell you-" Storyteller.

"Ugh! Not again..." WL 2.

"Listen to him!" Blake yelled

"Honesty, I don't care anymore." WL 1.

"You suck." Ruby said.

"How do we even know this stuff is true? Half of it sounds made up. Talking Deathclaws, Aliens, a guy with a tree growing out of his brain? I mean really? A tree?" WL 2.

"I believe it." Ruby said.

"Ruby, you'll well believe in anything." Yang said, making Ruby blush.

"And you've been to some of these dangerous places yourself, and you're telling us you've never gotten killed. Not even a little?" WL 1.

"Maybe, he's just smarter then anyone." Blake said.

"In the wasteland a body either learns to survive, or dies right quick. There's a lady that published a Survival Guide of sorts a few years ago. She lives in town that has a pre-war bomb right in the middle-" Storyteller.

"Megaton!" RWBY yelled.

"WE DON'T CARE!" Both waste landers.

"Jack-asses." Weiss said.

"You already told us about Megaton like three times!" WL 2.

"Wait, really." Yang said.

"Hey. If you know so damn much about this hellhole, why don't you cash in? You know write your own book or something." WL 1.

"That's not a bad idea." Blake said.

"You mean like my own "Wasreland Survival Guide"?" Storyteller.

"I'll buy it." Blake said, everyone agreed.

"Yeah!" WL 1.

"No one would read that..." WL 2.

"Fuck you." Blake said.

"Says you! Hey mister. You never told us your name by the way. Hey! Where did he go?" WL 1

*Storyteller gone. WL 1 starts drinking his Nuka Cola*

"Where did he go?" Ruby said. Knowing that armor would not only slow him down, but make noise as he moves.

"Hey!" WL 2 yelled and got WL 1 attion. "You gonna finish that bottle of Nuka Cola?"

"Uh, hell yes I am. I had to fight off a group of raiders for this thing." WL 1.

"For one bottle. Okay that sucks." Weiss said.

*WL 2 shoots WL 1 with a saw-off shot-gun.*

"What the fuck!" RWBY yelled.

*WL 2 picks up the Nuka Cola, drinking as he walks away.*
"All for that Nuka Cola!" Weiss yelled. "That's a fucking ass-holes!" Yang yelled. *Camera goes to the fire, well music is being played.* "Nice song." Weiss said. "Wait, the note said this was the season finale." Blake said. Everyone had along pause, before they yelled 'No' so loud it shake the dorm. "All men, I what to watch more." Ruby said. Then out of nowhere a paper airplane hit her head. "Ow, what the hell." She cried. Weiss grab it, then open it up and show the team. "Good news. You'll be watching season 2." RWBY cheered. "But first, you and everyone need to come here first." The girl just look at the paper, then a portal suck them in. Elsewhere
Winter was walking down the hall with Ironwood, when she fell in a portal. Coco and Velvet in their room talking on Velvet's bed, next thing they know their sucked down in a portal. JNPR was suck in throw their beds. Ozpin only looked at the portal, then just walk into it.
The team landed on four colored scheme chairs. "Who? How? Where? When? Why?" Weiss yelled. JNPR landed next on their chairs, that woke them up with a jump. "Pancakes!" Nora yelled. Coco and Velvet landed on a brown chair. "Well, this is awkward." Coco said, as Velvet was on her lap. Winter landed on a light blue chair, she stand up and made an attack stance. As she reach for her sword, she grab nothing but air. "What, where's my weapon?" Ozpin walks in and just takes a seat. Across from them, seated two figures. The sitting behind the desk is a elderly old man, which made the girls say "Aw!" The man sitting on the void black chair, was wearing a black bun chow and a grim mask.

"Welcome to are first Q&A. My name is FEV Grim, and I'm here with 12... Wait, 12? Where's Penny?" FEV Grim said.

Penny and Ironwood is looking for Winter. "Winter, Winter, Winter where are you!" Penny yelled. "Penny, we have to fine her or I swear I'll..." Ironwood said, he turn around and Penny was not there. "What the hell!"


"Okay, now that everyone is here. Let me enter dues Mr. New Vegas." FEV Grim said.

"Why, that very nice of you." Mr. New Vegas said.

"Now this is how this Q&A will work. Mr. New Vegas well read the questions, then well answer them." FEV Grim said. "So whose first?"

"This is for everyone. MASTER-OF-SUPRISE ask. What faction if any do you think you'd be a part of? Now that's important." Mr. New Vegas said.

Ruby: Gun runners.

Weiss: NCR, what? Their still trying to unit the wasteland like a government.

Blake: Followers of the Apocalypse.

Yang: Red Caravan.

Jaune: BOS East.

Nora: Khans.

Pyrrha: BOS East.

Ren: Khans.

Coco: Mr. House, I wouldn't mind being one of his girls.

Velvet: I don't care.

Winter: BOS.

Penny: BOS

Ozpin: No comment.

"This next one is for RWBY. TheMysteriousOtaku ask. After seeing all of the robots, would Atlas try and make their own version of them?" Mr. New Vegas. "What is Atlas?"

"Well with their the Schnee and the Adel company could do it." Weiss said.

"Well this one is for you FEV Grim. Shaneman17 ask. I would just like for you to give a small story of how they got the series. Maybe a stash of holotapes hidden at Beacon and found by Ruby?" Mr. New Vegas. "I really do what to know too."

"Wait after the Q&A, and you'll fine out." FEV Grim.

"This is for the beauty white haired, young women." As Mr. New Vegas said that, Winter blushed well smiling. "Shadow-Proclamation8 ask. Do you think that the Atlas military would become like the Enclave given the chance?" Winter froze. "No comment."
"Okay, so next is for the young beauty." The girls blush at the old man's words, then they release which girl he was talking about. "I mean Pyrrha. Shadow-Proclamation8 ask. What are your thoughts on what Vault-tec did?"
Pyrrha: I found them using incent lives as horrible.
"Loving, no this is for the second oldest man in the room." Mr. New Vegas said, which made Ruby, Yang, Nora and Coco laugh a pit, even Ozpin smirked. "RedRat8 ask. I was wonder if your interested in knowing more about Ulysses or Joshua Graham?"
Ozpin: I'm well aware of them, and I found them both well remodels.
"Alright, this next one is for Ozpin and Winter." Mr. New Vegas said. "Archon Azarael ask. Do you believe that comparing Gen. Ironwood's over zealous occupation of Vale and his forceful methods of getting his way or what he wants to the Western chapter of the Brotherhood of Steel and the Enclave accurate?"
Winter: I feel like he methods is like the Enclave.
Ozpin: She is right.
"The next one is for the cute girl." Mr. New Vegas. "This another one from Archon Azarael. What was your favorite robot from the series, and if you could convince your father to modify you, what weapon from the series would you choose?"
Weiss: Wait, modify?
FEV Grim: I'll erase everyone but Ruby and Penny's memories of on this one.
Penny: Okay, I like the Mister Handy. And maybe some jets under my feet, for air combat.
"Well that's all the questions, now can I please leave now?" Mr. New Vegas ask, FEV Grim nod.
"Thank you for the wonderful time. And in my opinion the most beautiful guest, try and proof me wrong." As he said that the girls blushed with goofing smiles. Jaune was telling him self to take notes, Ren was smiling that Nora was enjoy that nice words.
"Alright time for bed." FEV Grim said as he snap his fingers and everyone but Ozpin fell asleep.
"Okay Oz, you know what you have to do." As portals take them back home.

RWBY AND JNPR on their beds in their dorms. Coco and Velvet laying in their bed with Fox and Yatsuhashi. Winter and Penny landed on top of Ironwood.
Ozpin just walks down to the elevator, he made it to the bottom floor of the school. He walks to a terminal, as he press the password "Shabby". After the password was pressed, a list of holotapes. A list of dorm rooms he role down to RWBY's room.
Bommers

The team woke up like normal as they go eat breakfast and go to classes. Port and Oobeck could not teach because it's only three weeks till the tournament. So Glynda only have one on one matches. After a long day they finish made it to their room. Ruby was the first to notice the screen. With a grin on her face, she push all of the chairs in front of the tv and press play.

Boomers & Vault 34
*A hand gun fires a pullet with ShabbyCast in grad, and shatter "THE WASTELAND SURVIVAL GUIDE"*

"Shit, why didn't you tell us Season 2 is on." Yang said, as she and the rest of their team sit down.
*A strange camera is looking at Storyteller*
Ruby laugh at the red light joke, she use to do that with Yang when they were pre-teens.
*Gun Runners shop to a Vault 34 pointing his gun at another*
They say an armed society is a polite society. If that's true, then Vault 34 had to be the most polite place on Earth. Back in 2077 when the bombs fell, the folks at Vault-tc wanted to see what happens when far too many people got squeezed into tight quarters with way too many guns. Vault 34 was the petri dish for that experiment and, after keeping people cooped up in there for a century, the place turned into powder keg of paranoia, over-population, and high-explosive etiquette. "All a recipe for disaster." Weiss said remembering the time Ruby, Yang and Nora was trap in a hole for three hours. Let's just say it did not end well.
*Storyteller walking in front of New Vegas*
"Hello, Vegas!" Yang yelled.
"I'm outside the entrance to the vault. It's a ways East of New Vegas, in an inhospitable spot in the hills. Has a truckload of atomic waste parked right in front, and the only thing that dares to come near are the geckos. They won't be a problem though." Storyteller tells the camera
"Look out!" Blake yelled.
*Four geckos run behind Storyteller. He then start firing at the geckos*
"Now that's bad ass." Yang said.
*Storyteller walking inside a cave*
"The radiation levels are lethal inside and out, so virtually no one has ventured inside and the last people to leave did so over fifty years ago." Storyteller said.
"Okay, now come the Boomers." Ruby said smiling.
*Inside the Vault to the pool*
Inside the vault is nothing but feral ghouls and radioactive water. Most of the computer records are damaged, but before the Overseer ghouified, he left behind written journals of what happened. Vault 34 seemed like it would be a great place to wait out the apocalypse; Vault-tec had equipped it with extravagant recreational and fitness centers. Much more elaborate than other vaults. But making room for that full-sized swimming pool meant removing of the living quarters. "Wait, I thought he said this was a weapons test not a fitness test." Ruby said.
*Vault 101 security to two ghouls at an armry*
Every Vault came with a small stockpile of weapons for a security team. They had to keep the peace among a thousand people who were cooped up together for anywhere from ten to two-hundred years. Most of them only had a handful of small arms, but Vault 34 got the sort of arsenal that could have turned the tide at the Battle of Anchorage. Grenade launchers, missiles, prototype energy weapons - not the sort of thing you'd want to use in the confined space of a vault - and nary a lock in sight.
"I have a bad feeling about this." Weiss said.
*Vault 34 to the Dwellers walk out to the Mojave*
The Overseers knew that a thousand people armed with 40 millimeter peacemakers wasn't a good idea, so they figured out how to lock it up and keep it under guard, but that only kept the peace for a few generations. Eventually the overcrowding became so great that a group of vault dwellers stormed the armory, stole most of the bigger guns and headed out into the Mojave. Folks Around the Mojave called them the Bommers, and it ain't hard to see why. They emerged from Vault 34 with stars in their eyes and missile launchers on their shoulders around 2231.
"Where they get the name?" Ruby ask.
*Nellis to a Howitzer fired*
After blowing up every tribe they came across, they eventually discovered Nellis Airforce Base to the East. None of the pre-war aircraft were still functional, but the Boomers found records on other nearby military bases and soon enough they had added giant guns called "Howitzers" to their collection, hauled all the way from the Hawthorne Army Depot in Arizona. They had stockpiled enough ordnance to level a town several times over
"Wow." Yang said.
*Storyteller turns on a radio*
"Nice bet." Blake said.
"-and anyone dumb enough to set foot in it for the next fifty years." Storyteller said.
"What happens?" Weiss ask.
*Montage of Boomers blowing wastelanders to hell*
"Son of a bitch!" Weiss yelled see what happens.
"Not today girlie." Yang said.
"So long cowboy." Ruby said.
*Boomers point a rocket launcher at a wastlelander to solar panels*
The rare person who can observe the patterns in their Blitzrieg and move fast enough to make it inside the base will find Nellis to be one of the garden spots of the Mojave. They pipe in fresh water from Lake Mead, they grow their own crops, and have a set of solar panels that give them electricity without having to worry about who's controlling the Hoover Dam.
"So they don't need Caesar or the NCR." Blake said bored of the Boomer independence.
*Boomers museum to Mother Pearl*
They have a museum dedicated to their history, and a tyke who's happy to tell it to anyone who'll listen to the whole story. And if the child's cave painting isn't detailed enough, their leader is a woman who was born inside the vault, and remembers the whole thing firsthand. She's done right by her people for the last fifty years, and was probably quite the looker in her day.
"Maybe." Yang said, imagine what she would look like when she's old. 'Damn, I'm hot.' She thought.
*Boomers working to Lake Meade*
Despite Mother Pearl's guidance, the Boomers are still some of the most xenophobic people in the Wasteland, convinced that it's their destiny to blow up all of us savages once they get a bomber flying. They have a plan that they don't like to discuss with outsiders, but if you earn the trust of the old timers they'll talk about a "Lady of the Lake". It might be that they have some superstition about that rusty pre-war bomber that's sitting at the bottom of Lake Meade...
"Wait, Atlas has something like that, the story is called the Lady in the Snow." Weiss said about her childhood story. This is getting weirder and weirder for them by the episode.
*Boomers fitting their weapons to Mother Pearl looking over the Airbase*
So far the Boomers have done well with their isolationism, but their resources are still limited, and much like the Brotherhood of Steel, they may face only a slow death should their population and ammo dwindle.
"You mean the West cost, the East cost will live on." Blake said.
*Vault 34 ghouls to prospector dies*
The people who stayed behind back in Vault 34, learned their own lesson about isolationism. Their
Overseers refused to let anyone leave, and the many attempts to revolt eventually resulted in the Vault's reactor malfunctioning, and that swimming pool flooding most of the place, trapping them all inside a radioactive swamp. The remnants of their vast arsenal await anyone brave enough to wade through the radioactive Waters, and fight past the feral ghouls. It's an enticing treasure trove for prospectors who have plenty of Rad-X stockpiled, and who need to compensate for something. "We'll stay away." Ruby said for her team.

*Storyteller sitting infront of a camp fire*

"Too many people these days are concerned with blowing things up. Few folks wonder how it all got built in the first place. Those airplanes, the hangars, the Vaults. All were made with Steel." Storyteller says serious.

"What's 'Steel'?" Ruby ask, only to get shrugs from her team.

*Miners digging up iron*

In the old days they dug their iron from deep within the Earth.

"Like dust." Weiss said.

*Steel mills to Steel making*

Refined it into steel in huge mills unlike anything still standing in New California, and used it to make the steel girders that held up the old world. Today there's only one place that can still do that. It's hard labor, and the people who do it aren't exactly there for the satisfaction of an honest day's.

"Then why are they there?" Blake said.

*A man being chase by Trogs*

"What are those things?" Ruby jump on top Yang, who hold onto her.

"Help Me!" Man yells, with really dry skin

"Why does he look familiar?" Blake said.

"You worry about that, someone save him now!" Weiss yells.

But that-

"Don't you dare." Yang said.

*Storyteller infront of the Pitt*

"is a story for another day" He said with regret.

The girls were frozen at the city like hell. They slow stand up and walk to eat dinner with their friends. When the door close all of Vale can hear four girlie screams.
The Pitt, the Shades and the Blind

When RWBY made it to the dinning hall, everyone glared at them. After Ruby use her 'I'm so sorry, please don't be mad.' puppy eyes, everyone turn away. Well beside Cardin, but he is a ass.

RWBY tells JNPR about the Boomers. Jaune found Mother Pearl a role model, Pyrrha found the Vaults isolationism doom them harder. Nora like their big guns, and Ren just think they could use some help.

"Hey kid." Ruby turn her head to see her fellow leader Coco stand behind them. "Hey me and Fox what to watch another one." Coco said smile as Fox only shrug.

"Wait, Fox never seen a episode." Ruby said.

"I can't see at all, Coco said I have to listen tho." Fox said. Blake only narrow her eyes at Fox, it's just does not make sense.

After dinner RWBY, Coco and Fox made it to RWBY’s room. Before Ruby offer her seat for Coco, Coco only smile.

"Thanks kid, but I would like to sit on my mans lap." Coco said as she sit on Fox.

Ruby was confess about Coco’s action, but everyone else blush. "Let's just start." Weiss said.

*Storyteller: FALLOUT S2 E2 - The Pitt*

"Why are they running?" Yang ask.

"ED-NA, Begin Recording." Storyteller. "The Mojave has to worry about slavers from the Legion capturing folk. But at least when you're grabbed by the Legion you know where you're heading."

"Legion." Fox said with a growl. Coco told him and Yastu about the Legion, and that boiled his blood.

*Paradise Falls sign to Slavers taking three slaves to The Pitt*

Out East in the Capital Wasteland there are plenty of slavers, but it seems like there aren’t many slaves around. People always wonder what happens to the unfortunates who get nabbed, but it turns out that the slavers in Paradise Falls are in the Export business. When they capture someone, they usually aren’t sold locally, they get shipped North to a place aptly named the Pitt.

"Wait, did he said The Pitt?" Blake ask.

"Yeah, why?" Fox ask Blake.

"That where most of the east coast Brotherhood come from." Blake said, remembering that episode well.

*The Pitt gate to holotapes showing steel making*

Before the war, the Pitt was called Pittsburg, in the Eastern Commonwealth. The Pittsburg Chamber of Commerce Produced some interactive holotapes to draw in tourists, and show off its thriving steel industry.

"Hmm." Coco said, she use to go to her family factories when she was little.

*Pittsburg before the war*

This is what it looked like in the late twenty first century. There aren’t many records of what the city was like in the years following the Great War. No reliable sources entered the Pitt until about thirty years ago when a Brotherhood of Steel chapter-

"Alright!" Yang shouted.

*Lyons leads BOS throw the Pitt to Trogs run up stairs*

led by Paladin Lyons passed through on their mission to explore the East Coast. When they arrived, it looked more like this. While the West Coast was slowly marching back towards civilization, Pittsburg had spent a hundred and eighty years degenerating into a genetic swamp with barely-human mutants cannibalizing each other.

"Come on!" Weiss yells, 'Why are there so much mutants?' She thought in rage.
*The Pitt steel mills*
Different parts of the wasteland get their own local flavor. In The Pitt, the unique combination of radioactive runoff, and industrial waste brought about what they call Troglodyte Degeneration Condition.
"That a pretty long name." Ruby said.
Fox only froze, why does those word scare him so much.
*Raiders forcing slaves to dig to dry skinned man*
Anyone who stays in the Pitt will start to develop it after a few weeks. Most people just get a case of ghouly-lookin' skin, but many lose their higher cognitive abilities eventually. The most unfortunate folk devolve one step further and lose their humanity altogether.
Fox started to shuck, Coco who could feel him shuck. "Hey, you okay?" She ask in a whisper, he then nodded.
*Trogs eating flesh*
"Ew!" The girls said at the scene.
These "Trogs" as they call them, crawl around naked on all fours, and shun humanity in favor of the Shadows.
"Shun humanity, sound like the Grim." Weiss said.
Achoo!
*Storyteller walks to a bar close by*
'Swage.' Yang thought.
"When the Brotherhood of Steel traveled through The Pitt in 2255, Elder Lyons couldn't stand seeing humanity reduced to such a state, so he and his followers annihilated most of the cannibals, the raiders, and mutants." Storyteller.
"And bring the children out of there." Ruby said with a smile.
*Flash back...*
*Cannibals running from laser blast*
"Their dead." Blake said.
*Raiders shot down by lasers*
"Nice gun." Coco eye a knight's Gatling laser.
"Damn." Yang said at the last raider.
*Sneak attack on three Trogs*
"Just as good as Blake's." Ruby said.
*A knight in a room of dead bodies to Capital few*
The Brotherhood called it "The Scourge". They brought fire and brimstone to hell, sacked the city, and took what unmutated children they found with them to Washington DC. A few of those Pitt kids are now full members of the Brotherhood's Capital Chapter. The Brotherhood also left someone behind in the Pitt.
"Why would they leave someone in that hell!" Fox yelled. Coco look at him in a worried look after her hear came back.
*Ishmael woke up*
A paladin who had been wounded and trapped during the Scourge. Ishmael Ashur.
"Ah, that's why." Fox said.
*Ashur looking at nowhere to him looking up at a tower*
Paladin Ashur was a loyal brother at one point, but when awoke surrounded by raiders in the ruins of the Pitt, he saw a city that held promise. Pittsburg had once been called The City of Steel, and Ashur knew that the secrets of steel would let the wasteland rebuild America's railway's.
'Hmm?' Coco thought.
*Steel making to slave shovel left-over metal*
Noble goals, indeed, but the business of forging iron ore into girders of steel is hard work. Hard even during the height of civilization and even worse now.
"No kidding." Weiss said.
*Trog eating to a slave at Paradise Falls*
Given that people who spend more than a few weeks in the Pitt end up turning into troglodytes, it's not surprising that there weren't many volunteers. The dwindling population of the Pitt had to be inflated with slaves, so Ashur has been importing his labor force from the Capital Wasteland.

"All great." Ruby grown.

*Slaver talking to a slave to slaves watching the Hole*

Slaves need a motivation, a reason to not just lie down and let the Trogs tear their throats out. For the slaves in The Pitt, their hope in The Hole. A combat arena where the brave can try to prove themselves worthy of freedom by brawling in a crater filled with radioactive sludge. Survive three rounds against the most bloodthirsty people in The Pitt, and you're free to go with an offer of joining Ashur's army.

Weiss looked down.

*Slaves battling in The Hole*

The gentleman's art of boxing has no place in The Hole. Slaves fight with anything can get their hands on, from mining equipment to laser scatterguns, one person ever won their freedom using a board with a nail in it.

"Okay." Yang said. 'Wonder what would have happen if Jr. had that?'

*Lone Wonder to Ashur preach*

Very few people actually make it out of The Pitt, though. One person fought their way free through The Hole and showed up in the Capital Wasteland a few years ago carrying holotapes that were supposedly recorded by Paladin Ashur himself. If it's really him, it seems that he had been trying to find a cure for the Trog condition. Yet more "noble" aspirations from a slave-owner.

Fox eyes narrow.

*Handtruck to railroad*

Folk who want to see how things turned out can take a handtruck there from Northern Maryland. The rails go all the way up to The Pitt. No matter your opinion on slave owning, that's quite a feat of engineering, and a testament to the potential of Ashur's vision of a reborn world. As much as they hated the thought about of slavery, it was a really big feat.

*Storyteller standing in front of a fire barrel*

"There's a chance that future generations will actually restore the railways that once connected both coasts of this continent. Getting across the oceans is another story. A few folk with funny accents claim that they're from overseas, but ships that can navigate the water spouts and sea critters are nearly impossible to find." Storyteller.

"Well we can use ships through grim like Jaws." Weiss said.

*Old paddleboat to a human sacrifice*

There's a fella who says his old paddleboat could travel up and down the Atlantic Coast, but the farthest anyone has ever gone and returned is a swamp a little ways to the south. It's a place of mysteries, and ancient magics, or at least that's what hear from the few tourist who've been there and back. But that- is a story for another day...

"As cool as that was we have to go, night." Coco said as she leads Fox out of the room.

"Night everyone." Ruby said to her.

Before Coco and Fox made it to their room, Coco stop. "What is it?" Fox ask turning to her.

"I found this, it's some kind of tape." Coco said holding the tape. Let's see what it has. As they enter to their room. Velvet and Yatsuhashi look stare at them. "Hey Vel, where's your cam quarter?"

"Here why?" Velvet said handing Coco the camera.

"Let's see here." Coco put the tape in. "The fuck?" She said. Everyone gather around to see a message on the screen.

Yeah, sorry. This holotape does not work with this devise try again later.-FEV Grim :) Coco and Velvet look at each, both look at each other share the same thought. 'Shit!'
RWBY woke up and do what they do as yesterday. The tell JNPR about the Pitt, which made them have mix feels for. Before RWBY went to their room Weiss and Blake has to go to the library. As the checkmate dowel made it to the library they hear someone behind them.

"Hey Blake, Ice Queen."

Weiss spin around on her heels. "Hey!" She then see Sun and Neptune stand their. "Sun, should have known."

"Hey Sun, how are you?" Blake ask.

"You know training and all." Sun said.

"So where have you two been?" Neptune ask.

"Well we been watching a pretty interties series." Weiss said.

Well Blake was getting a new book to read, Weiss was telling them everything they seen. "Hey you don't mind if we watch it to do you?" Sun ask.

"I don't seen why not." Blake said.

When they made it to RWBY's dorm, Ruby and Yang see the exact persons. With a sign Ruby and Yang offered their seats and just sit on their partners beds.

The Storyteller: FALLOUT S2 E3 - Point Lookout

*Storyteller walking through a graveyard*

With a shiver down her spine Ruby walk to Yang. Ruby hated graveyards for as long as she can remember. It was one of many reasons why Summer what'd to be buried at the cliff.

"When the Great War destroyed civilization, humanity's petty rivalries died along with the people who harbored them." Storyteller.

"Yeah, but not everyone." Blake said.

*Two neighbors argee to man looking throw mutipial screens*

From the leaders of nations right down to neignors squabbling over their gardens, the voices went silent when the bombs fell. But there are is a small group of people who survived the war and kept on living for hundreds of years afterwards.

This made everyone lean forward.

*Man knee over in front of a table with a brain to a man pointing at a brain*

Along with their deformed bodies and deteriorating minds, they've also kept alive their grievances from hundreds of years ago. They call themselves a microcosm of the old world, and they play an endless game of treachery and manipulation that has lasted so long they can barely remember why they're fighting.

"Then you should stop fighting!" Sun yelled. He may know how to fight people, but for him its only training against grim. When ever he face other people that just what to fight him because he a faunus, he just run and make jokes.

*Street to Lighthouse*

The old world was filled with secretive people and organizations. Small towns and seemingly innocent locations could hold both wonders and horrors. Beneath those wholesome diversions were many secrets, some of which simply refused to die. Point Lookout National Park was a ways south of Washington DC, far enough to not get scorched by the bombardment during the war, but it still got a good dose of fallout pouring in through the waters of the Potomac.

RWBY jump a pit hearing that. 'Don't tell me another Pitt.' They thought.

*Storyteller watching a screen*

"There are some records of what it was like in the final days, left behind by a medical team that passed through." Storyteller.

*Residents to scientist shot by a local*

The Backwater residents of the place were hit hard by the New Plague that spread across the land in
the years before the war. The government had sent in a series of medical experts to curb the spread of
the plague, but the locals weren't exactly hospitable to outsiders. And that was back before they'd
had two centuries of inbreeding and mutation.
"Okay, that's grossest." Neptune said. No one said other wise.
*Mutant hillbillies walk to a brige to punga farm*
Now the place is crawling with a local flavor of mutant hillbillies who survive off a regional fruit
called the punga. They supplement their diet with whatever protein they can find, and that usually
comes from travelers who visit Point Lookout searching for pre-war loot.
"I have a bad feeling about this." Yang said.
*Hillbillie hunting a wastelander*
"Come out and play!" Hillbillie 1.
"Don't listen." Weiss said.
"Come on out." Hillbillie 2.
"Walk back slowing." Sun said.
"We ain't gunno bite." 1.
"We don't trust you." Blake said.
'Snap'
"She dead." Neptune said.
"I hear something moving!" 1.
"RUN!" Everyone yell.
*Wastelander running*
"Don't you go runnin!" 1.
"Don't stop running!" Ruby yelled.
*2 shoots Wastelander*
"Damn it!" Yang yelled.
"I'm gunno eat good tonight!" 2 shouted.
"That sick." Neptune said.
*1 abroch Wastelander*
"You in the wrong place girl!" 1.
"No joke." Sun said.
"Oh my god! Someone help me!" Girl yells.
"Someone save her now!" Ruby yelled.
"I got somethin' for ya!" 1.
'Really hope it's not what I think it is.' Blake thought.
"No! No! Please! Get away!" Girl plead.
"You ain't got no chance!" 1.
*Wastelander scream afar*
Ruby was shacking in Yang arms, everyone else where shacking from fear, anger or both.
*Potomac to captian talking to the wonder*
The only way to reach the peninsula is by boat, and on the Potomac there used to be a man with an
antique paddle steamer. Claimed that he once sailed up the Atlantic coast all the way up to the
Commonwealth.
"Commonwealth?" Neptune ask.
*Captian selling punga to Wastelander walk on the dock*
He would sell punga fruit to traders in Washington- although he never seemed to bring any goods
with him back to Point Lookout, aside from passengers. Those passengers usually didn't return to
their point of origin but, according to the few that have, there is a church down in Point Lookout that
is surprisingly welcoming to newcomers.
"Sanctuary!" Ruby and Yang yelled.
*The church to Robo-brain*
The church was the Ark and Dove, named after the ship that brought the first settlers to Maryland
close to eight hundred years ago. The Calvert family was among the first people to settle the region,
and by the time of the Great War, they had influence in politics, finance, and industry.
"Like the Schnee." Blake said. Weiss again can't agree with the truth.
They could pull strings with General Atomics, and had the clout to acquire and scientific acumen to modify the military biogel that keeps disembodied brains alive. They had the kind of resources to keep a person alive through the apocalypse, and beyond.

*Megaton bar to a Lockheart walks to Calvert's estate*
That kind of influence also brings enemies. One explorer came back from Point Lookout full of stories of pre-War rivalries that bubbled up again like swamp gas. A ghoul had been stalking the Calverts for over two hundred years, and the knowledge that one of them might still be alive drew him back to the Calvert ancestral estate in Point Lookout.

Blake shaking thinking what if Adam fines her and Weiss, two birds one stone.

*None ghoul Lockheart to Lockheart talking with the Wonder*
Desmond Lockheart has been an international operative since the Resource Wars of the twenty first century. Now, that man's on the radar of every organization from the Regulators to Talon Company, to Littlehorn & Associates.
"So he's a wanted man? Okay!" Yang said.
Not many ghouls in the wasteland have a British accent, so that "bloke" stands out wherever he goes. Doesn't make him any less conspicuous that he always travels with a pair of tough as nails attack dogs, and carries enough ordnance to blow up a Brotherhood bucket.
"I do not what to face this guy." Neptune said.

*Wonder blows up the estate to a gun fired*
I was never sure how his rivalry with Calvert turned out. Desmond isn't the sort to linger around swapping stories of his exploits, but one or both of them must be dead, for sure.
"From that explosion and the gunshot, I say both." Sun said.

*Ferris wheel to cave*
But that feud was only one of the hidden horrors of Point Lookout. The locals called it haunted long before things like ghouls ever existed, and that swamp has deep roots that dig down to what a praying man would call. But that is a story for another day...
"Man time to eat, see you guys later." Sun said.
"Dinner." Ruby said.
When RWBY made it to eat they told JNPR about Point Lookout, which was well... Okay Jaune the Vomit Boy happen after hearing the inbreeding. As for everyone else, they couldn't eat.

The Storyteller: FALLOUT S2 E4 - Call of Krivbeknih
*Storyteller turn around from a cave*
'Noise' Edna.
"Wait, what it said?" Weiss said, only to get a look from Ruby. "Why are you looking at me, like that?" Ruby only turn back to the screen, but still have her look.
"It's okay. There're no ghosts. No matter what that shaman said." Storyteller.
"Ghost!" Blake said.
"You a fear of ghost?" Yang ask.
"No. But it would be would be scary." Blake said, which made her team nod.
'Noise' Edna.
"Because there are no ghosts... Except for that one ghost woman in The Den and she was put to rest a long time ago. Yes, vampires are real, sort of. And zombies are real but they're not THAT kind of zombie." Storyteller.
Blake eyes lite up. "Did he said vampires?"
"Yeah, why?" Weiss ask.
Blake blash. "No reason."
'Noise' Edna.
"Well, some people do believe in voodoo and magical zombies, and even think that ghouls are created by black magic instead of radiation." Storyteller.
"You mean like how dust is?" Weiss ask.
"No, it's not." Ruby said.
'Noise' Edna.
"I'll make you a deal. I'll tell you a story about magical zombies, if you promise to come inside this cave with me afterwards." Storyteller.
"I would love to follow you." Ruby said.
'Noise' Edna.
"Okay." Storyteller.
*Civil War to a flag and moument*
"A long time ago in a far-off land there was a war in which brother fought against brother for the fate of a nation. When the soldiers from the North captured men from the South, they took them to a prison camp in a place called Point Lookout.
"So it's was a prison? Actually that makes sense." Weiss said.
It eventually became an amusement park, but four hundred years ago, it was horrible place, where many men died. They were buried in a mass grave beneath the swamp, and the people who came to live there afterwards said that the swamp was haunted by the vengeful spirits of the dead.
Ruby shake.
'Noise' Edna.
*Storyteller sitting on a rock*
"No, there were no holotapes four hundred years ago." Storyteller.
"Make sense." Blake said.
*Three people walk behind Storyteller*
"Hey, who are they?" Yang said.
"But you can grab any history book and look up the role that the place had during America's Civil War." Storyteller.
"Wait, America had a Civil War?" Yang said. Everyone nodded, Yang eye turn red. "No wonder they lost!"

*Swamp to two men taking some gases*

All of those dead bodies under the swamp are responsible for the methane gas that bubbles up from under the water. One of the old energy companies thought they might sell the gas for profit during the resources wars. But foetid gas wasn't the only thing that rose up from the swamp, according to local legends.

"What legends?" Blake said.

*Graveyard*

They say restless spirits walked the land, and that one of the aristocratic families, the Blackhalls had made unholy pacts with eldritch creatures from the primeval past before men walked the Earth.

"Are they like the Grim?" Blake said.

*Krivbeknih to daemonic rites*

They had a book of unknowable arcana called the Krivbeknih. An evil tome that, once written could not be destroyed by any means known. For generations the Blackhalls lived in a mansion in the Western parts of the swamp, and they led the locals in daemonic rites, invoking nameless entities from realms beyond the ken of humanity!

"Sounds like a cult." Yang said.

*Constance Blackhall to ichorous pagans*

At the time of the Great War, the book had come into the hands of Constance Backhall, a woman who carried its loathsome beliefs into the twenty-second century. She had married into the Blackhall family, but her own ancestry was no less depraved.

"Like what, from some big company?" Weiss trying to make a joke, but only...

Born Constance Dunwich, her brother Richard had established the Dunwich Borer company, and constructed its headquarters over a cyclopean cavern. Then beneath the seemingly innocent drilling company, ichorous pagans conducted their jibbering rituals mere miles from the nation's capitol!

"Are you kidding me?" Weiss yelled in shocked.

*An old Constance to Constance resting*

Generations after the Great War, Constance Blackhall was still alive - perhaps a mutation - or it might have been the unutterable influence of that book. She eventually did die, but only after an unknown person stole the Krivbeknih from her.

"Demon Book! Burn It With Fire!" Ruby yelled.

*Night at the wasteland*

At some point, the book made its way into the Capitol Wasteland. A traveler brought it to the Dunwich building for purposes no sane man could fathom. What happened to him is known only to the mouldering fiends from beyond. However his son followed in his wake, leaving holotapes as he descended into the abysmal catacombs beneath the building, toward a fate too diabolical to speak!

*Three tribles listening to the Storyteller*

"No a!" Tribe woman.

"No a!, indeed." Blake said.

*Two hibillis chanting to old man roaming*

In Point Lookout the swampfolk had developed a superstition about the Blackhall family and their Mansion. They chattered the ancient chants, and hung talismans about their swamp, but never dared enter the Blackhall house, where there dwells the last of the Blackhall line, a decrepit old man who roams the halls of his decaying mansion, restlessly seeking the lost tome of forbidden horrors.

"Blackhall mansion means safe." Ruby said.

*Hibillie to Dunwich Building*

The monstrous book, the Krivbeknih, has vanished, but is certainly in the clutches of some degenerate, tenebrous beast. What sinister connection it has to the Deep Temple beneath the Dunwich Building, I cannot say, but on nights when the stars are right, and the winds blow from the East, travelers in the Mojave can hear whispered words carried on the breeze...

"That far!" Weiss said. "How, how is the possible."
"Ug-Qualtoth is returned. Alhazred G'yeth G'yeth."
"Eh!" RWBY scream hearing the demonic voice.
*Edna shaking*
'Noise' Edna.
"Even the robot is scared!" Weiss said.
"Robots have feelings to." Ruby said.
"Why are you... Ack!" Weiss holding her head. "What the?"
"Headache?" Blake ask, which only nod. "Don't worry about it, it'll past."
*Storyteller and the tribles are sitting around a fire*
"What? Why are you still scared?" Storyteller. "The evil book of unknowable horrors was probably destroyed. And the mass grave of restless spirits is thousands of miles away."
"Oh, thank Oum ."
'Noise' Edna.
"Well how about I tell you a happy story." Storyteller. "One about a man who spent his life helping other people, and never took credit for his good deeds? They only way you'll learn the whole story is if we go in that spooky old cave over there..."
"I what to know." Ruby said.
*Cave painting to cave*
'Noise' Edna.
Does it have a happy ending? In a way it has a happy ending. Not many in the wastland do, but we have a lot of places to visit before I can show you the ending,
"Really?" Yang said.
*A man in front of a trimal*
so that- is a story for another day.
Everyone went to their beds, only to stay up all night.
Zoin's Guardian

RWBY who bearing slept last night, slept there all the away to launch. After the team drank much needed coffee they told JNPR about the Krivbeknih. Which like Ruby yelled 'Burn it with Fire!' (Do you blame them?) Now in their dorm they hope this next story did have a happy ending.

The Storyteller: FALLOUT S2 E5 - The Survivalist

*Storyteller looking over Zion*

"Nice view." Yang said.
"It does look peaceful." Blake said agreeing with Yang.
"Zion National Park was a nice place to visit back before the war, a valley where folk came to turn off their PIP Boys and pretend they were "Roughing it". Some of the people in the back when times didn't think of camping as a vacation, though. They saw it as a way of life, taking pleasure in training their survival skills. Randal Dean Clark, a U.S. Army soldier, was one such survuvalist." Storyteller.
"I respect that." Blake said, after all she did survive on her own before.

*Clark climing a cliff to Salt Lake City destroyed*

He was lucky enough to be a few miles away from Zion park when the Great War began. He was a family man, but he also loved to spend his time alone in the woods. He was coming back to his family when the bombs fell. He witnessed Salt Lake City, his home, and his family incinerated. Ruby teared up hearing he lost his family.

He knew the park would provide refuge in the aftermath, and he survived deep within a cave here as the fallout settled over the dying world outside.

"Wait, their in his cave?" Weiss ask.
"That's what storyteller why Edna to come in." Ruby release what the cave was in the last episode.

*Clark walking in the canlon to Clark watching over Zion*

He kept journals of his time alone. Typed into computers hidden all over the valley. Only a handful of entries over the course of decades; a man of few words who never suspected that his thoughts would be read by strangers a hundred years after his death. Yet through his tale of survivor's guilt, and suicidal episodes, he inadvertently told the history of the tribals who live here now.

"So there are more then one, lets see them." Blake said.

*Clark sneaking from bighorners to Three survivors wondering*

After close to twenty years alone in Zion with nothing but mutated bighorners, Clark discovered a band of survivors had moved into his private paradise in 2095. He had learned to ove silently through the park, and saw them long before they saw him.
Blake was surprise that someone older them her could do that.

There was a language barrier, and Clark wasn't able to directly communicate with his new neighbors. "Wait, what did they speak?" Yang ask, (That's what I really what to know to.)
He helped them when he could, silently, and always unseen, leaving gifts of medicine and supplies. "Like some kind of guardian angel?" Weiss ask.

*A Vault Dwellers looking over his kill to Vault 22 jumpsuit*

Despite his efforts to keep them safe, they were killed by a band of savage Vault Dwellers in February 2096.
"What, he only had them for a year." Ruby said.
They came from Vault 22, or at least that's what we can assume based on the Vault-Tec jumpsuits found on bodies scattered around Zion.
"Hope their dead." Yang said, which no one disagreed.

*Vault 22 enters*

Vault 22 was an experiment in botany that might have turned the Mojave into a garden as lush as Zion...
"Okay... But?" Weiss said, knowing that Vault-Tec does squid shit.
*Lush green vault to the dead settlers*
but it ended up working a little too well. Some of the residents hightailed it out of their and tried to take Zion for their own. They committed atrocities against the settlers who had come here first.
Yang's eyes turned red, think of the first thing that came to mind. And she wasn't the only one ether.

*Clark watching 22s to 22s expsloied*
Even though he was outnumbered, Clark took his revenge. He had spent his life surviving in the wild, not cooped upside a Vault that provided everything he needed at the touch of a button.
"Take that ass-hole!" Yang cheered.

*Clark open fire to women pregancy*
For eleven mouths he killed them, before they fled in early 2097, leaving him alone once more in his empty garden of Eden.
"Run you cowards!" Blake said.
Well, not entirely alone. One of the women from Vault 22 remained behind, and she soon became Clark's second wife.
"Wait, what?" They said.
She would have made him a father for the second time too, but a complication in her pregnancy only made him a widower twice over.
Ruby teared up again, why must this kind man lose so much.

*Clark standing over two graves to Clark taking ghouls like they were nothing*
That would be his last face-to-face contact with other people. The park drew more visitors as Clark's beard began to turn gray. Most were unsuitable as companions, and Zion's guardian eradicated them.
"Nice, shoot in." Yang said.

*An elderly Clark*
However, in his elderly years, Clark found the opportunity to share the knowledge he had learned before the war, and afterward.
Blake eye lit up see Clark elderly self, he reminds her of a member of the White Fang when they focus on peace. He was a kind old man, that acted as everyone's grandpa. Tell stories of his youth, helping watch the little ones when one else would.

*Clark watching over children to Clark watching over a cliff*
In 2108, a new generation of children arrived in Zion. Born after the war, and unaccompanied by any adults. Maybe raised in a Vault with no grown-ups. For sixteen years, Clark watched over them, but never revealed himself. Didn't want to let them learn that their mysterious benefactor was just an old man on his last legs.
"At least he what'd to give him hope," Ruby said.

*Supplies to The Sorrows in a cave*
He wrote them letters, gave them books and supplies. Almost everything he had, to ensure that they would grow into good people.
"That's sweet." Ruby said.
"Yeah. On his last legs, all he what'd was to help others. Like before." Blake agreed.
"Maybe, he thought they were his own kids. Only helping from afar, not like our dad." Yang said.
And that they did. Their descendants became the tribe now called "The Sorrows" and they still view him a supernatural force that watches over them.
"I can see that." Weiss said.

*Clark to dying to Clark walking away*
In a sense, he still is. After decades of tending Zion, he knew his life was drawing to a close, so he found a spot high above Zion where his children wouldn't discover him, and allowed age, disease and the elements grant him the death he could never inflict on himself.
"At least he went somewhat peacefully." Weiss said.

*Storyteller and Edna in front of Clarks grave*
"He's rested here for over a century, his last journal entry with him. Too modest a man to take credit for his good deeds while he was alive, but he hoped that someone would learn the tale someday." Storyteller.
"He did gave me the modest man vibe. Anyone else?" Ruby ask, with everyone nodding their heads. 'Noise' Edna.
"What? Oh, you don't want to know what those savages from Vault 22 did to those other settlers."
Storyteller. "Like I said, it was an atrocity and Mister Clark avenged it."
"He sheer did." Yang said smiling when they got blown up.
*Dead ripe-up body to White glove member*
What they did is considered a crime against nature by most people. But they do that knid of thing all over the wastland. Some fight against the impulse, while others embrace it, try to control it.
"Wait, it's something else then what I was thinking." Yang said dumfounded.
*The Family*
But that- is a story for another day...
"Okay lets eat dinner and tell JNPR about the hero Clark." Ruby yelled. Everyone in the room cheered running out of their room. They all mental vow to follow his values.
RWBY made it to dinner, JNPR smiling when RWBY show up. Hearing but Clark inspire JNPR as much as RWBY. They made it back to their dorm room full and ready to watch the next episode. (Let's see how long they'll last.)

The Storyteller: FALLOUT S2 E6 - Cannibalism
*Storyteller at the Strip*
"The New Vegas strip is known for gambling, chems, and leggy showgirls. Most people see it as a pleasure pit for the lowest of humanity's urges, but the fella who runs the town is hoping to appeal to a more sophisticated crowd too." Storyteller.
"Like the NCR." Weiss said.
*Ultra Luxe to Phillipe chopping meat*
The Ulta Luxe caters to tourists who want a taste of the sweet life. The casino has roulette and blackjack but the real gambling happens in the restaurant, where their uninhibited chef, Phillipe, serves cuts of exotic meats from all over the wasteland.
"Reminds of when dad cooking deer." Yang said.
"You guys eat deer?" Weiss said surprise.
"What's the problem with deer meat?" Blake ask.
"You all eat adorable things, why?" Weiss ask in shock.
"Because it's healthy." Blake said.
"Because it tastes great." Ruby said. "Oh! And rabbit stew!"
"What the matter? I thought you eat all kinds of meat before." Blake said.

(After 10 Oum damn minutes. They decide to handle this another time.)
*Ultra Luxe restaurant to about to eat meat*
Take it from me, if you ever visit the place, skip the meat and stick to the salad bar.
"Why skip the meat?" Yang ask.
'Noise' Edna
*Storyteller sitting on a bench in the Strip*
"What I mean, EDNA is that before Robert House cleaned up Vegas, there were lots of cannibals here. Now they're all apparently gone, though there are still some fiends in the outskirts of town that are quite open about eating people." Storyteller.
"Oh my Oum!" Weiss yelled.
*White Glove Society to past WGS*
These dandies in the White Glove Society can play dress up, but they were nothing but savages prowling the ruins of Vegas just a few years ago.
"I can't believe they allow this." Blake said.
*Storyteller walking in the rain*
"Cannibalism is practiced all over the wasteland, sometimes out of necessity - One notable wastelander even made a snack out of their own toe - but there are also people who do it because of an irresistible urge to consume the flesh and blood of other humans." Storyteller.
Everyone starting to get nerves.
(Music)
*A man smash a other mans leg then eats it*
Yang starts turning green.
*Feina bar-q*
Then Ruby,
*Two men cutting their victim*
Weiss,
*A family eating*
and Blake.
*Phillies walks in*
"Don't kill me!" Men.
'Please don't." Ruby pleaded .
*WGS eating*
(This next part is really bad so, I'll skip it for you.)
"Okay, is everyone okay." Ruby ask her teammates.
"Yeah." They all said.
*Storyteller sitting in front of a fire*
"In the old world there used to be a place called Transylvania. Storybooks claimed that it was home of men who changed into wolves on nights when the full moon shone, and winged creatures flew through the night on bat-like wings." Storyteller.
"Wait. Did he said that there some men that turn into wolves." Yang said.
"Yeah, why?" Blake ask.
"It's...It's nothing." Yang said. 'Why does that remind me of Qrow?'
"The mythical vampires drank the blood of their victims, and shunned the sunlight." Storyteller.
"What?" RWBY.
"It was just a story, but the thing about mutations is that each throw of the genetic dice has a small chance of creating a... dramatic mutation." Storyteller. "Like vampirism. Or "hematophage" as the poindexters call it."
"How do you peruse that?" Yang ask.
*Capital Wasteland to Vance and his followers at the dinner table*
Out East in the Capital Wasteland there was a man named Vance who came out ahead in the genetic lottery. He was born with the ability to regenerate himself through drinking blood and also had charisma and a knack for finding people who shared his cannibalistic tendencies.
"Oh my Oum, the world is ending." Yang said.
Vance knew that he and his kind were cursed with the urge to commit a crime against nature, so he created his own society with laws to temper their hunger. He and his followers didn't eat flesh, and only drank blood. They never preyed on children, and did not breed so that they would not inflict their curse upon their children.
"At least the have control." Weiss said.
*Vance teaching his followers*
Vance taught his flock to only feed for sustenance and never hunt for pleasure. Above all, they never killed another member of their kind. Not exactly the Bill of Rights, but this Family of vampires were a step above other cannibal clans.
"Yeah, he has a point." Blake said.
*Sunny day to Vance welcome a new member*
Although they could walk in the sunlight, they chose not to, and made a home for themselves underground. From there they used Vance's unique gifts to gather other cannibals for their Family and train them in the ways of the vampire.
"Crazies." Yang said.
*Arefu to a man running with a flame-trower*
Despite Vance's good intentions, The Family still preys upon villages near their lair. They kill people, and its small consolation to their victims that The Family only drinks their blood. Seems like some sort of mutually-beneficial arrangement could be worked out, but it's only a matter of time before some self-righteous van Helsing type charges into The Family's lair and cuts loose with a flame-trower.
"Their dead." Ruby said.
"Which one?" Yang ask.
"Both." Ruby.
"Why's that?" Blake.
"Well the flame-thrower will kill a lot of members but they have the numbers." Ruby.
"And he'll get killed, as their home burn." Weiss.
'Noise' Edna.
*Storyteller and Edna leaving their shelter*
"No, Edna, vampires don't eat robots." Storyteller.
"Yeah. What ever you have they won't drink." Yang said.
"I've been all over this wasteland and I've never seen anyone eat a robot. There are some awful peculiar mutations out there, but nothing that makes people feed on eyebots." Storyteller.
"Thank Oum." Ruby breathed.
*Mariposa to a super mutant with to deathclaws surrand by FEV gow with a Enclave soilder*
I'm not saying it's impossible, after all, that base in Mariposa produced plenty of mutated curiosities. Some of them did things most folk couldn't imagine. But that- is a story for another day...
"Okay, let's get some thing to put in are guts then go to sleep." Ruby said.
After having their waking up and get ready for school, Weiss was the first to release. "Wait, it's the weekend!"
"Alright, let's have breakfast." Yang said. When they see team JNPR, they ask what happen. "Sorry, but this time... you don't what to know."
After having breakfast the RWBY started going to their room, when Weiss scroll rang. "Hello?"
"Weiss, I'm here at Beacon. Anyway we can spend time together?" Winter.
"Cool tell her she can watch the next episode with us." Ruby said.

After Winter made it to RWBY's room, Winter sit next to Weiss and play the next episode.
The Storyteller: FALLOUT S2 E7 - FEV
*Storyteller standing in front of a log hotel*
"In California, a ways East of the Pacific Coast are the remains of a town once called Mariposa. There's a military base outside the town - little more than a hole in the ground these days but it has played a pivotal role in the wasteland's destiny time and time again." Storyteller.
"I know most of you were born there. Or re-born. But Marcus tells me that some of you are having trouble remembering things, and can't always figure out what's real and what's not, so I'm here to give you all a refresher course in mutant history." Storyteller.
"So their losing their memories?" Winter ask.
"Make sense, most are crazy." Yang said.
"Haha! You talk a lot! Sound funny when you talk, like a stupid human. Ha ha ha ha ha!" Super Mutant.
Everyone just look at him like he's an idiot.
"Yes, as I was saying..." Storyteller.
"Please, do." Winter said.
*Storyteller walking to Mariposa base to FEV vats*
When I visited the Mariposa base a few years ago, there was little more than the bones of a few dead Super Mutants, deformed rats, and the skeleton of some old dog lying next to a broken down force field generator, but deeper down, much deeper, I saw firsthand the secrets that spawned both the Super Mutants and the Brotherhood of Steel. Winter lens closer.
*Scientists to Prison*
Back before the Great War the facility was used to experiment with the Forced Evolutionary Virus. The big vats are destroyed now, but you can still find some of it deep below the ground.
"That sound bad for the planet." Winter said.
Long before the Master came, the FEV was created by the United States government in an attempt to generate useful mutations. The government used its own citizens as guinea pigs; prisoners and Commie sympathizers - but Americans nonetheless.
"Okay, they sound like the Enclave." Winter said.
"Yeah, they do cause a lot of problems." Ruby said.
*Roger Maxson to human experiment*
Captain Roger Maxson, the founder of the Brotherhood was stationed there before the war, a simple soldier in the security detail. But when men under his command found out what the scientists were doing to his comrades-in-arms, they rebelled, and Maxson soon became their leader.
"Yeah!" RWBY all cheered, leaving Winter with a smirk.
Eventually, they became the first members of the Brotherhood of Steel. When the nuclear holocaust took place a few days later, Maxson led his soldiers and their families out into the wasteland, leaving the Mariposa base behind.

"Hm..." Winter start thinking a start similar to the BOS, but she can't place it anywhere.

They sealed the place up as best they could, and activated automated security measures, but with no one on hand to maintain it all, eventually people and critters made their way inside. The pre-War scientist never quite succeeded with their experiments. It took a more - advanced mind to control the effects of FEV mutation.

"All great, the Master." Blake said.

Decades after the Great War, the future Master fell into those vats, and when he emerged he picked up where they left off, experimented,

"Look out." Blake said.

"I'm so sorry" Mutant.

"Yeah, like that works." Winter said.

"But that was a long time ago, and the Vault Dweller is long dead." Blake said.

"Ha ha ha! Yes! Too fun." Nightkin.

That made everyone with a confuse look. 'What's to fun?' Is all on their minds.

The Enclave kept their soldiers and scientist protected from the FEV, but their slave laborers, miners kidnapped from the town of Redding to excavate the lower levels, had no such protection from the goo that survived the decades.

"Ah no." Blake said knowing where this is going.

Slowly, those poor workers began to mutate. Sadly, that second generation of super mutants didn't have the Master guiding their transformation. He had carefully chosen his subjects before dipping them, but this second generation was composed of anyone unfortunate enough to be pressed into the enclave's service.

"Damn it." Yang said.

"The results were... mixed. The second generation was as big, sometimes even bigger, but much less intelligent. That's why some Super Mutants in New California can get along with humans, while others are-" Storyteller.

"I remember that." Ruby said.

"ARRRRRGH!" Super Mutant.

That just made everyone laugh. And their not the only ones.
"Edna cam."
"In fact, some of the original Super Mutants even call the second generation "Dumb Dumbs"." Storyteller.
"No kidding." Ruby said still laughing.
"Ha ha ha ha. Stupid robot. Ha ha ha." Super Mutant.
Ruby laugh ended, and both she and Winter glared at the mutant.
*A Super Mutant mocking Edna*
"But a few of this new batch ended up developing abilities that would have made The Master proud." Storyteller.
"Like what?" Weiss ask.
*The Chosen One walking to Mariposa*
When the Chosen One was searching for the Enclave's headquarters 40 years ago, they stumbled across the Mariposa base, and discovered some second generation mutants still trapped inside after the Enclave blasted the entrance.
"I told you he was a man." Weiss said.
"What, no he has to be a women." Yang said.
Oum Damn it, not again. Let's this.
*Melchior summon deathclaw around him*
"Ah!" Winter scream at the deathclaw. Winter face grim that would give team RWBY would have nightmares. So seeing the young huntress not scared of the deathclaws. 'What's wrong with them.' The Chosen One fought a mutant named Melchior who could summon creatures out of the FEV goo, just like a magician pulling rabbits out of a glowing green hat.
"Like a semblance." Weiss said.
"Wait, are you saying the semblance and the FEV are connected?" Winter ask.
Team RWBY froze, with only Ruby start saying something. "Let's not talk about that."
*Chosen One ready for a fight to NCR rangers looking at Mariposa*
At least that's what the Chosen One claimed. No one back then was keen on inspecting the place first hand to verify a story about magical deathclaws. Only person who seemed to care what happened to the miners from Redding was Melchior's son, Junior.
*Junior as a kid to Middle age Junior*
He was just a tyke when his dad disappeared. If he's still alive, he'd be middle-aged about now. Maybe still wandering the wasteland looking for his dad.
Yang look down, she knows all to well about.
*Storyteller and the larger group of mutants*
"Since then, Marcus has done his best to give some of you a home. Among the mutants, every person is their own unique being - a species of one. That kind of genetic diversity is a blessing; there are place in the wasteland where the opposite is true." Storyteller.
"Where is this going?" Ruby ask.
*Four Garys running*
Dozens of identical men caged together, consumed by a murderous rage against all outsiders.
"What!" Everyone yelled.
But that-
"Gary" Gary.
"Creepy." Winter sang.
*Black*
is a story for another day...

"Well that was a thing." Winter said. "Weiss would you like to have lunch?"
"Of course." Weiss said.
"I'll meet you at the landing pad." Winter said as she leaves the room. After making to the next floor down, she heard a familiar voice.
"Well if it isn't the Winter Soldier." Winter turn around to see Coco leanly on a wall.
"Miss Adel, a pleaser." Winter said bow her head.
"Like wise." Coco said. "You know, last time I seen you, you're dad try to have me and you wed."
Winter froze hearing that.
It's true that the Schnees and Adels companies are the two largest companies in the world. Winter's father tried marry her with Coco, and when that field he tried it with Weiss, which of course field again.
"You know I don't blame you." Winter said. "I hope to see how well you do in the tournament."
"Thanks. Team CFVY will be the ones Ad Victoriam." Coco said.
Weiss left their room to meet up with Winter, she told them to go ahead and watch the next episode. The Storyteller: FALLOUT S2 E8 - Gary

"Hay, I hear Uncle Qrow." Yang joke, only Ruby laugh as Blake is only just confess.

"In the dinner, Storyteller talking to a wastelander"

"When the apocalypse was on the horizon, people became desperate to preserve civilization. For people who survived Armageddon inside a vault, life became an exercise in maintaining the status quo as much as possible for as long as possible." Storyteller.

*A Vault Dweller opening vault door to a Gary came behind someone*

Everyone was expected to do their part to keep the Vault running until the time came for those doors to roll open. It wasn't a life for rebels. In some vaults there was so much conformity that they were all practically clones. And one vault ended up being literally full of clones.

The girls know they can't say a thing about this to Weiss. Each of them could see what she would use it on.

Ruby: More of her to talk to herself with out it looking weird.
Blake: More Zwei.
Yang: ...(You don't what to know.)

*Back at the dinner*

"Yes, pre-war society had cloning technology, but it wasn't used much. At least two Vault-Tec facilities had it, though.

"Which is?" Ruby ask.

*Vault City gate to their medical lab*

Vault City was built by the inhabitants of Vault 8, and they used their cloning lab to create replacement organs and limbs for the injured and sick.

The girls went wide-eye. S.1 E.6 makes since now.

*Doctor giving a shot to a patient*

That sort of miraculous medical technology helped Vault City become a major power in Northern California.

"Intel the NCR take it." Blake said, which made Ruby and Yang relies what she was say.

'Crap.' Yang thought.

*Outside of Vault 108 to cloning*

But another vault out East had the most advanced cloning lab in the world. They could create a perfect copy of an adult human. Well... almost perfect.

"What does he mean by almost?" Ruby ask.

"Well Ruby, they could copy their bodies but not their souls." Blake said. (Which is a good point.)

*108s working to a women and her clones*

"Wow." Yang said.

Vault 108 had some exceptional geneticists in their midsts, and a fully-stocked cloning lab, but cloning is a tricky business, and reproducing every single atom in a strand of DNA without error was tricky even for the finest minds of the pre-war era. Under the right conditions, they might have been able to populate their vault with an endless supply of cloned citizens.

"But loss importation supplies, like food." Blake said.

*The Vault-Tec building to the Overseer death*

But it turns out that the good people of Vault 108 were the butt of one of Vault-Tec's little jokes. Their Overseer was terminally-ill at the time of the Great War. He'd been selected for the job specifically so that the Vault would suffer a sudden, inevitable loss of leadership.

Ruby didn't knew she could hate Vault-Tec more, but here she is.

*108s mooring for their Overseer's death*
See the dwellers being sad for their leader's death hit their feels. Perhaps the cloning efforts were somehow intended to compensate for their lack of leadership. Maybe they wanted to create fully-formed adults in a lab, and skip the difficulties of raising children... This made the girls think really hard. Ruby what'd to feel the same way her mother felt raising a child. Yang would want a child later in life, after her traveling days are done. Blake is the only one that does not what to know.

*108 mainroom to vault main computer*
Whatever the reason, the leaders of Vault 108 decided to make extra copies of some guy. I don't think there was anything special about the man they picked, just a random occupant of the vault as a test subject. Logs on the vault computer network indicate that they made at least 53 copies of the guy.

"I have a bad feeling." Blake said.

*Gary holding a bat*
"Why does that guy has a bat?" Ruby ask.
Due to some unknown flaw in the process, each clone was completely hostile to any non-clone he met.

Yang only gave herself a face pomp
*A Garys walking to Garys going to kill two 108s*
They still kept cranking out new clones, and eventually they had an army of identical madmen imprisoned. And when they tried to dispose of them, they started running amok in their vault. There aren't any records about what happened next, but it's safe to assume that the clones wiped out their makers and shut themselves in.

"Let every syfy movie in history." Yang said.

*Vault door opeing to a dead Gary*
The doors to Vault 108 were open, and at least one of them was taken out of there. I saw his body in what was once Virginia: Bailey's Crossroads.
Do to them not knowing where it is, all they could do was shrug.

*Back at the dinner*
"It's been a while since I've been to Vault 108. It's where I found this little knick-knack... I don't know what it is about these things, but I swear I'm somehow compelled to collect every last one..." Storyteller.
That made the girls backed-up.

"Anyway, Vault 108 is still out there, and it's filled with a pack of interchangeable lunatics calling out the one word that they know how to speak - their own name." Storyteller.
They lean farrowed wait to know what name they will never past done to their children.
"'Laaaaarry". No, wait, I think it was "Haaaaarry"? "Barry"?" Storyteller.
Everyone fell on the floor, like in anime way.
"Gary?" Wastelander
"Thank you." Ruby said with a smile. However, Blake was having a chill down her spine, but she can't place it.

"Yup. That's was it. You know, just North of that full of Gary's there was a town that had another pair of lunatics in it." Storyteller.
"Great." Yang said with sarcasm.

*The Mechanist and The AntAgonizer*
"They look like comic book heroes." Ruby said.
Two dandies who pretended they were real-life superheroes. One of 'em even dressed like a villain from the old Grognak comics. But that- is a story for another day...

*Storyteller leave the dinner*
"Cool after ending line scene, love 'm." Yang said.
"Come on ED-NA, we got a big wasteland to explore." storyteller.

'Noise' Edna.
"Um? Uh? Gary?!" Wastelander
"Wait, what?" Yang said.
*Edna turn to see Garys*
"Gaaaary." Wastelander.
"All Monty no." Yang said releasing what's going on.
"Ha ha ha. Gaaary." Bar tender.
"Uh, no." Blake said.
'Scared noise' Edna.
"Run!" Ruby yelled.
"Gary!" Gray.
*Edna slotly away*
"Gary! Gaaaaaary!" Gary.
"Well, that was a thing." Yang said as she was getting up. "Let's have some launch."
Heroes and Arkos

RBY meet up with JNPR to have launch, they tell them about the FEV, but not tell them about cloning. They did found the "Dumb Dums" are to funny and dangers.
"The next one have some comic book characters." Blake said.
"Wait, really?" Jaune ask.
"Yeah, why?" Ruby ask.
"You mind if we join you?" Pyrrha ask.
"Sure." Ruby said.
"Well you six have fun, I'm going to the library."
"Actually, me and Ren are going to take a run" Nora said as she grab Ren's arm and leaves.
RY and Arkos made it to RWBY's dorm room. Ruby press play

The Storyteller: FALLOUT S2 E9 - The AntAgonizer
*Kids running*
"Aw!" The girls said.
*Storyteller wave at the kids*
"He's nice." Jaune said.
'Noise' Edna.
"What it said?" Pyrrha ask.
"She is not a it." Ruby glared. "But we don't know."
*Edna fires a laser in front of the kids*
"Woah!" They all said in ancient
"Woah there ED-NA! Calm down. I know you're not a fan of the little ones, but that was uncalled for." Storyteller.
"No kidding." Yang said. Everyone gave a small laugh at the small pun. Yang has no idea what so funny.
'Noise' Edna.
*Storyteller walks to a rock to sit on*
"Sorry about that kids. Alright. I think I have a story or two in me." Storyteller.
"When do you ever not have a story?" Ruby said.
"Out here in the West most places have some form of law enforcement. Whether its an army of Securitrons, a few men and women with badges, or a hard-working sheriff." Storyteller.
"Sounds like are world." Pyrrha said.
*Capital Wasteland to Megaton Store*
In the East, the Capital Wasteland doesn't have much government. Each little town has its own law. Most of them hire a mercenary to help keep the peace, but somethimes that isn't enough and folk have to take the law into their own hands.
"That doesn't like a good government system." Pyrrha said.
"No kidding." Jaune said.
*Old western town to two ghouls inside Hubris Comics*
As far back as four hundred year ago, the dime novels and comic books told tales of masked vigilantes who fought for justice and righted wrongs. Eventually it wasn't enough for these fictional characters to wear a mask, these "super" heroes needed crazy costumes and super-human powers to fight crime.
Jaune and Pyrrha thought of their comic series X-Ray and Vav.
The superheroes fell out of favor over time, replaced by tales of barbarians, spacemen, and heroic soldiers, but companies like Hubris Comics kept printing the funny books until Armageddon came.
"Why barbarians of all things?" Yang said. "I mean they aren't good role models."
*Back to the Storyteller and the kids*
"Among the Hubris line up was Grognak the Barbarian." Storyteller.

"Grognak!" a voice.

"Who said that?" Ruby ask

*Storyteller look at both direction*

"Okay, now I'm worried." Ruby said.

"Modern readers know Grognak as a source of handy tips on swordfighting, but if you look past the action scenes there are some good stories and characters hidden between the ads for x-ray glasses."

Storyteller.

Jaune thought the action was good, but the morals was best. Pyrrha was more a fan of the characters though.

*Grognak comics Antagonizer to Tanya reading the Antagonizer's issue*

One of his old enemies was the Antagonizer, a femme fatale who commanded an army of ants.

"Damn, those ants are huge." Yang said.

And hundreds of years after that issue was published, a young girl in the town of Canterbury Commons must have come across that very book and taken it to heart.

"Maybe there was nothing else to read." Jaune said.

*Canterbury citizens talking with some Caravans to Enclave post*

The citizens of Canterbury Commons like to tell her tale to caravans who pass through the town, and there was an Enclave outpost not too far away that captured video footage of her on occasion. Hers was a tale of sorrow...

Jaune thought of X-Ray's backstory, I know the feeling.

*Tanya watch her parents death to Tanya walk towards her parent's bodies*

When Tanya Christoff was just a girl, her parents were killed before her eyes by giant ants. While many people would have vowed vengeance against the six-legged creatures, Tanya realized that she had been spared. Nay! She had been chosen!

"Chosen?" Pyrrha ask, only to get shrugs.

*Tanya with a young ant*

"That looks so cute." Ruby said, which crept everyone out.

She turned her back on humanity, seeking solace in the welcoming embrace of the ants. Humans are unpredictable, ungovernable and most of all self-destructive. But among the ants, she found her rightful place - as queen.

"I agree with the humanity part." Yang said, after all, she been watching this for since the start.

*Tanya queen of ants*

And her royal court of insects did her bidding. It might have been a mutation, or advanced technology that allowed her to control them, but I suspect it was an act of sheer willpower.

Everyone look at each other. "Mutation." They said together.

*Older Tanya with her ant armor to Ant Agonizer and her army attack*

Once she had an army at her command, she created a suit of ant armor, and dubbed herself - The Ant AGONIZER! With high hopes, she began her assault on humanity - starting with the people of Canterbury Commons in 2277.

"Start at you're home town." Yang said.

"Well I can see it." Pyrrha said, which made everyone turn to her. "It's where her parents dead and no one else, so she could do it for revenge."

*Mercs firing on the Ants to caravaners laugh at her*

Giant Ants can be pesky, but they're hardly able to outmatch a couple of well-armed mercs like the town had. And with the Ant Agonizer always screaming melodramatic monologs, the townsfolk could hear her coming and get the drop on her bugs whenthey showed up.

"Yeah." Jaune said. "I hate it when villain monolog during fights or their plans."

Despite her theatrics, she turned out to be more of an oddity than a menace. The trader caravans even considered her to be a source of entertainment, and the townsfolk had something to break up the monotony of their days.

"Its good to fine joy out of something." Yang said.
But one man had enough of her villainous ant-ics!
Yang laugh at Storyteller's pun, well everyone else grown.
*Scott working of his armor to the Mechanist*
A hero chose to fight back against the formic felon! When Scott Wollinski saw his fair city under
siege by a nefarious temptress and her arthropod army, he assumed the mantle of... The Mechanist!
"Does he mixes old robots?" Ruby ask.
*Mechanist and Antagonizer fight scene*
With his robot sidekicks, The Mechanist waged a never-ending crusade to defend the good people of
Canterbury Commons against the creeping henchbugs of the Antagonizer! But, alas, the epic battles
threatened to annihilate the very townsfolk that he fought to defend!
"What do you mean?" Yang ask, only for Jaune and Pyrrha know where he's going.
The ants weren't so bad by themselves, but when the Mechanist added in a bunch of robots firing
lasers up and down main street, well, things started to escalate...
"That's why." Jaune and Pyrrha said together, remembering the first issue of X-Ray and Vav.
*Ant Agonizer running away to Storyteller watching the fight*
They would fight to a stand still almost everytime, and the Ant Agonizer would run away, screaming
"You haven't seen the last of me, Mechanist!"
Everyone gowned.
The townsfolk tried to get rid of them for months, but no one could find their secret lairs, and the last
time I was out East, they were still at it, disrupting the trade caravans that passed by the town.
"Good villain plan." Ruby said.
"Worsts hero." Jaune said.
*Towns people to a hooker*
Both of them were just too proud to back down, and wouldn't sacrifice their superhuman identities,
even for the common good. That's a shame, too. There are plenty of towns out there that could use a
superhero.
"Every town there needs heroes!" Ruby yelled.
Places like New Reno for instance. That's a place so full of sin and vice, you could trade a comic
book for fifteen minutes of...
"Storyteller!" Everyone yelled.
*Storyteller cuff*
"Nice save." Yang said.
"But that's a story for another day..." Storyteller.
Just as the episode ended, Nora and Ren walk in. "All right you two, Run!" Nora yelled. Which
made Jaune and Pyrrha run out of RWBY’s room. "Okay, are turn."
Just as Nora and Ren sit down, Blake walks in. "Hey, Ruby. You're package is here."
"Sweet, you go ahead and watch the next episode." Ruby said as she runs with the package in hand.
The Storyteller: FALLOUT S2 E10 - Chems

*Edna's camera showing Storyteller watching a Khans giving some chems to Fiends*

"What's going on there?" Blake ask.

"I don't know. But whatever it is, it doesn't look good." Yang said.

"Supply and demand. The root of all economics. If you're dying of thirst, you'll pay whatever it takes for a bottle of Nuka Cola. When you're out of ammo, and facing down a mob of raiders, you'll hand over a whole crate of soda for a couple of shotgun shells." Storyteller.

"That's true," Ren said, he does have the highest grade in economics.

"Those Khans over there have a supply of "Recreational chemicals", and those Fiends in the funny outfits - they're all hooked on chems. Supply and demand. Once you got a customer addicted to chems, you got a customer for life... however long that might be." Storyteller.

"So are chems some kind of drug?" Blake ask. Both Yang, Nora and Ren flinch.

*Chems to two jet on the ground well two people fight some raiders*

Most chems are based on pre-war medical supplies that once served some benevolent purpose. They can help the sick recover from injuries and illness, and can provide an edge in combat for those who bite off more than they can chew.

"So chems are just slang for drugs." Yang said, as everyone else say 'oh!'

*Addicted women to Chem Party*

Then there are those who want to live fast and die young. They use 'em just for fun - and in dangerous combinations. A dose of Mentats with a whiskey chaser and it's Party Time!

Yang look down, well Nora look at Ren.

The problem for chem pushers is that pre-war meds are rare, and making your own requires lots of resources, plus and understanding of science.

"Yeah, that's what happens when no one is reading books." Blake said.

*Diane and Jack making chems to a farm of Brahmin*

After the Great War, the dealers needed something that could be manufactured in the modern world, using readily available materials, and not much gets manufactured any more. About the most abundant resource the Wasteland has is Brahmin sh- *

*Brahmin ass*

'Sound' Brahmin.

Yang and Nora laugh their pants off, well Blake and Ren only smirk.

*Man shovel up some shit*

There's not many people with degrees in chemistry, but anyone can shovel Brahmin sh-

*Brahmin*

'Sound' Brahmin.

Now Blake is joining Yang and Nora laughter.

*Young man working on chems to him talking to the Chosen One*

About forty years ago, a clever young man in New Reno discovered a way to turn that plentiful resource into a product that could be sold all over the wasteland. He was a boy genius and if he'd been born three hundred years ago he would probably been a distinguished doctor.

"Impressive." Ren said.

In New Reno, he ended up helping the Mordino crime family make new chems out of anything that could be smoked, injected or snorted.

Yang flinch at 'smoked', well Nora look at Ren on 'injected'.

*Brahmin farm to graveyards*

He learned that when Brahmin were fed certain protein extracts, their dung would give off peculiar fumes. Anyone inhaling that gas would get all hopped up, and full of pep. Took 'em a while to get the formula just right - the graveyard outside of New Reno is full of test subjects who OD'd on the
Experimental formulas.

Everyone scot back.

*The same graveyard to Redding miners*

Eventually they figured out how to minimize the death risk, extend the effects, and even came up with a catchy name for their product: Jet.

"Jet. Jet. Jet." Yang said over again. "He's right, it is catchy."

They delivered the first samples to workers in Redding. The goal? Gain control of the city by controlling the supply of the drug that feeds the miners' addiction. The drug also increased their productivity, but all the extra money they earned was just used to pay for more Jet.

"Smart move." Ren said.

*Miners moving faster to Jet wearing off*

That rush of energy only lasts about an hour, and after it wears off the Jet-heads say it's like the world goes into high speed while you're standing still.

Ren slow close his eyes, Nora is feeling sick for Ren.

It was just the thing a New Reno crime family needed to rise top power in that town. But calling the Mordinos a "Crime" family isn't quite accurate.

"Then what would you call it?" Blake said.

*New Reno to Shark Club enters*

Back then, New Reno was a completely lawless place. Imagine New Vegas, but without Robert House and his Securitrons keeping the peace and that's pretty much what Reno was like forty years ago.

"Damn." Yang said.

*Van Graff store to Capital Wasteland*

Place isn't much better these days. Though it's part of the NCR, the Van Graff family is mostly in charge now - their arsenal of energy weapons gave them an edge against the other families.

"The make sense." Nora said.

The secret to making Jet has spread all the way out to the Capital Wasteland, so no single family controls the trade anymore.

"So what?" Yang said.

*Jet addicted pulls a knife out*

No one quite remembers the name of the kid who invented Jet, or what happened to him. He disappeared not long after Jet addiction swept through New California.

Everyone knows where this was going.

*The Kid at a computer to two dancing girls*

The Mordinos didn't let him out of his laboratory very often, but they did bring in some local working girls to keep the kid entertained, and a few of the older gals at The Cat's Paw still remember servicing a pasty-faced teenage genius back in New Reno's heyday.

The girls blush well Ren only shake his head in shame

Even though history has forgotten the lad's name, his creation lives on.

"No kidding." Ren said in a bitter tone. Which everyone look at him, Nora eyes had sadness.

*Ghoul chemists to his lab*

Some enterprising chemists have even improved upon the product. The modern variety of Jet is less addictive than the classic New Reno variety - and entrepreneurs have mixed it with everything from breakfast cereal to detergent in order to enhance the New Reno experience.

Everyone grin hearing that it's less addictive.

*Fiends fight to Fiends lost*

When a person is on Jet, they feel invincible. Until it wears off and they need another fix... Those securitrons will take out them strung out Jet Jockeys. They're some of the best 'bots around.

'Noise' Edna.

Present company excepted of course.

Yang laugh.

*Commonwealth pre-war to Syntha being made*
Although when I was out East, I heard tales of robots so advanced, that you couldn't even distinguish
them from humans.
"Ruby would love this." Blake said.
'Noise' Edna.
Oh yeah. So lifelike in fact, even they don't realize they aren't human...
"Really!" Everyone said.
But that- is a story for another day...
"Hey, Ren. Are you okay?" Yang ask.
Ren only stand up and walk out, Nora with a worry look went after him. As he leave the room Ruby
and Penny come in.
"Hi, guys." Ruby said. "Is it okay if Penny watch the next episode?"
"Sure." Yang said. 'Why was Ren... Shit.'
Soda Trilogy part 1

The Storyteller: FALLOUT S2 E11 - Commonwealth

*Wastelander looking at the Sunset Factory*

In the ruins West of New Vegas there's a building with a huge bottle right in front. Greenhorns from East always think it's the Nuka-Cola factory, but it's actually the home of the West's favorite beverage, Sunset Sarsaparilla.

"Man, I could use a sarsaparilla right now." Yang said.

*Storyteller walks to Festus*

"Howdy Pardner!" Festus.

"Salutations." Penny said back.

"Howdy Festus." Storyteller.

"If you and Festus are old pals, enter a command now." Festus.

'? Everyone.

"Old Festus here will give you the "official history" of Soda pop but-" Storyteller.

"I'm sorry, I didn't quite understand that could you repeat it?" Festus.

"He's old." Yang said.

'disapproving beep' Edna.

"I don't think so." Penny said. Which made everyone turn to her.

"How do you know what she said?" Blake ask.

Penny look surprise. "I learn a lot about computers with my father."

Blake and Yang seem to bay it, well Ruby and Penny gave a sign.

"No, ED-NA, I don't think old Festus was exactly state of the art when he was built." Storyteller.

"No kidding, he look like one of those fortune machines at the old pier." Yang said.

'Curious beep' Edna.

"Good question." Penny said.

"Why? Well, in the back when times they didn't want their robots to be too human." Storyteller.

"Well, Ironwood made the Atlesian Knights look more human." Blake said, as she remembers cutting down the old models.

"Humanity had a tenuous grip on its own survival, and they didn't need any competition from lifelike robots." Storyteller.

Ruby and Penny look at each other.

"They made simple bots like Festus here to handle work that humans couldn't be bothered to do." Storyteller.

'Curious beep' Edna.

"Well, should be one." Penny said sweetly. Before anyone ask...

"Yup, there have been a few advances in robotics over the last two hundred years. In fact there are robots so advanced that they can pass themselves off as real humans." Storyteller.

Ruby and Penny jump.

"And there's a whole network of people on the East Coast dedicated to helping these "Synthetic humans" live free in the Capitol Wasteland." Storyteller.

"That's nice." Blake said.

'Interested beep' Edna.

"I don't know." Penny said.

"Naw. No one in the Capital Wasteland can make robots that advanced. Not even the Brotherhood of Steel. These synthetic people come from a place called The Commonwealth." Storyteller.

"What's the Commonwealth?" Yang said.

*Storyteller walks over a pre-war map*

"That should help." Blake said, as she takes a picture to show everyone later.

"Before the war, America was divided into thirteen Commonwealths. They called it the fifty states
about three hundred years ago but, by the time of the Great War, those states were grouped together into thirteen larger commonwealths." Storyteller.
"Why would they do that?" Ruby ask.
"I don't know?" Blake and Yang said.
"Maybe it could be that the leaders what them to be more easer to lead." Penny said. Everyone turn to her with a 'how you know that' look. "Because Atlas has them."
"Nevada used to be part of the "Southwest" Commonwealth, and the Capital Wasteland was called the "Eastern Commonwealth". The only place that still goes by the name Commonwealth is far North of Washington DC." Storyteller.
"I bet has been there." Yang said.
"I'm game." Blake said.
"Only a handful of people have ever ventured there and back." Storyteller.
"Like you." Yang said with a smile.
*The ferryman to Women walking in Point Lookout*
There's a ferryman who claimed that his old steamboat had made the trip, and there used to be a women from a church in the Commonwealth who was trying to convert the swampfolk of Point Lookout to some kooky religion.
"We learned that in episode 3 and 4." Blake said.
*A scavenger in a city to a women walking the Capital Wasteland*
Never been there myself.
"What!" Yang yelled.
"Pay up." Blake said.
"LATER!" Yang yelled.
The corpse of America is home to many scavengers trying to carve their societies out of the carrion of this nation, and a person can spend their life walking back and forth across the continent and still never see it all.
"That why he never went there yet, Yang." Penny said.
*City ruins to Zimmer*
By most accounts the Commonwealth is a barbaric hellhole that makes the NCR frontier look positively civilized. Although there was a fella named Zimmer who used to hang around Rivet City, and he claimed that parts of the Commonwealth were better off than anywhere else in the wasteland.
"How? It looks a less burning Pitt." Yang said.
He was full of two-dollar words, but according to Zimmer, the one bright spot in the Commonwealth is a place called "The Institute".
Penny body turn stiff.
*The Institute before the war*
"Looks nice." Ruby said.
Before the bombs fell, it was a University for smartypants technophiles. Robert House himself attended the Institute way back when.
Everyone knew that House was a genius, so they know only smart people could do it.
*The Institute now to a lab with brains*
Since the war, the nation's remaining poindexters seem to have congregated there and built a technologically advanced haven in the midst of the chaos. No outsiders have made it inside and returned to say what it's like - although we hear the occasional tale from escaped androids.
"Okay, now that explain, them being in the Capital Wasteland." Blake said.
*Doctor talking to a syntha to Megaton*
Seems like the synthetic humans are so lifelike that they understand they're being treated as slaves. Some, at least. They consider themselves equals to the humans that created them, but their human masters don't see it the same way, so the synthetics escape and try to blend in with the humans along the East Coast.
Blake though of how faunus were in the safe place.
*Members of SRB to X-rays*
The Institute has a Synth Retention Bureau that hunts down escaped synthetics and brings them back by force. "Well, that makes sense." Penny said. There're plenty of folk in the Capital Wasteland who don't care for slavery in any form, so it isn't surprising that there's a secret network of people who help the android runners evade the Retention Bureau. "Alright." Yang said. The members of this underground railroad are tight-lipped about the organization, but wanderers who sniff around places with a lot of scientists are likely to find a way to help them fight the good fight. With the aid of the underground railroad, some synthetics have had their faces reconstructed to look like entirely different people, and at least one went so far as to erase his own memories. "Now that's dedication." Blake said.

*Holotape to Guard*
He left recordings of his plan scattered all over the Capital Wasteland, and he might still be out there - unaware that he's a robot, living the life of an ordinary wastelander.

*Inside Rivet City*
There could be other androids in the world too, secretly living among the humans with no one aware of their true nature - not even themselves...
"That's kind of sad." Ruby said. 'Optimistic beep' Edna. "Yeah, are you?" Penny ask.

*Back to Storyteller*
"No ED-NA, I'm not an android. I'm just a footsore-" Storyteller. "Howdy pardner!" Festus.
"You already said that." Yang frown, as Weiss and Winter walks in the room. *Everyone turn to Festus*
"Hey guys, how was you're day." Yang ask. *Someone behind Storyteller*
"It was good, we had... whose that?" Weiss said, everyone turn to the screen. "Howdy" Wastelander. "...Partner."
"He sounds... familiar." Weiss said.

*Storyteller turn around*
"Wait... He the guy that was in the season 1 finale. The one that got shot." Ruby said. "That can't be him." Yang said. "I mean, we can take it. But that because we have aura, but they don't."
"If what she saying is true, he shouldn't e alive." Winter said. "You're a guy that gets around. Sees many faces. I'll try and jog your memory." Wastelander. "My..."associate" and I first met you while back, and I asked you to tell us where Nuka-Cola comes from..."
"Wait, what?" Everyone said. *Season finale ending scene*
"You yammered on about the wasteland for four hours, then disappeared and that scavenger tried to kill me. He tried to kill me over a bottle of soda!"
"I know!" Weiss yelled.
*Back to the present*
"Since then, I've been tracking you down. From one end of the Mojave to the other. From Zion to the Long 15 and now..." Wastelander.
*He pulls out a rocket launcher*
"Wow!" Everyone yelled.
"Okay, let's all come down." Ruby said sweetly.
"Yeah, breath in, breath out." Penny said.
"What I want to know is where he put it." Blake said.
"I have a theory." Yang said smiling. This of course everyone but Ruby and Penny blush.
"Now you're going to tell me EVERYTHING about Nuka Cola!" Wastelander.
"Tell him." Everyone said.
"Okay, okay, just calm down. I'll tell you all you need to know, but that- is a story for-" Storyteller.
*Everyone start shaking*
"Grrr." Wastelander.
"...right now. It's a story for right now." Storyteller.
"Wait... No, no, no, no." Yang said.
"We have to eat, Yang." Blake said.
"But I want to know happens." Yang wines. Ruby and Weiss where about to drag Yang.
"How I order pizza?" Winter said with her scroll out.
"Wait, really?!" Everyone ask.
"Sure. I'll order it, and as we wait for the pizza we watch what happens." Winter said.
Soda Trilogy part 2

After Winter order the pizza and drinks, everyone decide too go use the bathroom. Everyone goes to their seats. Winter and Weiss sit on Weiss's bed. Yang press played.

The Storyteller: FALLOUT S2 E12 - Nuka-Cola
*The Sunset Factory*
"Back where it started." Yang said.
*What happen the last episode*
"I've been tracking you down. From one end of the Mojave to the other. From Zion to the Long 15 and now... Now you're going to tell me EVERYTHING about Nuka Cola!" Soda said.
*Now back to the full episode*
"What is it made of? Where does it come from? Why is it so delicious and REFRESHING? Why can't I stop drinking it? And most importantly... WHY DOES MY PEE GLOW IN THE DARK when I drink that blue soda?" Soda said.
"It does what?" The Schnee sister said in unison.
"Gross, gross, gross." Ruby reaped.
*Soda load his weapon ready*
"Start talking." Soda said.
"Hey, cool it." Yang said.
"Glow in the dark urine, halitosis, "mild" irritability. Yup, I've seen these symptoms before."
Storyteller.
"You have!" Everyone yelled.
"Son, I'm afraid you got yourself addicted to Nuka-Cola Quantum." Storyteller. 
'Gasp' Soda.
Everyone Gasp. "Wait, What that?"
"The regular Nuka-Cola is mighty habit-forming, but that Quantum is bad stuff, and you aren't only one who's developed a hankering for it. Folk all over the wasteland are "Chasing The Blue Fairy", as they say." Storyteller.
"So there like chems." Blake said.
"What's are chems?" Ruby ask.
"Well tell you later." Yang said.
"Unfortunately for you, Nuka-Cola Quantum is awful hard to come in these parts." Storyteller.
"That should be good." Penny said.
*Nuka-Cola factory to Junkie in a market*
The company that made it is based on the East Coast, just outside of DC, and Quantum was only released in local test markets. It was an extremely rare collectible even before the war, and Nuka Junkies have been hunting down every last bottle for two hundred years.
"Weirdos." Yang said.
*Enemy bottles to glowing outhouse*
The original Nuka-Cola formula used a secret blend of 17 fruit juices. Quantum has 18 but it ain't the pomegranate juice that gives it that glow, it's a radioactive isotope with a half-life so long that there'll be glowing outhouses all over the wasteland for a thousand years.
"What!" Everyone yelled.
"How did that even past the health care system?" Weiss said.
Nuka-Cola always had highly addictive properties - even before they added two scoops of strontium.
*Nuka-Cola machine to Bradberton at his desk*
It's not just the refreshing taste that put a Nuka-Cola machine on every corner in every town on the continent. Nope, it was all thanks to the ruthless business tactics of mister John-Caleb Bradberton, and his concoction of habit-forming chemicals.
Winter and Weiss understood what's going on.
The founding of Nuka-Cola to family watching tv
Bradberton founded the company in 2044, just thirty years before the war, but by the time the bombs fell, his soda pop had become a ubiquitous part of American culture.
"Good for him." Penny said happily.
Inside a vault to Junkie shaking
I've heard legends that the company was so influential that they could even sponsor their own vault, just to experiment on how humans would fare if they had a nearly unlimited supply of Nuka-Cola.
"That doesn't sound healthy." Blake said.
"Yeah, no kidding." Ruby said. Iconic for the girl that eats cookies.
Each generation got pudgier, plumper, and more addicted than the last.
"Yep." The Schnees said.
"I- I gotta find that vault."
"...Yeah, go find it." Yang said.
"Follow, you're dream." Ruby.
"And leave Storyteller alone." Blake.
Good luck. A shangri-la full of soda pop, hidden in the middle of the wasteland? Probably doesn't exist. Just a pipe dream that strung-out Nuka Junkies tell each other to help 'em sleep at night when they got the Nuka shakes.
"That makes more sense." Winter said.
Nuka-Cola museum to the inside of the museum.
The best source of credible information on Nuka-Cola is a jittery young women in the East. She built a little museum to Nuka-Cola underneath a bridge, her tiny shack crammed with every bit of memorabilia she could scavenge.
"Why is it under a bridge?" Blake said remembering that people living on bridges for safety.
Had a working refrigerator that kept her cola iced cold too, and she'd give you a free bottle of cool frosty pop if you politely sat through a tour of the museum.
"That sounds like a good deal." Yang said.
She even had a special vending machine intended to promote Quantum, once it hit the mass market.
The Quantum machine to a mure lurk
Was designed to hold thirty bottles of ice cold Nuka-Cola Quantum.
'Gasp'
"Wait for it." Ruby said.
And it was completely empty last time I was there.
"No..."
"Don't worry mister. I think you'll fine one." Penny said.
She would ask anyone who wandered by a scour the wasteland and find her enough Quantum to fill up her vending machine kept trying to bribe people with a recipe for making pie with Quantum soda, but I can't imagine anyone foolish enough to gather up that much soda, then just hand it over to a stranger for some pie.
"Would anyone do that?" Yang said.
"No!" Everyone yelled.
"I thought so." Yang said.
She could make all sorts of things using Quantum as an ingredient, but even she didn't know how to actually make Nuka-Cola Quantum.
"That got to suck." Ruby said.
"But surely someone knows the secret recipe for Nuka-Cola Quantum!"
Nope. Closest thing to a secret formula that I ever heard about was for some unreleased "Clear" soda that never even made it into production. Used to be a gang of neo-Canadians in Washington was trying to recover it from the offices of the Nuka-Cola plant, but I think the nuka Lurks in the factory took care of their safe-cracker.
"Bummer." Weiss said.
"Back to the Storyteller"
"Sorry, kid, but if you want another bottle of Quantum, you got a loooong walk East ahead of you."
"Good luck." Blake said.
"But what about this place? I mean- by the glow, it's shaped like a giant soda bottle." Soda.
"It's for Sarsaparilla." Yang said.
"Like it's mocking me..." Soda.
"This here is the headquarters of Sunset Sarsaparilla. They were Nuka-Cola's chief rival in the soft-drink industry." Storyteller.
Weiss and Winter start thinking of their company rival. Only that it was destroy by their father.
"Made root beer, not cola. Old Festus there can tell you about it." Storyteller.
"Howdy pardner! Wrangle up a stool and jaw a while!" Festus.
*Soda walks closer*
"Rivals you say? Was there ever a... Quantum Sarsaparilla?" Soda.
"I don't think." Yang said.
"I'm sorry, I didn't quite understand that-" Festus.
"Stupid robot doesn't understand anything!" Soda.
"He just old." Penny said.
*Soda turns to Storyteller*
"Say... what were YOU doing here?" Soda.
"That's a good point. Why are you there?" Winter ask.
"Why were you sneaking around this factory in the middle of the night?" Soda.
"I was tellling ED-NA about the chem Fiends who live in this area, and figured I'd grab myselfsome sarsaparilla and play a game of Lucky Horseshoes with my pal Festus." Storyteller.
"Oh, I get." Yang and Blake said.
"If you're here to challenge ol Festus to a game of Lucky Horseshoes, say "I feel lucky"." Festus.
"You know more about Quantum soda than you're letting on! Tell me everything about Sarsaparilla - Or none of us are getting out of here alive!" Soda.
"You're crazy." Yang said.
"I do know a little more about soda pop, but that's a story for..." Storyteller.
*Soda pulls a Fat Man out*
"Do you ever learn?!" Ruby yelled.
"Grrr." Soda.
"-for the immediate future." Storyteller.
Just as everyone got ready for the next episode, a knock was heard. "Pizza!"
"Pizza!" Everyone yells. Winter went to the door and paid for the pizza.
"Okay lets eat and watch." Ruby said as she grab her slices. But before they could press play, someone was banging on their door. "Whose that?"
"I'll get it." Penny said, as she march to the door. "Hello?"
"Hey, keep it down!" Cardin yelled. Which made everyone walk to the door.
"What was that?" Yang ask angry.
"Shit man." Sky said as he and everyone runs.
'Dick.' Yang thought.

The Storyteller: FALLOUT S2 E13 - Sunset Sarsaparilla

*What happen last episode*
"You know more about Quantum soda than you're letting on! Tell me everything about Senset Sarsparilla - Or none of us are getting out of here alive!" Soda.

*Now back to the full episode*
"Well, Old Festus here-" Storyteller.
"Howdy Pardner!" Festus.
"He'll tell ya that the Sunset Sarasaparilla company was founded by a humble saloon keeper who wanted to create a new beverage that let the people of the West drink something other than Nuka-Cola-" Storyteller.

"Sounds like the Store Guy that works everywhere." Yang said.
"Yeah, but has anyone else notice he devour are pizza?" Winter said, which made everyone start thinking.

"Wait! Why would they want anything besides the most delicious... refreshing... satisfying beverage ever created? It's the best!" Soda.
"You need some help." Ruby say being creep out.
"Uh... they just did." Storyteller.

*A saloon to some Sunset Sarasaparilla on the sheavel*

So the saloon keeper made a deal witha mysterious stranger to brew a secret recipe, that had been in the stranger's family for generations. But only if the saloon keeper would allow his mysterious benefactor to sample a bottle every now and then, just to make sure the recipe was being followed.

"That make sense." Weiss said.

And that's why some of their bottle caps have a little blue star on the inside.

"Ugh! That's gross. Some guy took a sip out of a bottle, and then put the cap back on, and they still sell it?"

"Okay, that is gross." Blake said, even though she eat rats when she was a little kitten.

"The fine makers of Nuka-Cola Quantum would have never done that!"

"Yeah, but they poison them." Weiss said, remember what redaction does.

*Bored meeting to a open bottle on a table*

Yeah, Sunset Sarasaparilla's marking department didn't seem too bright. But that story is hogwash, anyway.

"They sound stupid." Weiss said.

There really are glowing lone stars on the inside of some sarsaparilla bottlecaps, but no one knows why. Festus tells folk that if you collect fifty of them and bring them here, you'll get a special prize, and folk have done horrible things to get more of 'em.

"That sounds terrible." Penny said.

*A women kills a man and taking his blue stars.*

They kill and steal and betray each other, all in the name of some mysterious treasure.

"But you know what the treasure is, don't you..."
"He could have." Blake said.
Yeah. I've know what the treasure is, amd I assure you it ain't the sort of thing you'd want to kill
someone over.
"It a toy or something?" Yang said, remember all those box tops she got just for a glowing pen.
*Back to Storyteller*
"Well if those little stars on the bottle caps glow blue, then it can only mean one thing!" Soda.
"What?" Everyone said.
"Wait, all no." Weiss said a she shack her head.
"It must be-" Soda.
*Soda day dream*
Quantum Sarsaparilla! Tons of it! So much you could die! Yes! Oh yes!
"He lost it." Ruby said.
"He had already lost it." Blake said.
*Storyteller looking at Soda*
"Why are you still here, run for it!" Winter said.
"Um. Yeah... Hate to tell ya, kid, but that legend has been around for over two hundred years, and
you wouldn't be the first person to bring old Festus fifty star caps." Storyteller.
"Make sense. In 200 years, some people should have gave him some." Penny said.
"Even before the war, children had been hauling in handfuls of blue star caps, and the prize is
generally regarded as somewhat disappointing." Storyteller.
"I knew it!" Yang yelled.
"You still mad about the pen?" Ruby ask.
"It broke after I made a Y in my name!" Yang said as her eyes turn red.
"Sorry, son, but you drank just about the only bottle of Quantum soda West of the Mississppi."
Storyteller.
"To bad, now go East." Blake said.
"You're just trying to throw me off the trail! You've got some Nuka-Cola Quantum with you right
now, don't you? Don't you?" Soda.
"Why would he?" Winter ask.
"Well... not really." Storyteller.
"See!" Everyone said.
"You're holding something back! I can tell! You know some secret Quantum recipe! Give it to me or
I'll kill us all! Don't think I won't do it..." Soda.
"Okay, can he leave or something?" Ruby said.
*Storyteller walks in a Super Duper Marts to Storyteller making something*
Truth be told, I did find a few of bottles of Quantum in one of the Super Duper Marts near Megton,
but I never cared for the stuff, myself. Instead of drinking it, I tried a little recipe I found out East.
Mixed the Nuka Cola Quantum with turpentine and some cleanser in an old tin can.
"Doesn't sound something you'll drink." Ruby said.
"What did that do? Make it more refreshing? Make it more delicious?" Soda.
*Storyteller ready to throw a tin can*
"You could say it's "Bursting with flavor"." Storyteller.
Everyone choke on their pizza.
"Throw it over here. Nice and gentle. Or you're a dead man." Soda.
"You're going to be a dead man." Blake said.
"You sure about that, son?" Storyteller.
"Yeah!" Soda.
"Hey Kid- catch." Storyteller.
*Storyteller throws the can and exposes Soda*
'Grown' Storyteller.
"That's the trouble with people now-a-days. No loyalty. Tried to kill us over a bottle of soda."
"I know right." Ruby said.
'Wistful beep' Edna.
"Where can you loyalty?" Penny ask.
"Were you saying that for us?" Ruby ask, which Penny nod. "Okay thanks."
"You want loyalty in the wasteland, about the only place you're going to find it is with a dog."
Storyteller.
Blake made a 'hiss' well Ruby and Penny glared.
*Storyteller and Edna leaves*
'Curious beep' Edna.
"What about robots?" Penny said.
"...and robots. And robot dogs." Storyteller.
Ruby eyes glow, well Blake backed up.
'Noise' Edna.
"Really?"
"Yup, there are robot dogs. And cyborgs that are half robot, half dog." Storyteller.
*Storyteller looking at something to a man looking at his dog*
Even saw a-thing-jig that was part dog, part robot, and part gattling gun.
Everyone chocked again.
Although all the circuits and gizmos that science has to offer, still can't improve on nature when it comes to Man's best friend.
"Too bad." Blake said.
But that- is a story for another day...
*Soda' head*
Everyone chocked again.
Everyone was still chocking after seeing Soda's head. "Sorry, girls but I have to take Penny with us."
Winter said, as she and Penny leaves the room.
"Okay, see you later." Weiss said.
"Thanks for the pizza!" Yang yelled.
Everyone then took their showers and put in the pj's on. After that team JNPR came in and of course
to about the episodes. JNPR found Soda as a crazy. They then leave the room.
Before everyone when to bed Ruby was hit in the head by something. "What the hell!"
The rest of her team look at her. "You okay, sis?" Yang ask.
"Yeah, something just hit my head... mmm." Ruby said as she pick it up. "Weird. Its a note... How
the hell does it hurt."
"Hi, FEV Grim again. Sorry about the note, transfer for one world to the next is harder then it's
looks. But now so you know, there is only two episodes left.
"Want to watch the last two episode?" Ruby ask.
"Sure, but lets watch it well we're on are beds." Yang said.

The Storyteller: FALLOUT S2 E14 - A Boy and His Dog
*Storyteller watching some dogs*
"Nights in the mojave are filled with some of the most dangerous nocturnal predators in the
wasteland." Storyteller.
"Make sense." Blake said.
*Night Stalker to Nightkin to Deathclaw*
Night Stalker packs, invisible supermutants, even blind Deathclaws that can track prey on moonless
nights.
Blake just smile at that, to her night vison, she'll see them as well.
*A group of Fiends to a fiends dog*
Here in the South Vegas ruins, the dangerous predators aren't the wild animals. It's the domesticated
ones that are cruisin' for a bruisin'.
Blake hiss at the dog, which everyone turn to her. "What?"
'Bark'
Everyone jump. "Zwei?" Everyone yelled.
*Back with Storyteller*
"There's no such thing as a bad dog, but there ARE dogs with bad owners. Still, no matter how
rotten their master is, dogs will always show loyalty." Storyteller.
"Isn't that right Zwei?" Weiss said in her baby voice.
*A dog sitting with it's dead master to a dog waiting for it's master*
Even after their master has passed on, a dog will remain loyal to them. Staying where they're told and
waiting for their human to return.
"Wow. Now that's loyalty." Yang said.
*Storyteller and an old man talking*
Old timers used to say that's how the Vault Dweller met a certain canine companion, Dogmeat.
"Who name dog, Dogmeat?" Weiss said.
"No idea." Blake said.
*Dogmeat owner killed to Dogmeat wonder Junktown*
That dog's previous owner had been killed by the local punks in Junktown, and Dogmeat loitered
around town, waiting for him to return.
'Whimper' Zwei.
"Aw... Come here." Weiss said. Zwei jump up next to Weiss.
*Vault Dweller mets Dogmeat to both VD and Dogmeat leave Boneyard*
Pets were unheard of in the Vaults, so when the Vault Dweller came upon that ornery critter, it was love at first sight.
"Aw." RWY said, as Blake rolled her eyes.
A man and his dog. The old pooch followed the Vault Dweller up and down California from Junktown to the Boneyard, before ultimately perishing in the Mariposa base.
"What, that's the dog bones in the base." Yang said.
*A battle happening in the Mariposa base*
"Damn, Dogmeat had some bite." Yang said, after seeing Dogmeat bite a Supermutant leg off.
*Storyteller and Edna walking Freeside well the Kings and Rex watch*
"Some pre-war chromedomes decided they'd try to improve on Man's best friend by adding a bunch of cybernetic gizmos, like mechanical jaws and armor plating." Storyteller.
That gives Blake the chills down here spine.
*Scientists working on a cyberhound*
Called them Cyberhounds, Robodogs, Cyberdogs - everybody had a different name for them, but no one called them what they were - unfortunate animals caught up in mankind's wild pursuit of
"Improving" on nature.
"No kidding." Blake said.
*The CO and his pack of dogs*
Forty years ago, the Chosen One traveled with one such cyborg dog. Some folk say there were two of them in the Chosen One's entourage, along with a regular dog, and some half-starved stray that tagged along wherever they went, even though he was nothin' but bad luck.
"No kidding." Yang said.
*Storyteller talking with a cyberdog*
One of those cyberdogs could actually talk. He was damn smart too, and not just for a dog - smarter than the Chosen One, by some accounts.
That made everyone look at Zwei.
I met the thing in the NCR Capital, after the Chosen One stopped the Enclave.
*Back to Freeside, Storyteller sit next to a wall *
"K-9 was happy to tell me everything that happened. He was the only one I ever heard about that could talk, though." Storyteller.
"So he told you about the Chosen One's travel." Blake said.
"Maybe the Enclave made him." Weiss said.
'Curious beep' Edna.
"No, he's not around anymore." Storyteller.
"That so sad." Ruby said.
*The cyberdogs disassemble*
He and the Chosen One's other cyberdog were both "Disassembled" by NCR scientists decades ago.
That made everyone glare at the NCR.
*Back to the Storyteller*
"Terrible thing about that, is those cyberdogs would still be alive today if they hadn't been... disassembled." Storyteller.
"Really?" Yang said.
*Rex walks up towards Storyteller*
"Here comes one." Weiss said,
'Sad beep' Edna.
"Most of them were made in the Back When times and don't die of old age like regular dogs. Rex here must be over two hundred years old. Aren't you boy?" Storyteller.
'Bark' Zwei.
"Most have been a police dog before the war, and survived on his own until the Legion found him and put this bull symbol on him." Storyteller.
"What!" Everyone said.
"Were you in the Legion before the King found you, boy?" Storyteller.
"Whose the King?" Ruby ask.
"I don't know, without a name or title, he'll be unknown.
'Bark' Rex.
"Of course, the poor thing is obviously suffering the neural degeneration that happens when you keep a brain in this biogel for too long without changing it." Storyteller.
"Wait, didn't Think Tank have the same thing?" Ruby said.
'Whimper' Rex.
"Cheer up boy, your daddy'll get you a new brain. Yes he will." Storyteller.
Everyone back up here about the new brain.
'Curious beep' Edna.
"Yup, Rex has the same sort of neural degeneration as those brains in the Think Tank." Storyteller.
"Nice job, Ruby." Weiss said at Ruby's earlier comment.

*Big MT lab*
Funny thing is that some of the stories out of the Big MT say that those mad scientists are still making robodogs.

*Back with Storyteller, Edna and Rex*
"Probably the only place left that still has the technology to do this kind of thing." Storyteller.
"Make sense." Yang said.
"Maybe someone will build you a nice girlfriend, and you can make some cyberpuppies, huh boy?" Storyteller.
"Aw." From Ruby and Weiss, however Yang and Blake start thinking.
'Excited bark' Rex.

*Rex runs back to the King*
"He seem happy." Ruby said.
'Curious beep' Edna.
"I don't know if they can really make cyber puppies. It jsut seemed like a nice thing to say to Rex." Storyteller.
"Well, it would be nice, do to his brain and all." Blake said.

"Now some of those other dogs I mentioned... They say old Dogmeat would mount anything that moved." Storyteller.
Ruby and Yang at Zwei, before they had to neuter him, he mount every dog or one time dog faunus. That was the last time he mount anything.

*Dogs at a town in the Wasteland*
He must have left a litter of puppies in every town across the wasteland. I'm sure his descendants are still out there now, tagging along with wasteland heroes.
"Talk about a legacy." Weiss said.

*Storyteller and Edna walking on a alley*
"You know, I've always wanted a hound of my own. Maybe one day I'll stumble across a stray dog that's looking for companionship, and I won't have a robot for a best friend anymore." Storyteller.
"What about Edna? She your loyal friend." Ruby said.
*Edna turn around and see a stray dog*
"Hi, little guy." Yang said.
'Bark' Zwei.

*Edna fires at the stray, turn it to ashes*
'Whelp' Zwei, as he runs under Weiss's bed.
"That was uncalled for." Yang said.
*Edna heads back to Storyteller*
"There are too many heroic dogs in the wasteland for me to document them all - I'm sure I missed two or even three dogs-" Storyteller.
"True." Everyone said.
'Frantic beep' Edna, as she shack.
"Edna!" Everyone yelled.
Helloo Mojave Wasteland! Bow wow wow. Sounds like someone FINALLY said the magic words that activate my eyebot's little subroutine.
"Whose that?" Ruby said.
"ED-NA?" Storyteller.
[I heard some "Mysterious Storyteller" was roaming around out West; spinning yarn about every damned thing in the wasteland... except me and my radio station!]
"Who are you?" Blake demanded.
[Now I know you're out there Fighting the Good Fight, so I'll make this short. I called in a favor from some of my buddies in the Brotherhood to send this little eyebot to you- along with a few pre-recorded messages from yours truly. I want to make sure you continue spreading the good word about the Good Fight, and you're gonna get my story straight from the Dog's mouth.]
"Who are you?" Blake said.
*Three-Dog*
[Awooooo! But as they say- that is a story for another day...]
Everyone laugh as the voice told Storyteller's line.
Three Dog

The Storyteller: FALLOUT S2 E15 - Three Dog ft. Erik Todd Dellums

"Storyteller looking at Edna"

[Hellooo Mojave Wasteland! Bow wow wow. Sounds like someone FINALLY said the magic words that activate my eyebot's little subroutine.] Three Dog.

"Three Dog to some Scribes upload Edna"

Now, before you go bombarding the great and powerful Three Dog with questions, you gotta know, this is just a recording.

"Did he said his name is Three Dog?" Blake ask, everyone nodded. "That's the weirdest name ever. Of all time."

"Maybe its a nickname." Ruby said.

I made a bunch of audio logs about things out here in the Capital wasteland, and had the Brotherhood Scribes upload them into ED-NA. You say one of the key phrases and-

"Back with Storyteller listening Three Dog"

[your reward is hearing my golden voice pour out of ED-NA's speakers, like electric honey. Oh la la.] Three Dog.

Blake thought of a scene in her book Ninjas' of Love.

[That is assuming this eyebot actually makes it out West, and this isn't playing from inside some deathclaw's stomach.] Three Dog.

"I thought Storyteller said nothing eats a eyebot." Ruby said

"Actually he said he never heard of anything eating a eyebot." Weiss said.

"ED-NA, you've been keeping secrets from me. And here I thought we told each other everything."

Storyteller said a little upset.

"Why are you upset?" Weiss ask.

"Yeah, its not like you two are dating..." Yang stop as she blush. Everyone turn to her with rosily checks. "Man, they have to be lonely to do that."

'Sad beep' Edna.

"So- what are these "key phrases"?" Storyteller.

[I bet you're wondering what these "key phrases" are.] Three Dog.

"Yes, please." Ruby said.

"Back with Edna"

[so you're gonna drag this eyebot around with you, telling tales about the Capital Wasteland until you say one of my key phrases, then you get to hear... Duh duh duh dunn! The Secret Gospel of Three Dog. But I'll give you a hint.] Three Dog.

"Thanks." Everyone said smiling.

[One of the magic words is the name of my radio station...]

"Three Dog"

"Not so fast, Mysterious Storyteller! You're gonna have to earn it - and I don't mean caps. You gotta spread the word about the Good Fight,

"The Good Fight?" Blake said.

"Back with Edna"

[so you're gonna drag this eyebot around with you, telling tales about the Capital Wasteland until you say one of my key phrases, then you get to hear... Duh duh duh dunn! The Secret Gospel of Three Dog. But I'll give you a hint.] Three Dog.

"Thanks." Everyone said smiling.

[One of the magic words is the name of my radio station...]

"Three Dog"

"Damn it." Everyone mutter.

"Oh, well that's easy one... Galactic Records." Storyteller.

'Confused beep' Edna.

"Not it." Yang said.

"No wait, that's not it... Galaxy News Radio." Storyteller.

[Welcome back, chiildren.]

"Is he like those radio degas?" Ruby ask.

"Maybe." Blake said.

"Three Dog"
You're listening to Galaxy News Radio! The heart and soul of the capital for over ten years. Man, I never thought I'd make it this long without being eaten by a Super Mutant.
"Really?" Weiss said.
*Lone Wander turning on GNR!*
I've been running this station for so long that most people just take it for granted that they hear ole Three Dog any time they tune in.
"Like everyone behind the screens in show business." Yang said.
*Three Dog*
But running a massive media empire in post apocalyptic times isn't as easy as I make it look.
"That I can believe." Weiss said.
*Three Dog's flash back of GNR!*
This station was off the air for two hundred years before I found the place. Most of this equipment rolled off the assembly line back when Dean Domino was still an up-and-coming crooner.
"Who?" Yang ask.
*Margaret working*
I didn't do it all by myself, though. I got a good engineer, Margaret.
*Back with Three Dog, well Margaret in the background*
She's waving now, but she doesn't like coming on the air.
"See someone that treats his crew well." Yang said.
And I made sure that those technophiles in the Brotherhood of Steel owed me some favors.
"How did you do that?" Blake ask, wondering how he got the BOS to owe him.
*Margaret climbing the GNR! tower, well a battle down below*
They help keep the signal flowing AND keep the Frankensteins from overrunning the place.
*BOS battling the Super Mutants*
"That was banging." Yang try a pun, which made everyone grown.
*Women working on her tower to the Washington monument*
Plenty of cats rig up a little broadcast tower and fill the airwaves around their house with whatever they got lying around, but I wanted GNR to be something that would astound the wasteland.
Something that would change this hellhole for the better.
"Well it seem like it work." Weiss said.
So I got the Brotherhood to set up a signal transmitter on the tallest thing still standing in Washington DC, and now everyone for miles can hear the truth about what's going down in this town.
"Cool-o, Daddy-o." Yang said, which made everyone look at her.
*GNR! building*
The station is called Galaxy News Radio for a reason. I spin music and run those Daring Dashwood adventures, but the real reason I'm here is to spread the word about the Good Fight.
"What's the Good Fight?" Blake ask.
*Town fight off Super Mutants to Mutant walking up*
All those little moments where the people of the wasteland stand up to the Super Mutants, slavers, the Enclave, Giant fire-breathing ants and... whatever new horror crawled out of the Metro today. Everyone froze in place see the mutation.
*Back to the Storyteller*
[Sorry I'm bumming you out, but it's usually bad news out on this side of the country. 'Course, you know all about that don't you "Storyteller"? You really should tell me how you manage to travel from coast to coast so quickly!] Three Dog.
"Well, I don't like talking about myself very much, but it would make for an interesting story. You see, I- Oh, I forgot you can't hear me..." Storyteller.
[If you just tried talking into you eyebot consult you doctor. You may be suffering from a severe case of loneliness.] Three Dog.
Everyone laugh.
*Three Dog*
GNR will be back with traffic and weather right after these words from our sponsor. Awoo-
Whoops! I've just been informed that eyebots don't have commercial breaks. So go stare at a billboard for a while! And yes, that is a hint for your next key phrase.

*Black*

"What would be on a billboard that both coast has." Weiss thought.
"Maybe, Nuka-Cola?" Yang said, which made everyone think.

*Sunset billboard*

"-and I been wandering around saying random words to ED-NA ever since, trying to find the next key phrase to active another one of Three Dog's audio logs." Storyteller.
"How long have you been doing it?" Blake ask.

'Indignant beep' Edna.
"So what's your story?" Storyteller.
"My story's a long one, friend, and I can't say it's all that interesting." Drifter.
"Looks like I'll have to rely on Three Dog for conversation. All I know is that the key phrase has something to do with billboards or advertisements... But no one's been making billboards for anything in two hundred years." Storyteller
"Make sense, do to it being the wasteland." Weiss said. "I mean we waste time doing that."
"America doesn't need catchy slogans and slick marketing campaigns anymore. No more handsome men in clean suits telling America what to buy, and what to think and... Oo! I think I got it." Storyteller.
"Where are you going with this?" Weiss ask.

'Yankee Doodle Dandy' Edna.

*Three Dog mocking Eden's voice*

[My fellow Americans, do you dream of the time when baseball fields stretched from sea to shining sea, all the way across this great nation? Do you remember those halcyon days when majestic herds of apple pies roamed the land and frolicked in the amber waves of grain? Well America, as your President, John- Henry- Eden-] Three Dog.

"He's the leader of the Enclave at the east coast." Weiss said.
"Wait, what!" Her team yelled.

*Bah ha ha ha! Fooled ya! You're listening to Three Dog on Galaxy News Radio, the number one radio station in the greater metropolitan area. Actually the only radio station in most of Washington DC these days,
*Violin women*

except for people who live near that old lady with the violin. But that wasn't always the case.
"Really?" Ruby ask.

*A eyebot moving around the wasteland*

A few years ago, you couldn't throw a rock in Maryland without hitting an eyebot blasting Enclave propaganda.
"Yep, Eden is the leader of the Enclave." Blake said.

*Super Mutant camp*

When I started GNR ten years ago, the worst problem that the Capital Wasteland had was those Super Mutants dragging folks off to do who knows what to 'em.
"They turn them into more super mutants!" Yang yelled.

*Enclave post to a Enclave burn some Wastelanders*

Then those little floating bots showed up, broadcasting that Enclave signal. Some square claiming he's the Prez, and saying that everything is fine. All we got to do is trust the nice men with the flamethrowers and everything will be all peachy again, like the old days.
"Screw that." Yang said. "I mite make fire, but I can still die from it."

*A eyebot moving around the wasteland*

A lot of people around wanted to believe all that. Cover themselves in a warm, comforting blanket of crap. So the all-knowing Three Dog had to break the news to them that the Enclave was a pack of
crooks and liars.
"You do thank." Ruby said smiling.
*Lone Wander*
Now, I'm not gonna claim to be the Savior of the Capital Wasteland, that title belongs to someone else. I can't turn a squad of Enclave Hellfire troopers to dust like a wazer wifle like some people,
*Three Dog*
but I will say GNR kept up the Good Fight when the wasteland needed it most.
"That's go to hear." Ruby said.
*Back with Storyteller*
[But then again, the Enclave wasn't the only thing from the West that smelled like Brahmin shit.
And, yes, Brahmin shit is a hint for your next keyword. Good luck Storyteller.] Three Dog.
Yang and Blake look at each other, already knowing what it was.
[Now, children it's time for some music. Here's Roy Brown with a favorite of mine, Mighty Mighty Man.] Three Dog. (Mighty Mighty Man- starts)
"Nice song." Yang said.
"Great... Now I gotta walk around the Mojave asking everyone-" Storyteller.
*Storyteller kick open a door*
"Like a boss." Yang said.
*Thugs look at Storyteller*
"-what smells like brahmin shit around here!" Storyteller.
"You're dead!" A thug shouted.
"That's a good repost actually." Weiss said.
*Storyteller and Edna open laser fire at the thugs*
"Their dead." Ruby said.
*Legion members training*
"Algreat these guys." Ruby said.
"What smells like brahmin shit around here!" Storyteller.
"Yea!" Legion members yelled.
"Damn." Blake said.
*Legion try pincer them, only to be shot dead*
"Would have work if they use guns." Weiss said.
*Khans Chem makers*
"What smells like brahmin shit around here!" Storyteller.
"Who the hell are you?" Female Khan.
"Mm. Not try to kill them." Weiss said.
*Male Khan pull out his gun*
"Spoke to soon." Weiss said.
*Storyteller shot the Male Khan*
"No!" Female Khan as she pulls out her gun.
*Edna shot Female Khan*
"Are we done, with the kill?" Ruby ask.
"Actually, this place smell like brahmin dung. These Khans must be using the fumes to make Jet." Storyteller.
Well Ruby and Weiss gave a blank look, Yang and Blake high five each other.
'Ding' Edna.
[Because one audio log ain't enough, and two is too few, I made three logs! AROOOO! Well I know that you cowboys out West looove your Jet, and I figured you'd say that word pretty quick. So let me tell you a story about my rebellious youth. Oh, that's right; I used to be a wild little Three Pup] Three Dog.
"Well yeah, Yang use to..." Ruby stop when she see Yang's eyes turn red. Which made Weiss and Blake look at the two sisters.
*Three Dog*
before I became a respectable newsman and voice of the Radio Free Wasteland. Some people think I'm a mutant wolfman, or a pre-war AI in a shiny mainframe computer, spinning oldies from my hard disk. But the Great And Powerful Three Dog is a real person.

"Well yeah." Ruby said.

*Three Dog family to GNR enters*

Had a mom and dad, all that wholesome crap. They fought the good fight in their own way, performed live theater, traveled from town to town, and spread the word about life in the wasteland. But that style of storytelling wasn't for me - I like to keep my audience at a distance. And with a few inches of reinforced steel between us.

"Well everybody is different." Blake said.

*BOS coming too the Capital Wasteland to caravaners*

That was back when the Brotherhood of Steel had just arrived in the Capital Wasteland. A few of the crazier trade caravans from the West followed them here, and the Jet dealers were hot on their heels.

*Three Dog in a Jet dealing*

They say if you remember those days, you weren't there, and ole Three Dog was definitely there! I think.

"Maybe." Yang said.

*Three Dog on Jet travels*

I'm no paragon of virtue. Before I found GNR, I roamed the Capital Wasteland looking for my true calling inside a Jet pipe. Not proud of it, but I saw some amazing things when I was out there on my tweaked up vision quest.

"Like what?" Everybody lean in.

*Three Dog and a Super Mutant, alien ship fly, Harold*

I met a super mutant who gave me the clothes right off his back and offered me the moon.

"So a good Super Mutant." Ruby said.

I saw the hotrods of the gods play chicken in the night sky.

"Aliens!" Yang shouted.

And I sear I had a long conversation with a tree that had a little guy growing out of it...

"Harold!" Everyone cheered.

"Actually, he's a guy with a tree growing out of-"

-Now, all that might have been that might have been the Jet talking, but when I cleaned up, I knew the world was worth fighting for.

"Maybe it was all real." Yang said, which made everyone else think harder then before.

*Flashback*

"Time to dead." Super Mutant.

"Run!" Ruby yelled.

*Super Mutants fire at Three Dog as he runs too the GNR! building*

And I knew exactly how I was gonna fight that fight. Not guns, not bombs. The truth, even when it hurts.

"The voice is his weapon." Blake said.

"Hm. Okay, some people just can't fight." Yang said, not having a problem.

*Three Dog*

You see Storyteller, you and I ain't so different. One of us clearly has a better sense of style, but that's beside the point. We both know stories are important. They can be a powerful tool in fighting the Good Fight.

"Yeah!" Everyone yelled.

*Back with the Storyteller*

[So I guess what I'm saying is keep on trucking Storyteller. This has been Three Dog from Galaxy News Radio singing off. But before I go, here's an oldie from the Ink Spots for ya. Maybe you've heard this one before, or maybe you haven't but it's time to dust off this classic and take it for a spin.] Three Dog. (I Don't Want To Set The World On Fire)

"That a really nice bet." Weiss said.
"Well- that was- interesting... Come on ED-NA, if that is your real name." Storyteller.
"It is." Ruby said.
"We've got a wasteland to explore." Storyteller.
"Yea!" The team all cheered.
'Noise' Edna.
*Storyteller and Edna walk in the sunset*
"Hey, you think there's a season 3?" Ruby ask, only to fall in a portal. As well as her team.
RWBY was surprise to be in a burned room. The next show up was JNPR and Coco, Fox and Velvet. Last to show up Winter, Penny, Sun and Neptune.
"Welcome back." FEV Grim said. "Now its time to incuse The man next to me, Layne."
"Thanks for having me here man." Layne.
"And the big dog himself... Three Dog!" FEV Grim.
"Thank you." Three Dog. "Now for are first question goes to the girl with the red hood."
Ruby ready for her question.
"HaloWarrior56 ask, if you had to join the NCR or Brotherhood (West), which would it be?"
"Hmm. I say the NCR, I mean I don't agree with there menthes, but I agree with their goals." Ruby said.
"Next is for the two white hair girlies, how would you feel if the Enclave became your family's army? Those lying Brahmin shit farmers."
"That would be horrible if Father is in charge." Winter said.
"To the girl with the bow, would you like to end the Legion, to just kill Kaizer, or what ever Sallow call himself these days? What's the Legion?"
"I would like to end the legion, but I don't really know." Blake said with mix feelings.
"Next is for the second coolest cat with a cool addicted." Three Dog said. Fox, Jaune, Ren, Sun and Neptune look at each other. "The Ren guy." Which got everybody say 'oh!'. "How did you get addicted to crap like chems?"
"Excess me?" Ren said with a burning glare.
"Okay!" FEV Grim. "Let skip this one..."
"For the dark and scary, will you do season three?"
"Yes, there well a season 3. After that Q&A I'll start making the sequel." FEV Grim.
"Yeah. In less I use the laptop of school." Layne.
"Fuck!" FEV Grim.
"For everybody Shadow-Proclamation8 ask, if given the chance would you inject yourselves with FEV just to see what happens?"
"No!" From everyone.
"Well that was quick." FEV Grim.
"For the girl with the sweet shades, if you worked for Mr. House what job would you want?"
"His second in command, what else." Coco smiled, only getting Fox and Velvet heads to shack.
"For team RW... RWww... Okay, how are you do you say this?" Three Dog almost angry.
"Ruby." Layne.
"Okay. RWBY... If you could would you inject Zwei with FEV?"
"How dare you..." Ruby said.
"For everyone, If Vault-Tec offered you a place in a vault would you take it?"
"Maybe?" Ruby said for everyone.
"Another one Coco, You said you'd like to work for Mr. House, so does that mean you'd be a working girl?"
Coco blush. "What? Just because I'm bisexual, and engage. But a girl can think, right?" She shrug only get Fox a face pam and Velvet blush.
"For the ladies, RedRat8 ask, what did you feel when you heard of the story of the Survivalist, a man who spent the remnants of his life in a world consumed by fire and rage doing what he can to protect the children and ensuing that they will become good people? Wow that was long."
"He is the most amazing, man." Ruby said well everyone remember he was everything should be.
"To the women name Winter, what is you opinion on the synths?"
Winter look at Penny. "I won't say."
"To the white her sisters, considering that it is not yet known that Dust may or may not be in limited
supplies do you two fear that there may be a Resource War in the future over the supply of Dust and that your family, friends, and company may be harmed by desperate people?"
"I am afeard of something like that would." Weiss said.
"If anyone attack the people care, I'll kill them." Winter said in a chilling voice, which turn Layne ice.
"To the sisters again, Do all of you believe that people from the Wasteland are capable of change and great things despite all that you have seen about their world?"
"Well the stories so far I heard tells me yes, yes they can." Weiss said proudly.
"And the last one for the sisters, is it wrong to want to believe that people have potential, the gist that surpasses all other beings and powers in the world?"
"No, everyone has potential." Winter said.
"This one is for MASTER-OF-SUPRISE. For the little red hood, out of the fallout weapons you've seen in action what type is your favorite."
"That like asking Jaune to pick his favorite X-Ray and Vav comic." Yang said, as Ruby have white steam coming out of her ears.
"I'll get the fire extinguisher." Layne said as he got out of the ice.
"Okay. The are for some unknown. Awooo!"
"Algreat." Layne said, as Ruby steam went down.
"For Penny, why did you act like that when the Institute was mentioned?"
Penny: "I have no record of what you're saying." 'Hic!'
"For Winter, Is it true that Atlas is experimenting with the FEV? P.S, do you want to go out on a date this weekend?"
Winter: "I don't think so. And I'm okay, but thank you." She said with a blush.
"For everyone, would you think you survive in the if you were born with or without your aura?"
Ruby, Yang, Jaune, Ren and Velvet only shrug. Weiss, Winter and Neptune 'Not really'. Everyone else said 'yes'.
"Last one. For everyone, also does your world have nuclear or atomic bombs or not?"
"No!" Everyone said.
"Alright, Three Dog, have a good day." FEV Grim, as a portal takes everyone other then Three Dog.
"That was weird." Three Dog said.

Everyone was in their rooms a sleep in their beds.
In his office, Ozpin got a message. He look at the it, gave a sigh and go to do the something like last time.
OCs and Ships

RWBY wakes up as the sunlight hits their faces. After they got dress, go to eat breakfast and tell team JNPR about, Three Dog.
"So what's you're plans today?" Jaune ask.
"Like everyday since we found the series, watch more Storyteller." Ruby said, then get hit in the head with a paper airplane. "Aw, again!"
"Hm." Yang hum as she read the note.
"Sorry girls, but do to the fact that you all can't watch Storyteller all day. You have to send three hours, doing whatever."
"So that's changes things." Weiss said.
"Lets just split up and do what we like do." Yang said. "Then meet up in the room in three hours."
Everyone leaves the table, Ruby was the first to leave before Yang, Blake and Weiss leave the door.
"Hey, Blake. Mind if I come with you to met up with Sun and Neptune?" Weiss ask.
"Sure." Blake said.

Blake and Weiss walk down to the Haven dorms, they then heard a shouting. "Why the hell you do that?!" Sun voice was heard. Blake and Weiss look at each other. The two made it inside to see Sun and Neptune having a fight.
"Well its not my fault she thought I look handsome!" Neptune yelled, which confess Blake and Weiss.
"Yeah! But that doesn't mean you can kiss her!" Sun yells, angrier then Blake have ever seen him before.
"Kiss who?!" Weiss yells, which made both Sun and Neptune turn to see Weiss standing at the door with Blake by her side.
"Just so you know, her name is..."
"Vega!" A voice stop Sun. Everyone look behind Sun and Neptune to see a girl a year older them, leaning against the wall. She has white skin, Brown hair, with two set of eyes. The left was black, well her right is white. She is also wearing a checker patter suit. "And your Weiss Schnee. The ring a ding-ding bitch."
"Excuse me!" Weiss yells.
"You heard me." Vega smirk.

Yang was jogging around the school for her break. She made it to the Beacon dorms when Weiss bump into her. "Ow. Hey! You have to... Weiss?!" Yang shouted.
Weiss, who still have tears in her eyes just turn her head to Yang. "Sorry, I was just..."
"What happen?" Yang ask.

"Weiss! Weiss!" Blake was yelling for, with Sun in toe helping Blake fine Weiss. "Damn it, Sun! Why did Neptune did that?" Blake ask with a bitter voice.
"I don't know. But believe me, he's not going to like what happens next." Sun say, still being piss at Neptune.

At the Beacon dorm roof, Weiss and Yang sit at the league. Yang was rubbing Weiss back as she let the last of her tears out. "I don't understand." Weiss still sobbing. "I was not mean or demanding. Why, Yang? Why?"
"I don't know Weiss, I don't know." Yang said. "I know you. Yes, you can be a pain." Weiss froze, she wonder how that suppose to help. "But you're kind, caring and beautiful." Yang blush as she
said the last part. Weiss turn to Yang, see her blush somewhat made her blush. "Weiss what I'm trying to say is..." Yang couldn't finish, do to Weiss given her a passionate kiss. Yang was shocked at first, but she slowing begin to return the kiss. Yang slowly backing away from the league, well not stopping their kiss. Yang was now laying on the ground, Weiss being on top grub Yang's left breast. Yang made a moo sound, and just as things were about to get insertion, the door open.

"OH MY OUM!" Ruby yelled. Yang and Weiss broke their kiss.
"Ruby!" Both Weiss and Yang yelled.
"You have a lot of explaining to do." Ruby said. "And Yang... You're top." Ruby cover her eyes as she pointed Yang's top.
Weiss and Yang look down to see Yang's top was open. "Oops... Sorry Rubies." Yang said blushing.

Blake scroll ring, then she just answer it. "Hello?" Sun just listen to what happens. Blake nods and nods, then her eyes were wide open. "Wait, what?"
"What is it?" Sun ask.
"Ruby said she found Weiss with Yang." Blake said.
"Well that's good." Sun say smiling, only to see Blake giving a 'you're a idiot look.' "What?"
"When I said, and I quote 'She found Weiss 'with' Yang." Blake said. Sun then finish release what he met, and response with a blush.

Ruby, Weiss and Yang were in their room with Weiss explain everything. About how Neptune cheating on her, about how Yang was there for and why she kiss Yang. "And then you came in the picture." Weiss finish with a blush.
"So. My best friend and my sister are dating?" Ruby ask, try to figure this hull thing out.
"I guess." Weiss and Yang said blushing.
"Okay. Well I'll be going, have a good time." Ruby said nervily as she close the door behind them. Weiss and Yang look at each other.
"Did Ruby gave us permission to..." Weiss
"Maybe?" Yang said.

Ruby got out of the door and text Blake, 'Hey, don't go to our room tail we can watch Storyteller.'
"Hey!" Ruby turn around to see a female student a year older then her, in a large sleeveless coat with the Vytal emblem on the back. She wearing a mask, that look like it helps her breath. Her black was in braided hair, and silver eyes. "Have you seen a white hair girl around here?"
"You mean Weiss?" Ruby ask, the stranger just nodded. "She okay, and who are you?"
"Thank goodness. My name is Floria, leader of team FEVG." Floria said with pride. "I'm here to talk Weiss that, I'm sorry for the way Vega acted."
"So she you're team mate or something?" Ruby ask. "Where is she?"
"Yes she is, and I have her 'stuck on a wall.'" Floria said.
"What?" Ruby ask.
"It's nothing." Floria said. "So, what's you're name?"
"Oh, its Ruby." Ruby answer, Floria eye widen.
"Is you're last name Rose?" Floria ask, Ruby nods. "Hm. would you like to hag out?"
"Um. Okay." Ruby said. Both Ruby and Floria walk to the festival ground.

After two hours later, both Ruby and Blake walk to their the entrance of their dorm building.
"So how was you're date with Sun?" Ruby ask.
"You mean beside the fact I have ten stuff animals?" Blake ask, Ruby nod. "It was well, Sun and I spilt after he got me this kawaii cat." She hand Ruby a cat plush.
"That's is so cutie." Ruby said, holding the plush. "Well you and Sun were dating, I meet this cool person to day."
"Really?" Blake mocked. "And who was this person?"
"Her name is Floria, and she so cool." Ruby said with stars in her eyes. "She shot 50 targets with only 25 pullets in that shot a grim game. And she the team leader of team FEVG."
"She sound like something." Blake said. As they made it to their room, Blake stop and knock on the door. "Yang? Weiss? We're here."
"You can come in." Weiss said.
Both Ruby and Blake see the room was cleaner then when Ruby left it. "So, you guys clean our room? That has to the worst date ever." Ruby said.
"Of all time." Blake finish.
"Well we clean up because of..." Yang was elbowed by Weiss.
Weiss who was fixing her hair said. "Let's just watch the episode or not?"
"Yeah." Ruby said.
The seating arrangement is now Ruby, Blake, Weiss and Yang.
"Before a hero"

The Storyteller: FALLOUT S3 E1 - A Man Named Ed
*A hand gun fires a pullet with ShaddyCast in grad, and shatter "THE WASTELAND SURVIVAL GUIDE"*
*A group of Deathclaws*
"Damn!" Yang said see the deathclaws.
*Storyteller and Edna behind a rock*
"Be very quiet." Ruby said.
"Alright EDNA. Just like we practiced." Storyteller.
"Wait. You practice for something like this?" Weiss ask.
"Well, maybe they know there would be deathclaws there." Blake said, everyone nodded about the thought.
*Storyteller ran off leaving Edna*
"Wait. Where are you going? Don't leave Edna!" Ruby yelled.
*Edna turns on her radio, which got the Deathclaws attention*
"Run, Edna!" Yang yelled.
*Deathclaws charge at Edna*
'Frantic beep' Edna.
"Why are just standing there?" Blake yelled.
*Two deathclaws step on a landmine, Explosion*
"Ah! Its a trap." Everyone said at the sometime.
*Storyteller shots the one, turn it to dust*
"Nice shot." The sharpshooter of the team, smile.
*He then blow the head of the other one*
"Good headshot." Yang smile at the headshot.
*Storyteller and Edna after the battle*
"EDNA. Begin recording." Storyteller.
"Here we go." Blake said.
'Affirming beep' Edna.
'Switch to Edna cam.*
"It took me years to find this place; alifetime of research and story gathering. The historians in the New California Republic say that the NCR started at Shady Snads when Aradesh decided to unite the surrounding towns." Storyteller.
"We learn that in NCR." Weiss said.
*Storyteller walking inside the cave*
"But the real spark of civilization came out of this cave a little West of Shady Sands. The cave itself is nothing special; even people searching for the place will walk right past." Storyteller.
"You think it a Vault?" Weiss ask, everyone just shrug.
"But further back, out of sight, is the entrance to one of Vault-tec's Vaults from Project Safehouse." Storyteller.
"Okay!?" Yang said.
*A giant rat*
"That's a big rat." Ruby said.
"Had to be somebody's idea of a joke." Storyteller.
*Storyteller shots the giant Rat*
"Not even a chance." Blake shack her head.
*Another charges in, then gets shot*
"That one had a chance." Yang said.
*Storyteller continue inside the cave*
"Vault 13. Unlucky for the folk who piled in there in 2077. They were supposed to be in there for ten years, but hot stuck for a hundred and sixty." Storyteller.
"Yeah, Vault-tec were dicks." Yang said, then got elbow by Weiss. "Aw."
"Watch that language." Weiss then lens over to Yang ear, then whisper something.
"Then again, their bad luck was good for the rest of the wasteland." Storyteller.
"What do you mean." Blake said.
"If they hadn't been in here making little Vault Dwellers for eighty years, then their descendant couldn't have save the wasteland in 2161." Storyteller.
"Wait, are we finally going to have the history of the mysterious Vault Dweller?" Weiss ask.

*The Vault door*
"And another of their descendants couldn't have saved it again back in '41. I'd have been killed by the Enclave, and you'd probably still be a pile of spare parts somewhere, ED-NA." Storyteller.
"And that's the Chosen One." Ruby said.
'Schadenfrude beep' Edna.

*Storyteller at the Vault Door*
"Each of the Vaults was designed to stay shut for a certain period of time, and this one was supposed to remain sealed until they received a signal from the Enclave." Storyteller.
"Well that's great." Yang said with a little bitter taste.
"That took about a hundred and sixty years but, long before the Enclave arrived, this vault ran into another kind of trouble. The computer chip that controlled their water purification systems began to break down." Storyteller.
"That doesn't sound good." Yang said.
"Yeah, meanly because they reuse their water." Ruby said turning green, then everyone else remember that in the Vault-Tec episode.

*Jacoren given a speach*
"The overseer." Yang said narrowing her eyes.
Like the other vaults, this one was run by an Overseer. A fella named Jacoren. Now, Jacoren was put in a pickle when that water chip began to malfunction. It would be years before it stopped working altogether, but he didn't want to wait until the last minute before taking action.
"Okay, he was smart to know to do that." Weiss said.
His goal as Overseer was to keep his people safe, and free from any outside contaminants, but had to send someone out into the wasteland to look for a new water chip.
"So came the Vault Dweller." Yang said.

*Vault 13 people to Talius*
But who? From the limited population of the Vault, he had to choose someone competent...but also expendable. There were a few potential candidates, but the Overseer decided to send a man named Talius out on this secret mission. Talius wasn't all that special.
"Okay?" Everyone said.

*Jacoren tell Talius what too get outside the door to Talius leaving*
According to his personnel record in the Vault, he was a bit on the slow side, but compensated for that by gobbling up the Vault's supply of Mentats. Once he had a few smart pills in him, Talius would get all talky and pretentious. Maybe the Overseer sent him out just so they wouldn't have to hear him make the yakkety yak yak all the time.
"Even though that was mean, he does have a point." Yang said. "Imagine having 20 Nora." That gave everyone a headache.

*Talius at a town*
He searched for a replacement chip throughout the region that would one day become the NCR. Probably talked the ears off anyone who would listen along the way.
"That would get him kick off easily." Blake said.

*Talius at Necropolis*
Eventually he discovered the Ghoul city of Necropolis, which was built on top of another Vault.
"But doesn't that city get destroyed by..." Ruby.
*Some Nightkin surrender Talius*
"Super Mutants!" Everyone yelled.
He would have been able to find a new water chip there, but he ran into some Super Mutant
Nightkin that had been sent to Necropolis. As a pure-strain human fresh out of a vault, Talius was of
particular interest to the Super Mutant Master. The Master believed that humans with no taint of
radiation would make the best stock for his mutant army.
"Okay, who is this Master?" Ruby asked.
*Talius was force too take the FEV*
Talius was taken to the Mariposa base, and dipped in the Forced Evolutionary Virus, but that virus is
like a genetic crap shoot, and poor Talius rolled snake eyes.
The girls lens back.
*Talius waking up*
Didn't get the enhanced strength of a Super Mutant, or cool psyker powers. He came out of the vats
looking like a ghoul.
"Like Harold." Yang said.
Even he doesn't fully remember what happened after that.
*Followers members looking at a bile of bodies to Talius talking too a Followers*
The Master's henchmen left him wherever they dumped his failed experiments. The do-gooders in
The Followers of the Apocalypse eventually found him, and brought him to their library in the
Boneyard. He was still there, last I heard of him. Still rambling away with his two-dollar words at
anyone who would pay attention to him.
Everyone just sign.
*Vault 13 working to Jacoren next choice*
A few years after Talius left the vault, that water chip finally gave up the ghost. It left the vault with
just a three month supply of drinking water, and it meant that Jacoren would have to choose a
another Vault Dweller to go out into the wasteland.
"Alright to true Vault Dweller!" Yang cheered.
But that is-
"No!" Everyone yelled.
*Edna found a skeleton*
"Whose that?" Ruby asked.
'Excited beep' Edna.
'Curious beep' Edna.
"Well, the Overseer's records do mention one other scout who was sent out after Talius, but before
the Vault Dweller. All we know about this pile of bones is that they were once... a man named Ed."
Storyteller.
*Storyteller plays a guitar with a music slideshow*
"Nice skills man." Yang said, as she tap her feet.
Ed was chosen by the Overseer
A paragon who had no peer
"Like Pyrrha?" Ruby asked.
A champion who'd never lost a fight
"Yep." Everyone said.
Well old Ed walked out of Vault Thirteen
With extra ammo and a full canteen
To the west he could see a natural light
"Okay." Blake said.
Ed left the cave but to his surprise
The sun burned his skin, and blinded his eyes
Weiss gowned remember the sun is not her friend ether.
He stumbled back to Vault thirteen's outer door
But he discovered he wasn't alone
"Who else would be there?" Blake asked.
The giant rats ate him right down to the bone.
That answer Blake's question.
And his remains stayed there
on the cold stone floor
"No one buried him!" Ruby said, a little pissed.
No one knows what became of old Ed.
That made Ruby quiet down.
They assumed he was stone cold dead.
Years later Deathclaws came
and dragged his bones away.
"That explained why there were Deathclaws outside.
Next to leave would be the ol' Vault Dweller.
A tale known well to this storyteller.
But that is a story for another day.
"Alright, as much as I'd like to continue, but launch first." Ruby said.
RWBY made it to launch and tell JNPR everything that happened. Jaune got a little pissed at Neptune for what he did.

'I'm going to kick his ass.' Jaune thought, as he takes a bite out of his sandwich.

But then Weiss and Yang told them about their relationship, this JNPR choked on their food.

"Well go for you." Ren said after taking his tea.

"Wait, What?!" Cardin voice, everyone turn to his direction. "So that's why you two are bitches. Well, wait till I tell you're father about this." Cardin made a evil smile. Before anyone could do anything. "Ow!" Cardin is now pin to one of the tables, and his team got up from their seats. "Who the hell are you?" Cardin ask in grunts.

"Names, Eva." Eva said, a girl older then Cardin said with a piss off face. Her dirty blonde hair was short, and her brown eyes just say everything. She wearing blue jeans, black tank top and a leather jacket. "Now shut up about this."

"Yeah, and how are you going to stop me." Cardin said. "Get her boys!"

Russel jump off the table, Eva let go of Cardin and dodge Russel. Russel was about to turn around only to jet know-out by a knee slam to the face. Dove and Sky rush at Eva, Eva turn around in time to grab both Dove's and Sky's fist. Dove and Sky were surprise by how strong Eva is. Eva made a smirk, then fib Dove over, then throw Sky across the room. When Sky made impact, Glynda just walks in.

Glynda then turns to Eva slam her foot down Dove throat, which made him give. Cardin was already about to leave, when Eva grab his throat.

"You know, assholes like you get on my nerves." Eva said, before slamming Cardin's head down on the ground. "And if you dare hurt those two, I'll make you regret it." Eva said to the sore Cardin.

"Hey, thanks." Weiss said behind Eva, which Eva turn around.

"No problem. My little bro is gay, so it pisses me off when assholes like this piece of shit acts like that." Eva said. Eva turn around to see Glynda walking to them. "But Floria going to need to hear this, so bye." Eva then start running.

"Wait. She knows Floria?" Ruby said.

Glynda order everyone too go to their dorms tail dinner. So the girls decide to grab their chips and eat them at their dorms.

The Storyteller: FALLOUT S3 E2 - Vault Dwellers

*Storyteller and Edna walking inside the cave*

"The New California Republic doesn't like when people go looking for Vault 13. Birthplace of their savior and all. The exact location is a secret, which is probably for the best." Storyteller.

"Why? Histories would love this." Weiss said.

"Otherwise there'd be lookieloos from all over the NCR crawling around in here, grabbing up souvenirs from their little trip to the downunder in a real live vault." Storyteller.

"Okay. That's a good point." Weiss said.

*The Vault's door inside*

"The place has seen better days, deathclaws aren't the best of housekeepers. But Vault-tec built these things to last." Storyteller.

"We know!" The girls said.

*Vault 13 purifier*

"This machine was the water purifier for Vault 13, but it distilled destiny. Started to malfunction sometime in the 2150's and the Overseer sent out a couple of scouts to find a replacement." Storyteller.

"Yeah. There was Talius and Ed." Blake counted.

"Neither of 'em came back, and eventually the chip broke down altogether. Left the vault with only
three months of drinking water.” Storyteller.

"That gives the Vault dweller a time limit." Yang said, the everyone turn too Yang direction.

"Remember, its a big wasteland." That fact made her teammates nod their heads.

*Jacoren looking out his window to a group vault dwellers*

So, the overseer had to choose yet another Vault Dweller to go out in search of new chip. Someone with the right combination of competence and expendability.

The girls remember that it wasn't easy for him the first time.

The Overseer, Jacoren, still didn't know what the world was like outside the Vault.

"Yeah. That's what happen when you don't leave more often." Yang said a little bitter.

*Storyteller and Edna enter the overseer room*

"He had been born in here, and the youngsters were third and fourth generation Vault Dwellers. Not one of them had ever set foot outside in their entire lives. To these vault dwellers, the surface world was a complete mystery." Storyteller.

"Yeah." They all said in unison.

*A diplomat walking on the wasteland to a con men*

If civilization had rebuilt itself in the eighty years since the Great War, then perhaps they could simply send a diplomat who could negotiate for fresh water or con the surface dwellers into giving them a replacement water chip.

"That's oddly sounds like Roman." Blake said, that comment made them cringe.

*Albert Cole*

According to the Overseer's files, Albert Cole was one such smooth operator.

*Albert making a speech*

Albert was the fast-talking leader of a splinter faction within the vault. People who wanted to leave Vault 13 and live free of the Overseer's rule. He was persuasive enough that he might have been able to lead an insurrection against the autocracy of the Overseer.

"That would help his goal." Blake said.

*Albert in the cave to a menorial of Albert*

Sending him out in search of the chip would at least get rid of him for a while, and if he never came back, well... that would certainly convince Albert's followers that leaving the Vault wasn't in their interest.

"Bustard." Yang said.

*Jacoren sending Albert out to Natalia*

But Jacoren knew that the world was probably a harsh and violent place, and sending a lawyer out to haggle for a water chip might not be as effective as sending a thief who could just steal the damned thing from some other vault. Natalia Dubrovshky was just such a person.

The girls eyes widen. "Even though that would help speed things up." Ruby said.

*Natalia's grand-father to Natalia spying on her fellow dwellers*

She was the grand-child of a Russian diplomat who worked at the Soviet Consulate in the Boneyard, back when it was called Los Angeles.

"Why is it called the Boneyard." Ruby ask, only to get shrugs.

Liberty Prime always used to say that the only good Commie was a dead Commie, and Natalia must have inherited her grandpappy's questionable sense of morality...

"So she a "Commie"?" Weiss ask.

*Natalia as a child to Natalia hacked a tumial*

When she was a child, anytime something went missing, it would always turn up stashed near Natalia's room. Eventually things would just disappear entirely, and no one could ever prove that she'd taken them.

"Whose that good at stealing?" Ruby ask.

In Cinder's dorm, Emerald sneeze.

Back to RWBY's dorm room.

Her disciplinary record in the Vault database was mysteriously clean, as though someone hacked into the mainframe and deleted any mention of her misdeeds.
"She has to be smarter then almost everyone in the vault." Weiss said impress.

Locked doors in the supply depot would mysteriously open themselves, and even the booby traps that Vault Security set up outside the Overseer's office would somehow disarm themselves. "Wow." Everyone said.

"Natalia to Jacoren look at Natalia*

No one ever saw Natalia doing these things, but Jacoren remembered Natalia's childhood mischief, and knew who the likely culprit was. It was only a matter of time before Natalia managed to sneak out of the vault anyway, so why not send her out to find the chip?

"Makes sense." Blake said.

*Men betting another man to Max Stone working on a gun*

Of course, brute force is often the most effective option in the wasteland. Everyone turn to Yang, who rob the back of her head. Why pussyfoot around, when you can just shoot a mini-nuke at your troubles? The vault had one fella with a knack for taking the simple approach to life's obstacles...

*Max Stone and three other dwellers to Max being held by his mother*

Max Stone was the biggest - and dumbest - person in Vault 13. "How does that make sense?" Ruby ask.

In the RVB universe, in a base at night and everyone sleeping.

Caboose woke up. "Hello!" Caboose yell wakes everyone up in scream. "What in Same hell!" Sarge yelled with his shotgun.

"Caboose, what wrong?" Wash ask.

"I thought someone said something in my sleep." Caboose said, only to get 'og!' from everyone.

"What happen?" Carolina, Kimball and Gray ask, as they enter.

"Caboose had a dream." Tucker said. Which the made the girls say 'og!' and leave.

Back to the RWBY verse.

According to the medical records, he had been dropped on his head as a child, and never fully developed mentally. That had everyone cringe.

'Drop sound'

'Baby cries'

"Bore baby." Yang said, after all she was drop as a baby to.

*Max climbing to Max smash something*

But what he lacked in brains, he more than made up for in strength and persistence. Whatever dangers he might encounter in the wasteland, he'd be able to just shoot or smash his way through. Strong, resilient, happy to follow orders - he was a natural soldier.

"Ironwood would love this guy." Weiss said.

*Max walking in the vault*

"Durrr. Me shoulder! Huh huh huh." Max.

"He is drummer then a door nob." Blake said.

*Max push a button that kills a dweller*

"Son of a Bitch!" Yang yelled, then got elbow by Weiss.

*Jacoren to Jacoren and the candidates*

But, in the end, the Overseer didn't have the sand to make the choice himself. He made all of the candidates draw straws, and sent the lucky winner out into the wasteland alone.

"Wouldn't it make sense to travel together?" Ruby ask.

*2 of the Vault Dweller's friends*

But the Vault Dweller wasn't alone for long. Made a few friends between here and the Boneyard. Some of them stayed by the Vault Dweller's side, right to the end.

"Cool." Ruby said."
"Right!" Everyone remember that Dogmeat dies.

"So who you think is the Vault Dweller?" Ruby ask.

"Let's all agreed that he's someone else." Weiss said, which everyone nods to agreement.
The Storyteller: FALLOUT S3 E3 - An Unexpected Journey
*Storyteller and Edna too the cave opening*

"When the Vault Dweller walked out of this cave, it was the first time their eyes had seen natural light. They'd never even met anyone who'd set foot outside the vault." Storyteller.

"Right." Everyone agreed, do to the fact no one came back with a water chip.

*Storyteller walks out of the cave*

"All they knew was that somewhere to the East was another vault, and that might be a functioning water chip there.

"Hmmm. Make sense to me." Blake said.

*Storyteller back where the came from*

"Between here and Vault 15 was a little town called Shady Sands." Storyteller.

"The Capital of the NCR." Blake said.

*Edna cam.*

"Was probably the Vault Dweller's first contact with anyone from the outside, and it was where they met their first true friend, Ian." Storyteller.

*Ian guard a caravan to a raider*

Before he ended up in Shady Sands, Ian worked as a guard for the Crimson Caravan. In those days, there was no NCR around here to keep the law. No law at all once you were outside a town. Every man just lived by his own creed.

"That's never good." Blake said. When she was living outside of the kingdom's walls, she had to fight anyone who was bad news.

*Ian working to Ian killed a man behind him*

Ian believed in an honest days work for an honest days pay, he always paid his debts, and he never shot a man in the back...on purpose.

"This guy would totally be a huntsmen." Ruby said.

* A group of raiders waiting to some raiders cheered over killing a bighorn*

But others in the wasteland lived by a different code, more predatory view of human interaction...

They became raiders, and preyed on the trading caravans.

"Right!" Everyone said.

*Ian fighting off the Jackals, Vipers, and Khans*

In these parts the worst of them were The Jackals... The Vipers... And the Khans.

"They are tough as hell." Yang said.

*Ian shot*

Although he was very "enthusiastic" about the job, his career as a guard came to an abrupt end due to a gunshot injury.

"Ouch!" Ruby said.

*Ian lay in pain*

Ian was spared the usual fate of a wounded man left alone in the wasteland.

"Like being eat?" Ruby said.

*Members from Shady Sands found Ian to Ian keeping out*

The good folk of Shady Sands found him and treated his wounds. He stayed on with them to repay the debt and he protected the town from raiders and the occasional radscorpion.

"That's nice." Blake said.

*VD talking with Ian to VD and Ian leaves Shady Sands*

When the Vault Dweller passed through Shady Sands a couple of years later, Ian joined their search for a water chip. Not because he sensed it was destiny, or that the fate of whole wasteland was at stake. He just wanted to earn a few caps.

"Hmmm." Ruby.
*Ian fight off two supermutants*

But Ian stuck with the Vault Dweller through many events that seemed too dangerous for the money. The two were more than just a mercenary and his employer. They had become friends, which made the events of Necropolis all the more tragic.

"What!?!" Everyone said.

*Ian burns alive*

"Oh my Oum!" Weiss said as they see Ian burn.

The Vault Dweller's own memoirs say that Ian died in Necropolis. Sacrificed himself so that his companions could survive the fight against the super mutants.

The girls bow their heads for Ian.

*Ian shot VD to VD burn Ian*

Although witness accounts of that event do conflict, somewhat...

That stun them though.

*Back too the Storyteller*

"But I like to think that Ian died valiantly, and carried his weight on the team - despite his troubles with marksmanship." Storyteller.

"Yeah, let's tell it like that to." Ruby said, which everyone agreed.

*A truck with open creates*

'Concerned beep' Edna.

"Yep, we best be moving on. Folk around here aren't friendly to anyone in power armor."

Storyteller.

"Why that?" Blake ask. "The BOS at New Vegas has a problem with the NCR."

"Probably shouldn't have come this deep into NCR territory, but I couldn't resist the chance to grab an authentic Vault 13 canteen." Storyteller.

"That is a cool canteen." Ruby said.

*A EMP grenade is thrown*

"That doesn't not look good." Yang said.

*Storyteller is hit by the blast, knocking him down*

"Storyteller!" Everyone yelled.

*A ranger reloads*

*Ranger Leader*

"Don't move! You are illegally prospecting on restricted NCR property! Stay on the gorund and keep your hands visible!" Ranger Leader.

*Storyteller slowing getting up*

"I was not scavenging..." Storyteller.

"Yeah!" Everyone said nervily.

*Vault 13 canteen fell off*

Everyone just gave themselves a face palm.

"Okay. maybe I was scavenging. But there were 40 of these in a big box." Storyteller.

"Who would notice?" Yang ask.

*Ranger Leader*

"So you're a lying and a thief. You want to know what we do to thieves in these parts?" Ranger Leader.

*Storyteller*

"Well in the back when times, thieving could have been met with a variety of punishments." Storyteller.

"He's going to blow their minds." Yang said.

*Scene-shots of teh rangers surrended the Storyteller*

"Thieves have always existed in all cultures. And thier consequences for stealing are often severe." Storyteller.

"No kidding." Blake said remembering that faunus are the always frame.

"Generally, stealing is considered immoral. Morality is an explanation of how the world ought to
"Yeah." The girls agree.
"And comes from the latin word: moralis. Which refers to rules or laws. Or what is right or wrong."
"Cool." Ruby said.
"Wait, what?" Ranger Leader.
"Yeah, his mind is to slow to understand." Yang said.
"There are, however, rational explanations for why people steal. Perhaps the establishment, the government or the justice system is weak. Or the social order is in chaos due to war or catastrophe."

That gave everyone a chill.
"I submit to you gentlemen, exhibit A: the wasteland and the apocalypse that caused it." Storyteller.
Everyone lens forward.
*The Wasteland*
"Such situations change our general perception of right and wrong. Leading to the abandonment of law and order." Storyteller.
Everyone nodded.
*Ranger Leader*
"Dude, I don't know what in the hell you're talking about. But I'm about one second away from putting a bullet in that pretty power armor of yours." Ranger Leader.
"Not going to happen." Weiss said.
*Ranger 1*
"Stand down! He has that weird eyebot with him and he's wearing that weird power armor." Ranger 1.
"You know. Now that I see it, he has a different looking power armor." Blake said.
"I think this is the guy that Ranger Tanner is looking for." Ranger 1.
"Whose this Tanner person?" Weiss asked.
*Storyteller*
"Didn't know I was famous. Of course, you ranger make it your business to know who's who in the wasteland." Storyteller.
"Right." Weiss said.
*Ranger 1*
"You! Shut up!" Ranger 1.
*Ranger Leader*
"I think you might be right. You! You're coming with us." Ranger Leader.
*Storyteller*
"Well, it doesn't look like I have much of a choice. Come on EDNA. We'll be fine. The NCR doesn't allow the torture of prisoners." Storyteller.
"That's goodness." Weiss said refine.
"So they say anyway..." Storyteller.
"Crap." Weiss.
*Storyteller and Edna start walking*
"The NCR calls you boys Rangers, but did you know you aren't the first ones to use that title? Rangers were an old world idea." Storyteller.
"Sweet, we get to know the origin of the Rangers." Ruby cheered.
"But that- is a story for-" Storyteller.
"Shut! Up!" Ranger 1.
"Asshole." Yang said. She then waited for Weiss to elbow her, only to get nothing. "Wait. what?"
"You got a pass, he was a asshole." Weiss said.
The Storyteller: FALLOUT S3 E4 - To Helen Back
*Storyteller in his cell with the two Rangers from before*
"-and the Ranger Unification Treaty allowed the Desert Rangers and you NCR Rangers to play nice
with each other. If you ever visit New Vegas you can see the monument to the treaty in the Mojave
outpost on Interstate 15..." Storyteller.
"Damn it! We miss the Rangers Story!" Ruby yelled, everyone also frond.
"This guy is literally incapable of shutting his mouth..." Ranger Leader.
"Yeah." RWBY agreed with the Ranger.
"It's like he doesn't even care that we're barely listening to him. Who is he talking to?" Ranger 1.
RWBY all look at each other.
"...but the Desert Rangers played a role in the NCR's beginnings, back when this city was still called
Shady Sands." Storyteller.
"Hmm?" Yang.
*Ranger Leader got up*
"Ugh! When can I shoot this guy?" Ranger Leader.
"You can't shot him." Blake said.
"Wait! Tanner wants to speak to him first." Ranger 1.
"Who is Tanner?" Weiss said wondering who this person is.
"You see, the Vault Dweller traveled with a fellow named Tycho who was a Desert Ranger who
headed West." Storyteller.
*Tycho talking with VD to VD's gangs*
Met the Vault Dweller in Junktown, about the same time that they adopted that little dog. By the time
The Vault Dweller ended up in the Boneyard, they'd amassed quite the little gang of misfits-
"Aww." Ruby.
*Back in the cell*
"I don't care what Tanner says, I'm getting the mini-nuke." Ranger Leader.
"Won't that kill you two?" Weiss ask.
"Aw, don't go. I haven't told you about Katja yet." Storyteller.
"Katja?" Blake.
*Tanner at the opening*
"I take it, this is Tanner?" Weiss.
"Going somewhere, Ranger?" Tanner.
"I like her already." Yang said but this take charge women.
"Sorry, ma'am. Just, uh... interrogating the prisoner." Ranger Leader.
"That's my job." Tanner.
"I'm likely her to now." Ruby said.
"Yes ma'am!" Both Ranger slout.
*Tanner walks to the table*
"You can both wait outside now." Tanner.
"Yep, like her to." Blake said.
"Um, are you sure? I heard he once battled a dozen Legionaries with nothing but a laser rifle and
survived." Ranger 1.
"Three Dog episode!" Everyone laugh.
"Actually I prefer to use a tri-beam laser rifle." Storyteller.
"Hmm." Weiss.
"Ma'am, I think he's more dangerous than he lets on..." Ranger 1.
"That's fine. Because I'm exactly as dangerous as I let on. You can go." Tanner.
That gave everyone a chill down their spines.
*The two Rangers leave*
*Tanner takes a seat*
"I'm Helen Tanner. NCR Rangers." Tanner.
"Name and rank with held as per Brotherhood protocol when captured by hostile savages."
Storyteller.
"Now we have 100%, proof that he's a BOS member." Weiss.
"Question is which group. West or East coast." Blake.
"Didn't ask. The NCR already knows all about you. And we have a proposition... You're a data procurement specialist. Travel the wasteland documenting everything you can." Tanner.
"I do get around." Storyteller.
"That's a understatement." Blake.
"And you somehow learned the location of Vault 13 and just strolled on in, thinking we wouldn't notice. Illegal prospecting at Vault 13 is a serious offense. My men were ready to drop a mini-nuke on you back there." Tanner.
"And yet they waited for him outside." Weiss said.
"And yet, they're waiting outside. On your orders." Storyteller.
"Weiss only blush.
"I'm ready to offer you a pardon for all criminal acts committed in NCR territory, and for any war crimes you may have been party to during the NCR/Brotherhood war-" Tanner.
"That only happen near New Vegas. Right?" Blake ask, only to get shrugs.
"That's mighty generous." Storyteller.
"What's the catch?" Yang ask.
"That's if you agree to help the NCR recover an "item" that went missing. We need someone who's been East of Legion territory. We tracked this "item" into the Big Empty, and then through New Vegas. Somethime last night it crossed the Colorado River into Legion territory." Tanner.
"If you had eyes on it, why didn't you grab it before it cross the Colorado River?" Weiss ask.
"We think it'll keep heading East until it reaches the coast, maybe the Commonwealth, or the Capital Wasteland. You've been there and back. You help me find it, and we're square." Tanner.
"Why would it go to the Commonweath? The only thing there is... The Institute!" Ruby yelled. That got Yang and Blake relies that this 'item' has some importations for the Institute.
"And if I don't feel like taking a stoll through Legion territory?" Storyteller.
"Yeah, slavers make the best companies." Blake said.
"Then you stand trial for being a Brotherhood spy who infiltrated one of the most well-kept secrets in the Republic- and end up in front of a firing squad. Or I can just empty my Sequoia into your head right now." Tanner.
"Nice name for your gun." Ruby with stars in her eyes.
"Um... Ruby. She said she'll shot him." Yang tell her sister, which shatter her stars.
"You know they named those revolvers after a kind of tree that used to grow in California. Their trunks were so think they could stop a Highwayman-" Storyteller.
"That's a big tree." Blake said.
"My ancestors came out of Vault 15. There's not a damned thing you can tell me about California that I don't already know. Now, you want this deal or not?" Tanner.
"You're ancestor came from Shady Sands then." Blake said.
"I bet the second President of the NCR told me a few things you don't know about your Republic." Storyteller.
"You met their second president?" Weiss ask.
"That's Brahmin shit. I suppose you're gonna tell me you met The Vault Dweller in person next?" Tanner.
"I don't think so." Yang said.
"Nope. The Vault Dweller disappeared before I was born. President Tandi, on the other hand... She was about a hundred years old when I met her, and that was forty years ago. But she was still sharp enough to tell me all aout the Vault Dweller's adventure in Shady Sands." Storyteller.
"Wait, he said he meet their second president forty years? How old is he?" Weiss ask.
"Every kid in the NCR knows that story. 2161, years before she became president, but she was already a tactical genius when she was just a teenager." Tanner.
"Really?" Ruby ask confuse.
*Tandi leading VD and the militia too the Khans to
(-she led the Vault Dweller and the Shady Sands militia against the Khans and the other raider tribes. Her leadership and strategy allowed them to clear out the savages and pave the way for the Republic... and civilization.)
"You shear?" Blake ask.
*Back in the cell*
"Now, quit stalling." Tanner.
"If that's what you believe... What she told me is that she was a naive, bored, young girl back then, and she got kidnapped by the Khans-" Storyteller.
"This sounds right." Ruby said.
*VD and a Khan fighting to VD and Ian found Tandi in a cell*
-so The Vault Dweller and a man called Ian had to come rescue her.
(Wait. So you're telling me the greatest political mind of the last two centuries was some damsel in distress?)
"Were all once." Weiss said.
By her own admission.
*Tandi tip a Brahmin*
She also used to tip over sleeping Brahmin when she got bored.
'Moo!' Brahmin
Yang giggle a bit, then she got a karate chop at her head. "Ow!"
"You had to go to the hospital for 5 days, the last time you did that." Ruby said.
*Tandi face on a dollar*
Once your face is on money, the folk tales you star in take on a life of their own.
"I beat." Blake.
*Back to storyteller and Tanner*
"You want the real history of the wasteland, find an old-timer who heard the story in their youth. Even First Ranger Seth started as a mere militia cheif fighting radscorpions." Storyteller.
"Make sense. The first Huntsmen were only soldiers with skills fight off grim at towns, villages and the Kingdoms." Ruby said.
"They're fueling my Vertibird now. Soon as it's ready, I'm heading to Vegas, with or without you." Tanner.
*Seth fighting radscorpions*
The man who founded the New California Republic Rangers, who are "Quieter than a shadow and more ferocious than a Deathclaw", started as a village guard dealing with bugs.
"Cool." Yang said.
*Back to the cell*
"Making me angry isn't going to change the terms of the deal. It's just gonna make me forget about the firing squad, drop a couple of pulse grenades, and settle your hash right here." Tanner.
"Yeah. Good luck, with that." Yang smirk.
"You must be real quick if you can do that before I have a chance to counter that move." Storyteller.
"Lucky for me, I am that fast, but this isn't the only pulse grenade around here. My men put a few inside that little eyebot of yours." Tanner.
"Edna!" Everyone yell in fear for the eyebot.
"ED-NA has nothing to do with this!" Storyteller.
"This negotiation goes sour, we fry your eyebot's data, its Automated Personality Matrix, its-" Tanner.
"Her!" Ruby said, with a little anger, which made her team scout away.
"Her Automated Personality Matrix." Storyteller.
"You Brotherhood technophiles... You think of that thing as your pet don't you?" Tanner.
"Something like that." Storyteller.
"She his best friend!" Ruby said.
"Also, it get pretty lonely out there." Yang joke, only to have everyone move away from her, even Weiss.
"So take the deal, and help us stick it to the Legion. Or we kill you and your pet hubcap." Tanner.
"This item we're tracking has a head start on us. I'm heading out now... Yes or no..." Tanner.
*Storyteller and Tanner outside, walking too a vertibird*

"I take that as a yes." Blake said.
"Can't fly East of the Hoover dam without alerting the Legion, but we can take the vertibird to Camp McCarran in Nevada. After that we travel by land." Tanner.
"Sounds good." Ruby said.

*Storyteller stop*

"I don't take another step until I know EDNA is safe." Storyteller.
"You tell her." Ruby said.
"Rick." Tanner at her radio.
"Yeah?" Rick over the radio.
"Let the flying toaster go." Tanner at her radio.
"She's not a toaster!" Ruby yelled.
*Edna rushs to Storyteller*

"Happy beep' Edna.
"Yeah, Daddy missed you too, ED-NA." Storyteller.
"Yuck." Tanner.
"Maybe Yang was right about something?" Blake said.
"Now we can go." Storyteller.
*Tanner, Storyteller and Edna heads to the vertibird*

"The East Coast is three thousand miles away." Tanner.
"That not far compare to how far Vale and Vacuo is from each other." Blake said, about the only two kingdom on the same continent.
"Yup." Storyteller.

"I don't want you yapping the whole way." Tanner.
"Good luck." Weiss smile.
"Understood." Storyteller.

"No longwinded stories about the first person who baked Fancy Lad Snack Cakes." Tanner.
"Mm hm." Storyteller.
Everyone giggled.
"Anything comes out of your mouth better be one hundred percent relevant to the mission." Tanner.
"Yeah right." Blake said.
"Roger. Although Fancy Lads aren't actually baked, they congeal at room temperature into a cake-like substance..." Storyteller.
"Really?" Ruby ask with a little drill.
"Can somebody get a gag on this guy?" Tanner.
"Wow, I thought this was like PG-13." Blake said.
"Actually this looks like a machinima, so rated M." Yang said.
"What's machinima..." Ruby.
"Ow!" Ruby and Yang got hit in the head.
"What?" Ruby said as she pick up a note.
"Stop breaking the wall, that's my job! (" FEV Grim.
"...I've bumped into more than a few of their billboards in my day." Storyteller.
*Inside the vertibird*

"The slogan claims "a big delight in every bite"," Storyteller
*The vertibird flies up*
"and a blue label proudly announces to the world that these spongy snack cakes were America's
favorite food..." Storyteller.
"Okay..." Ruby said looking around. "Lets go and eat dinner..." Ruby still look around. Then
everyone run to eat dinner.
Dinner and Junktown

RWBY made it to their table with team JNPR. "You guys okay?" Jaune ask, seeing the girls looking back and fourth as they eat. "Lets just say FEV Grim doesn't like use breaking... a wall or something." Blake said as if she was trying to pick the right words. "Okay..." Jaune said. "How about we finish the rest of your break, then talk about the episodes." "Sure." Ruby answer. "So after I left Yang and Weiss in are dorm, I meet Floria Nulla." Pyrrha eyes widen. "Did you say Floria Nulla?" Ruby nodded yes. "She was the only one I couldn't bet." "..." Everyone. "Wait, what!"
"That make no sense. You're Pyrrha Nikos, you never lose." Jaune said still not understanding how she couldn't bet someone else. "It was the time limit, that had her won." Floria voice was heard behind them. Everyone turn around and see Floria looking a them. However her eyes were on Ruby. "What are you doing here?" Yang ask. "Wanted to say sorry for Vega actions and tell you Eva what'd to hang out." Floria said as Eva walks to them. "Hey." Eva smile. "Hey thanks for what happen during lunch." Weiss said. "Again no problem." Eva said. "So what do you guys talk about." "Well, I guess we can talk about what we watch on Storyteller." Ruby said. "Well, we're game." Floria said taking a seat next to Ruby. "Well the first episode was about Talius and how he was turn to a ghoul-like being. Then he live with the followers." Blake said. "That has to suck." Nora said. "Then there was a man named Ed... Weiss would you like..." Yang was then hit in the head. "Ow!" Weiss then open the note, and her eyes widen. "No... No singing... Beside only Storyteller can make that song work." FEV Grim. "Does this happen a lot?" Floria ask Ruby. "Sadly, yes." Ruby answer. "Okay, and after that episode. We found out about the different Vault Dwellers candidates, but we all agreed to think he's was someone else." Weiss said. "Then we watch the story of Ian, someone that come be like Huntsmen." Blake said. "And he dead a hero." Ruby said, RWBY bowing their head. "Then we meet Tanner." Yang said. "And she a... Scary women."
"Also, you'll see her when you watch Storyteller." Ruby said. "Great." Jaune grown.
After everyone finish eating, RWBY walk to their room.

The Storyteller: FALLOUT S3 E5 - Who Run Junktown
*The vertibird lands inside of Camp McCarran*
"So that's Camp McCarran." Weiss said.
*Storyteller, Edna and Tanner outside of the vertibird*
"...and in summer of 2076 they switched back from high fructose corn syrup and carob extract to cane sugar and cocoa powder." Storyteller.
"Still talking about cakes?" Yang joking said.
"You say something? I switched off my headset three hours ago." Tanner.
"That's a long time." Weiss said.
"I just recited the complete text of "Tales of a Junktown Jerky Vendor" verbatim, including the lost
chapters about Gizmo's hidden treasure." Storyteller.
"He's bait her, isn't he?" Blake ask.
"Own yeah." Ruby said.
*Tanner leading Storyteller and Edna out of Camp McCarranc*
"You've been talking about cupcakes since we left California." Tanner.
"So you were listening." Storyteller.
"Caught red handed." Ruby said.
"And there's no hidden treasure in Junktown. It's never been anything more than a pile of rusted slag
thrown together by whatzisname. Darkfist? Darkblood?" Tanner.
"Ah great. She just as bad as Storyteller." Weiss grow.
"Darkwater. He was a soldier before the Great War-" Storyteller.
"Damn, people gave their kids stupid names in those days..." Tanner.
"We meet a lot of weird names before." Yang said.
*Junktown with Darkwater to Darkwater's son*
Darkwater figured that instead of rebuilding the ruins of an existing city, he'd build his own town
from scratch, just like in the pioneer times.
"That sounds like a good idea." Blake said, remembering that some people just build houses inside
factory builds, hospital or city halls before.
He organized other survivors and use broken down cars, and trucks to make a barricade, and then
made a whole town inside those walls. He kept the peace in the years following the war, and his son
eventually took over the role of Mayor.
"He sounded like a great leader." Ruby said.
*Killian in front of Juktown's sign to a wastelander talking to a hooker *
By 2161, Darkwater's grandson, Killian was in charge of the town. They got their share of travelers
and traders because the place was halfway between Shady Sands and The Boneyard. Folk could get
a drink, enjoy games of chances, and find some "companionship".
That made Weiss and Yang blush.
*Back in Camp McCarran*
"Spare me youre euphemisms. They had a whorehouse, a bar that poured rotgut, and a rigged casino,
just like half the towns in the wasteland back them. And none of that's changed outside of NCR
territory." Tanner.
"But all casinos are rigged." Yang said.
*Tanner enter a tent with Storyteller and Edna in toe*
"This thing we're looking for was last seen in Cottonwood Cove." Tanner.
"We'll have to head Northeast to I-15." Storyteller.
"Cottonwood Cove is South East. Might pick up their tracks on the other side of the Colorado
River." Tanner.
"Hey you ask for a tracker, you listen to what he has to say." Blake said.
"Whoever's carrying your "Item" will eventually have to use Route 70. That means they'll head
North towards Zion Park - Roads and bridges were clear on I-15 up to 70 last time I was there." Storyteller.
"Awesome, you the man." Yang cheered.
"If we hoof it we might be able to catch them on the far side of the Devil's Throat." Tanner.
"Devil's Throat?" Weiss ask.
"That's up by Bitter Springs..." Storyteller.
"I don't need to hear any stories about Bitter Springs!" Tanner.
"Wait, were you there when Bitter Springs happen?" Ruby ask.
"This thing's got a head start on us. Let's move." Tanner.
*Tanner exist out of the tent with Storyteller and Edna.*
"I won't even bother telling you to keep quiet this time. Something tells me you're not finished
yapping about-" Tanner.
"-Junktown was The Vault Dweller's first moral dilemma. The people in Shady Sands were all
unified, but Junktown had two factions vying for control of the city. Killian Darkwater was the Mayor and Sherif. He kept the riff-raff under control for most part." Storyteller.
"A lest she now knows she can't shut him up." Weiss smile.
*VD talking with Killian*
"Oh. We have lots to do. The scum bits east side of the enters great drinking place." Killian.
*Someone walks*
*Person fires, only to have VD kill him*
"Nice shot." Yang said.
*Killian thanks VD*
"I owe yea, thanks friend." Killian.
*Tanner and Storyteller almost at the door*
"But all that law and order didn't sit well with a fella named Gizmo. He ran a casino-" Storyteller.
"I know who Gizmo was. Tycho the Desert Ranger left notes behind about his time with The Vault Dweller." Tanner.
"Tycho left notes, where?" Yang ask.
*Gizmo talking too VD*

(Gizmo kept trying to get rid of Killian Darkwater, but Killian couldn't prove it, so he hired The Vault Dweller to investigate Gizmo's casino and collect evidence, just like those pre-war detective novels.)

Blake smile about refuse of novels, in the series.
*Back with Tanner and Storyteller*
"Taking a stand for law and order was what made Tycho join up with the Vault Dweller. He wanted to clean up that town, and move on. Do some good around the rest of wasteland. Once they got the goods on Gizmo, they took him down, never looked back." Tanner.
"Cool." Ruby said. "Sounds like uncle Qrow."
"Yeah, I can see that." Yang agreeing with her sister.
'Friendly beep' Edna.
"Tell that thing to quit beeping at me." Tanner.
"That how she talks." Weiss said.
"She wants to know if you'll be friends." Storyteller.
"Aww." The girls said.
"How do you say "Go to Hell" in robot?" Tanner.
'Bitch' Ruby thought.
'Profane beep' Edna.
"Like that. Anyway... As I was saying: Gizmo wasn't the only trouble in Junktown, or even the worst. The Skulz gang terrorized the local barkeep," Storyteller.
*A drunk betting a working girl to Doc Morbid*

drunks used the working girls at the Crash House as punching bags.
That easily piss the girls off.
And the local sawbones... Well, Doc Morbid specialized in any operation that ends with "ectomy"
and he never let anything go to waste...
That gave chills down their spines, remember the cannibalism episode.
(You telling me the people of Junktown were cannibals?)
*A man eating a meat on a stick*

Nope. Doc Morbid had a little export business. Sent his spare parts to fella who sold "iguana" meat in the next town over.
"Monster." Weiss said.
*Tanner and Storyteller at the door*
"Savages. What town was that?" Tanner.
"Why? So you can report them, for a criminal that is likely dead." Blake said.
"Just the biggest city in the wasteland: The Hub. The Vault Dweller went there after Junktown - but not for the Iguana bits. What happened there finally put 'em on the right path to finding a water chip
for Vault 13."

"That's kind of bad." Blake said.

*Storyteller talking with someone*

I heard the tale from someone who lived in The Hub at the time, and he swears he saw it all happen firsthand.

*Back at the door*

"But that, is a story for-" Storyteller.

"You really need to stop saying that..." Tanner.

The girls laugh at Tanner's comment, and then everyone goes to their beds.
Ruby sign, do to the fact they have classes today. They made it to meet JNPR for breakfast, they told them about Junktown. Jaune like Darkwater as a leader, someone who made a town out of ruins. Pyrrha like Tycho loyalty to justice, Nora and Ren hated the Skulz for what they did to women in the town. Before everyone walked out of the room, Ozpin's voice was heard.

"Good morning students. For the rest of the week you well have no classes. If you wish to train, then speak to Miss Goodwitch during 10 a.m. to 3 p.m." Ozpin said. "Have a nice day."
The girls cheered and run to their room, get in their seats and watch a episode of Storyteller.

The Storyteller: FALLOUT S3 E6 - A Fist Full of Caps
*Edna, Storyteller and Tanner walking beside the wall of Camp McCarran*

"So after that, the Vault Dweller from Vault 13 went to the Hub? And there met a guy with a tree growing out his head? Sounds a little farfetched to me "Storyteller"." Tanner.

"That we would thought before we watch this series." Blake said.

"Well, it wasn't a tree back then. Looked more like a little seedpod, but it wasn't a plant at all. Harold was one of the first to be exposed to the forced evolutionary virus and ended up looking like a ghoul with an - eccentric taste in the headwear." Storyteller.

"Yeah, a plant growing out of your head would be a... different stile" Yang said.

*A young Harold in a Vault to Harlod's caravan*

Harold was born before the Great War, and survived in a vault - a nice one by Vault-tec standards. He got out of the place about a dozen years after the war, and took well to the new world. Eventually made his way to The Hub, and worked the caravans.

"That's good for him." Ruby said.

*A women drinking water as a man died behind her*

After the war, water became the most precious resource in the wasteland. Fallout clouded the riverbeds and lakes. And people learned that drinking the rainwater was just a slow death.

"Specially if you lived in Vauco." Blake said.

*Back with the trio*

"Don't lecture me about finding water, you tinhorn. The Hub was built on top of an Oasis. The groundwater was deep enough that the radioactive particles were filtered out by the soil and rock. You friend with the tree in his head worked for the Water Merchants, right?" Tanner.

"Water Merchants?" Weiss ask.

"Nope." Storyteller.

*Angus in front of Barstow*

This was before the Water Merchants, and the Great Merchant Wars, back when The Hub was just a little camp run by a man named Angus out of the ruins of Barstow.

"There was a Great Merchant Wars!" Weiss yelled. "I'm I understand it tuff finding people to sell things to but..."

(You don't need to hear this 10 min. rant.)

"Better?" Yang ask her girlfriend.

"Yeah." Weiss said.

*Harlod and other traders to Harlod slam his fist on a table*

Harold and some other traders ran caravans to nearby places like Junktown and the Angels' Boneyard. The town prospered, but their caravans kept getting attacked by mutated animals, so Harold got toghether a team of prominent Hub citizens and went up North to see what was what.

"And this is how he got hit with the FEV." Yang said.

*Harold woke up in the wasteland*

Harold was the only one that returned... Told me the names of the others, once...

*Mark and Francine killed to Richard falling into a FEV vat*
Mark, Francine... Richard. All of them met some unfortunate end.
"Dear, Oum." Ruby said as she covers her mouth.
*The trio outside of the Vegas area*
'Sad beep' Edna.
"I think your little robot is pretending to have feelings again..." Tanner.
"She does have feelings!" Ruby yelled.
'Profane beep' Edna.
"Harold probably got the worst of it." Storyteller.
"Leading your friends to their deaths, and still being alive to remember it." Ruby looked haunted when she said it. "That's my worst nightmare." As she was about to cry, she felt a three pairs of hand wrap around her. Ruby look up to see, her teammates hugging her. This made Ruby smile at the fact her team was with her.
*Ghoul-looking Harold to Angus dead on the floor*
After he mutated, he ended up living as a beggar, watching the city he helped create flourish all around him.
"Are you serious. He help them, and now he's begging for money. If I lived there I'll let him in my home, because he saved the city!" Weiss ranted.
The Hub became so prosperous that someone killed off Angus to take control of it, and the merchants and traders fought over the water for years afterwards. Everyone looked at Weiss. "What?" Weiss ask, only to get silence.
*Back to the trio*
"The Vault Dweller and their associates arrived thirty years after all of that. By then the city had a Central council, a sheriff, a library, and the Water Merchants had an undisputed claim on the oasis. They even brought the idea of money back to the wasteland." Storyteller.
"Nice job." Weiss said.
"Ever wonder why people use caps as currency in some places?" Storyteller.
"Their currency is caps." Ruby said. "Like soda caps?"
"Too lazy to make a printing press?" Tanner.
"I wouldn't say lazy, I say couldn't make a printing press." Blake said.
"Hmph. Started with what they used to call Hub Script... At first the Water Merchants would barter for their water, but over time instead of using bottles of water for currency, they just used bottle caps to represent the value of the water." Storyteller.
"So like lein is for Gold and Silver." Weiss said.
*The trio walk past a dealing*
"That way merchants didn't have to carry around hundreds of gallons of water when trading valuable commodities." Storyteller.
"The NCR has been using bank notes for most of my life. A few shops still used caps when I was a kid. Used to save up a souple to buy energy cells, and make my Giddy Up Buttercup run around the living room." Tanner.
The girls smile, knowing a little bit more about Tanner.
"Quit jawing and get moving. I want to reach the North shore of Lake Meade before sundown." Tanner.
Then the smile was gone.
"Well the Vault Dweller had never seen caps before they left the Vault, and the Overseer didn't - or couldn't - provide them with valuables to barter with." Storyteller.
"I'm sure, he could handed them some junk and make it worth millions." Weiss said.
*VD, Ian, Tycho and Dogmeat in The Hub*
When they arrived in The Hub, they had earned a few caps at Shady Sands and Junktown, but it wasn't enough to send a shipment of water way up North to the Vault.
*VD talking with a merchant to VD and crew with the Crimson Caravan*
The Water Merchants were willing to ship the water, but they were hardly the types to do charity work. The Vault Dweller didn't have enough to pay, so they had to take jobs guarding Caravans out
of the Hub. Guided a shipment from the Crimson Caravan to the Boneyard and made a new friend
"Who?" Blake.
*VD meets Katja to Katja outside happily*
Katja. She was a scavenger who didn't even realize that she was in the presence of greatness. She
just saw an excuse to get out of Los Angeles.
"Like Ian, what'd to make a few caps." Ruby said.
*The trio on the road*
"Damnit, you think I don't know who she was?" Tanner.
"I don't believe ED-NA's heard that one yet." Storyteller.
'Curious beep' Edna.
"The five of them protected caravans all over the wasteland, and The Vault Dweller came to be
know throughout the Hub as a person who got things done." Storyteller.
"That a good way to be known as." Yang said.
*VD and crew walks into the Hub with a sun light hitting them making them look like legending
heroes of old*
The girls couldn't help but feel like that VD's crew would be a awesome huntsman and huntress
team.
Earned a few caps clearing out a network of underground crime in The Hub. Did the good deed of
chasing off nearby raiders. And engaged in some general mischief with the local Thieves' Guild.
"You know, he sounds a lot like Qrow." Ruby said.
Yang's eyes widen. "Yeah he does."
*VD walk past Harold, then throw him some caps*
"See, that is a good person." Weiss said, still piss at the Hub.
The team made short work of anyone foolish enough to tangle with them.
*The trio made it to Lake Meade*
'Awed beep' Edna.
"It is beauty." Ruby said.
"Wanna camp here for the night?" Storyteller.
"Can't spare the time. This thing's too far ahead of us. We'll rest once we're past the Devil's Throat."
Tanner.
"Again, what's the Devil's Throat!" Blake yells.
*The trio start walking again*
"Wasn't long before they had enough money to pay off the Water Merchants. But even with the extra
water from The Hub, Vault 13 wouldn't last another year without a new water chip." Storyteller.
"And that a good sign that you should leave the Vault." Weiss said.
*VD and crew leaves the Hub to VD past a strange group in robes*
The Hub held more adventures and mysteries than The Vault Dweller had time to explore. And
some didn't seem worth the trouble to investigate.
"They look odd." Blake said.
(Like that Church. The Vault Dweller must have walked right past The Children dozens of times and
never realized what they were.)
*The trio walking away from Lake Meade*
"Once the vault had a few more months of water, it was time to head on to a nearby town that had a
vault beneath it. Seemed like the best chance to find a new water chip. Used to be known as
Bakersfield, but by 2161 it had acquired a new name." Storyteller.
"The one that was close to a water chip was... Necropolis!" Blake yelled, then everyone remember
that was where Ian dies.
"The Vault Dweller had learned a lot about the wasteland at The Hub, and was ready to handle
anything humanity had to throw at 'em. But what they encountered in the place that used to be
Bakersfield was no longer human..." Storyteller.
"Super Mutants." Ruby said in a calm voice.
"Most liking." Blake said in her calm voice.
"Bring it on." Ruby.
*A Super Mutant look down*
"I know it." Ruby said.
But that-
*Tanner steals Storyteller line*
"-is a story for another day?" Tanner.
*Storyteller only rumb the back of his head as Tanner walks ahead*
The girls laugh about Tanner stilly Storyteller line.
The Storyteller: FALLOUT S3 E7 - Necropolis

*The trio at the wasteland at night*
"Made sense its night." Blake said.
"Because the sun was setting?" Ruby ask, which Blake nodded.
*Edna spot, seeing thing in the distains*
'Warning beep' Edna.
"What is it girl." Ruby said as if Edna was a dog.
"ED-NA sees something up ahead." Storyteller.
*Storyteller and Tanner look to see what Edna seen*
"Feral ghouls... Seven of them. Heading this way. You take the one on the left." Tanner.
"I hate feral ghouls." Ruby grown.
*Tanner stands up and fire rounds at 6 ghouls*
"Thank they hit?" Blake ask their sniper.
"Can't tell." Ruby said.
*A feral runs at Tanner*
"6 shots, killed 6 targets. I'll have to say yes." Ruby said.
*Storyteller reloads*
"You gonna get that?" Tanner.
"Sure you're not done showing off?" Storyteller.
"You were showing off." Yang said, who is the second person in the team that shows off.
*The feral is still running*
"You should deal with that." Ruby said.
*Storyteller and Tanner still talking*
"Or did you only bring six cartridges?" Storyteller.
"I don't think she that ill-equip." Weiss said.
'Sign' Tanner.
"I'll let you handle this one. Unless that fancy tri-beam ran out of batteries." Tanner.
"I can handle a feral ghoul with my bare hands." Storyteller.
"You mean like Yang." Ruby said, which Yang only giggle.
"And fifty pounds of power armor." Tanner.
"Okay, he does have that." Weiss agreed with Tanner.
"Did I ever tell you about that time ED-NA and I beat up the entire Legion?" Storyteller.
"Was it that Three-Dog episode, because that was great." Blake smiled at the memory.
"I assume ED-NA took out most of 'em." Tanner.
"At least she giving Edna some more credit." Ruby said.
"She's meaner than she looks. Killed all the Legion mongrels before they knew what hit 'em." Storyteller.
"Nice job, Edna." Yang cheered.
*The feral getting closer*
"Okay, we get it you're both bad-ass. Now stop talking and kill that ghoul." Yang said.
*Tanner spin kick the ghoul, tripping it*
"Nice kick." Yang said, she always have problems fighting people that uses kicks.
"You can just step on it now, I guess." Tanner.
*Storyteller and Tanner with the ghoul*
"That's a little cold." Weiss said.
"And that's coming from you 'Snow Queen'" Yang joked, Weiss blush and started playful looking punch Yang over and over. Ruby and Blake have no idea what's going on.
"I always feel sorry for the ferals. Go crazy, and the only cure is forty-five caliber brain surgery."
"Like true zombies." Yang said.
*The feral slowing got up, then Storyteller bash the feral skull*
"Nice punch." The team's boxer said.
*Storyteller and Edna walks to Tanner*
"It's rough even before they go feral. Little perks like living forever don't make up for the rest of it.
Some of the first ghouls are still alive today. Been like that for two hundred years and haven't gone
feral yet, but they all wonder if their clock is ticking..." Storyteller.
"That is rough." Blake said, feel even more bad for the ghouls.
"Makes 'em a little cranky... The Vault Dweller ran in a few of grouchy ones, back in 2162.
Necropolis." Storyteller.
*Bakersfield*
Was called Bakersfield before the war. Not a big town, but big enough to get its own vault-
"Something about Bakersfield reminds me of Patch." Ruby said.
"Maybe, it's because its not big to become a kingdom, but importation enough to be Vales emergency
zone." Yang said.
*Ghouls talling in Necropolis*
-although Vault 12 was actually one of Vault-tec's little pranks. It was designed to keep its
inhabitants alive through a nuclear war, and filter out most of the radiation afterwards.
"Yep, we learned this in Season 1." Weiss said.
*The trio travel through a canaya*
"Most". You think Vault-tec planned that as some experiment?" Tanner.
"Wouldn't put it past 'em." Weiss said.
"Wouldn't put it past 'em." Storyteller.
Everyone but Weiss look at her, Weiss eyes were just widen.
*Vault 12 inhabites turning into ghouls to ghouls being pick on by wastelanders*
Might have wanted to see how a select gene pool reacts to radiation. Or maybe they just thought it'd
be funny to make a city full of zombies and see how the rest of society would respond...
"But how would they know that?" Weiss ask, (Which is a good question. How did they know that?)
*Graveyard, a ghoul waking up in his grave*
Even eighty years after the war, people still thought they were ghosts or reanimated corpses.
"Zombie!" Ruby yelled jump into Yang's arms.
"Ruby get off..." Yang telling her sister. Only to get a 'Nope' from her. "I swear, I'm going to give
Qrow a right hook, for show you 'Rise from the Graves'."
*Back with the Trio*
"Folk were mighty superstitious back then." Tanner.
"Now we know that there's a rational, scientific explanation for ghouls even if the poindexters can't
agree on what it is." Storyteller.
*Two ghouls around a campfire to VD talking with two ghouls*
Radiation, genetics, the Forced Evolutionary virus? A little of all three? When the Vault Dweller
came to Necropolis looking for a water chip, the ghouls weren't concerned with existential inquiries
like "Why are we here".
"The super mutants?" Blake ask.
*Two super mutants fighting feral ghouls*
They were concerned about a group of mysterious mutants that had arrived in town, shot a whole lot
of them up, and took over the place.
(That first generation of super mutants...)
"Yeah we learn this I Season 1 too. But didn't the Super Mutants killed everyone?" Weiss ask.
"That mite have happen after the Vault Dweller came." Yang said.
And their unseen master...
"What does Richard look like now?" Blake said.
*Back with the Trio*
"Last NCR outpost in Nevada. Sure you don't wanna rest?" Storyteller.
"Gotta keep moving. Wanna be at the Devil's Throat before sunrise." Tanner.
"Aren't you worried I'll kill you in your sleep if we make camp out in the wilds?" Storyteller.
"That is a good question." Blake said.
*Tanner walks away*
"Ha! Nope. You promised me you'd help catch this thing I'm chasing. You seem like a man of your word." Tanner.
"Yeah, he does." Ruby agreeing with Tanner.
"I could have killed you back there when you were reloading your Sequoia." Storyteller.
"With just one punch." Yang said.
"And you didn't..." Tanner.
"She got him there." Ruby said.
"So we trust each other now." Storyteller.
"Yup." Tanner.
"Seem like it." Blake said.
"My rifle fells a little light." Storyteller.
"Not worry about being killed by someone your with you." Blake said.
"I put a drained microfusion cell in it back in California. Figured you wouldn't feel the difference with your power armor on." Tanner.
"That seems physically possible." Weiss said.
"They all drained, or just that one?" Storyteller.
"We'll find out if seven deathclaws show up" Tanner.
"That great." Yang said.
"Wasn't much trust between those mutants and the citizens of Necropolis, either." Storyteller.
*The super mutants open Vault 12 to supermutants with ghoul prisoners*
The mutants had come hoping to find a sealed vault with a pure gene pool for their master's experiments. And the ghouls - they just wanted to be left aloe. Their leader, Set, wasn't happy. Hard to be when the mutants kill of lot of your people - and then force you to serve them as a watchdog, looking out for normies to abduct.
"What a assholes." Yang said.
*Three Vault Dwellers to two ghouls in their Vault suits*
See, the supermutants thought they would find an untouched vault full of those - but only faced ghouls.
*Set talking with VD to VD fighting two supermutants*
Set was happy to use The Vault Dweller as cannon fodder against the Super Mutants, to get his revenge and freedom. But he was a bastard, as his son, Typhon put it -
*Typhon laughing at VD*
and was not looking for an equitable exchange.
"He is a bastard." Blake said.
*Tycho and VD inside Vault 12 to water flowing*
Fortunately there were some kindlier souls living beneath Necropolis. They helped The Vault Dweller find a way to take the chip and still keep the water flowing in Necropolis.
"Worked both, hand and hand." Ruby said.
*Some supermutants*
Only problem was, they had to go through the mutant garrison on top of the Vault...
"Crap." Everyone said.
*Back with the trio*
"I guess even The Vault Dweller wasn't prepared for a squad of giant mutants..." Tanner.
"Their memoir didn't go into details about what happened during the fight." Storyteller.
"Which help with the Ian conspiracy." Blake said.
*Supermutants with flamethower and rocketlauncher*
Had to be at least half a dozen mutants, with pre-war military weapons...
*Supermutant firing with it's minigun*
(Would have near impossible to get through a fight like that without losing someone...)
Everyone just bow their heads, knowing about Ian's death.

*Ian's death*
Ian's sacrifice made sure they got that damned water chip.

*Tycho open fires*
Even cleared out the mutants long enough for some of the ghouls to get out of Necroplis...

"Right... Some ghouls did got out of there." Weiss now remember.

*VD, Dogmeat and Tycho talking with Jacoren back at Vault 13*
Then his friends brought the chip back to Vault 13, and-

'Optimistic beep'

'Sign'
No. Things only got worse after that...

"You mean the Super Mutants." Ruby said.

*Sunrise at the Devil's Throat*
"So beautiful." Weiss said.
"Yeah sure is." Yang said, as everyone else agreed.

"The Devil's Throat. On the other side is a little road that heads North, to I-15. Shaves a few miles off the trip. If we're lucky we'll be able to catch up to your quarry before they reach Route 70."

Storyteller.

"That hoping." Blake said.

"I used to look out at this god forsake hole and think it was end of the world." Tanner.
"Maybe, it is as far the NCR could go." Blake said.

"If there's anything I learned from the Vault Dweller's quest for the water chip, it's that the wasteland is a much bigger place that it seems..." Storyteller.

"Yeah, the wasteland is a big place." Ruby said remember the map Blake took a picture of, both Season 1 and 2. And their watching the story of the Vault Dweller as their heroes travel the wastes.
The Storyteller: FALLOUT S3 E8 - The Glow

*The Trio walking on I-15*

"...and so the Vault Dweller and their surviving companions returned to Vault 13 with the Water Chip, and it worked just fine. Apparently this new chip would work at least another 80 years. It looked like the day had been saved." Storyteller.

"Wasn't the sun rising when he said this?" Ruby ask, with everyone else nodded.

"Never that easy." Tanner.

"True." Blake looked down.

'Wistful beep' Edna.

"Nope. Vault 13's records say that the Overseer determined that those Super Mutants from Necropolis were too distinct from humanity to be a random mutation. Someone had to be making them, giving evolution a little nudge in the right direction. Mass-producing new species." Storyteller.

"The unknown Master." Yang saying in a spooking voice.

"Yang, nock it off." Weiss and ruby said in unison.

*Jacoren giving VD orders to VD leading his crew out*

So the Overseer sent the Vault Dweller back out into the wasteland to stop a whole army of mutants. To do that, they would need more help than Tycho, Katja and that dog. Back then there was no hint of your Republic. Not a single organization in the world that could stand against the mutant army except -

"The Followers?" Blake ask.

"Gun Runners?" Ruby.

"The Khans?" Yang.

"No. The Brotherhood of Steel." Weiss said.

(The Followers of the Apocalypse?)

Blake smiled thinking she was right.

No!

Then her smile broke.

*Storyteller pose pured*

"The Brotherhood... Of... Steel!" Storyteller.

"Hm. Told you." Weiss joked.

*Tanner covers her head well she shacks it*

"I'm with Tanner on that he kind of over did it." Yang said, and she the one who get the shack of shame, so you know its bad.

"Seems that the big savior of the New California Republic was actually member of the Brotherhood of Steel." Storyteller.

"That is kind of ironic." Blake said.

*The Trio start walking agian*

"You got a museum where The Dweller's Power Armor is up on display for all the little NCR tykes to see?" Storyteller.

"Only reason the Vault Dweller joined you tinmen was because the Rangers didn't exist yet." Tanner.

"Yeah most likely." Weiss said.

*Tanner order everyone to stop*

"Hold up." Tanner.

"Is it more feral ghouls?" Ruby ask, ready to jump into Yang's arms.

*The trio sees dead Luddites on the road*

"Nope, just dead bodies." Blake said, which help Ruby relax.

"They've been dead for almost a day... I don't recognize their armor. Some sort of tribal maybe?"
"They do look tribal." Yang said remembering the Legion episode.
"Luddites. Their kind operates North of Legion territory from Arizona through Missouri."
Storyteller.
"Is that far?" Weiss ask.
"I don't know, the map only shows Commonweaths not states." Blake said, as she look at her scroll.
"The thing we're chasing could have done this Stole the clothes to blend in with the locals. Clever."
Tanner.
"'Thing'?" Weiss ask.
"The "thing" we're chasing? What are you not telling me?" Storyteller.
"Yeah tell us." Yang said.
"All you need to know is that we're tracking someone heading East. They're moving a lot faster than we are, and now they're probably dressed like one of these Luddites." Tanner.
"We need more then that." Ruby said.
*Tanner starts walking*
"'Luddite' that's an old-timey word from back when. People that hated science. Kinda the opposite of the Brotherhood way of thinking." Tanner.
"Shit... The Legion are Luddites to." Yang said. The everyone remember the Legion use only swords and spears.
"We do enjoy our ray guns..." Storyteller.
"And back when the Vault Dweller was looking for help with the Super Mutants, you turned them away because you love your toys more than people." Tanner.
"That cold to say." Yang said.
"Back then the Brotherhood were isolationists. They only dealt with the outside world when trading their guns for food." Storyteller.
"Just not your ray guns." Weiss said.
"Weren't the friendly sort, like you are now... They sent the Vault Dweller on some sort of suicide mission, right?" Tanner.
"The BOS East coast are nice to." Ruby said.
*VD talking with BOS guards, then the VD leads his crew to Dayglow*
The Brotherhood guards would send the rubes on a quest to prove their worth. Told them to go down to Dayglow and return with a pre-war artifact.
"What so bad about Dayglow?" Yang ask.
(Dayglow wasn't a thriving member of the republic back then. Just a radioactive hole in the ground.)
"Oh." Yang.
*Back with the Trio*
"You want to tell this part? Because it sounds like you think you know Brotherhood history better than me." Storyteller.
"No don't let her..." Blake was about to say before.
"Alright, let's hear you propaganda." Tanner.
"Thank Oum." Blake finish.
*VD and crew made it to Dayglow*
Most folk didn't want to trek all the way down to the Glow, and the ones that did, found the place full of more rads than a body can handle. So no one ever actually completed this little Quixotic endeavor.
"But the Vault Dweller." Blake said.
*VD and crew found the gadgets to the BOS members that came to the Glow*
(Until the Vault Dweller showed up carrying a load of shiny pre-war toys, and you nerds couldn't resist. Must have been like Maxson's Birthday!)
"Sounds like it." Blake said.
Something like that.
"That must be a lot of weapons." Ruby said, as little drill comes out of her mouth just think of it. This
of course had everyone move away from her.
The gadgets that the Vault Dweller found deep within The Glow were impressive, but the real
treasure was information. A holotape that helped the Brotherhood learn the fate of a lost expedition
that never returned from the Glow, of men who broke away from the Founder's column in 2077 to
seek lost technologies and recover them for the benefit of all.
"Sound like they would be welcomed into the Followers." Blake said.
Despite what they teach you in the NCR, the Brotherhood does value human life.
"How do they value human life?" Weiss ask not believe that for a sec.
*A wastelander walks to a ray gun, HELIOS One Death Ray*
That's why we keep our technology out of the hands of every yahoo that wants to play dress up in
shiny suit of armor, or go looking for a Solar-powered Death Ray.
"Oh, my Oum. The battle of HELIOS One!" Ruby yelled.
"What?" Weiss ask her partner.
"Remember, the battle between the NCR and the Brotherhood at HELIOS One. The NCR what it
because it could power everything, but the Brotherhood what it because there was a Solar Weapon
and could destroy everything." Ruby said.
"I get. If a made men had that kind of weapon he could kill anyone he what'd. And imagine if Caesar
had it." Blake said, that made everyone scared for Earth.
*Back with the Trio*
"Even The Vault Dweller had to earn their power armor, after becoming an initiate-" Storyteller.
*Tanner points at a car*
"Hey a old car." Yang said in her who cares voice. "That's great."
"Quit jawing. Someone's hiding behind that car up ahead." Tanner.
"Really?" Ruby ask.
"It's a Chryslus Highwayman." Storyteller.
"What?" Weiss ask
"I think its a car brand name." Yang said.
"Quiet." Tanner whisper.
"It's in good shape too..." Storyteller.
"He's not listening." Ruby said.
*The Trio made it to the car, then a man pops his head out*
"Howdy." The man.
The girls jump.
"Howdy." Storyteller.
'Friendly beep.' Edna.
"Nice car. They say "Nothing can stop a highwayman."" Storyteller.
"Then why it stop?" Weiss ask.
"Could need some repairs. If you take care of a car, she'll stay with you forever." Yang said, Ruby
was not worried out about what Yang said. How every that made Blake and Weiss move away.
"Thanks. Drove by a pack of them Luddites a couple of nights ago. Got a few spears in her, and a
railroad spike right through the fuel cell converter. That stopped her real good." The man.
"Like that." Yang remember get her bike on 16 birthday from Qrow.
"Never heard of a pre-war car running before." Tanner.
"Some mean son of bitch had a working Highwayman 'bout forty years ago out in California. I
found this one stuck in the mud outside of Vegas, figured it might be the same one that the- I'm sorry
I didn't catch your names?" The man.
"Wait, who." Ruby ask.
"He could me the... I don't know, Storyteller could have mention it before. I just can't remember." Weiss.

"Helen Tanner. NCR Rangers." Tanner.

"My name is-" Storyteller.

"-listen, we're kind of in a hurry. Anyone pass by on the road while you've been here?" Tanner.

"Damn it!" Everyone yelled do to Tanner stopping them from hearing Storyteller real name.

"One of them Luddites ran by yesterday. Didn't pay me no mind that time. Didn't have his buddies with him." The man.

"That has got to be their guy." Blake said.

"That's our guy. Double time it." Tanner.

*Tanner and Storyteller start running*

*The man wave good bye to Storyteller and Tanner*

"Bye!" Ruby wave bye.

"Ruby he's not real." Weiss said.

"Why do I have a feeling we're go to see him again.

"You folks have a nice day, now." The man.

*Storyteller and Tanner still running*

"You know, I can tell you that story about the Highwayman in California." Storyteller.

"Sure why not." Yang said.

'Breath out' Tanner.

"How do you run and blather at the same time?" Tanner.

"He could have done that when he was a kid." Ruby said.

"It's like a marching cadence. Keeps my breathing regular." Storyteller.

"Winter told me about that. She said it help a lot." Weiss said.

"I don't know but I've been told. Elder Maxon's mighty old." Storyteller.

"That is good." Yang said.

"Stop! Fine, go back to that story about how the Vault Dweller joined you lunatics." Tanner.

"That is not going to help." Weiss said.

"Sorry but that is a... Story for an-other day." Storyteller.

"That was cleaver." Weiss said as everyone was laughing.

"Sound off!" Storyteller.

'Beep beep' Edna.

"Sound off!" Storyteller.

'Beep beep' Edna.

And then everyone is rolling around laughing, that was entail their stomach growled. "Let have some lunch." Ruby said.
Team RWBY made it to lunch with JNPR. Ren found that caps were a nice way of money. Nora and Pyrrha found Set as a bastard. Jaune also feel like the guy with the car is going to be seen again. After lunch Ruby was stop by a familiar voice. "Yo! Kid!" RWBY turn around to see Coco and Yatsuhashi standing with a smile. "So me and Yatsu what to watch the next episode. That cool?" She then see everyone nod.

As everyone walk in RWBY's dorm room, Yatsuhashi seat on Weiss chair. And before Yang let Coco take her seat, Coco just sat on Yastuashi's lap. "Wait, I thought you and Fox were dating?" Ruby ask with her brain over working what's happening. "Right. Well, here's the thing." Coco nervily say. "You see me and Yatsu, Vel and Fox are dating each other at the same time."

Everyone eyes wide open, a sec. later, Weiss spoke. "You're a harem?"
"Yeah, you could see it like that." Coco said. (More about this on another time.) "Okay. Weiss, would you what to sit on my lap?" Yang ask her girlfriend with a blush. Weiss blush as well as she sit down. "Yet...Yet just start." Weiss said when Yang wrap her arms for support.

The Storyteller: FALLOUT S3 E9 - Lost Hills

"I don't know but it's been said-" Storyteller.
"He still doing this?" Blake ask.
"Yes. I hear the Enclave power armor was better than anything The Brotherhood ever made." Tanner.

"That's what I said." Ruby said.
"Ranger Helen Tanner. She and Storyteller are working together to find a "thing". "Weiss said.
"You just think they look cool because their armor was painted black. But nothing says "The Future of Humanity" like the gleaming steel of the old T51-b power armor." Storyteller.
"That armor does look good." Coco said.
"Wait isn't your armor black?" Blake said.

"A BOS Paladin*

Lots of folk in the wasteland think we invented it, but it was actually the last great achievement of the dying empire of America.
"What a legacy." Coco said.

*Battle for Alaska*

In the final years of the resource wars, Alaska had the only remaining oil well left in the world. America and China fought over it like two ticks trying to suck last drop of blood out of the world. "Hmm. That sounds oddly enough like the Schnee, Adel and Winchester." Yatsuhashi said.
"Make sense. The Schnee mine for Dust. The Adel forge weapons. And the Winchesters make vehicles." Coco said, as she remember all of Remnant big tycoons.
*Chinese base to a soldier in power armor*

The Chinese had captured Anchorage, and conventional weapons couldn't get 'em out, so the men of science put the might of an entire squad into an atom-powered suit that turned a single man into an unstoppable juggernaut of American ingenuity!

"Like Yatsu here." Coco rub his shoulder, (In a non-sexually way.)

*The battle for HELIOS One*

(Unstoppable? During Operation Sunburst we killed a bunch guys wearing those outfits. HELLIOS One was built with pulse grenades and armor piercers.)

"But didn't they outnumber them?" Ruby ask.

Yes. And your NCR outnumbered the Brotherhood ten to one.

Ruby snap her fingers. "Know it."

Must be proud of yourselves...

*After battle*

(Fair fights don't win wars. We won it and we got lots of shot-up power armor.)

"And that's your cost for destroy all that... I have no words for how much I like that armor." Coco almost fan girl for the armor. This does somewhat make the giant feel uneasy.

(Our engineers gutted them, and some of the infantry soldiers wear the plates as regular body armor.) Yatsuhashi look at his armor.

*BOS members teaching VD to use power armor, VD failed*

You only did it because it takes training to wear this armor. Most people don't have the knack for moving with the powered joint servos. Even the Vault Dweller.

"A armor that works like a second skin. That sound cool... A imagine if they had aura." Coco said. That made everyone in the room froze.

*VD talking with a BOS member to "Maxson's shrine"*

When the Vault Dweller finally earned the Brotherhood's trust they-

Everyone finally on froze when hearing Storyteller's voice.

(Let me guess. Inside the bucker the Vault Dweller found a huge shrine to Roger Maxson. The legendary founder of the Brotherhood of Steel.)

Coco eye widen a bit.

"King Roger the 14th throne room to VD going to fight the mutants alone"*

(And deep down below was a throne room where Maxson's descendant, King Roger The fourteenth sat upon a throne of vacuum tubes and tesla coils. The Vault Dweller knelt before him, and the King said "I dub thee Sir Vault Dweller, Paladin of the Brotherhood of Steel". Then you sent 'em of to defeat an army of mutants... alone.)

Coco laugh uncountable, everyone look at her like she was insane. "Ha... There's no way that happen." Coco laugh.

'Curious beep' Edna.

No ED-NA that's not how it happened.

"Told... Told you." Coco continued to laugh.

*The council of Elders*

The Brotherhood doesn't have a king, we have a council of Elders that make decisions. And a High Elder - but not a king. A hundred and twenty years ago it was John Maxson, Roger Maxson's grandson.

"Sounds like the companies heirs." Weiss said.

*Roger Maxson to a scribe working*

(Yeah, we got files on Roger Maxson. He's your mythological prophet from the days after the Great War. Led "The Chosen People" on a pilgrimage from Mariposa to Lost Hills and founded the Brotherhood. Then you people stayed there in your bunker for generations hoarding pre-war tech that could have helped people rebuild civilization.)

"Ha... Can please stop talking about stuff she 100% don't know." Coco ask as her laugh shorten.

"Actual. She was right this time." Ruby told the fellow team leader.

*Maxson looking at the wasteland to Enclave kill some unarmed people*
Well, Maxson lived through the Great War. Saw the horrors of what humanity could do to itself if technology got into the wrong hands - even well intended governments can do things that would test the loyalty of their own soldiers...

"That would test anyone's loyalty." Yatsuhashi said a little disagreeable of the Enclave actions. (Hmph...)

*Younger members looking at Maxson to VD outside of Lost Hill*

Despite what the younger members of the Brotherhood think, Maxson was just an ordinary soldier who wanted to protect his men and their families.

"Sounds like how we hunters act." Coco said.

They needed their power armor and energy weapons to make the journey from the Mariposa military base to the Lost Hills bunker. It served a practical purpose in those days, but it took on a symbolic nature by the time The Vault Dweller joined the Brotherhood.

"I can see that." Blake said.

*John Maxson to the council disagreed with John*

Maxson's grandson, John, was an old man by the time, but all those years of leadership had made him smarter than the entire council of Elders put together. He knew that the new breed of mutants in the wasteland were a threat, and that we were the only thing standing in their way but the council needed more convincing.

"I think the fact that John knows it's a threat, so should you." Weiss said.

*A paladin see three supermutants to VD headed North*

They wouldn't commit to any action without proof of a mutant army. Because The Vault Dweller had experience with the outside world, they were sent up North to look for evidence of some organization behind the mutants.

"You already had proof!" Weiss yelled.

"Weiss, those guys mite not have came back to Lost Hills." Yang tell Weiss.

*Tanner confuse*

"Wait, wait wait. The Vault Dweler's Memoir said that they went South to the Cathedral before they went up to Mariposa." Tanner.

"Well, personal it makes a better story if they fought The Master last. An epic final confrontation between good and evil and all that." Storyteller.

"He maybe telling story wrong. But he does make you what to hear more of it." Blake said.

"You pester me with these stories, but you can't even tell them right -" Tanner.

"Like you can do better." Yang said.

*The Trio found more dead Luddites*

"Wait. What do we have here..." Tanner.

"More Luddites." Weiss said in a bored tone.

"Luddites... That means they hate factory made goods right?" Coco ask.

"Railroad spike... Hammered. No. Fired by a gun... from over there." Tanner.

"Is she a detective or something?" Yatsuhashi ask.

"I think Rangers use all their own skills." Ruby answer the giant.

*The Trio walk to a mass of dead bodies*

"Railway rifles. Thought you said the Luddites hated technology." Tanner.

"They hate mass-produced items. Factory-made stuff from the Back When times. They love smashing up old products and making something new out of the parts with their own hands." Storyteller.

"So they forge their own weapons, sound like how we send parts to students who wish to forge their own weapons." Coco said.

"Looks like they picked a fight with - with the person we're trackig. Used their own weapons against them." Tanner.

*Storyteller looks down at a Luddite*

"This person we're chasing - They move fast, can kill a pack of tribals armed with Railway rifles,
and they're sneaky enough that you can only track them by the piles of bodies they leave behind. I need to know what we're up against." Storyteller.

"Yeah, it's time for some answers." Blake said.

"I can handle it when we catch 'em. You just help me navigate." Tanner.

*Storyteller try to calm the smoke*

"Look, I agreed to help you, and I don't mind an excuse for one more adventure, but we're far enough from NCR territory that your Pardon doesn't mean anything now. You gotta tell me what we're chasing a rogue Ranger here?" Storyteller.

"I don't think there are rogue Rangers." Ruby said remember that NCR Rangers were loyal to the NCR.

"No such thing as a Ranger gone rogue" Tanner.

*Tanner looks to her right*

"but I figure you got a right to know. We're tracking a new kind of robot. An android, sort of." Tanner.

"A robot did this, and confuse a bunch of factory hating..." Ruby froze. "Yang... Blake. Remember the Commonweath episode?"

"Yeah why... Shit." Yang.

"You don't think?" Blake ask.

This was confessing everyone else.

"Didn't know you NCR cavemen had that kind of technology." Storyteller.

"We're more resourceful than the Brotherhood thinks. And we had some help from the Followers of the Apocalypse. Learned a few things from Robert House's tech in Vegas." Tanner.

"Make sense they learned a thing or two from Mr. House." Coco said.

'Small laugh' Tanner.

"Hell, our scientists are still learning new things from old Enclave research." Tanner.

"Hmm... What could they make with all that resources?" Weiss ask herself.

"This is not the work of a robot with a personality matrix. Your android was smart enough to disguise itself in enemy clothing, to use their own weapons against them, and hide the bodies." Storyteller.

"Damn it just tells what you three are so scared about." Weiss demanded.

"And apparently smart enough to escape the NCR and make its way all the way up here to Utah." Storyteller.

"Yeah... well, the engineers that designed it had some... "daring" ideas on how to compensate for the limits of AI." Tanner.

"And how did you do that?" Coco ask.

"Ya don't say? And it went crazy, rebelled against its creators and now you need my help to clean up your mess." Storyteller.

"Burn." Yang laugh.

"Maybe this is why the Brotherhood fought your people over HELIOS. Not everyone can be trusted-" Storyteller.

"No! Don't fight, you two were getting a long." Ruby cried.

'Warning beep' Edna.

"Hostiles. Get down." Tanner.

"When did Tanner understand Edna?" Weiss ask.

"I don't think she understand Edna, more like know that is a warning sound." Blake said.

*The Trio hide behind the slabs and reading their weapons*

"In the name of King Ludd, I command you to throw down your weapons and face justice for this atrocity!" A Luddite.

"Crap." Everyone said a deadpan voice.

Chapter End Notes
And I can already hear you asking... What's with Coco/Fox/Velvet/Yatsuhashi ship... It's a long story.
Highwayman

The Storyteller: FALLOUT S3 E10 - My Chrysalus Highwayman
*Luddite yelling at the man, as the Trio are on top of a bus*
"Wait. When did they got on top of that bus?" Coco ask, only to get shrug.
"In the name of King Ludd, I command you to throw down your weapons and face justice for this atrocity!" Luddite.
"So they didn't notice Storyteller and Tanner." Yatsuhashi said in a clam voice.
"You have desecrated our road with this machine." Luddite.
"Are they religious about this hull no machine thing?" Coco ask, she again only got shrugs.
"My apologies. But since it's the same road for another hundred miles, it won't hurt none if I just keep going." The man.
"It's also the same road back." Yang said.
*The Trio whisperd to each other*
"If we had that car, we could catch up to the android." Tanner.
"You said you never seen a working one. How the hell are you going to drive it?" Yang ask.
"You even know how to drive one of those?" Storyteller.
"I'm sure he'll offer us a ride if we scare off those Luddites for him." Tanner.
"Like 'I scratch your back and you scratch my'." Coco said.
"There's a lot of them. We might damage the car if this goes bad." Storyteller.
"Yeah, I can see that." Yang said.
"I'll sneak around to the other side. If they see they're in a crossfire between us they might be smart enough to surrender." Tanner.
"I can see everyone at and near of the Mojave Wasteland." Blake said.
"You just distract them until I get on the other side." Tanner.
"That sounds easy." Everyone said together.
"Think you can handle that?" Tanner.
"Continue the story." Yang said.
"How do I distract them? What do I say?" Storyteller.
"Are you kidding me!" Weiss yells.
"You've got to be kidding me!" Tanner.
That cause Weiss to blush out of embarrassment.
"I can never get you to shut up and now you get tongue tied?!" Tanner in a unbelives voice.
"Maybe, he's not the talk in a bad event kind of person." Ruby said.
*The man and the Luddites*
"Well, I got business East of here. How 'about we work something out." The man.
"We will permit you to enter our lands, but we will destory your rolling machine, and your factory made weapon." Luddite.
Coco and Ruby near their eyes at the Luddite. This was manly because his rifle looked home made.
*The man grab his rifle*
"Now, the car weren't mine to begin with, but ain't none of you touching this rifle..." The man.
"Show them old man!" The two leaders cheered.
*The Luddites grab their weapons*
*Storyteller show himself*
"What smells like Brahmin shit around here?" Storyteller.
RWBY all laugh as they remember when ever they hear that any enemies of the Storyteller hear that verse.
"Brotherhood of Steel! Your mechanical feet defile the very dirt on which you tread." Luddite.
"Great, now Storyteller is seen as a demon." Blake said.
"I'm... lost. Can you folk give me directions to a town called Mariposa?" Storyteller.
"Isn't that back in California?" Weiss ask.
"The tin man speaks, yet his words are hollow." Luddite.
"Okay, these guys are to dramatic." Blake said as her eyes began to come heavy.
"Ma. Ree, Poe. Sah? It's the Spanish word for "Butterfly". In the back when times, the United States had a military base there." Yang said.
"Where the Brotherhood came from." Weiss said.
"Where the Brotherhood came from." Yang said.
*Tanner behind a rock looking at Yang*
"The army used it to test a kind of mutagen, called FEV, but in the year 2162, the mutants were all but running the show, and the only humans there were unfortunate wandererd who had been captured and were awaiting their turn to be dipped in the FEV vats." Storyteller.
"Don't remind us." Weiss said as she was having her chilled.
*Back with Storyteller*
"Cease your rambling and leave the realm of King Ludd! We will grant you the courtesy of allowing you to keep your armor, if you leave with haste." Luddite
"That a nicer offer then what they gave the man." Coco said.
"...but one human, and their companions were brave enough to walk right into the place. A person called The Vault Dweller." Storyteller.
"Weird, where have I heard that before?" Coco thought.
"Can a man speak so much yet not hear?" Luddite.
"It is as though he cares not that we pay him no mind..." Another Luddite.
"Yeah, he does that." Blake said.
*Tanner still sneaking around*
"They found the military base - and super mutants there. That was just the proof needed for the Brotherhood to take action. They sent in a squad of their best paladins to help the Vault Dweller clear out the place." Storyteller.
"Thank Oum. They finally listen." Coco said.
*The man lening on his car*
"I was there a good thirty years ago. Nothin' left but puddles of green goo, busted robots, and dog bones." The man.
"Dogmeat!" RWBY yelled remember that VD's dog died at the base.
"I have a theory about those dog bones." Storyteller.
*VD and Crew behind a door, looking at some mutants to VD and crew talking with a mutant*
Once The Vault Dweller and their companions got inside that base, they probably found it crammed full of angry mutants. No doubt that base was home to the best examples of the Master's genetic experiments, gloating about their luck in the mutation lottery.
"Sounds like you're dad, Weiss." Coco said. Weiss could not argue with Coco, her father always show off his things like its for show.
"The Super Mutant is the next advancement in human evolution. To save the world, we will convert all worthy individuals. Simple, efficient, glorious." The Masters VI Super Mutant.
That speech gave everyone their spines chills.
*VD and crew working at a bomb*
The Vault Dweller gained access to the base's control room, and turned on the self-destruct, so they had to clear out fast.
"But the base wasn't destroyed if the Enclave still use it." Weiss said.
*The Luddites having enough of Storyteller story*
"Silence! Do not think your armor makes you invulnerable! The Knights of King Ludd will hurl ourselves at you until you drown in our blood if need be!" Luddite.
"Okay. Now that's dedication." Coco said.
*Tanner shows hersel*
"Got enough to drown two of us?" Tanner.
"Make that three." The man.
'Menacing beep' Edna.
"Why does this feel like their in teams?" Ruby ask.
"Tell your soldiers to stand down." Tanner.
"She reminds me of your sister." Coco laugh remembering the first time she seeing Winter at ball.
"Sir?" A Luddite soldier.
"Let them pass. A reckoning will come, sooner than they believe." Luddite.
"All great. Crazy as always." Blake said.
"Thanks for the assist. I take it you three will be wantin' a ride?" The man.
"That would be much appreciated." Yatsuhashi said.
"Yup." storyteller.
"North lies the realm of King Ludd. Your machines will not save you there Our ranks have swelled, and you will drown in blood for your arrogance." Luddite.
"Can someone please shut them up!" Blake annoyed voice.
"No one tells me where I can go, but you folks still get out and walk back if you want to. Looks like a dangerous road ahead." The man.
"Don't worried about." Yang said.
"My armor's airtight. I won't drown no matter how deep the Luddite blood gets." storyteller.
"That sounds useful." Coco said.
"King Ludd... I am "an arrow against all tyrants..."" Tanner.
"Why does that sound like a poem.
*Everyone gets in the man's car*
"Hit it." Storyteller.
*The car start rolling*
Everyone just enjoy see that road sites.
*After a fellow min., inside the car*
"Folk call me Junior." Jr.
Yang smirked, remembering the man who calls himself Junior to.
"This is ED-NA. And my name is-" Storyteller.
*The car hit a pot hole*
"Wait! No!" RWBY yelled.
"Sorry friends. As you can see, these roads have fallen on hard times." Jr.
"That's what happen when no one takes care of it." Blake said.
'BEEP' Edna.
"what'd she say?" Jr.
"Uh, she say you look a little long in the tooth to go by "Junior"." Storyteller.
That made Yang laugh out so loud that it made Weiss jump off of her, and landed on Ruby.
"Sounds like you robot wants to ride in the trunk." Jr.
"Edna, say sorry to Junior." Ruby tell the eyebot.
'Apologetic beep' Edna.
"You really heading to Mariposa? That's the opposite direction." Jr.
"That was just subterfuge, we're actually going-" Storyteller.
"-Northeast. Looking for a person that's probably heading to route 70 on this road." Tanner.
"I see..." Jr.
"Well she not lying about that." Weiss said.
"Does the radio work?" Tanner.
"Nope. Know any good stories?" Jr.
RWBY and Coco smirked, well Yatsuhashi just looked at them.
"-as a matter of fact, I do." Storyteller.
*Tanner put her head in her hands*
"Son of a bitch-" Tanner.
And that made everyone laugh, even Yatsuhashi.
*The car zoom away, with Storyteller voice leaving with it*
"Did you know that it was the Chryslus Corporation that built your Highwayman here? Their offices
are located..." Storyteller.
"Well. Even though I would love to watch more, we have to go." Coco said as she and Yatsuhashi leaves the room.
"I never imagine the everyone in CFVY were dating. Did you?" Blake pointed at Weiss.
"No, never." Weiss said as she wave her arms. 'But that could explain a lot.'
Boneyard and Bonnie

Velvet started looking for Coco and Yatsuhashi, she then walk to RWBY’s room to ask where her teammates went. "Hey guys, do you know where Coco and Yastu is at?"
"They just left... Hey would you like to watch the next episode? We promise their won't be slavery, we hope." Ruby ask.
"I'll only watch one, okay." Velvet said.
The Storyteller: FALLOUT S3 E11 - Featuring Chris Avellone, Brian Fargo, Josh Sawyer, and Tim Cain

*Night time*
"And when she turned her back She heard a single word carry across the winds..." Storyteller.
"Who is that?" Velvet ask.
"Okay. The guy in the suit of armor is Storyteller. The one in a desert looking outfit is Ranger Tanner. The fluting robot is Edna, and the old man is Jr." Ruby said.
"Jr.?" Velvet ask.
"Yeah, we know." Blake said.
*Everyone is around a camp fire*
"Garrry..." Storyteller in gowns.
Everyone but Weiss and Velvet spine chilled hearing the name.
'Frightened beep' Edna.
"I don't get it." Velvet said.
"You and me both." Weiss said.
"No way that really happened." Tanner.
"Didn't know folks had cloning machines like that..." Jr.
"Copying machines yes, but cloning. No way." Velvet said.
"We don't. Cloning machines can only do organs and tissue, not whole people. It's just a scary story." Tanner.
"Yeah, a scary story." Yang said, making sheer not to tip off her girlfriend.
"Alright, well let me tell you one that people used to frighten their kids back around the time The Vault Dweller came to The Boneyard... I call this story: Mother of the DEATHCLAWS!" Storyteller.
"Nice title." Blake said as she rolled her eyes.
"Deathclaws? I've killed like thirty of those." Tanner.
"And I've killed a Deathclaw with a single shot, but that's a story for another day. Suffice it to say back in the 2160's most people thought Deathclaws were just a myth." Storyteller.
"The Vault Dweller was one of the few people North of the Angel's Boneyard that ever saw one and survived." Storyteller.

* A Deathclaw to it looking at a dead wastelander *
People in California said the Deathclaw was the most evil thing to rise out of the ashes following the war. A ghost from the Boneyard times that haunted the wasteland. Velvet's ear rise up, her body start to shake. Everyone look at Velvet with casern.
"You okay?" Blake ask.
"Their so... so... Cute!" Velvet squealed.
Everyone was shocked at Velvet's behaviour. Velvet just looking at the horrify creature like it was a puppy or a kitten. "Wait, what?" Weiss ask.
"Everyone has their own views of things that are cute." Ruby said.
"Besides, she dating a company heiress. A blind guy with scars all over, and a giant of a man." Blake said.
Everyone decide to continue to watch the episode.

*A wastelander scared of a Deathclaw to a Deathclaw surrend by hellfire*
The size of three men. Teeth as long as sharp as a Ripper! A demon birthed in the fires of the apocalypse!
"Sound like how people called the Grim as." Blake said, remembering her time outside of Vale's walls.
*Return to the crew*
"Shoot 'em in the legs with a dart gun, then pick away at 'em 'till they'll go down. Laser rifle works best." Jr.
"That sounds like a good way to do against charging grim." Ruby said.
"That might work on one Deathclaw, but there were neighborhoods in the Boneyard where packs of them roamed the streets by night," Storyteller.
"Sounds like Mt. Glenn," Yang said.
*Three Deathclaws in the Boneyard to a Gun Runner open fire*
and the Deathclaw Mother spawned new horrors faster than anyone could kill them. Even the Gun Runners.
Ruby's eyes lit up hearing 'Run Runners'.
*A Gun Runner working to the Runner's old factory*
Back then, the Gun Runners were just a small group of machinists set up in an old factory, surrounded by a moat of radioactive goo, not the interstate arms merchants they are today.
"Everyone start somewhere." Ruby said.
*VD and friends surrender by dead Supermutants*
The vault dweller and their remaining companions passed through the boneyard on their way to confront the Master of the Super Mutant army.
"Who?" Velvet ask.
"Which one?" Blake ask.
"Vault Dweller and The Master." Velvet said.
"The Vault Dweller is a legendary hero of the Wasteland." Ruby said.
"The Master is the leader of the Super Mutant army." Blake said.
They were the most capable fighting force in the land, but even they need help to stop the horror that hid beneath the Cathedral. And help doesn't come free...
"True... Huntsman still need money to pay for gear and food." Yang said.
*A Deathclaw looking at some dead bodies to VD firing a laser at momma Deathclaw*
[I think you're straying off topic Storyteller. How 'bout that momma deathclaw?]
I'm getting to that. You see, the Gun Runners traded with other factions in the area, but they couldn't do real business - not with the Regulators squeezing them dry and the deathclaws stopping them from relocating. No matter how many they killed they kept coming!
"Sounds like the grim." Weiss said, and then RWBY all had chills down their spines to what Weiss said.
And only the Vault Dweller was brave enough to enter her lair...
"Yeah." RWBY said together.
*Back to the crew*
"I heard them deathclaws weren't the nastiest thing in the Boneyard. Not by a long shot." Jr.
"What's more nastier then the Mother of all Deathclaws?" Ruby ask.
"Folk in California used to tell tales of a bounty hunter so mean he terrified outlaws all the way up to New Reno. A man they called Chris." Jr.
*Chris ad his goons*
[He traveled with a posse of goons that'd make a fire gecko's blood run cold. They was called]
"I can't see that." RWBY said.
*Chris*
[Kain The First Murderer...]
"They didn't had murderers for 200 years?" Weiss ask in a unrelieved voice.
*Tim*
"Say "Good Night" Gracie!" Tim.
*A deathclaw crushed at Tim, Tim blow-up a deathclaw's head*  
Seeing Tim blow that deathclaw's head remind Ruby of when she shot a beowolf's head off, after visiting her mother's grave much.

*Brian*

*The Xile...*

*Brian pot his gun at someone*  
"Maybe those scars will make good party talk!" Brain.

*Brain fires the person*  
"I hope he was a jerk." Yang said.

*Josh fires at a Supermutants*  
[And... The Saw]

"And he's not wearing a cup, either..." Josh.

Yang just shack her head in shame.

*The Angel's Boneyard, someone beating up a kid*  
[They roamed the territory around the Angel's Boneyard showing no mercy to the wicked.]

"Sounds like that one street gang at Vale six years ago." Yang said.

"Get your mitts off that kid." Chris.

"Kid?" Velvet said. "He looks older then us."

"I'm Christopher and you're meat!" Chris.

*Chris and his goons beating up the bully*  
"Hey. When is your team going to beat up Cardin?" Ruby ask.

"Their waiting for the tournament, that way we can't get in trouble." Velvet.

[Some of the old timers in my home town say that he even beat the tar of The Vault Dweller once.]

"No way." RWBY said together.

*Chris and VD talking*  
"We don't appreciate wise guys here. Buzz off!" Chris.

*VD gave Chris the bird*  
"Smooth." Yang said deadpanned.

[Can't guess what The Vault Dweller did to get his dander up, but that meetin' of heroes went South faster 'n' a flock of geese in November.]

"Wha?" Ruby said in a confuse voice.

*Chris pulls out a combat shotgun*  
"You're about to discover why I'm one of the most fearsome bounty hunters in the wasteland!"

Chris.

*Chris open fires at VD, who is hidding in fear*  
"No way the Vault Dweller would act like that." Yang said.

*Chris's goons join in*  
"I'm gonna make you look like a cracked pretzel!" Tim.

"Time to increase the ol' body count." Brian.

"And their suable to be 'good guys'." Blake said.

*VD fires back*  
"It's survival of the fittest, and you're out of shape." Chris.

*Tim fell backwards*  
"Yearg! My groin is the groin of fire..." Tim.

"Ouch!" Yang yelled.

*Josh lean against the wall*  
"Ahhhh! Didn't need that knee anyway..." Josh.

"Yes you do!" Layne yelled.

Everyone scream at the 20 year old man in the room, they then grab their weapons.

"Who are you?" Yang ask with her eyes turned red.

"Ops. Bye!" Layne said as a portal with the color of the void grab him away, to nothing but vapor. The girl eyes were just wide and white. "Okay. When that FEV Grim guy take us to that Q&A
thing, we'll ask him about who that was.

*Back to the crew*

'Chuckles' Tanner.

"She surprising have a nice laugh." Weiss said.

"That didn't happen. Whoever told you that must have been out of their head on Jet. The Vault Dweller brought peace to the Boneyard." Tanner.

"That sounds more like it." Weiss said.

"Didn't run around picking fights. They helped diffuse a war that was brewing between a local gang and a bunch of crooked lawmen called the Regulators. But the most important thing that happened in the Boneyard was when the Vault Dweller gained the trust of the Followers of the Apocalypse." Tanner.

"Really?" Blake ask.

"The Followers, The Children, The Hubologists... I get all them doomsday cults confused..." Jr.

"The Followers aren't a cult." Blake said.

"The Followers aren't a cult. They're... what's the word?" Tanner.

"They sound like a cult." Velvet said.

'Expository beep' Edna.

"What it said?" Velvet ask.

"First, "it" a she. Second, we don't know." Ruby said.

"I guess you could call them a charity. Not a religion, or cult, just people selflessly dedicated to preserving the ways of the Back When times." Storyteller.

"They sound nice." Velvet said.

"Unlike the Brotherhood, the Followers used their knowledge to help people, freely." Tanner.

"Why can't they be in charge?" Velvet ask.

"Because the NCR is bigger." Weiss said.

*Nicole, her looking at her fellow followers*  
(They were founded by Nicole, who came to the Boneyard from Dayglow. Built a headquarters in a pre-war library and gathered like-minded followers. Pretty effective organization for a bunch of anarchists.)

"That's impress." Blake said.

*VD and Nicole talking to two followers with guns*  
(They got a spy inside the Cathedral, and they knew that the "Children" of the Cathedral were connected to the Super Mutants. Told the Dweller everything they knew, and even sent a few Followers along to help stop the Super Mutant Master.)

"Finally! Someone help the Vault Dweller!" Weiss cheered.

*Jr. talking with a Supermutants*  
[I've been hearing the mutants talk about that Master all my life, but ain't one of them ever given me a straight answer about what the Master really was.]

"Wait. Why aren't those mutants attacking him?" Ruby ask. This confuse the rest of her team.  
(Some kind of giant mutant too big to even leave his base?)

"I don't think so." Ruby said.

*VD looking a some dead Supermutant to VD looking at something*  
The Vault Dweller didn't say just what The Master was in their memoirs, but there were some clues in that story.

"Can't wait to hear it." Ruby said.

*Storyteller talking with a first gen.*  
I also met a few of the first generation Super Mutants who were there when it all happened.

"Of course you did." Weiss sighed.

*Back with Storyteller*  
"And there's someone still alive that I think knew The Master before it went by that name. But that-" Storyteller.

"Harold!" RWBY all cheered, making Velvet jump.
"If you say "That's a story for another day" I'll shoot you in the face." Tanner.  
"I don't think she kidding this time." Blake said.  
"Careful there Storyteller. I think she means it. Besides, I've never been a big fan of cliffhangers myself." Jr.  
"Yeah. I right." Ruby said.  
"Alright. Well, when the Vault Dweller arrived at the Cathedral-" Storyteller.  
'Warning beep' Edna.  
"Crap." Yang said, already knowing that was a warning sound.  
"What is it?" Velvet ask.  
"Some kind of dangerous thing close by." Ruby said.  
"Someone's coming..." Storyteller.  
"Well I think now that its Dinner, I'll leave to what ever it is you do." Velvet said leaving the room.  
RWBY walk to meet up with JNPR and tell them about what happen.
RWBY made it on time to tell JNPR about Lost Hills, that The Man's name was Jr. and the Boneyard. Pyrrha really hated that Tanner thought she knew everything. Jaune like that he was right about Jr. show up again. Nora and Ren found the Boneyard a mess.

RWBY was about to leave to watch the next episode when Ruby bump into Emerald's back. "Aw! Sorry Emerald." Ruby said.

Emerald work up the strength to keep up a smile. "No problem Ruby. Just watch where you're going okay."

Ruby nodded. "Oh! Would you what to watch Storyteller with us."

Emerald looked confuse. "What's Storyteller?"

"It's a series about a post-apocalyptic world." Ruby said.

Emerald started thinking of her current assignment is to spy on team RWBY anyways. "Sure... Why not." Emerald said.

The Storyteller: FALLOUT S3 E12 - The Master (Fallout 1 Ending)

*The crew standing over the fire, and armed*

"Someone's heading toward us." Tanner.

"Whose is she?" Emerald ask.

"Ranger Tanner. She like a huntress." Ruby said.

"Ain't hard to miss the campfire. Or the car." Jr.

"That's true, and who is he?" Emerald.

"Jr. And to save time, the guy in armor is Storyteller and the robot is Edna." Yang said.

"No sense hiding then. Howdy, stranger." Storyteller.

"He's not afeard." Emerald said.

"We don't think he scared of anything." Yang said.

*A man walks up*

"I don't mean no harm. I'm a merchant." The man.

"Then where's your Brahmin?" Blake said.

"Brahmin?" Emerald ask.

"Its like a two-head cow." Yang said. Emerald checks turn a little green.

"Where's your brahmin cart?" Tanner.

"Brahmin? You must be from out West. We don't use brahmin carts where I'm from. Traders out of Dogtown haul our wares in dogcarts. Faster than them cows of yours, and good in a fight too." The man.

"Oh! Their like those sled dogs that was use when Mantle was still a Kingdom." Weiss said.

"Then where's your dog cart?" Jr.

"That's a good question." Ruby said.

"Some bastard Luddite stole it yesterday. They don't cause trouble if you keep your pre-war tech outta sight, but this one just knocked me right off the cart, and was on the move before I even sat up." The man.

"Luddite?" Emerald ask.

"People how hate factory made goods." Weiss said.

"Which way they heading?" Tanner.

"Back the way I came, East toward Dogtown." The man.

"Dogtown?" Emerald ask, which everyone shrug.

"Dogtown?" Jr.

"What they call Denver. Was Legion territory last time I passed through. Legion gets their mongrels there." Storyteller.

"Legion?" Emerald ask.
"Their slavers and slaved soldiers." Blake said.
"All we got in Dogtown is dogs anymore. Some of 'em can be tamed like my pack dogs, but most is just feral mutants. And them pre-war cyberdogs are running the show in most neighborhoods." The man.

Emerald eye widen when she heard cyberdogs. "That's a lot of dogs." Weiss said.

*Dogtown to a dog pack*

When I was there, the locals said the dog packs killed all the brahmin long ago, ate the cats, the rats, and the slower children. Dogtown certainly earns its name.

"Now you see why I hate dogs." Blake said.

*Back to everyone*

'Angry beep' Edna.

"What's the matter with ol' ED-NA?" Jr.

"ED-NA recently discovered she isn't a fan of dogs." Storyteller.

"Yeah. Shooting a dog to dust is a good point." Weiss said.

"Streets ain't fit for humans most nights. Happy to let the Legion take the wild ones. I shoot as many as I see, and make a good living trading dog hide and jerky to the Luddites out in these parts." The man.

'That sounds like how things were, when I was living in the streets.' Emerald thought.

"Dog jerky?" Tanner.

"I tells the Luddites it's coyote meat Tastes the same to me." The man.

"Arent' they the same thing?" Blake ask. Everyone pause to think.

"I ain't sharing my campfire with some dog eater." Tanner.

"Wow!" Everyone said seeing Tanner pull out her Sequoia.

"But if we don't eat them, they'll eat us." The man.

"Get along, or you're dinner for the first critter that scents your corpse." Tanner.

"Gzz." Ruby said.

"You mean to shoot me for eatin' a dog?" The man.

*Tanner cocks her Sequoia*

"Yes." Tanner.

"You met what to leave," Ruby said.

"Alright, I'm moving. I'm moving'." The man.

*The man leaves*

"The Luddite that stole his cart, that's our android. Might still be on the road." Tanner.

"Android?" Emerald ask.

"Its a long story." Yang said.


"No time to explain." Tanner.

"Ma'am, I appreciate that you got me out of that ruckus with the Luddites yesterday, but I ain't driving into pooch city after some mystery robot just because a pair of strangers are in a hurry." Jr.

"You do own him some info. about this." Weiss said.

"Alright, thanks for driving us this far. So, you were about to tell me about the time The Vault Dweller fought the Super Mutant Master." Tanner.

"That's right! I'll tell you while we walk." Storyteller.

"I get what their doing," Yang smile.

"What are they doing?" Weiss ask her girlfriend.

"Just wait for it." Yang said.

*The Trio walks away from the fire*

*Jr. just watching go, then killed a bug on the back of his head*

"Wait!" Jr. yelled.

*The crew inside of Jr.'s car*

"This better be one hell of a story." Jr.

"OH! Now I get." Everyone now understand what Yang meant.
'Sigh' Storyteller.
*A cathedral as it rains*
A monument of ancient black stone rose from the graveyard of four million dead angels.
"Blake... can I jump on your lap?" Ruby ask the team's ninja, only to get a 'no'. "Emerald..."
"No." Emerald finish Ruby's question.
A cathedral to a dark god. A New God for a ruined world! A holy flame that would purify humanity
and restore the Earth!
(Give me a break...) In a bored tone.
"Agreed." Everyone said.
*VD looking at the master*
A single hero stood against a beast of unfathomable horror!
*VD's friends deaths. Ian burning, Dogmeat shocked, Katja and Tycho dead bodies on the floor*
Their companions had fallen in battle against the minions of this eldritch abomination. One by one they sacrificed themselves so that humanity might endure.
*VD walks through the hall of dead bodies, with a look of anger*
The Vault Dweller had fought through the wretched, deformed, demented servants of the mutant Master, and emerged into the deepest chamber beneath the dread cathedral. Alone. The Vault Dweller had a mission... They had a goal...
"He does look like he what revenge." Emerald said.
*VD pulls out a big gun as he still walks* They had a really big gun.
"That is a big gun." Ruby said.
*The Master past human form*
The Master had once been human, a man of science. A leader who sought to bring unity to the world. But he had become something both more and less than human.
"Richard was a scientist!" Weiss yelled.
"I thought he was a merchant." Blake said.
*VD still walking* Gifted and cursed with untold mutations. It's body flowed through the halls of its subterranean lair. It had a mind that could influence its mutant army from miles away.
Emerald eyes widen in shocked, she was the only person she knows that can control what people see. But what she just heard, terrified her.
*VD body stared to shack in pain* What such telepathic power do to a human standing mere feet away is incomprehensible. The Vault Dweller endured a psychic assault that would have crushed a lesser person-
Emerald can't help but fearing how much mental damage she could receive from this 'Master'.
yet our hero staggered on.
*VD and The Master meet face to face* until confronted by the abysmal creature face to face!
"That's thing, is really ugly." Blake said. Emerald couldn't help but get crept out by the Master.
"You think you can destory me!?!" The Master's calm computer voice.
The girls thought the voice, even though stickily was very calm.
"Destroy!" The Master's high angry voice.
That how ever made everyone jump.
"Me?" The Master's shy feminine voice.
The girls got crept out at the feminine.
*Jr. driving*
"What happened next?" Jr.
"No one knows. The Vault Dweller didn't explain how they defeated the Master.
"Hmm." Was the only sound anyone made.
*Max pulls out a mini-gun*
"Maybe brute force-"
"That sounds like Max." Yang said.
*Natalia activating the self-destruct system*
-maybe they snuck in, and set off some sort of self-destruct system, and the Master never even knew they were there.
"Sounds like Natalia to me." Blake said.
*Albert giving a speech to the Master*
Maybe the Vault Dweller was clever enough to spot a critical flaw in the Master's plan, and convinced the miserable creature to kill itself.
"Has to be Albert." Weiss said.
(Doesn't matter how. The Vault Dweller saved our little corner of the wasteland.)
"And that's why he's the Hero of the Wasteland." Ruby cheered.
*VD being kicked out of Vault 13*
(And the ingrates back at Vault 13 didn't even let 'em back inside.)
"Are you kidding me! Its Harold all over again!" Weiss yelled. "I swear-"
(We know how bad this gets about now.)
Emerald learn a lot about the wasteland in the 10 min. Weiss was renting then with what Storyteller said.
(That bastard Overseer felt that the Vault Dweller had spent too much time in the wild. Would be bad influence on all the little dwellers in the down under.)
"Can we see him get shot." Yang said, which made Emerald surprise.
*VD walking the waste*
(Sent them back out into the wasteland, permanently.)
"You know what, he's better without them." Blake said.
*Back inside the car*
"Hmph. Reminds me of some old song I heard. "Maybe the one who is waiting for you will prove untrue." Jr.
"That's a song?" Emerald ask, only to get shrugs.
*The Jacoren walking back inside, VD shot him dead*
[I hope that Overseer got his comeuppance eventually.]
"You and me both." Yang said.
Yup. Some of the stories I've heard say he didn't have to wait too long, either.
RWBY all cheered seeing Jacoren shot, this was scary Emerald more and more.
But those were just rumors. Most of the stories say that The Vault Dweller left in peace,
*A village*
and eventually others from the vault followed, and they founded a village up in the North. I actually met a direct descendant of The Vault Dweller myself, about forty years ago. A Chosen One on a quest to save their village.
"Are we going to watch the story of the Chosen One next?" Ruby asking smiling.
*Back inside the car*
"Well ain't that something...'Cause I met some tribal savage wearing a Vault 13 jumpsuit about the same time. Called themselves "The Chosen One" too." Jr.
"'Savage'?" Blake ask in confuse.
"The hero that saved the wasteland from the Enclave." Storyteller.
"Yeah, they didn't stand the chance." Weiss said.
"Hero? That Chosen One was the meanest son of a bitch to ever walk the wasteland." Jr.
"What does he mean?" Emerald ask.
"We don't know... We only heard good things about the Chosen One." Ruby said.
"Why do you say that?" Tanner.
"'Cuz the Chosen One... Killed... My... Pa'!" Jr.
*The car contunies to drive off to the wasteland*
Everyone in the room were paled everywhere. "What the helllllllll." Yang said as she falls. Then
before anyone could notice everyone was sucked in the portal.
Yang landed on a chair with the Freezer Burn emblem. Ruby and Blake landed next to her well Weiss land on top of her. "Ouf!" Yang release when Weiss landed.
"Yang! I'm sorry," Weiss apologize.
"Its okay... babe," Yang said.
Weiss blush then pinch both of Yang's checks and pulled. "Don't call me babe again," Weiss yelling still embarrass.
So after Yastuhashi land on a big chair to the right, Coco and Velvet landed on his lap. Coco on his left and Velvet on his right. Emerald landed on the chair on the left.
Across from them is FEV Grim on a chair, and behind a desk is Layne.
"Hello, everyone. And welcome to another..." Before Layne could finish, someone throw a spare chair. Lucky Layne ducked before the chair made contact. "Okay! That could have taken a eye!" He yelled.
"Why the hell were you in are room?!" Yang yelled.
"Oh! That... Well I had my knee fix last year. The leg is a big deal." Layne said.
"Okay... Why are we here? The season isn't even over." Weiss said.
"That's because you finish the story of the Vault Dweller." FEV Grim said.
"Okay. Can we get back to what we're here for?" Layne ask, everyone nodded. "Okay. I'll read the questions."
"This is for team RWBY, RedRat8 ask. Which one of the people was the Vault Dweller that you like to think it was?" Layne ask, WBY answer at the same time.
Yang: Max
Blake: Natalia
Weiss: Albert
"Well... Unlike my teammates, I think it was all three." Ruby said. "After all, Jacoren would get raid of three people that cause problems for his vault."
"That... Actually makes sense." Weiss said.
"This one is for Coco. Did you think Maxson was doing the right thing at the time of the Great War?" Layne ask.
"Do to the fact that the scientist were using their own people to test the FEV... Yes... For the time." Coco answer.
"Thanks. RedRat8 lastly said. So you feeling a bit more worried about what your powers can do now Emerald? Not a pleasant sensation having your mind messed with." Layne.
Everyone looked at Emerald. "How does he know about my..." Before Emerald finish, a flash hits the room.
"Ow!" Everyone other then FEV Grim and Layne yelled.
"What just happen?" Velvet ask.
"Nothing." FEV Grim said.
"This one is for Blake, from a Guest. Who do you think was a bigger threat to the wasteland. The master, the enclave or the legion?" Layne ask.
"The Master what'd to make united the wasteland, by mutating everyone. The Enclave what'd to kill off everyone that are mutated and people who have be radiative. The Legion goal is to in slave everyone under one role. So I can't 100% say whose the bigger threat." Blake said.
"Okay. This one is for you FEV Grim, a Guest ask. I was wondering if you could do another fanfic where the RWBY characters react to the Red vs Blue series and another reaction to Fallout Nuka Break?"
"Well, after the sequel I was planning to do some more fanfictions well volume 4 is going. Another reaction series means I have to make a all new AU. Which is fine. However a Red vs Blue reaction is already being done by UknownHero. You should check it out. But maybe season 11 to 13 should
be fine. As for Nuka Break, I'm going to have to watch that."
"Wait. Fanfic-" Ruby and everyone was hit with another flash. "Ow man damn it!"
"Okay. That's all folks." Layne said. FEV Grim release portals at everyone from the Remnant back home.
GECK

RWBY woke up in their rooms and, of course get dress and walk to the cafeteria and told JNPR about The Master. Which of course paled everyone who could hear it.

After eating their launch Penny and Winter show up just as RWBY leaves the room. "Ruby." Penny said as she tackles Ruby.

"Penny, could you please stop crushing Ruby." Yang tell Penny, who was still on top of Ruby.
"You know, I been wondering. Why do you crush Ruby?" Weiss ask.
"Eh... Let's watch another episode." Ruby said without her or Penny answering Weiss's question.
"Hey!" Weiss yelled as she crash after the two.
"Ha... That's my little sister and girlfriend." Yang laugh. Winter gave a confuse looked.
"I know your not calling Ruby your girlfriend. So who is she?" Winter ask.
"Its Weiss." Blake answer. Winter eyes widen, then glared at Yang.
"Well look at the time... Got a go." Yang said as she runs. Winter then crash after her, Blake just walks back to their room.

Winter and Weiss sat on her bed, many because Winter would kill Yang if she see Weiss sitting on her lap. Penny sat at the left of Ruby well then rest of her team sat to her right.

The Storyteller: FALLOUT S3 E13 - Garden of Eden

*Blackness*
[The Chosen One... killed... my... pa...]
"Isn't that The Chosen One was mention in the Enclave episode?" Winter ask.
"Holy crap she right." Yang said.
*Inside Jr.'s car*
"...and I done spent the last forty years looking for the of a bitch." Jr.
"Wait... he's the Jr. from the FEV episode." Blake said, which everyone but Penny saying 'oh!'
"Can't be the same Chosen One. The Chosen One was a heroine. She righted wrongs, and kept the Enclave from killing just about everyone in California." Tanner.
"Ha! Told you the Chosen One was a woman." Yang said to Weiss.
"'She" you must be talking about a different Chosen One. The person I met was a man - with the devil in his eyes and a pet deathclaw at his heel. Kill ya just for fun, and left a bloody mess in his wake wherever he went." Jr.
"Um... Yang. Jr. said that the Chosen One was a man." Ruby said to Yang.
"You're the know-it-all, was The Chosen One a women or a man?" Tanner.
"That would help." Penny said.
*VD writting his memoir*
The Vault Dweller left behind a written memoir of his adventures, but The Chosen One only left second hand stories by those who witnessed the events.
"That is a problem." Winter said.
"Yeah. Remind me of the old stories." Blake said as she remember each tales with different telling.
'The Gold Knight', 'The Spider Queen', and 'The White Shark'.
*Front of Male CO, back of Female CO*
Some of those people say the Chosen One was a man, some say a woman.
"So, Yang or Weiss could be right." Ruby said.
*Female CO helping a sick man, Male CO shots unarmed man*
Some say they did good deeds all up and down the coast. And some say the Chosen One was a ruthless monster.
"Damn." Yang said.
*VD writting*
I can tell you the things that everyone agrees on if you'd like...
"That would work." Winter said.

The Cathedral blow up to VD looking at his new land

A century, after The Vault Dweller defeated the Master and was exiled from Vault 13, they gathered others from the vault and traveled North to the faraway realm of Oregon.

"Where's Oregon?" Winter ask.

"I don't fucking know! This fucking map can only show pre-war Commonwealths!" Blake yelled. After Blake release her rage, everyone squat away from Blake.

The canyon to Vault 13 door

There they found a patch of land separated from the rest of the world by great canyons, sheltering them from the troubles outside. Safe from the wars between mutant, ghoul, and mankind, the Vault Dweller founded the village of Arroyo, and lived under the open sky, far from the stell crypt where they were born.

"Cool." Ruby said.

"I have to ament that it was smart to make a village there." Blake said. "Only way of getting in or out is through the bridge. Which the only danger would be flying grim in are world."

VD's wife and child

The Vault Dweller fell in love, had children, and grandchildren.

"That's nice." Ruby said, hoping that one day she could do the same.

CO chosen by the elder inside a dark tent

And many years later one grandchild was chosen to leave the village on a quest that began humbly, but ended up saving the world...

"Which One..." Yang try to make a pun. Weiss only throw her pillow at Yang head.

A Red Rocket station

"Chosen One. Who did the choosing?" Jr.

"Yeah, who did the choosing?" Yang ask.

"Nobody. The village elder picked a direct descendant of The Vault Dweller, and sent them to the Temple of Trials." Storyteller.

"Sounds risible enough." Penny said.

"I know this part Storyteller. How's about I take it from here?" Tanner.

Female CO found VD's vault suit and PIP Boy

(The Chosen One had to fight her way through the temple, and reclaim her grandfather's Vault 13 suit and the old PIP Boy 2000. Then she was ready to head out into civilization and take down the Enclave.)

"Okay." Everyone said.

Male CO leaves Arroyo, his people watching him leave

Actually, the people of Arroyo din't know about the Enclave when that quest began. The Chosen One was looking for a piece of old Vault-tec equipment called a Garden of Eden Creation Kit, and was only concerned about saving a little village.

"Isn't that the thing that made Vault City?" Blake ask.

"Yes." Ruby said.

Arroyo to a Mother watching her child sick

The village of Arroyo was slowly succumbing to the wasteland around it. Crops withered or mutated. Brahmin died, and children grew sick.

"Sounds like some towns and villages that me and my team went when I was still in school."

GECK to Vault 22

The Garden of Eden Creation Kit had cold fusion tech from the Back When times, and it could turn a radioactive desert into fertile land. Althoungh results have, reportedly, varied...

"What the hell!" Everyone said when they see the Spore carriers.

CO looking down a wail

But the GECK was Arroyo's only hope, so The Chosen One settled their affairs in Arroyo, taking care of a few quests that weren't exactly epic-

"Have you found my dog yet?" Tribal.
Everyone agreed that was not epic, hell that was a parents or a firefighters job here.

*CO walking into the wastes to a vault 13 canteen*

-then they walked out into a maelstrom of decay with no clue where to find that GECK except a canteen emblazoned with the sacred number...

"Isn't 13 a unlucky number?" Weiss ask.

"Only in Vale and Atlas. But in Mistral, its a lucky number." Blake said, remembering when she and Sun were on a date.

*Back at the statiton*

"Well? What happened next?" Tanner.

"I'll tell you. Right after, you tell me a story. A story about this android we're chasing. Junior and I have both helped you on your quest, but we barely know anything about it." Storyteller.

"A android?" Winter ask.

"Yeah. It seems the NCR made a android and their chasing after them." Weiss answer.

"Been a little curious myself." Jr.

"Look at it like this: if your mission is so important, you're going to want to keep your team informed so we at least know what we're up against. Seem like your android is smarter than any robot I ever saw." Storyteller.

Both Winter and Ruby look at Penny without moving their heads.

"That's because it's more like a cyborg. Has a... a human brain in it." Tanner.

"Wait... What?" Yang said.

"Whose brain? Did someone volunteer, or did the NCR just take it?" Storyteller.

"We're not monsters!" Tanner.

"Sounds like a thing Atlas would do." Blake said. That of course is not making Winter happy.

"Not what I remember about the NCR from when I lived out West." Jr.

"We didn't take it from anyone. We... grew it." Tanner.

"How you grow a brain?" Winter ask.

"You mean cloned it." Storyteller.

"That can't happen." Weiss said, only to see her teammates looking away. "Can they?"

"Didn't know they could clone peolpe." Jr.

"Doesn't work so well when they clone a whole body - just ask Gary- but in Vault City they successfully cloned replacement limbs and organs." Storyteller.

"Whose Gary?" Weiss sounding a little piss.

"Okay. When you and Winter had launch the other we watch a episode about a vault that has cloning." Yang said.

(After a fight between Weiss and the rest of her teammates)

"Can we please continue the episode." Penny ask.

"And a brain." Tanner.

"Whose brain?" Storyteller.

"What I'm about to tell you is classified - tell it to anyone, and I mean anyone, I'll hunt you down myself." Tanner.

Winter froze after hearing that.

*NCR research inside Vault 13*

(A while back, our research teams dug through Vault 13, looking for anything that could explain what made The Vault Dweller and his grandkid big damn heroes.)

"It could be skill." Blake said.

*Classes, Simulators*

(Vault-tec education programs? Training simulators? Maybe something genetic...)

"Hmm..." Everyone.

*Medical room to Blood bag*

(Vault have good medical equipment, kept records on all of their inhabitants, part of some crazy scheme the Enclave had before the war.. Even had blood samples...)

"Wait... How do you get a brain out of a blood sample." Winter ask.
"So you tried to build your own savior. Your own Vault Dweller. I bet you wanted to make an army of heroes to spread your glorious republic across the continent, at any cost." Storyteller.

Penny looked down, she knows what Ironwood has plans for. But if it wasn't for her father she would destroy everyone that would make more of her. Winter knows the plan to, but refuse to help with making a army like that.

"Those monsters." Yang said.

"Manifest Destiny in reverse." Storyteller.

"Every damned thing I hate about the NCR, right there." Jr.

"No kidding." Yang said.

"Yeah, well the project didn't make it past the prototype phase." Tanner.

*Scientist working*

(All them stories you've been telling about how The Vault Dweller could kick the crap out of anything in the Wasteland? Right o the money.)

"No kidding." Ruby said.

*VDA waked up to a room of dead bodies*

(It went crazy, woke up from the simulation we programmed to replicate the Vault Dweller's life and broke out. Got through NCR police, the army, even gave the Rangers the slip.)

"Damn." Everyone said.

*Back at the staion*

"So you wrangled a couple of dumb bastards into helping you chase it." Jr.

"Motormouth here knows the roads leading east. As for you? You got the only working car around."

Tanner.

"Well, ain't I Lucky Luke?" Jr.

"Yeah." Ruby said.

"The Republic will compensate you for your help. Money, water, a pardon for the many ethically-questionable things I'm sure you've done in your time." Tanner.

"Sounds like the kingdoms government." Blake said.

"What's your stake in this?" Jr.

"First she threatened to kill ED-NA. Then I wanted to figure out what stupid mistake the NCR was trying to cover up. Now... I dunno... I sure wouldn't mind telling people about the time I beat up The Vault Dweller. Our little adventure could make for an interesting story one day." Storyteller.

"But didn't Tanner said she'll kill him if said you talk." Winter said.

"Guess this story would let a fella could drink for free in every bar between here and 'Frisco. Alright then... Let's go find your tin man, and clean his clock." Jr.

Yang laughed hearing Jr.'s joke. Everyone slowing wait to for the next episode.
The Storyteller: FALLOUT S3 E14 - Grampy Bone
*Luddite attacking Jr.'s car as it drive by*
"Who are those men?" Winter ask.
"Their Luddites." Weiss said.
"So people who hate factory made items." Penny said.
"Yeah." Ruby said.
"Abomination! Defiler! Yahhhhh! Raaagh!" Luddite.
*Inside the car*
"Next time I tell you to go around a Luddite city, you might want to listen." Storyteller.
"Yeah, innless you what more damage to your car." Yang said.
"No more scenic routes. We gotta be right on top of the android by now." Tanner.
"But with those dogs he'll be in more terrain." Blake said.
"What dog?" Winter ask.
"Unless it took a shortcut through the mountains. Dog carts can go places even a Highwayman can't drive. Of course, The Chosen One drove a car just like this, and he found routes through every part of California. Found it in a town called The Den, but first he stopped in a village." Storyteller.
"The Chosen One had a car?!" Yang yelled.
"Wait! Remember when we first meet Jr.?!" Ruby ask her team, they all nodded slowing. "He said he thought his belongs to someone but never say who. What if his car is the Chosen One's." This broke her teammates minds.
"Should we continue?" Winter ask well she is waving her hand in front Weiss's face.
*Female CO in Klamath to Female CO meeting Sulik*
(I think you meant to say, she stopped in a village.)
[He.]
Ruby shacked her head, already anodyne about the Chosen One gender.
It was in a village called Klamath that The Chosen One met their friend from outside their village. A tribal named Sulik.
"That you!" Ruby said when Storyteller start using 'Their' for the Chosen One.
[I heard about a wildman from the Great Salt Water. Had a bone through his nose and everything.]
"He looks like the pre-kingdom records of Vacuo." Penny said.
His grandfather's bone, claimed it let him speak to the spirits of his dead tribesman. But "Grampy Bone" didn't warn him about the dangers of causing trouble in Klamath.
"Well... That's different." Ruby said. She wears a clock in honor of her mother, but wearing bones of his grandfather is a lot.
*A drunk Sulik punch someone Female CO bot Sulik free*
He drank, brawled, and then incurred a debt to a local saloon owner, and wound up in indentured servitude.
(The North was full of slavers in those days.)
"That's never good." Winter said.
[And The Chosen One figured he'd buy himself his own slave.]
(They were friends! She set Sulik free.)
"I like her version." Ruby said.
*Female CO and Sulik talking to a tribal man*
However it happened, the two of them had some minor adventures in Klamath-
"Torr see bugmen hurt moo-moos." Tribal man.
Ruby, Winter and Penny looked confuses at what the Tribal man said.
*Female CO and Sulik fighting some animals to Female CO and Sulik killed the talking rat*
Including some brahmin rustlers, and a little rat problem... A talking rat problem...
"You're kidding... Right?" Winter ask.
King Rat clawt ear you!
"Nope." Ruby said.
Clawtearrrr!
*Back inside the car*
"A talkin' rat?" Jr.
"Just get to the part about The Den." Tanner.
"Thank you." Penny thank Tanner.
*Female CO talking with Vic*
The Chosen One only went to Klamath because of a man named Vic. Vic was a trader who sold antiquities to the tribals, and had once brought a Vault 13 canteen to The Chosen One's village of Arroyo. Vic was the only lead in the locating the pre-war technology they needed to save Arroyo.
"Sounds like a good lead." Winter said.
*Vic working for the Slavers to Male CO trading Sulik for Vic*
He had run afoil of a gang of slavers, and he ended up as an unpaid Mister Fixit for the Slaver's Guild in The Den.
[The Den was a Jet-fueled hive of scum and villainy back then. The Chosen One fit right in.]
Ruby only sign.
[I hear tell that The Chosen One traded Sulik to the slavers for Vic. Sold his only friend.]
"That is terrible." Penny cover her mouth.
Accounts vary,
*Sulik, Female CO and Vic talking with Joshua*
but The Chosen One managed to free Vic, and Sulik was still with the team when they came to the Brotherhood outpost in The Den.
"Sounds like you need a better scores." Winter said.
(Did your guys send her on a suicide mission, like they did with The Vault Dweller?)
"They did what?" Winter ask.
"Yeah. Back before the Vault Dweller, the Brotherhood use people to get hard to get items." Ruby explain.
The Brotherhood learned their lesson by then. They gave a little encouragement to the more promising people that came by their outposts. In The Den, The Brotherhood had a ruggedly handsome young man named Joshua standing guard outside the outpost.
Winter blush a little seeing Joshua.
(Did he gave any help at all?)
He was a kind-hearted young fellow, but a bit terse in those days.
"So, that's a no." Ruby said.
(Soooo, no help at all.)
*Male CO digging at a grave*
[Plenty of business in The Den, for a slave tradin', drug dealin' grave robber like the Chosen One.]
"He really hates the Chosen One." Penny said.
The Den did have its share of "Business opportuities" for anyone who wanted to facilitate gang wars, or help barkeeps sabotage each other.
"Sounds like one of Uncle Qrow's stories." Ruby said.
*Female CO looking at car being worked on to Female CO burring some bones*
But there was an opportunity to help an honest mechanic get his car running. And many folk in The Den still swear that they saw The Chosen One lay to rest the bones of a woman whose ghost haunted the town.
Ruby and Winter smile.
*Jr.'s car diving into Dogtown*
"Coming up on Dogtown now." Jr.
"Dogtown?" Winter ask.
"A town filled with feral dogs." Ruby said.
'Barking' Cyberdog.
"Aw!" Penny with sparkles in her eyes.
*Inside the car*
"Haven't passed our android. It must have made good time while were fighting crazies back in Grand Junction." Tanner.
Weiss, Blake and Yang slowing getting back to senses.
*Jr.'s car driving through a sandstorm in Dogtown*
"Looks like Vacuo in a sandstorm." Winter said.
*Everyone got out of the car and are facing three wild dogs*
'Loathsome beep' Edna.
Penny's eyes widen. "Penny what did Edna said?" Ruby ask.
"She said..."
*Edna shots the dog in the middle turning it into ashes*
"That." Penny said.
*Everyone else start open fire*
'Accomplished beep' Edna.
"Yes you did." Penny nodding.
"Nothing moving on two legs as far as I can see." Tanner.
"Most folk avoid the place. The Legion technically rules here, but they only ever come here to catch hounds for their army." Storyteller.
"Hmm." Winter.
"Let's hope your android left a trail of dead dogs for us to follow." Jr.
"Why he said that?" Winter ask.
"Because the android leave dead bodies everywhere he goes." Ruby explain.
"Might be better off staking out the roads East and ambushing it on the way out. I don't want to get used to killing dogs. It isn't right." Tanner said as she turn to a dead dog.
"But you don't have a problem with killing people." Ruby ask.
"You're used to killing humans." Jr.
"That's my point!" Ruby yelled.
"Maybe the android isn't in such a hurry to leave. If it's a human brain in a robot body, then it needs something here. Maybe bio med gel. The goo that keeps brains alive in cyborg bodies." Storyteller.
"Gross..." Ruby cringe.
"And the Denver police used cyborg dogs. Has to be a brain goo depository in one of the police stations." Tanner.
"Denver?" Winter ask.
"What Dogtown was called before the war." Ruby answer.
"Big city. Lots of stations." Jr.
"Yup. Let's roll." Tanner.
*Jr.'s car driving around the city*
"Oh my Ouut!" Weiss, Blake and Yang yelled.
*Sometime later inside the car*
"-and the amulet's return brought peace to the vengeful spirit." Storyteller.
"What have we miss?" Yang ask.
"Nothing much." Ruby joked, which Winter and Penny giggle.
"Quiet. You hear that?" Tanner.
"Just Storyteller say something." Blake said.
"What?" Storyteller.
{Hello.} A little girl's voice.
"A little girl." Weiss said calmly, then worry came over. "A little girl!"
"What the problem... All shit!" Yang yelled."What is it?" Penny ask.
"Kids aren't save in Dogtown." Blake answer.
"That." Tanner.
"Must be a g-g-g-ghost." Jr.
"Has to be." Ruby said looking down.
"Who's on this channel?" Tanner.

{I am bored. Will you play with me?} The little girl's voice.
"Sounds like Ruby/Weiss when she was 5." Yang and Winter said together. Which made Ruby and Weiss blush.

"Some kid is using my headset's frequency." Tanner.
"Most of that Ranger gear used to be police equipment before the war." Storyteller.
"Sounds like what Atlas PDs and MPs." Winter said.
"Kid, where are you?" Tanner.

{You are close by.} Kid.
"She sees them." Weiss said.
"You can see me?" Tanner.

{I can smell you. You are getting closer.} Kid.
Which made everyone confuses at what the Kid said.
"Something weird is going on. Stop the car." Tanner.
"Weird indeed." Winter said.

*Jr.'s car stop outside of a police station*
"What luck." Blake said.

*Everyone gets out*

"Spread out and stay under cover." Tanner.

{You are almost here.} Kid.
"Maybe she inside." Weiss said. "After all, where else would a child find a radio."
"If this is a trap, they're hiding really well." Tanner.
"Go inside." Blake said.
"Toldya it's a ghooost." Jr.

*Jr. scares Edna*

"Boo!" Jr.

'Frightened beep' Edna.

'Angry beep' Edna.

"Language." Penny said.

"Hehe." Jr.

{I am not hiding. I am right here.} Kid.
"Where is she." Yang said.
"Your imaginary friend still talking to you?" Storyteller.
"I don't she a imaginary." Ruby said.

"Very funny. She says she's... Right here. What are you?" Tanner.

"What?" Everyone said.

*Tanner kneels down too a gun*

{I am a Dog Augmented Intelligence System: Cyberdog Gun Model - Y.} Gun?
"I can not repeat that." Winter said.
"Dog Augmented Intelligence System: Cyberdog Gun Model - Y." Penny repeated.
"That's a mouthful." Tanner.

"No kidding." Yang said.

*Tanner picks up "Gun"*

"That's a big gun." Yang said.

{You may call me- Daisy.} Daisy.

"Nice to meet you." Penny said happily.
Everyone but Penny froze that there was a talking gun.
The Storyteller: FALLOUT S3 E15 - Vault City
*A close up of Daisy*
[You can call me Daisy.] Daisy.
*Zoom out*
"The voice... She... she's in here." Tanner.
"How... How can a gun talk?" Winter ask.
"I don't know, but it'll be cool if Crescent Rose could talk," Ruby said as she cuddle her weapon.
Only Winter moved away well everyone else just know Ruby or just don't get it.
"I knew a fella who used to talk to his gun." Jr.
"So do we." WBY said in unison, looking at their leader.
"She sayd her name's Daisy. Daisy, did you see anyone else come by here?" Tanner.
"How! She has no eyes!" Weiss yells, which everyone agreed.
[No other humans have come within ranger of my senses.] Daisy.
"So she has radar?" Penny ask.
"She hasn't seen any other people." Tanner.
"Ask your imaginary friend if she saw a machine that looks human." Storyteller.
"That... Makes more sense." Winter said.
[I smelled a machine that sounded as though it moved on two feet. It passed within sensory range ninety four minutes ago, and passed out of range eighty one minutes ago.] Daisy.
"So a hour and 20 min. ago." Yang said, which surprise everyone. "What? Math is my best subject."
Everyone then look away in embossment.
"She can hear you. The android was here an hour and a half ago." Tanner.
"You added 10 min." Yang said.
"Great, so now Tanner's got an imaginary friend, and the Storyteller here has EDNA. Where's my sidekick?" Jr.
Yang made a little laugh. "You don't need a sidekick, you have the only working car."
"That does make traveling safer." Winter said.
"I dunno Ranger. Do you think it's wise to trust some random brain in a jar that we just met?" Storyteller.
"He does have a point." Ruby said. When Storyteller said that, Blake's eyes just narrow at Daisy.
"But... she's a dog brain. Dogs don't lie... Right?" Tanner.
Blake's eyes still on the dog, knowing that Daisy is not only a dog.
[I have been informed on numerous occasions that I am a good dog. A good good dog.] Daisy.
"Aw!" Everyone but Blake said.
"See? She's a good dog. Aren't ya girl?" Tanner.
'Bark bark. Woof woof.' Daisy.
'Angry beep' Edna.
"Now that is no reason to say such words." Penny said as she move her finger in a no motion.
"ED-NA says she doesn't like your new friend." Storyteller.
"Is that what she..." Ruby.
'Angry beep' Edna.
"Edna please, stop being mean." Penny said.
'Grrrr.' Daisy.
Blake bow twitch, Winter couldn't tell if she was seeing things or not.
"We've wasted enough time. Let's go see if we're right about the android needing bio med gel for its brain." Tanner.
"That sounds like a good idea." Weiss said.
Inside the station*
'Calm beep' Edna.
"That's good news." Penny said.
"ED-NA says there's no one else in here." Storyteller.
"Daisy says she doesn't smell anyone, either." Tanner.
"How can she smell?!" Weiss yells.
"Spread out and look for the brain goo storage room. And see if you can find some police headsets
so you can hear Daisy." Tanner.
"Hmm... That'll help." Ruby said.
*Female CO working on a Skynet*
You know, The Chosen One had to find some bio med gel to help a friend back about forty years
ago. An artificial intelligence that was downloaded into a robobrain.
"That's a big brain." Ruby said.
*Inside the Sierra Army Depot to a broke alien ship*
It called itself "Skynet". An artificial intelligence computer that managed the Sierra Army Depot.
According to itself, Skynet was conceived and developed through the use of alien technology.
Everyone but Winter remember that there are aliens in the Fallout world, and their not friendly.
*A.I. coding to outside of the S.A.D.*
Four years after the Great War, the AI became self-aware, and it waited patiently for over a century
before the Chosen One stumbled across it.
Penny eye lit up hearing that Skynet became self-aware like herself.
*The wasteland to two people play a game*
Skynet just wished to travel and learn more about the world, and only needed a body to download
into.
Penny as well remember when she was only code, wanting to see the world.
*Skynet downloading into someone*
Some say it did just that, and joined the Chosen One on their quest to save the Wasteland.
Penny then smile wide, only Ruby and Winter notice and smiled.
*Jars*
[So was Skynet just another cloned brain? Like this android we're chasing?]
"That's actually a good question. It looks like a brain but its a A.I." Winter said.
*A person*
No, I heard it used a monkey's brain. I don't think anyone tried cloning a human brain until this
fiasco.
"Excuse for Gary." Yang said. Then she felt a chill down her spine, she turn around to see Weiss
glaring at her.
*Dead bodies*
[Wonder why.]
*Back with the team*
"Vault City's cloning machine was intended for organ transplants, and replacement limbs. And Vault
City's leaders weren't exactly "Outside the box" thinkers." Tanner.
"It was a good thing to." Weiss said.
"Vault City. Now there's a place I don't know much about. I was there 'bout twenty years ago. Their
guards didn't like the looks of me, and wouldn't let me past the courtyard." Jr.
"Yeah, I heard their dicks like that." Yang said.
*Male CO talking too some people to Jars*
If it makes you feel better, even The Chosen One wasn't welcome in Vault City. He went to there
because it was built on top of Vault 8. It was one of the "Control Vaults" that didn't have any
intentional flaws. Fully equipped with everything its inhabitants would need during and after the
apocalypse.
"Is it weird that its the only Vault that doesn't have a problem we heard of." Weiss ask, Everyone on
her team nodded.
The door opening to a Vault City doctor
It opened right on schedule, a few years after the Great War, and the people who emerged used their
Garden of Eden Creation Kit to create the most advanced and prosperous city in the wasteland back
then.
"So that what it dose." Ruby said.
[But they weren't big on sharing...]
"Like the Brotherhood." Blake said with a cockily smile.

Nope. They viewed the outside world with contempt.

People from other communities were allowed to trade for access to Vault City's medical equipment,
and they could even live in the city-
"That would help." Ruby said.

"What's that catch?" Winter said when people could live in the city.
(-If they agreed to become slaves. Vault City called their labor force "Servants" but it was slavery all
the same.)

Blake made a hiss at the VC slave caller. Which made Winter look at Blake. Yang notice and then
slam her palm on Blake's back. "Ow! What was that for?" Blake ask as she rubs her back.
"You were 'hiss' at a slave caller." Ruby whisper, which Blake blush.

[Sounds like they would have loved an evil bastard like The Chosen One.]

The Chosen One wasn't there to sell slaves. They knew that The Vault Dweller came from Vault 13,
and hoped that somewhere inside Vault 8 they learn the location of the other vaults. But, when they
arrived, they ran into a wall of bureaucracy just as solid as a Vault-tec 'Seal-N-Safe' door.
"Like everything." Weiss said in a bored tone.

(Sounds a lot like The Brotherhood used to treat outsiders.)

"But they got better." Ruby said.

At least the Brotherhood didn't make people fill out paperwork for "Day Passes" or run them through
citizenship exams. The Vault City government made The Chosen One jump through hoops to prove
their worth to those pencil pushers. Even then, I bet they ended up engaging "disreputable" activities
to gain their citizenship.
"Sounds like Atlas." Blake said, Winter was about to say something only for Weiss to stop her.

They had long since done away with the Vault-Tec's governing system of an all powerful Overseer.
"Good. Overseers were the worst." Ruby said.

Vault City had a ruling council... with a "First Citizen" that still acted like an Overseer.
"So they just change the name." Blake said as she shake her head.

Forty years ago it was First Citizen Joanne Lynette.
"She has nothing on are looks." Yang said. Which everyone agreed.

Her city was having troubles with radiation contamination from Gecko, a city built around a nearby
damaged nuclear power plant.
"Geckos." RWBY all narrow their eyes in a humor way. This of course confuses Winter and Penny.

The Chosen One might have earned their citizenship the honest way, but Lynette might have just
looked the other way after The Chosen One did her dirty work for her.
"That bitch." Yang said, as everyone agreed.

Male CO looking at a map to Male CO using a terminal*
[So once the Chosen One gained access to Vault 8 did their fancy gadgets point the way to Vault 13? I find it hard believe that all of them computers you find in the Vault are somehow connected.] "Make sense they wouldn't." Winter said knowing that having everything connected would lead to disaster.

*The map*

Funny thing is, Vault 8's central computer didn't actually have the location of Vault 13. But their records did point the way to-

*Back with the team*

"-Vault 15. My great, great, great, great, great grand parents were born there." Tanner.

"That's a lot of greats." Penny said.

"And information about Vault 13 is-" Tanner.

"Classified." RWBY said.

"-strictly classified." Tanner.

"What so importation about Vault 13?" Winter ask.

"Don't you remember two episode ago." Weiss ask.

"Oh!" Winter said.

"Already been there myself. Back when you was in pigtails little miss." Jr. Yang smiled remember when she braid her hair.

[Pigtails? Do pigs chase their tails too? 'sigh' I wish I could chase my tail...] Daisy.

"I don't think so." Penny said.

"No, Daisy, pigtails is what old hillbillies call having braids in your hair." Tanner.

"And are uncle." Ruby said.

*Male CO walking away from Vault City*

When The Chosen One was finished with Vault City, they at least knew where to find Vault 15. And they picked up another new friend along the way-

*John Cassidy working in the Spitoon to Male CO talked with Cassidy*

a saloon owner by the name of John Cassidy.

"Why is the Chosen One always finding new people in bars!?!" Weiss ask.

Cassidy ran the Spitoon - a bar in the Vault City courtyard, and it didn't take much convincing to get him to close up shop and get out of Vault City.

"Sounds like a good way to past the time." Yang said.

*VC security making fun of a wastelander to Cassidy leny against the wall*

The security force treated outsiders like inferior savages from wastes, and the only reason he stayed around was that he had a heart condition that made it too dangerous to wander the wastes alone. Everyone was disappointed at VC security.

*Male CO looking out into the wasteland*

With the rest of The Chosen One's entourage beside him, he felt he could handle anything in the wasteland.

"The Vault Dweller could." Ruby said.

*The Enclave surrender three wastelanders*

But there were forces secretly at work in California that had been plotting a takeover for over a hundred years.

Everyone eyes widen see the mutant.

"Time to die!" A mutant in Enclave armor.

Everyone feel fear hearing the voice.

'laser gun fire'

But that- is a story for another day...

"Anyone for launch?" Ruby ask nervously.

"Yeah." Everyone said as they got up.
Bad News and Team FEVG

RWBY, Penny and Winter was walking to the cafeteria building when they see Coco storm out of the doors. They then walk up to the fashionable leader. "Hey, Coco!" Ruby yelled. Coco turned around, her eyes filled with rage. She glared at everyone, but then they focus on Weiss. "Um, Coco..."
Before anyone knew it, Coco ran up to Weiss. She then grab Weiss's collar of her dress, then slam her against the wall.
"Weiss!" Everyone yelled.
"You! I thought you were my friend!" Coco yelled at Weiss as she put more force to lift Weiss up.
"What are you talking about?" Weiss ask scared of the angry Coco.
"You know what happen!" Coco yelled her eyes narrowed. She then made a fist then raise it, Weiss close her eyes wait for contact. But it never came, in fact she felt her knees hit the ground. She slowly open her eyes, think Yang or even Winter was holding Coco off. What she see next surprise her.
Coco was pin down on the ground with Fox onto of her. "Fox what the hell!" Fox start rubbing Coco's hair, which was slowly calming down. Yatsuhashi and Velvet run up to them. Yastu reach down and pick Coco up, who was now starting to... cry. The leader of CFVY, the most level head person and the most popular person in Beacon... cry.
"What happen?" Winter ask Velvet who was rubbing Coco's back.
"You should watch the news." Was the only thing Velvet said as she and her team leave.
Yang walk up to Weiss and help her up. They all then walk inside the cafeteria, and what they see shock them. Everyone was looking a the holo-screens with the news title 'CEOs dead at Atlas Airport.'. RWBY, Penny and Winter walked up to JNPR. "Guys! What happen?" Ruby ask.
"This is bad." Jaune said looking at his friends and their new company. "Both the heads of the Adel's and Winchester's company were killed by the White Fang."
"What!?" Blake ask in shocked. "The White Fang won't have target the Adel company. They been helping Faunus Rights for years, it won't make sense that they'll kill Albert Adel."
Lisa Lavender came on screen. "Again, the deaths of both Albert Adel and John Winchester were killed in Atlas Public Airport. So far, no one has clam for the assassination. However most people clam that the White Fang has done the attack..." The screen turn static, a black female silhouette is seen.
"Hello, I'm here to inform you all that the death of Albert Adel was never are goal. We planned on killing John Winchester, but when we attack someone else killed Albert Adel. He was good man, shame that he had to die. This is Wren, sighing off."
Everyone in the room started to about what just happened. Blake's eyes widen, she knew who that was. "Blake you okay?" Ruby ask.
"Yeah." Blake said. She turn her head ,and see both Winter and Penny leaving the room. "Where are they going?"
"Winter said she have to report this to Ironwood." Weiss said.
"Guys, I don't feel like talking about Storyteller right now, or watch more today. Can we do something to get it out of are heads?" Ruby ask her team. Yang walk up to Ruby and gave her a arm hug. Blake and Weiss just look at each other.
"Sure, Rubies. Weiss you what to go on a date?" Yang ask.
"Well, we should have date at some point. So, yes. That would be great." Weiss said.
"I'll be a the library then." Blake said.
"Alright. I'm going to train." Ruby said.

Late at night
Floria and Eva are watch the recording of John's killer. "Oum, would you stop play that. I get it,
"Wren's a bitch." Vega said as she was texting Neptune.
"You don't get it do you." Eva said. "Wren didn't kill Albert, which mean someone else is try to get power."
"And? We're not here to take over anyways." Vega said.
"It's becomes now we have a rogue faction." A male voice said. He the same age as the rest of the team. He has black hair, dark eyes and pale skin. "First we had to the White Fang, the Headmasters, the Hunters, Atlas, the Witch and this new group."
"Who do you think they are, George?" Floria ask.
"So far, I don't knew. But I am looking into it." George said as he leaves the room.
"Oum. Can he not be so cretic?" Vega ask.
"You kill your mother and find out." Eva said in a bitter tone.
"Besides. We all have a reason why were here." Floria said look out of the window. "You what the fam, Eva what the challenge, George what the bitch who killed his uncle... And me, I what to make sure my magna soror save."
RWBY are in the cafeteria with JNRP, after the news that happen yesterday they talk about the episodes and about what they did. To Ruby dismay JNRP as well argued about the Chosen One's gender. Nora and Ren smiled that the Vault Dweller having a family. Pyrrha feel bad for the village of Arroyo needing the GECK. Everyone was confuses about everything, many became of Daisy. Yang and Weiss then talked about their date. Ruby explain that her skills got better, and Blake finish one of her books.

After breakfast, RWBY walk to their room.

The Storyteller: FALLOUT S3 E16 - Wrong Place, Wrong Time

*Jr. found the depository*
"I found the brain goo depository!" Jr.
"Great." Ruby said.
*Some gel on the floor*
"You were right about your android coming here for this." Jr.
"You should get one for Daisy." Weiss said.
Blake made a face that just say, 'I know something is up.'
"Cyborg juice." Tanner.
"It's Bio med gel." Weiss said.
"Bio med gel." Storyteller.
"Thank you." Weiss said.
"Looks like it was spilled recently." Tanner.
"I ain't no brain surgeon, but I know my electronics. Your android was scrounging in these too." Jr.
"Hmm... That's a lot of parts for one thing." Ruby said.
*Cyber parts*
"Cyborg repair parts?" Jr.
"Upgrades." Tanner.
"This sort of tinkering around with cybernetics generally doesn't end well." Storyteller.
"Like cloning a human brain." Blake said.
*Back to view the team*
"There's already more than enough cybernetic horrors roaming the wasteland." Storyteller.
"Like Skynet." Yang said.
"You were saying something about a mechanical monstrosity that roamed the land back during the Enclave times?" Jr.
"Yes. A fellow called Frank Horrigan." Storyteller.
"Was that the thing that order those Enclave members to kill those people?" Yang ask.
*Enclave vertibird fly to Horrigan and two Enclave troops*
Back then, very few people knew that The Enclave even existed. They used their vertibirds to fly across the wasteland, and drop their agents off on secret missions, and horrigan was the most "inhuman" of their operatives.
"Like killing unarmed people?" Blake said.
*Male CO*
The Chosen One was a tribal from the North who knew less about the world than most people.
"That's fare," Ruby said.
*Male CO watch the Enclave facing a family*
They didn't know what to make of Horrigan when they saw him and a bunch of Enclave troops gunning down a helpless family.
"That horrible." Ruby said.
"Time to die!" Horrigan.
Everyone frozen hearing his voice.

*Enclave troops fire at the family*

They were giants in metal armor. They quite likely hadn't seen anything like it before... Unless yount that canyon in Klamath...

*Back to the team*

"Look around, see if you can find any other signs of what the android was up to." Tanner.

"We know that he has a dog slide, going to the Capital Wasteland or The Commonwealth." Blake said.

*Three police headsets landed on the table*

"Here, I found these old pre-war police headsets. You should be able to tune into my frequency." Tanner.

"Now they'll understand Daisy." Ruby said. Blake glared at Daisy.

"Will we be able to hear your imaginary friend too?" Jr.

*Tanner walking away*

"Daisy's real." Tanner.

'Bark bark' Daisy.

'Bark bark' Zwei runs up and landed on Blake's lap. Everyone look at Zwei, and were surprise to see Blake rubbing the back of Zwei's ears. Blake then turn her head to her team.

"What?" Blake.

"Zwei." Yang said as she points at the corgi.

"Its a long story." Blake said.

*Jr. puts on the headset*

"You hear me, Tanner? And how about you dog gun?" Jr.

"You should." Yang said.

*Tanner and Daisy*

{My name is Daisy. I like it when people say my name. It makes my ears twitch.} Daisy.

Zwei started to growl. "What's wrong boy?" Ruby ask.

"I think he doesn't like Daisy. He never growled this much with anyone, but White Fang and Grim." Yang said.

"Maybe he doesn't trust Daisy either." Blake said.

"Either?" Weiss said.

"Well how 'bout that. She is real." Jr. voice.

"Well yeah." Yang said.

"Everyone else on this frequency?" Tanner.

'Static'

"Reading you fine. How do I sound?" Storyteller voice.

"A little stacking." Ruby said.

"Coming in a little garbled. I hate to say this," Tanner said nervously.

*Storyteller and Edna*

"but keep talking while you adjust your frequency and I'll let you know when you're coming in clear." Tanner voice.

"That sounds like something he can do." Blake said.

"I have a crazy idea. How's about you tell us a story." Jr. voice.

"Sounds like a good idea." Weiss said.

{I can hear the metal man clearly. Hello, my name is Daisy. What is yours?} Daisy voice.

Zwei just keep growling.

"Well, howdy Daisy. People call me the Storyteller, but my real name is-" storyteller.

*Tanner foucse the single*

'Static'

"Damn it!" Weiss yelled.

{I like that name. I go by two names as well. You can also me "Good Dog".} Daisy.

Blake and Zwei glared at Daisy.
"Good Dog." Storyteller.
'Jealous beep.' Edna.
"Wish we have Penny here so we knew what Edna saying." Ruby said. Everyone semi agreed.
"Looks like ol' ED-NA's the jealous type." Jr.
"Yeah, we got that on the Dog episode." Ruby said.
"Daisy, I was just telling my friends here about a fellow named Frank. You've probably never heard of the Enclave. But everyone in California, and out on the East coast know about them. The Enclave were bad people." Storyteller.
"That's a understatement." Weiss said.
{I do not like bad people. I bite bad people - with bullets.} Daisy voice.
"That make sense." Yang said.
"These bad people had waited silently out in the ocean, since back when you were a - a regular dog." Storyteller.
"That's a long time." Blake said, knowing that the Enclave hide before the War.
"I am still a dog. I am a good, good dog." Daisy.
Zwei and Blake still growling and hissing at Daisy, this of course made everyone else move away from the two.
"Part dog part gun. You really are man's best friend aren't ya girl?" Tanner.
"Yeah, that's true." Ruby said.
{Why did no one bite the bad people?} Daisy voice.
"Uh, well, the Brotherhood of Steel was... evaluating the situation, and was preparing a strategic, long form plan of action..." Storyteller.
"Sounds like your covering the Brotherhood ass." Yang said.
"You're coming in clear now." Tanner voice.
"About time." Blake said.
"Sounds like Brotherhood propaganda, delivered straight into my dog's floppy metallic ears." Tanner.
"Yeah, it does." Weiss agreeing with Tanner.
"I was telling Daisy about the Enclave." Storyteller voice.
"And how their technology was vastly superior to the Brotherhood's." Tanner.
"That is sadly true." Weiss said.
"I didn't see the NCR doing anything about them until after The Chosen One broke them up for
"Ha! Shows you." Yang laugh at Tanner's comment.
"So just how much better was their power armor than yours?" Tanner voice.

The Enclave's abundant resources and access to pre-war research allowed them to pursue new engineering techniques that were unavailable to anyone else in the wasteland.

"That's true." Weiss said.

[And they had them flying machines. They could swoop down out of the sky, round up a bunch of townsfolk and take 'em away. Not a thing a sheriff, or rangers, or a town militia could do about it. Towns like Redding...]

"So sad." Ruby said.

Yup. The Enclave had a plan that involved the Forced Evolutionary Virus. The FEV was the same stuff that created the Super Mutants. And the source of it was the base in Mariposa that The Master had used decades before. After The Vault Dweller blew the place up, all of the FEV was buried under tons of rock, and The Enclave needed slave labor to excavate it.

"Okay. That does not look like it blew up." Yang said.

"Yeah. Why is that?" Ruby ask.

[Could tell he was a tribal, even though he wore a Vault-tec jumpsuit. Said he was The Chosen One among his people, and that he sought "The Holy GECK." ]

"The Holy GECK?" Yang ask. After a sec. everyone just laugh.

[He helped out around our town, anytime someone had dirty work and a few caps to spare.] 'Bang'

"I really don't like Jr.'s Chosen One." Yang said.

"But no one knows what the Chosen One, for all we know it could be two people and that's where people got it wrong." Ruby said, which again broke Weiss and Yang's brains. Thankful Blake understood what Ruby was saying.

[I told him about my problems, hoping the big damned hero would save the day for me like in the comic books...]

"Sounds like the plot of X-Ray and Vav." Ruby said.

"My dad's a miner. His name is Melchior just like mine. He went away with some men dressed in metal clothes I hope dad comes back soon. I miss his magic tricks." Jr. Ruby looked down, remember when Summer dead that she didn't understand what was happen.

"Damn... Sorry, Junior. I guess even The Chosen One couldn't rescue everyone." Tanner.

"Yeah. Sorry." The Ladybug dude said in a sad voice.

[Oh, that Chosen One found my pa, alright. Found him and killed him on the spot, then he came back to Redding, and didn't have the nerve to look me in the eye and tell me he done it!]

"Maybe he felt bad." Ruby said.

Blake had to admit that Jr. was a handsome young man back then.
When I grew up, I followed in The Chosen One's steps, learned where The Enclave took my pa and the other miners.

"I don't think you'll like what you fine." Blake said as she remembers the FEV episode.

*Jr. found his dead father*
[and saw The Chosen One's handiwork for myself. ]

*Jr. fell too his knees and cry*

Both Ruby and Blake felt bad as they see Jr. crying.

[But that's a story for another day...]
The Storyteller: FALLOUT S3 E17 - Killed My Pa

*Young adult Jr. walking the wastes*

[I spent ten long years trying to find where the Enclave took my pa, finally found that base... Mariposa. Followed the trail of lies, treachery and death that The Chosen One left in his wake.]

Yang shook he head, when her mind came back.

*Jr. at Mariposa to inside the deepest part*

[From Redding to Broken Hills, New Reno to Navarro, and it all led me right to my pa's final resting place in the deepest levels of that base.]

Yang’s eyes looked down, remembering the day her uncle had to save her and Ruby.

*Enclave soldier forcing a miner too dig to a mutated miner*

[The miners from Redding had been forced by The Enclave to dig out the place after The Chosen One's grandfather destroyed it. Place was so full of pre-war mutagenic goo that eventually every one of them poor souls mutated, including my pa.]

"That so sad." Blake said looking down.

*Enclave members leaving to a Enclave soldier flying across the room*

[The Enclave must have gotten what they were after, and cleared out. They wanted to kill everyone - but soon learned you don't pick a fight with pissed off mutants.]

"That should teach them." Yang smirked.

*Enclave sealed a door to Male CO outside*

[So they sealed the place behind them with pa and everyone else from Redding still inside. The Chosen One came along later, blew the place open again, and went on a killing spree.]

Weiss slowly start coming back to her senses.

*Three mutants talking to Pa doing a show in a casino*

[They all turned to mutants by that time including pa. All man ever wanted from life was to be a stage magician. Maybe move to Reno or Vegas and do a magic show at one of the casinos...]

"That explain what Jr. said in the last episode." Ruby said.

*Male CO facing Pa*

[The "Chosen One" made sure he never got the chance.]

"Stop talking to me!" Pa. "Leave me alone!"

"That's understandable." Weiss said.

*Male CO blow Pa's brains out*

"Son of a bitch!" Everyone yelled.

*Jr. saddened at his Pa's death*

[This here rifle is the only thing I have left to remember him by...]

"That explain why he would fight those luddites if they touch his rifle." Yang said. Ruby start rubbing her cloak, it was the last thing her mother gave her. So Ruby understated with Jr.

*Back with everyone*

"I'm sorry Junior." Storyteller.

"Spent thirty more years on the road chasing after the Chosen One, up and down from 'Frisco to Arroyo, and never caught up to him. Now thanks to the Ranger here, I got a chance to kill The Chosen One's grandpappy and put my father's soul to rest." Jr.

"Even tho that would makes some sense, how does he even know that'll work?" Weiss ask, everyone just shrug.

{Sorry to interrupt, but I smell bad men. The ones who take dogs away.} Daisy.

"Bad men... bad men...?" Blake reputed.

"Bad men who take dogs?" Storyteller.

"Legion!" Blake snap her fingers.

"Must be the Legion Houndmasters. They capture dogs and use them as war hounds against the
"Republic." Tanner.
"We know that already." Yang said.
"They used to be a tribe called the Hangdogs before the Legion assimilated them. The android we're hunting is probably out of the city by now." Storyteller.
"Yeah, no kidding." Weiss said.

*Outside of the station*

"We'll catch it on the road. Or when it tries to cross that big river in the middle of the country." Jr.
"There's a river that long?" Weiss ask Blake.
"If there is, I can't fine it." Blake is getting a little piss at her map.
"Is that still legion territory?" Yang joking asking Blake.
"Yang, I will shove this down your throat if you make another joke about my studied map." Blake said, with a vain on top of her head readily to preset, well holding a large cucumber. Everyone not wanting to piss Blake off more slowing backed away.
"Alright Storyteller, we get it. There's nothing you don't know. But tell me this. Why didn't the Chosen One help them mutants and my pa escape? He could have told them about Broken Hills, but instead he unleashed Hell on 'em." Jr.
"Broken Hills?" Ruby ask. Blake glared at Ruby. "I was asking Storyteller!" Ruby cried.

{Broken Hills?} Daisy.
"Broken Hills is the name of a town in California. Well, it was." Tanner.
"Was?" Everyone ask.

{I was designed for local law enforcement. I do not have access to maps beyond the Four States Commonwealth.} Daisy.
"Do to the fact they say California is in the far west which is here. And the Four States Commonwealth is here. Yep. Its to far for her to know about it." Blake smiled happy that her map help for once.
"California is a big place to the West, and Broken Hills was a mining town before the Great War, back when you were probably just a puppy." Tanner.
"How old are Gun Dogs are?" Blake ask.
"When Junior and Ranger Tanner were just kids, Broken Hills was still a mining town, but a different kind of miner lived there." Storyteller.
"Really?" Yang ask.

*Uranium to two mutants in the mine*
Places like Gecko and Vault City needed uranium to fuel their nuclear reactors, but humans couldn't mine or process the stuff because uranium is radioactive. So humans and mutants worked together there.

"Really?!" Everyone yelled.

*Marcus*
The founder, and Sheriff of Broken Hills was a - person named Marcus who was at least a hundred years old back then, and still alive today.
"Wait. Isn't Marcus the leader of that one place... You know, the one with all the mutants." Blake ask.
"I remember his name, but not the town." Weiss said.

*Marcus and two other mutants to Marcus just turn*
Marcus was one of the first generation super mutants. Chosen by the Master's keen eye for his genetic potential. After he mutated, he was just as smart as he'd been before.
"At least someone still had his mind.

*The Cathedral blew up to Marcus drifting around*
After The Vault Dweller defeated the Master, his mutant followers were left leaderless, drifting through the wasteland. The brutes rampaged through the land, but the more intelligent ones like Marcus tried to find a new purpose, and a use for their genetic gifts.
"Hmm..." Everyone felt bad for him.
He drifted about the wastes, until he ran into a Brotherhood of Steel paladin named Jacob, and the two fought for days in the middle of the desert, with neither gaining the upper hand.

"That's should take less time then need." Ruby said, she understand that in the desert fight is tuff. First there's the ammo, second food, third and more importing water.

They decided to travel together, and debate their political views, instead of punching each other.

"That sounds better than when Yang and Weiss fight." Ruby said.

"Hey!" Weiss yelled.

"Well Weiss, we did fight a lot. And well be 'fighting' more a lot more later." Yang said with a lustful smile. Blake and Weiss blush, well Ruby can't tell the different.

And, in time, they became unlikely friends. The sight of them was an inspiration to other wanderers "This is how human and faunus should have seen." Blake said. "If only super mutants did ever lived on Remnant."

- or maybe people just felt safer in the company of a huge mutant and a guy in power armor, so they eventually amassed enough followers to form their own town.

The reason they needed a giant mutant sheriff was that all those different kinds of people couldn't get along all the time.

"I can see that." Ruby said.

The super mutants did the hard work in the mines, ghouls processed the raw ore, and humans traded the product with other towns, because many places like Vault City wouldn't do business with mutants.

"Sounds like they make the great team." Weiss said.

The Chosen uncovered a plot to kill off the mutants by tampering with the mine's air purifier, and the mutants were plotting against the humans at the same time too.

Everyone gave themselves a face palm.

According to Marcus, it was good for a while after The Chosen One came, but once the mine had been scrapped clean, the townsfolk dispersed.

"Make sense." Weiss said.

Now Marcus lives in Nevada, a place called Jacobstown, named after his human friend who helped him found Broken Hills.

"That's sweet." Ruby said.

Last I saw of him, he was trying to cure Nighkin mutants who lost their minds to stealth boy poisoning, and he was taking care of the unlucky mutants who lost their intelligence during the mutation process.

"Like the time when you help tell the story of the F.E.V. to them." Yang said.

"Old-timers in the Republic capital say they saw Marcus traveling with The Chosen One when she came there looking for Vault 13. By that time, The Chosen One's entourage of companions had grown even larger than the team that traveled with the Vault Dweller." Tanner.

"She sure made her grandpa proud." Yang said.

"She? You mean he." Weiss said.
"No I mean she." Yang smiled.
"Don't start that, or I'll let Blake do the thing." Ruby said in an angry voice. Yang and Weiss shut up after hearing that Ruby would do that to them.
"They had been joined by a ghoul named Lenny. And some stories say The Chosen One got married in some little village in the North." Storyteller.
"Aw!" Everyone said together.
"Several roads lead out of Dogtown. The android's not stupid enough to head straight East on the biggest highway." Tanner.
"I got an idea about where your android is heading Ranger. Place in the Capital Wasteland most likely." Storyteller.
"Why you say that?" Ruby ask.
"Lot of territory between here and there." Tanner.
"Looks like we got a long way to go." Storyteller.
"Wait! Where did I even get this?!" Blake yelled.
The Lowest

The Storyteller: FALLOUT S3 E18 - Pullout

"Okay, that's gross. Even for a wasteland." Ruby said.
"Looks like the Luddites want us to know we're on their turf now... anyway, where was I?"
Storyteller.
"Weren't you already in luddite turf?" Yang ask.

"He tried to get me to believe he knew a guy with a tree growing out of his head." Tanner.
"He's just as real as you." Yang said.

"Ah yes, Harold, he was in Gecko at the same time as the talking molerat. And it was just a little
stick growing out of his head back then." Storyteller.
"Right, then he goes east and then became a tree. He then meet Three-Dog and the Storyteller." Yang said.

"Stick? Did he ever throw the stick? I will chase the stick.} Daisy.
"Sounds like Zwei, even with out the stick." Ruby said smiling.
"But she don't have legs." Blake said.

"
"ED-NA would like to point out that you don't have legs." Storyteller.
"Thank you, Edna. Glad we agree." Blake smiled. Which is now weirding her teammates out. First
she didn't like Zwei, no she does. Then she was sure about Edna, now she likes her.

{ED-NA's a bitch.} Daisy.

Blake hiss at Daisy, because in turn, Daisy called Blake a bitch too.

'Angry beep' Edna.

"Wait. A week ago you told me that Harold lived in The Den, back when The Vault Dweller went
there looking for a water chip." Tanner.
"That was like what, over 50 years? He could have travel during that time." Yang said.
"People move around. Harold more than most. Long life due to mutation usually means you meet a
lot of people, and Harold is very very old." Storyteller.

"Yeah, he was alive before the war." Yang said.

{I am told I will live for a long time as well. Sigh. I will miss you all when you are gone.} Daisy.
That got RWY a little said, but made Blake narrow her eyes.

"Woah, that's a pretty dark thought girl." Tanner.

"No kidding." Yang said.

"Satisfied beep' Edna.

"Well down Edna!" Ruby cheered.

Everyone look at their weapons. All think of what would happen if their weapons were alive. Then
they all throw it in the back of their minds.

{For instance, judging by Junior's old age and high-risk lifestyle, I estimate that he will expire in
approximately 5.7 years.} Daisy.

*Everyone sitting around the camp fire*

"Hey! I ain't that old." Jr.

"Really." Yang smiled.

"Okay, I'm pretty old..." Jr.

Small giggles came from the team.

{I am detecting other nearby life forms that could possibly outlive me, but stand the best chance at long-term survival. I am a gun, and people do not kill guns-} Daisy.

"guns kill people..." Tanner.

"That's not true, people kill people. And so do grim... And animals... and sometime robots. But what I mean is guns are just tools that help do the killing." The weapon expert said.

"Damn. I can't believe I'm going to say this, but can we talk more about Harold?" Tanner.

"What's the matter? Can't handle the thought of you immortality?" Yang ask smiling.

"Hehe. What's a matter Ranger? All this talk about dying one day bummin' ya out?" Jr.

"Nice guess, sis." Ruby said to Yang.

"So back to Harold." Storyteller.

*Some ghouls walking to a ghoul and a mister handy working on the reactor*

He and many of the ghouls from Necropolis moved North after the Masters' army attacked Necropolis. By the late 2230s, many of them had settled in a place called Gecko. Right in the middle of town, there was a pre-war nuclear reactor that had been built by Poseidon Energy back when uranium was easy to come by, and atom mills were the wave of the future.

"That should help with power." Weiss said.

*Two ghouls mining to Lynette*

Mining uranium and running a reactor were a bit more difficult after civilization collapsed. In 2241, Gecko's power plant generated enough power to keep the lights on, but it was leaking coolant - contaminating the water sources in Vault City. The leaders of Vault City actually had the means to fix Gecko's reactor, but they hated mutants, and would sooner shoot the ghouls than help them.

"Sounds like the Schnees back before your time Weiss." Blake said.

"As much as it hate me to say this, your right." Weiss said hanging her head down.

*Harold talking with Gecko's ghouls to Male CO*

Harold was sort of the mayor of Gecko at the time. Or more of an administrator. He wasn't quite a ghoul himself, but the people of Gecko were accepting of all sorts of oddballs.

"I bet they wouldn't mind faunus either.

He had enough experience in his hundred and seventy years to know that any little town in the wasteland can cease to exist overnight, and his main concern was keeping Vault City from attacking. When the Chosen One came to Gecko to-

[-to do Vault City's dirty work.]

"Maybe?" Blake said.

*Harold talking too Male CO*

Regardless of why The Chosen One was there, Harold asked them to help get the reactor running in a more ecologically-friendly fashion, hoping it would keep Vault City off their backs. The Chosen One also caught the eye of Harold's assistant Lenny.

"Lenny?" Ruby ask.

*VD and dogmeat run past Lenny*

Lenny had been in Necropolis eighty years earlier, when The Vault Dweller was there. He had wanted to join The Vault Dweller quest-

"Why didn't he?" Ruby ask again.

-but after a moment's hesitation, his opportunity was gone.

"Oh!" Everyone said.

*Lenny watch as Male CO walk into Harold's office*

Lenny had to wait eighty years for another chance to walk at a hero's side. But the opportunity did come eventually. When The Chosen One appeared in Gecko, it seemed like destiny had called twice.
"And you shuck destiny's hand for that." Yang said.

*Maecus talking with Lenny, Male CO and his human companions*

Marcus, was downright happy to have a fellow mutant on the team, and the other companions were tolerant, if not overjoyed at having a smelly ghoul with them. "That oddly sounds racist." Blake said with an eyebrow up.

*Back at the campfire*

"When I was tracking The Chosen One, years ago, I went to Gecko. Some of the ghouls there said he murdered a fella just to get the part he needed to fix this car." Jr.

"Okay." Yang said as she and everyone else back up.

"The Chosen One ran all over the state trying to find the right parts for this car. Might have done some - questionable things to get the last of the Highwayman up and running again." Storyteller.

"Yeah. I take it that murder is one of them." Ruby said.

"Back then, it would have been a magnet for the dwindling auto market. In fact, when The Chosen One drove it into New Reno-" Storyteller.

*Female CO walking into New Reno, well someone stile "her" car*

(Let me guess, the second The Chosen One turned her back, those lawless reprobates in Reno stole it to sell for Jet money.)

*Chop shop to Male CO shot a unarmed man*

Pretty much, the town "Greeter" tipped off a local chop shop, and while The Chosen One was enjoying New Reno's nightlife, the Highwayman was hauled off to be sold to a local crime boss. "Then how was it in the Mojave then?" Blake ask.

["Enjoying the nightlife." Reno was a blight on an already waste land. The center of a network of murder, slavery, and drug dealing that plagued the Night for miles around. A backstabbin' cutthroat, adulterer like The Chosen One found more than "recreation" there. Plenty of work for someone willing to get their hands dirty.]

"Its that bad?" Ruby and Weiss ask. Which their teammates nodded.

*New Reno street to man throwing up*

[Crime families bickering, jet junkies staggering around town.]

Ruby and Weiss eyes were widening.

[Even the local temperance union was run by a drunkard. The whole economy was a triangle, of gambling, whore-mongering, and jet fumes.]

"That's gross." Ruby said as she turn a little green, which her team was having the same shade.

*Back in the camp*

"You say your Chosen One was a hero. There's no reason why a decent person would ever set foot in that town willingly." Jr.

"Right." Ruby said.

"Shame your Republic didn't roll in there and raze the place to the ground." Jr.

"They didn't?" Weiss ask.

"I gotta agree with you there, Junior. New Reno's been a boil on the NCR's backside ever since they emerged. And instead of lancing it, we let them join up..." Tanner.

"Sounds like she doesn't agree with all the NCR choices." Blake said.

*A hucker holding some holovids*

Many of The Chosen One's adventures were documented in a popular "erotic" that was produced in New Reno around the time they were in Reno.

"Wait what?!" Everyone but Ruby yelled.

*Storyteller working on a viewer to Storyteller watching said video*

Some cinemaphiles claim that the movie used actual footage of The Chosen One.

"Wait, wouldn't that help what gender they were?" Blake ask. (Uh huh. And you know this how?) In amuse voice.

"Yeah. How do you know this?" Yang join in on Tanner's question of rumor.

I- acquired a copy as part of my research into the history of the wasteland.

"Sure you did." Yang said rolling her eyes.
[Nice work if you can get it.]
*Back in the camp*
"Uh huh. And I'm sure you read Cat's Paw for the articles." Tanner jokily.
"Cat's Paw?" Everyone ask.
"Actually one issue of Cat's Paw does have an in-depth article on the use of energy-based weapons -
Anyway, the Chosen One couldn't dally indefinitely on their erotic journey from Modoc to
Mariposa. The village of Arroyo was in need of the Garden Of Edna Creation Kit, and the best way
to find one was way down South in a vault, not far from a little village that had once been called
Shady Sands. But that is a story for-" Storyteller.
"A another day." Everyone said.
"Me! I grew up in Shady Sands Storyteller so I'll take it from here." Tanner said happily.
"Is it just me, or does she seem happy to talk about a story?" Weiss ask.
'Clears throat' Tanner.
*Female CO and robodog*
(Here's a story about a girl and her robot dog...)
"Hey guys, its time for launch. Well watch more when we come back." Ruby said.
RWBY made it the cafeteria and meet up with JNPR. They told them all about the Enclave taking people, and what happen to Junior's pa. This of course gave mixes emotions. Ren and Nora like Broken Hills, a small untied of the three merge races. Pyrrha like Marcus wiliness to help people. Jaune of course like that Marcus wasn't the only mutant on the Chosen One's team. How everyone's mode change when they heard about New Reno. Ren is still ticked about the chems episode, and hearing New Reno isn't helping.

After launch Jaune spoke up. "Hey, is it okay if we watch?"
"Of course it is, come on." Ruby said to her fellow leader.

JNPR brought chairs from their room to sit in. Ruby, Jaune, Pyrrha, Weiss, Yang, Nora, Ren and Blake took their seats.

The Storyteller: FALLOUT S3 E19 - A Girl and Her Dog

*Storyteller talking with Edna*
"ED-NA, we need you to scout the roads East. Be back by dawn this time." Storyteller.
"Smart idea, using the only one in you're team that the Luddites would notice in a heart bet as a scout." Weiss said a mocking tone.
"I understand what your say. But think of it like this, Edna is the only one that doesn't need to sleep." Ren stated.
"That's a good point." Blake said.
*Edna starts to leave*
"Affirmative beep" Edna.
*Storyteller rejoins the campsite*
"The Mississippi is less than a day away. Luddite territory ends there." Storyteller.
"Well that's a good thing." Yang said as she was getting bored of seeing Luddites.
"Let me guess, those primates won't defile their feet by stepping on a pre-war bridge built with machine-made steel beams." Tanner.
"That's stupid." Nora said.
"We, know." RWBY said in unison.
"Yup. King Ludd ruled much of St. Louis when I was there last." Storyteller.
"So, this guy is like strong or something." Jaune whisper to Ruby, which she answer with a shrug.
"Our android might end up stuck on this side of the river, then. The Luddites might do our job for us." Jr.
"Maybe." Blake said, having a weird feel in the back of her head. She had this feeling since Daisy join, and now this all to convict.
"We'll see what ED-NA turns up and build a plan once we know what we're up against. You two turn in, Daisy and I will take first watch." Tanner.
"Smart plan Tanner." Pyrrha said.
{You were going to tell me a story about a girl and a robot dog.} Daisy.
"Wait. They had like four dogs." Ruby said, which Blake got the chills.
"Alright... a long time ago, in a farway land called California, there was a brave young woman named-" Tanner.
{ -the Chosen One! I know this part.} Daisy.
"She so cute." Nora said about Daisy's voice.
*Everyone but Tanner and Daisy resting*
"The Chosen One left her village on a quest that took her far south to a place called The New California Republic. She was looking for a very old piece of technology called a GECK, so she thought it would be good idea to ask a scientist about it. In the NCR she met a man named Doctor Henry." Tanner.
"I do not like going to the doctor..." Daisy.
"Yeah, no likes going to the doctors." Nora said.
"Well, actually..." Ruby said in a joking voice.
"Wait. Rubies don't tell them..." Yang couldn't finish her sentence.
"Yang use to had a huge crush on are family doctor when we were kids." Ruby said.
"You... What?!" Weiss ask giggling.
"It wasn't my fault! It was puppy love!" Yang defend herself.
"Really? Because before we found out that was powering your semblance, you use to hurt your self all the time just so she banged your arms or legs." Ruby made a evil grin.
"Aw. Don't worry, Yang. Everyone has a childhood crush, its nothing to be a shame of." Blake said.
*Henry working on a dog*
(Doc Henry had a pet that was half dog half robot.)
"A cyberdog" Blake said, still having the chills.
{Like me! Was the dog's name Daisy?}
"I don't think so, sweetie." Weiss said.
*Female CO talking with Henry to Female CO talking with Tandi*
(She was just called Robodog. And Doc Henry gave her to The Chosen One.)
"That's nice of him." Nora said.
(Doc Henry didn't know where the GECK was, but lots of people in town needed help, so The Chosen One and Robodog went to the nice old women who was President of the NCR.)
"Wait, that's Tandi. She doesn't look that bad." Yang said. Weiss then punch Yang's shoulder.
"What? I'm saying she look good for her age." (The Republic had once been called Shady Sands, and the President lived there way back when she was a young girl. She even knew The Chosen One's grandfather, the hero we call The Vault Dweller.)
"And she was like any other teenage girl back then." Blake said.
*President Tandi to the wasteland*
(President Tandi wasn't a young girl anymore though. She had grown into a wise leader, and helped found the Republic with her father. By the time The Chosen One came, that Republic had grown from that one little town into a nation that covered most of California.)
"I guess they didn't have all of California back then." Ren said.
*NCR troopers talking towards a person to a big building*
(But some people were too frightened or ignorant to see how joining the Republic was in their own interests, and one of those places was called Vault 15.)
"Wait. Didn't you said the NCR came from Vault 15?" Pyrrha ask.
"Yes they did. But at a time, it was hold by the Khans." Weiss said.
*A Khan gauring a door to Vault 15 halls*
(Vault 15 was a big hole in the ground full of amazing machines from before the Great War. The President's ancestors lived there two hundred years ago, and so did mine.)
"Boring." Nora said. Which everyone gave her 'really?' look.
*Two Khans to Female CO and Robodog with those Khans*
(Some bad people had moved into Vault 15, and the President needed help in getting them out, so she asked The Chosen One-)
{-And Robodog!}
"Ha ah." JNPR made a small laugh.
(-and Robodog to... make the bad people go away.)
"Is it just me, or does Tanner treat Daisy like a child?" Blake ask.
"Yeah. Now that I think about, she has." Weiss said.
"I don't get it, the only reason she would act like this is if she..." Blake froze, as well as Pyrrha, Weiss, Yang and Ren.
"Has this been happening before?" Nora ask.
"Believe it or not, yes." Ruby said.
Some Khans inside Vault 15 dinner to Two Khans firing their guns
(The bad people called themselves The New Khans. Many years earlier, the original Khans had fought the people of Shady Sands, and the New Khans still hated The President and her Republic.)
"Make sense." Jaune said.
*Darion to Darion walking with his dog*
(Their leader was a man named Darion. He was the only survivor after The President and The Vault Dweller defeated the Khans, and he had spent eighty years rebuilding the gang. He even had a mean old dog that followed him everywhere.)
"I thought there were no bad dogs. Just bad people." Nora said.
"I think that's what Tanner is saying." Her team leader said.
*Female Co and Robodog meeting Darion*
(When The Chosen One and Robodog came to the Vault, Darion knew that they had been send by The President, and he sicked his henchmen on them.)
"Bad idea." Ruby said.
*Darion and some other Khans dead bodies to Female CO looking up Vault 13 location*
(After - making the bad people go away, The Chosen One and Robodog searched through Vault 15's records and finally learned the location of the GECK, and a place called Vault 13.)
"Which they been looking for." Ruby said.
*Back at the campfire*
"Actually, there was a prospector in the NCR who had map to Vault 13. The Chosen One could have learned of its location that way." Storyteller.
"I thought you were sleeping!" Ruby yelled.
"I thought you were asleep! Does that damned power armor talk on its own?!" Tanner.
"Now that would be scary." Jaune said.
{What did Robodog do next?} Daisy.
"She and The Chosen One returned to NCR, and here they met The New California Republic Rangers." Tanner.
"Earths version of a huntsmen." Ruby said.
{You are called Ranger Tanner. Are the Rangers you parents?} Daisy.
"Her parents could have been." Jaune said.
"In a sense." Tanner.
*A NCR Ranger to a Ranger claming up a cliff*
(The Rangers have existed since a little after The Vault Dweller came to Shady Sands. Us Rangers are the ones the NCR calls when no one else can get the job done.)
"But not against a android with the Vault Dwellers brain." Ruby said.
*A camp full of dead radiers, a Ranger wondering, 1st BHD*
(We stop the worst criminal organizations, scout out new territory, and we were the ones who took down the Legion at the first battle of Hoover Dam.)
"But a lot of people dead in that battle." Ruby said.
*Female CO talking with a Ranger*
(The Chosen One helped the Rangers stop a gang of slavers that had set up shop just North of the Republic's border.)
"What gang?" Nora ask.
*Back in the camp*
"You were all smug about The Vault Dweller being in the Brotherhood of Steel, but you forget that The Chosen One was a member of the NCR Rangers." Tanner.
"Yeah, but I think the Vault Dweller can kill the Chosen One with both hands tide behind his back." Jaune said.
*Storyteller jetting up*
"If Junior was awake he'd say The Chosen One probably killed all the slaves, right in their cages." Storyteller.
"Junior really don't like the Chosen One does he?" Jaune ask.
"Yep." Runy said.
'Snore' Jr.
"Chosen One..." Jr.
'Snore' Jr.
"Killed..." Jr.
'Snore' Jr.
"mah pah..." Jr.
'Snore' Jr.
Nora and Ruby giggled hearing Jr. sleep talk.

{Did The Chosen One meet more dogs on her way to find the GECK?} Daisy.
"I believe three more dogs join them." Ruby said.
"The Chosen One did meet another robot dog. His name was K-9 and he lived in a placed called Navarro. He was also in the care of a Doctor." Tanner.
"I remember him, he told Storyteller about the Chosen One's story."
{Grrr.} Daisy.
"But he was nice..." Tanner.
"That's good." Ruby said.
{All doctors are bad to dogs.} Daisy.
"Maybe its because her brain was remove." Jaune said, which had Ruby and Nora gross out.
"Okay, he was bad, and he did mean things to K-9." Tanner.
"You really like Daisy." Ruby said.
*Female CO kill the "Bad Doctor"*
(But then The Chosen One arrived and she... made the bad doctor go away.)
This made them release that Jr. could be right about the Chosen One being a killer.
*Female CO talking with K-9*
I met K-9, you know. Not long after The Chosen One fought the Enclave. Good conversationalist, if a bit of a know-it-all.
(Do tell...) In a sarcassic voice.
The three laugh.
*Back in the camp*
"Oh!" Ruby stop laugh hearing Daisy's question.
"They had many more adventures with The Chosen One, then they... they went to live on a farm... with a nice girl named Dorothy." Tanner.
"Where did that name came from?" Nora ask.
"Actually, NCR disassemble them." Blake said when she final came back to her sense.
"NCR Scientist disassembled them-" Storyteller.
"Its like telling your kid their pet die." Jaune said.
*Jr. wakes up*
'Snore'
"Now that's a weird thing to dream about." Nora said.
"I was just telling Daisy about the cyberdogs that traveled with The Chosen One while she was looking for Vault 13." Tanner.
"Talking dogs, talking molerats. What the hell kind of nonsense are you two gonna get on about next?" Jr.
"Talking molerats?" Pyrrha ask, as she start coming back.
"Well, there were these talking deathclaws." Storyteller.
"Are you kidding me?!" Weiss yells as she too was coming back.
"I don't believe a word of it." Jr.
"It's true. The Chosen One had one of them follow him around for a while." Storyteller.
"Didn't you said he had a deathclaw fellow him around," Yang said.
*Storyteller getting back to bed*
"But that's 'yawn' a story for another day..." Storyteller.
"and The Chosen One woke up to find the girl's father standing over the bed, waving a shotgun. They were married that very day at the Modoc church." Storyteller.

"How romantic." Nora said, as Ren start coming back to his sense.

"A sexy farmer's daughter and a shotgun wedding? Are you sure you didn't get this story from that "erotic holovid" out of New Reno?" Tanner.

"That doesn't sound like any erotic story I ever read." Yang said, which had everyone look at her.

"Yang! That gross!" Ruby said.

"There is a kernel of truth even in-" Storyteller.

{Something is approaching from the East.} Daisy.

"Is it Luddites or Edna?" Pyrrha ask.

*Edna comes in*

{Oh. It is the robot.} Daisy.

Blake made a glare at Daisy.

'Expository beep' Edna.

"She says she didn't encounter any patrols West of St. Louis." Storyteller.

"That's kind of odd." Weiss said.

"That's convenient for us." Tanner.

"I been having that feeling." Blake said, still having that weird feeling.

"Think the Luddites know we're coming? Got some kind of passenger pigeon network that told 'em about us?" Jr.

"That's what it was like during the war." Ruby said, remember Dr. Oobleck class.

"They're either over-confident, or luring us into a trap." Tanner.

"King Ludd rules a thousand mile stretch of the country. He's not stupid..." Storyteller.

"No kidding." Jaune said.

"Neither is the android. We might be able to use this in our favor. Any sign of an ambush and we head to the closest city with a bridge across the Mississippi, then set up our own ambush there. Let's move out." Tanner.

"That sounds like a good plan." Ruby said.

*Jr.'s car start driving*

"Still got a ways to St. Louis... Last night, you were gonna tell us about what The Chosen One found at Vault 13, all them years ago." Jr.

"Oh. Right, he was." Pyrrha said.

*Inside Jr.'s car*

"The Chosen One expected to find it full of their kinsfolk- descendants of the people who chose to remain behind when The Vault Dweller was banished eighty years earlier." Storyteller.

"But the Enclave remove them." Weiss said.

"Unbeknownst to The Chosen One, the Enclave had cleared the place out - and left behind a new group of vault dwellers. Of a sort..." Storyteller.

*Three Deathclaws standing infront of Fem. CO*

"Deathclaws!" RWBY yelled.

Deathclaws.

"Wait, that's a deathclaw?" Jaune ask.

[Too bad they didn't put an end to The Chosen One right there...]

It might have turned out that way if these were any other pack of deathclaws.

"Are these the talking kind?" Pyrrha ask.

*Black and White scene of a Deathclaw to some zoologists*
Lots of people in the wasteland think the Deathclaws sprang straight out of Hell in the years after the war. But they're the result of pre-war genetic engineering. Modern zoologists say that deathclaws have many traits in common with a pre-war lizard called the Jackson chameleon.

"Jackson Chameleon?" Everyone said.
*A Jackson Chameleon*
They were tiny back then. People even kept them as pets.
"Aw. Their cute." Nora said.
But the men of science and their devil-may-care pursuit of the exceptional decided to make the chameleons a hundred times bigger,
"Who even approve of this?!" Weiss ask.
*Two Deathclaws charging at supermutants, then killed them*
teach them to sprint on two legs, and give them claws the size of bayonets.
"And let, Velvet think they're cute." Weiss said.
"Wait. What?" Ren ask.
And thus was born the huggable monstrosities we see roaming the wasteland.
"Velvet would hug one if it let her." Blake said.
*Back in the car*
"And why didn't they just eat The Chosen One?" Jr.
"These were a special breed. The Enclave had a file cabinet full of schemes to make life generally worse for humanity, and among them was an eperiment to make deathclaws smarter." Storyteller.
"That makes no sense." Pyrrha said, remember that the Enclave what to kill everyone else.
"What could possibly go wrong?" Tanner.
"Didn't your scientist made a kill android?" Yang said.
"Your Republic put a brain cloned from the most dangerous person on Earth into a robot body..." Jr.
"That a better way to say it." Ren said.
"Hey, The Vault Dweller was a hero, not a giant monster that could take a person's head off in one bite." Tanner.
"True." Weiss said.
"The thing about making a creature more self-aware is that it might not be content with its lot in life." Storyteller.
"Okay, make sense." Blake said.
*Enclave scientist working on three deathclaws*
The Enclave intended for this new breed of deathclaws to be just smart enough to understand orders, but not question them. Most of them did do as they were told, but several of them ended up as philosophical types capable of asking "Why".
"And those were the ones that are in the Vault." Yang said.
*The Deathclaws inside Vault 13*
The Enclave dumped a pack of them at Vault 13 after they left, to ensure that anyone who stumbled across the place didn't live long enough to ask where the original dwellers went.
"Would make sense if it was the wild deathclaws." Blake said, knowing that the deathclaws won't fellow orders.
*Gruthar talking too his pack*
But the alpha male of the pack, a beast named Gruthar, decided that the vault's resources could help him establish a new society.
"What society could fit in a big hole?" Jaune ask.
"A Vault." RWBY said.
(They couldn't do that in any other cave in the wasteland?)
The Vault-tec machinery provided food and water for the pack, so they didn't have to hunt and kill like animals.
"My question is how?" Blake said.
*Jacoren talking at some angry dwellers to the vaults mainframe*
You see, at some point after The Vault Dweller left, the remaining inhabitants rebelled against
Overseer Jacoren-
"Alright!" RWBY cheered. -and they replaced him with a mainframe computer that automated most of the Vault's functions. "Okay. That's weird." Weiss said. *A deathclaw at the mainframe to both humans and deathclaws in the clinic*
The deathclaws could use speech recognition software to run most of the Vault's systems, and they were diplomatic enough that they convinced a human doctor to stay at the vault and looked after them. A few other humans joined them, and they had the potential to become a prosperous community.
Everyone felt like their world better if people over comes their differences. *Someone syping in the vault to the person behind bars* Trouble was, one of the humans who stumbled upon Vault 13 thought that the deathclaws were a threat to humanity. He sabotaged the mainframe, and tried to blow up their eggs. "That bastard." Ren said. He always hated when people harm children, let a lone something that wasn't even born. Everyone look at him, with only Nora place a hand on his shoulder. [Got eaten for that, I take it.]
"I would." Yang said. Actually, Gruthar was civilized enough that the perpetrator was imprisoned instead of executed. "Huh... Cool." Yang said, changing opinion. Most of the people who lived there seemed to consider the Deathclaws as protectors instead of threats. "Now that's shows trust." Ruby said. *Gruthar and Male CO negotiate* Gruthar and The Chosen One managed to negotiate for Vault 13's Creation Kit - The Chosen One repaired the computer, and in turn Gruthar handed over the shiny metal case. "That's a favor deal." Weiss said. *Back in the car* "Funny how I keep hearing fairy tales about taking animals, but I never actually met one of these things, even when I went by Vault 13." Jr. "Yeah. What happen to the talking deathclaws?" Ruby said, she remembers seeing normal deathclaws but no talking ones. "Just about all of the talking deathclaws were killed when the Enclave returned to Vault 13 a couple of weeks after The Chosen One was there." Storyteller. "What!" Everyone yelled. *Security system: Franks walk up to Gruthar, then smashes his skull as he made a roar of pain* "Oh, my Oum!" Pyrrha said as she covers her mouth. Everyone was shocked hearing Gruthar cry of pain. The vault security system captured footage of the whole affair. My armor's data storage has a copy of it. "Which you must have gotten when you were there." Ruby said. (You said "Most of" the talking deathclaws were killed.) "That's right, he did." Blake said. *Two Enclave soldiers guarding a door, the door open to show a red deathclaw* The Enclave had another experimental test subject at a nearby facility, The Chosen One visted that place shorty after Vault 13, so that deathclaw might have escaped and multiplied. "Then their is hope." Ruby said. *Male CO talking too Goris* The Chosen One also made a new friend at Vault 13. An individual named Goris who decided to join them on their travels in the wasteland. "And that would be the deathclaw." Jaune said. *Goris reading a book* Goris was... something of an anthropologist.
"You like Dr. Oobleck?" Ruby ask.
"That's actually right, Rubies. Who told you that?" Yang ask.
"Professor Peach." Ruby said.
He wanted to see the cultures of the wasteland and learn how humans managed rebuild society.
"That's a good goal." Blake said smiling.
*Some people hide as Goris remove his robes*
He was a keeper of many mysteries. And had more than a few surprises the first time he fought at The Chosen One's side.

'Roar' Goris.
"Like Yang or Nora." Ruby said.
"Or you sis." Yang mocked her sister.

*Storyteller talking with Goris*
I met him once, decades ago and he recounted some of The Chosen One's adventures, including their long trek back up North once they had the precious GECK.
"Well that's... Wait. Arroyo!" Ruby said.
"What about... All crap." Yang said.

*Back in the car*
"The Chosen One didn't know about what happened, right? In Arroyo?" Tanner.
"No. The Enclave came and went without a trace, using their Vertibirds." Storyteller.
"That sounds like cheating." Nora said.
"Shame about that. Those villagers didn't have it coming, even if they were The Chosen One's kin." Jr.
"That's nicest thing you said about the Chosen One." Ruby said.

*The car traveling therow the road*
"St. Louis city limits up ahead." Jr.
"Story time is over, kids. Eyes up." Tanner.
"Smart idea." Weiss said.

*Inside the car*
"ED-NA, Daisy, what do you read?" Tanner.

{Concerned beep} Edna.
{Something is burning...} Daisy.
"Burning?" Everyone ask.

*The car stops*
{Many things are burning.} Daisy.
Blake's feeling is starting to making her shack, even if she has no idea what's stop their car.

*Dead Luddites everywhere*
"Haven't seen a massacre like this since-" Tanner.
"Bitter Springs?" Ruby ask.
"Ain't never seen anything like this. Luddites having a civil war? Legion spreading East?" Jr.
"I'll feel better if it was a civil war." Blake said.
"I would feel better if it was the Legion." Pyrrha said.
"Yep. Agreed with Yang and Blake, that would make me feel better." Jaune said.

*A Luddite shacking and crying*
"One person did all this?" Jr.
"I've heard tell of such. Lunatics that launch mininukes into the middle of towns. Killers who sneak through a community at night murdering everyone in their sleep. Deranged marksmen that snipe whole populations just for target practice." Storyteller.
"They sound like horrible people." Ruby said.

{Is the person who did this very, very bad?} Daisy.
"Yes he is." Ren said, narrowing his eyes at the destruction.
"Yes he is Daisy. And karma's a bitch." Tanner.
"That's true." Yang said, making her hand into a fist.
*They all see the burning city*
"Oum." Yang curse.
The Storyteller: FALLOUT S3 E21 - The Other Hub

*St. Luis massacre aftermath*

"Oum damn it... again." Yang said.

"Looks like the killer we're chasing just cut us a path right to the Mississippi." Tanner.

"I would say that's a path." Pyrrha said.

'Concerned beep' Edna.

"ED-NA wants to know if we're going to stop and help these people." Storyteller.

"Well that's every nice, they should help them." Ruby said.

"Lets just see if the Luddites let them." Weiss said.

"Hmph... To be honest, I thought we were gonna be the ones dishing out all this pain on the Luddites." Jr.

"Maybe a handful but not this." Yang said.

"So close... Yeah okay, let's see if the wounded will accept help from us "infidels" and our factory-made stimpacks..." Tanner.

"We'll see." Weiss said.

[You are a good human. A good, good human.] Daisy

"Uh-huh." Tanner.

*Jr. stand over a Luddite*

"That's the last of the stimpacks. Can't believe we're wasting our meds on the enemy. Have we forgotten the time they threatened to kill me?" Jr.

"If only he knew of are world problem." Ren said.

"When we're back on the road, we can scrounge for more. We've lost a whole day here, the Android's going to be halfway to the-" Tanner.

"The Capital Wasteland." RWBY said in unison.

"Capital wasteland. I know the place it's probably heading." Storyteller.

"Where?" Jaune asks

"You know, after the Chosen One found the Garden of Eden Creation Kit, they returned to Arroyo to find a scene a lot like this." Storyteller.

"Just maybe with less bodies." Nora said.

*CO looking at his shaman who was on the ground dying*

The village shaman had a few final breaths to explain what had happened, even though he didn't have words for it.

"Make sense if you don't know who attack you." Weiss said.

*Enclave vertibird landed to Enclave power armor*

Giant dragonflies that spat fire. Men in metal suits.

"Sounds like if a ancient tribes men seen a bullhead or those new atlesian knights." Ruby said.

"That makes some much sense." Yang said.

*Two Arroyo's warriors fighting back, a Enclave soldier laser a warrior too ashes*

Arroyo's warriors fought them, as well as spears and gecko hide could fight against plasma rifles and power armor.

"Not well." Jaune said, remembering getting his butt kicked by Ruby in a sparring match. Never think you have a chances when the person you fight is both smaller and faster then you.

*Enclave forcing some Arroyo people into the vertibird to inside a Brotherhood bucker*

The Enclave loaded the remaining villagers into vertibirds and flew South along California's Coast. Few people knew that the Enclave even existed then, and even fewer knew the locations of their bases.

"That sucks." Nora said.

*Male CO outside his car to a gas station*
After a long drive down the coast from Oregon, the Chosen One discovered a gas station at a place once called Navarro. It was a dead end.
"That's just great." Yang said in a bored tone.
*Poseidon Energy sigh to Vertibird behind a large fence*
(You mean it "seemed like" a dead end. That was the Enclaves main refueling station for their vertibirds.)
"Okay. Now we're getting somewhere." Yang then lean forward.
*Enclave guard to Poseidon Oil refinery*
Yes, it was. The Enclave left one guard in a silly robe at this station. The actual base was hidden deep in the woods, in an old Poseidon Oil refinery, and most of it was underground.
"Like everything other military bases on Earth." Blake said in a bored tone.
*Enclave guard getting away a wastelander*
The guard's job was to chase away tribal lookieloos, and send anyone who seemed too curious down south on a wild goose chase.
"And let me guess. Even the Chosen One fell for it." Jaune said.
*CO drive for the goose chase*
[Chosen One got fooled by the ruse, if i recall... went on south down to 'Frisco.]
"'Frisco?" Jaune ask, only to get shrugs.
*CO drive in San Francisco to a Enclave officer tell someone too stay in their place*
San Francisco was one of the more enlightened cities in the wasteland. It had several organizations that were technologically advanced and knew of the Enclave's existence already - although none of them could challenge it.
"So the factions in this city knew about them. But couldn't fight them, how?" Weiss ask.
"Don't you remember Weiss. Vertibirds, Plasma weapons and Power Armor." Ruby said.
*The Golden Gate to a old spaceship*
The Hubologists ran their operation out of the Golden Gate but they were more concerned about building a spaceship than with fighting Earthy enemies like the Enclave.
"Really?" Everyone said in a unamused voice.
*Back to the team*
"Spaceship? You gonna go on about aliens again?" Jr.
"Oh I remember that." Yang smiled. Blake blush.
"Please don't make that joke again." Blake said well covering her face in hope to hide her blush.
"Now that's a story for another day, but the Hubologist believed in a different kind of alien." Storyteller.
"Well, there's us." Ruby said.
"Made up ones from some pre-War science fiction writer who decided to create his own religion." Storyteller.
"Wait. What?" Ruby ask.
"Still plenty of cults in the wasteland." Tanner.
"Oum damn it... Not another fucking cult." Yang pinch the bridge of her noise.
*The Glowing Ones*
Cults can be encountered all over the wasteland, and before the war things weren't that different .
"Yeah, no kidding." yang said.
*Dick Hubbell to Hubbell looking at all his cash*
Dick Hubbell made a living writting novels, but he figured that if you wanted to make real money, you gotta start a religion.
"Oum..." Everyone face palm themselves well shaking their heads.
Came up with some racket about using gadgets to re-align neurodynes, ad help enlightened people spokes on the Great Wheel of Life.
"It was a scam!" Yang yelled.
Of course, he was the fat spider at the heart of the web - "The Hub" and axis of the wheel - where all the money flowed.
"Am I the only one that wants to brake his legs?" Nora ask, which everyone nodded their heads.

*An old church*

Religions from the Back When times had a hard time after the war, but Hubology stuck it out for a good hundred and sixty years.
"That's because it worked for crazy heads." Yang said.

*A man telling someone random people*

They still used the same marketing techniques that worked on pre-war society - with a helping of abduction and brainwashing.

"Brainwashing I would believe." Ren said.

*Male CO walk too the Hubology compound to stars shaking hands with some "Lost Souls"*

When The Chosen One visited the Hubology compound in San Francisco, there were a couple of "Adult" holovid stars from New Reno there, shaking hands, and using their "celebrity" status to lure in lost souls from the wasteland.

"Why do I have this weird feeling that I heard something similar?" Pyrrha ask. Which Jaune, Pyrrha, Weiss and Blake start thinking.

*Little Tanner to a Huboloist try to brainwash someone*

(I remember hearing people talk about Hubology when I was a kid. They had a brainwashing center in NCR back then, but I haven't heard much about them since the days of The Chosen One.)
"Could mean the Chosen One kicked their ass." Yang smiled.

*Huboloists working on their ship*

(They get their spaceship working and take off for planet spacetopia?)

"What?" Nora confuse.

They called it "USS Quetzel" -after their travel destination -, but I always suspected the Hubologists met some unfortunate end.

"I hope." Yang said.

*Male CO killing Huboloists*

[Chosen One probably murdered 'em all.]
"I would believe it." Yang said.

*Two Shi*

The main power in San Francisco - and enemies of the Hubologists - were the Shi.

Ren's right eyebrow rise up.

*A coast to Shi-huang-ti ashore*

In the Back When times before the Great War, China sent their submarines to snoop around off the shores of America's coast. One submarine the, Shi-huang-ti was patrolling the Pacific when the war began. Even out at sea, the devastation was great enough to damage the sub and set it adrift. It eventually washed ashore near San Francisco, and the crew used the salvaged equipment to build a base of operations.

"So that's where their name came from... I like it." Ren said.

*A Shi talking with someone*

Over the generations they maintained their exotic Eastern traditions and technological aptitude.

"But they properly let other people join them." Yang said, remember thing about Chinese Americans being force to some kind of jail.

*A Shi training to a Master and Student*

One of the strangest was a peculiar form of unarmed combat handed down from master to student over the decades.

Yang and Ren smile at their skills of unarmed combat, which they would be happy to past down

*Male CO walks into Chinatown*

When The Chosen One showed up in "Chinatown" they had already earned a reputation as a prizefighter in New Reno.

"Guess there was a good thing about New Reno." Ruby said.

*Two Shi in the school of martial arts to Male CO challeng a Shi master*

In Chinatown this mastery of The Sweet Science was further refined by the local school of martial
arts. The Chosen One used these skills to resolve a dispute between two factions of the Shi, by challenging one of their masters in honorable combat. "Now that's shows true honor." Ren said.

*Brotherhood emblem to Matthew*

The Brotherhood of Steel had a small outpost there too. Staffed by a brother named Matthew. "So that's how the Brotherhood knew about the Enclave." Yang said.

*Male CO walking by infront of Matthew to the Vertibird schematic*

He heard of The Chosen One's exploits, and knew to look out for them. Matt was willing to take a chance on an outsider and asked The Chosen One to infiltrate the Navarro and steal the Enclave's schematics for Vertibirds.

"So that's how the NCR got Vertibirds." Ruby said.

*Back to the Team*

"Everyone in San Francisco wanted those schematics, the Shi were intent on rebuilding civilization, and needed aerial transportation, the Hubologists thought the plans would help them complete their spaceship or something, and the Brotherhood needed to counter the Enclave's tactical advantage." Storyteller.

"That's so good reasons." Ruby said. Everyone stop thinking about Pyrrha's question.

'Warning beep' Edna.

"But that story will have to wait for..." Storyteller.

*A large leg is seen*

"That's a big leg." Jaune said.

"...another day..." Storyteller.

"Come on guys, its time to eat." Ruby said as she got up.
RWBY and JNPR go to the cafeteria and have dinner. After joking around and having fun with out talking about Storyteller, then all head to their respected rooms.
Before Ruby press the play button, a note hit her head. "Ow!" She look down. "Oh come on!" She yelled shaking her fit up in the air.
Blake pick up the note as her leader was now swinging her fits at the air.
"Hi, FEV Grim again. Before you go to bed tonight. You should watch two more episodes. Okay? Okay. Bye!"
"Hey. That FEV Grim guy said we should watch the next two episodes." Blake said.
"Okay. Lets watch it in are beds." Yang said as she climes up to her bed.

The Storyteller: FALLOUT S3 E22 - Featuring Wes Johnson
*King Ludd walks towards the team*
"Defilers! Ye dare enter the kingdom of Ludd? Unannounced?!" King Ludd.
"So that's King Ludd." Ruby said.
"And you must be Ludd, if I'm not mistaken?" Storyteller.
"Son of a-" Tanner.
'Scared beep' Edna.
"Be afraid Edna, be very afraid."
"Ye shall address us as King Ludd. Our followers have been humbled in defeat, yet we are still a king." King Ludd.
"Pulse, you have like more followers." Ruby added.
"This is Ludd? I imagined he be shorter... A lot shorter..." Jr.
"Surprisingly, I'm not surprise." Yang said.
"Ye have befouled the blood of our subjects with medicines of the old times. A single day ago, these trespasses would have brought your death." King Ludd.
"That would be true." Weiss said.
"And what about today?" Storyteller.
"Today? We are broken..." King Ludd.
"Do to you're lost?" Yang ask.
"Thrice we have seen horrors wrought by those bearing the cursed number 13. A century ago The Master perished in fire kindled by the one they call "Vault Dweller". Though King Ludd was not there, we felt it in our mind." King Ludd.
"Right. Because the Master could control his minus for miles." Weiss said.
"When the Master died the first generation super mutants were scattered. You were left leaderless." Storyteller.
"But they did rebuilt." Ruby said.
"Yes. Two score years ago we watched from Broken Hills as the setting sun was dwarfed by The Chosen One's retribution." King Ludd.
"Setting sun was dwarfed by The Chosen One's retribution?" Yang ask with a confuse look.
"Since The Chosen One rekindled the fires of the Great War we have walked the road that connects this river with the West. We... I taught those who would listen about the downfall of the old world. Factories spewed weapons, and men wielded power they did not forge themselves." King Ludd.
"Like the Atlas military." Blake said.
"The humans of the old world were fools! Did they make the bombs they unleashed? Cage the atoms? Understand the fire their hands did seize? No!" King Ludd.
"I don't get what he's saying now." Ruby said.
*King Ludd pulled out his sword*
We hammered the metal of this sword with our own hands. It is pure. Now a machine wearing the face of The Vault Dweller lays waste to all we have built. Our knights disappeared on their patrols, guards vanished from their posts." King Ludd.
"That explain why Edna didn't found anyone." Yang said.
"Then he came with dogs coated in metal- abominations. The innocent were killed in their sleep..." King Ludd in a sad tone.
Everyone were shocked. 'So the android did killed everyone.' Blake thought.
'Sad beep' Edna.
"The robot with a human brain. The one that killed your people. We're trying to catch it." Tanner.
"They say the enemy of my enemy is my friend." Storyteller.
"Like back during the Faunus Civil War." Ruby said, everyone looked at Ruby in shocked. "What?"
"How do you know that? I understand Weiss or Blake, but you!?" Yang said.
"Well, I'll have you know. I happen to like history, thank you fury much." Ruby said.
"Will you help us?" Tanner.
*King Ludd put away his sword*
"What the hammer? What the chain? In what furnace was thy brain? What the anvil? What dread grasp? Dare its deadly terrors clasp?" May ye die at the hands of this abomination, or it at yours. I care not." King Ludd.
"Was that poetry?" Yang ask.
*King Ludd walks away*
"I think he's done talking." Jr.
"What's was your first clue." Yang said.
"We've done all we can here. Let's not push our luck." Tanner.
"Good plan." Blake said. If anyone knows luck in her team, it would be her.
*Jr.'s car going to a bridge*
"Think we'll run into more trouble on this side of the river?" Jr.
"I hope not." Ruby said.
"Anything NCR intel can tell us Ranger?" Storyteller.
"How would they know, they are far from NCR territory." Yang said.
"Huh...? Sorry. I can't get what King Ludd said out of my head. It sounded like the android we're chasing didn't just do battle with the Luddites, it slaughtered them. But why?" Tanner.
"Maybe because its a clone brain." Yang said. Which Blake and Ruby understood what Yang was saying, but Weiss just glared at Yang.
*Inside the car*
"The android has killed before, I've seen the aftermath with my own eyes," Tanner.
"Yeah, no kidding." Ruby said.
*The VDA, NCR victims to VDA waking up* (but in the past it's only killed to escape- to secure its own freedom. We know the android had a Luddite disguise, why not use it to pass through King Ludd's territory undetected? Why the massacre?)
Blake eyes try to think why as well.
*The Car crossing the bridge*
"I'll tell you why. Because that android you're talking about has the brain of the Vault Dweller inside it! If the Chosen One has taught me anything" Jr.
*Inside the car*
"it's that some "heroes" just like killin'" Jr.
"Well, some heroes in Remnant liked killing grim." Ruby said.
"You said it yourself Ranger. The Vault Dweller was a powerful individual, and if history has taught us anything, it's that powerful individuals something leave a trail of corpses in their wake." Storyteller.
"That is true." Weiss said slamming. Her family use to and continue today to kill anyone that are in
And what about King Ludd? All that poetry. Half of it sounded like it came out of pre-war books, half just sounded crazy. "Dwarfing the sunset". Tanner.

"That's what I want to know!" Yang agreed.

"He was talking about the defeat of the Enclave. A powerful force that's still leaving a trail of bodies today." Storyteller.

"You mean in the Capital Wasteland." Blake remember that the Enclave still working in the Capital Wasteland.

*The oil rig*
The oil rig that the Enclave used had once been owned by Poseidon Oil, back before the war. In those days, they pumped so much oil out of the ground that they needed huge boats the size of a city to transport it.

"That's a big ship." Yang said in disbelief. Weiss was shock that they could get that much oil.

*PMVV*
One such tanker - Posedion Marine Vessel Valdez it was called - had sat in San Francisco's harbor, rusting since the war.

"What a struck of luck." Yang said.

*Male CO to Male CO looking for parts*
The Chosen One had to run all over the wasteland locating gizmos and repair parts to make it run. Even had to infiltrate the Enclave base at Navarro to pilfer a few things.

"He could use some of those car parts." Weiss said.

"If he did, then Jr. won't have his car, Weiss." Yang said, Weiss left like a 5 ton. weight landed on her head.

*CO walking in Enclave powera armor*
Got themselves a suit of power armor and marched around like a soldier - and no one bat an eye.

"Make sense." Blake said as she remember her and Sun doing the same for the White Fang meeting.

-The Chosen One explored the Enclave oil rig, and eventually locataed the holding cells.

"That's good." Weiss said.

*CO found the Enclave's personiers to*
Trapped within were the people of The Chosen One's village, Arroyo, and their distant relations, the dwellers of Vault 13.

"So they didn't killed everyone." Weiss said, remembering the scene with the vault door open and the Enclave shooting.

*Enclave scinceist forcing the FEV into someone to the person deads*
The Enclave was using the villagers to test a modified form of the Forced Evolutionary same goo that turned King Ludd into a green giant. This version had been altered by The Enclave's Chemical Corps so that it killed anyone who came in contact with it.

"Are you sources?!" Yang yelled.

*Enclave scientist looking through the glass too see a 13 dead*
The people from Vault 13 were a control group of sorts - a gene pool that hadn't been contaminated by the impurities of the wasteland. This control group had... similar results.

Everyone backed up.

*The Team made a camp*

"While looking for a way to free these test subject, The Chosen One discovered the true face of The Enclave." Storyteller.

"The inbred descendants of six generations of politicians, billionaires, corporate execs. The alleged President and Vice President of the United States and marketing directors." Storyteller.

"Am I the only that find the disguising?" Weiss ask everyone shock their head in agreement.

"The President was helpful enough to explain that the Enclave intended to release their modified Forced Evolutionary Virus into the atmosphere." storyteller.

"That sure is helpful." Yang said.

*The President talking too CO*
"The only way for true humans, and democracy, to be safe is to cleanse the mutants from the globe. We humans will take back that which is rightfully ours." The President.

Weiss was shocked, her father would normally talk like that when he's talking about faunus.

*Some Enclave looking mancying behind the glass, looking at every dead body in the other room*
The Enclave considered everyone outside their own little gene pool to be subhuman mutants. Their virus would have killed every human, ghoul, super mutant; everyone in the world, except for the Enclave members who had been inoculated by their experiment antidote.

"But that would make them the last living thing on the planet, slowing deadly do to hunger and lack of oxygen." Ruby said like it was nothing, then blink. "That was weird." She said as she notice her teammates away from her. Weiss was being held by Yang.

[Experimental?]

"Uh. Right, he did said that." Weiss said.

*Enclave lab to the Vice President*

Apparently they were still working out the kinks, right up to the last minute. The Vice President himself volunteered as a test subject for the early trials of antidote.

"You know a good leader, when he's willing to sacrifice their life to save their people." Ruby said.

*Back too the Vice President and CO*

Turned him into what some people called a drooling idiot.

"So it destroy their brain cells." Weiss said.

The Vice President didn't make it off the oil rig. Which was probably best for everyone.

"Hmm." Everyone said.

*CO shot the Vice President*

"Its for the best." Blake said.

*The Vice President's dead body*

{Did the other bad people survive?}

No, very few people made out alive.

"Then what about the Capital Wasteland Enclave?" Weiss ask.

* Everyone was running to the door opening and behind it was-*

The Villagers and people from Vault 13 escaped, but when The Chosen One tried to return to the ship-

"All things seem to be good." Weiss said.

-somebody was there to greet them.

Weiss face slam herself for jinxing herself.

*Frank*

"You've gotten a lot farther than you should have, but then you haven't met Frank Horrigan either. Your ride's over, mutie." Frank.

"Your the mutie." Yang said.

*Frank pulls out his gun*

"Time to die!" Frank.

*Frank's gun fires*

"Next episode." Ruby said.
The Capital

The Storyteller: FALLOUT S3 E23 - Welcome to the Capital Wasteland

*CO open a door for the prisoners to CO walking right into Frank*
The Chosen One finally rescued the people of their village from the Enclave oil rig, but that's when they came across the Enclave's most tenacious soldier.

{Who?}
"Frank Horrigan." Weiss said with disgust in her voice.

*Frank*
"Me, Frank Horrigan, that's who. United States Secret Service. You aren't going anywhere from here." Frank

"United States Secret Service?" Ruby ask.
"Sounds like the Atlas Specialist." Weiss said as she remember her sister's job.
*Frank pulls out his gun*
"Time to die!" Frank.
"Run!" Blake yelled.
*Frank fires at the CO*
*CO takes cover behind a wall*
"Smart move, no one could fight against a mini-gun." Ruby said.
*Frank reloads*
"Now's his chances!" Weiss cheered.
"You mean 'her' chances." Yang said.
"No I mean 'his'." Weiss.
"It their, and that's final. I know this is the last episode we see the Chosen One. But I don't want to hear this Oum damn argument again." Ruby yelled, which made Yang and Weiss hide behind Blake, as she had the look of a deer at the headlights.
*CO fires his gun at Frank, hitting Frank's left shoulder*
"Alright!" Everyone cheered.
*Frank just stands as CO listens*
'Cough' Frank.
"You, you haven't won here. You and your mutie-bastard friends are gonna join me in a big ol' mushroom cloud sendoff. I just triggered the self-destruct." Frank.
"I forgot, what's a mushroom cloud?" Yang ask.
'Laugh/Cough' Frank.
"That sounds painful." Yang said.
"The work will go on. You didn't do nothing here, 'cept seal your own death warrants." Frank.
"He seems confident." Weiss said.
"Duty." Frank.
'Cough' Frank.
"Honor." Frank.
"What 'Honor'?" Blake ask.
"Courage." Frank.
*Frank falls backwards*
"Semper fi." Frank.
"Semper fi?" Yang ask confuse, which everyone but Weiss were just as confuse.
*Frank's head just blows up*
"Oum!" Yang yelled. "How did that even happen?"
*PMVV*
Frank was apparently unaware that The Chosen One had a functioning tanker ship docked at the Enclave's base, not far from that very room.
"How could he miss it... actually how did the Enclave miss it?!!" Weiss ask.

*Enclave's oil rig blows up to a Arroyo villager*

The vessel returned to San Francisco, and the surviving Villagers of Arroyo slowly made their way back North to their home - along with their distant cousins from Vault 13, who left the vault behind them forever.

"That a good thing." Blake said, happy that Vault 13 would no longer have anyone living in there.

*Enclave soldiers surrender too both NCR and Brotherhood*

(The Enclave still had some people alive at that base on the mainland in Navarro, but the NCR and the Brotherhood teamed up and chased just about every last one of them out of California.)

"So those are the Capital Wasteland Enclave." Blake said.

*The car in a tunnel*

"How's about that. You two can work together." Jr.

"And all it takes is a world ending enemy." Ruby said.

"The Enclave is certainly the greater threat. As i said before, the enemy of my enemy is my friend." Storyteller.

"Then you became enemies later on." Blake said.

"Look! The tunnel ends up ahead!" Tanner.

*The Team in The Capital Wasteland*

"3,000 miles from coast to coast. The United States was a country with lots of territory and loads of people. They were all governed from here." Storyteller.

"Oh. So that's why its still known as The Capital." Yang said.

"Welcome to the Capital Wasteland." Storyteller.

"So where is the android?" Weiss ask.

"I suggest we make camp and scout out ahead. If I'm right your android should be close by."

*Jr., Tanner and Daisy walk up leaving Storyteller and Edna behind*

*I have a special mission for you ED-NA." Storyteller.

"Really?" Ruby ask smiling.

'Encouraging beep' Edna.

"Lets pertained that's what she said." Weiss said, which everyone nodded.

"I'm sending you some coordinates. I need you to deliver a message." Storytller.

"To who... Lyon?" Weiss ask.

"The Vault Dweller is the strongest, smartest, sneakiest critter to ever walk the wasteland." Storyteller.

Ruby eyes widen in shock. "Guys. I think the NCR use all three Vault Dwellers." Which made her teammates shocked as well.

"If we're going to fight his android-clone-hybrid-thingmajig, we're going to need some help." storyteller.

"Don't only get the Brotherhood. Get the super mutants, ghouls... Hell even Gary!" Yang yelled.

'Angry beep' Edna.

"Why is she angry?" Ruby ask.

"I know you're tougher than you look ED-NA, but I'm afraid we simply don't have the firepower to face him ourselves. Don't you want to help our friends? Don't you want to make sure they're safe? Think about it." Storyteller.

"He's not wrong." Blake said.

*Edna thinking about it*

'How do you say "go to hell" in robot?' Tanner.

"Oh, crap. She remembering all the hurtful things they said to her." Yang said.

"Must be a g-g-g-ghost. Boo! 'laugh' Jr.

"Okay. But that one was a joke." Yang said.

"Yeah. But it was still mean." Ruby said.
"EDNA's a bitch." Daisy.
"Okay. I have nothing." Ruby said.

*Edna done thinking*

'Angry beep' Edna.
"Yeah. I think we can all agree." Weiss said as everyone nodded.
"Deliver my message and avoid any Wastlanders. They might mistake you for an Enclave eyebot."

Storyteller.

"Right, the Enclave does use eyebots" Ruby said.

*Edna leaves*

*The group*

"I got this strange feeling your android knew we were coming." Jr.

"Why you say tha..." Ruby.

*The android's dogs*

'Barking' A dog.

"Oh." Ruby said.

"What's the plan Ranger?" Storyteller.

"I think I know how we could clear the dogs out quicky. You're not going to like it Junior." Tanner.

"Why wouldn't he like that?" Yang ask.

*Storyteller, Tanner and Daisy*

"Are you sure about this Ranger? Maybe we should just wait it out." Storyteller.

"If we wait any longer this android could find a way to give us the slip. I won't let that happen again. This ends today." Tanner.

"One way or another." Yang said, knowing something bad would happen.

"Win or lose, this is certainly going to be one for the history books." Storyteller.

"No kidding." Ruby said.

*Music plays for the Radio*

"Nice tune." Weiss said as she tap her fingers to the beat.

*Dogs hear the music*

"Is the music suppose to be bait?" Blake ask.

*The dogs start the charge*

"Maybe, their going to shot them before they get to the radio." The sniper said.

*A cybrdog looks at the radio*

"Or it could be something else." Yang said.

*Dogs start exploding*

"What the hell!" Yang yelled.

*Storyteller throws grenadas, which kills more dogs*

"That's a good arm." Yang was impresses.

*Jr. with his car*

"Well ol' girl, it's been fun." Jr.

"Wait..." Yang said before.

*Jr. pushes his car down the hill, the car explodes making a large mushroom cloud*

"Oh. So that's a mushroom cloud. I thought it sound favorer." Yang said.

*Daisy*

{Targets acquired. Bad dogs.} Daisy.

"But there is no bad dogs." Ruby said.

*Daisy shots the other dogs*

"That's over kill." Yang said.

*All the dogs are dead*

"Well, that's all of them." Weiss said.

*The car burning*

"So long, Highwayman." Yang bowing her head.

*Inside a cave*
"Sorry about the Highwayman Junior." Storyteller.
"I don't wanna talk about it." Jr.
"I feel you." Yang said as she think about if bumblebee was destroyed.
"The NCR will compensate you for the loss of your car Junior. Here." Tanner.
"Hmm." Everyone.
*Tanner pulls out a pipe and hands it to Jr.*
"I picked out a souvenir from the wreckage. It isn't much, but it's something to remember her by." Tanner.
"That's so... 'sniff'... Nice." Yang started rolling tears down her eyes.
"I feel dirty. Just promise me that, when the time comes, I get the final shot - with this here rifle." Jr.
"Go for it." Yang change her mood from tears of joy to determine.

*The Vault door open*
"Come to think of it, it would make for a better story if Junior delivered the killing blow with his father's gun." Storyteller.
"That would be a good story." Ruby think about. 'The creators should make a book, this is so good.'
"We're not here to make stories. We're here to bring a murder to justice." Tanner.
"Spoken like a true huntress." Weiss said.
"You didn't tell me the android was going to be held up in a Vault." Tanner.
"Vault 108?" Jr.
Ruby, Blake and Yang start sweaty. Weiss who wasn't aware that this Vault house the most dangerous group in the wasteland... Gary.
"Yup. The only Vault I know that can clone an entire human. Last time I was here it was here it was filled with a bunch of interchangeable lunatics all named Gary." Storyteller.
"Okay... How? The only organic part is his brain." Blake said.
"That would be gross, just a bunch of brains on the ground." Weiss said shacking at the grossest.
"Why would the android leave the front door unlocked if it knew we were comin'?" Jr.
"Maybe for a exist." Ruby said.
"The way I see it, the Vault Dweller is sending us a very clear message..." Storyteller.
"Which is?" Weiss ask.
"It's done running- and now we'll be fighting on its turf and on its terms." Tanner.
"Oh." Everyone said as they release what this would mean.
*Tanners leads the way*
"Stay on your toes everyone." Tanner.
"No joke." RBY said.
*The group wandering inside the Vault*
"The purpose of the Vault 108 experiment was to study leadership and power. The folks at Vault-Tec orchestrated it so that within 40 months the overseer of this Vault would die, with no one designated to take over. That wasn't the worst of their problems though." Storyteller.
"What could be worst?" Weiss said.
"According to Vault-Tec records their power supply was also scheduled to malfunction. " Storyteller.
"Oh." Weiss.
"This place is a little... creepy." Tanner.
"Don't remind me." Yang said as she gets chills done her spine.
"I disagree." Jr.
"Really?" Blake ask.
*A dead wastelander*
"Sure, the blood splattered walls were a bold stylistic choice, but I could see making this place a home. Especially if I'm a deranged killer." Jr.
"Okay. Now I get." Yang said.
*Back to the group*
"You hear that Vault Dweller? I like your style! Come out here so I can shake your hand!" Jr.
"Then shot you in the face!" Yang add.

"Vault Dweller?" Someone.

"There he is!" Ruby shouted.

"Stop where you are?" Tanner.

"Yes, your the Vault Dweller." Blake said.

"What are we waiting for?! Let's just shoot him!" Jr.

"Yeah!" Yang cheered.

"Vault Dweller?" Someone behind them.

"Wa!" Yang shouted.

"Wait... All no." Ruby said.

"Huh!" Jr.

*VDA clones surrounded*

Ruby, Blake and Yang release it now.

"Haha, Vault Dweller." Clone.

"What's going on?" Weiss ask.

"He did it." Ruby said.

"Ah, Vault Dweller!" Clone.

"He did it." Blake said.

"Did I mention that Vault 108 had cloning technology?" Storyteller.

"That!" Yang said.

"Hey, Vault Dweller." Clone.

"Oh!" Weiss said. And before anyone would know it, everyone was sucked into a portal.
RWBY landed on the same chairs they were on last time. JNPR came in next and land on chairs with their color scheme, then Winter and Penny as well.

Winter looked around and see Weiss on Yang's lap, which made a demon face on Winter's face. Before anything happen, a loud gun shot was heard. Everyone see FEV Grim was holding a gun, standing over a *Inserts Critic Union member here*.

"Alright! Before we do anything, you listen up. I don't want to see or hear any fighting. Layne is so sleep debride that he's not here today. Also the fucking Critic Union is pissing me off. So if you have a problem with me making a joke about this... Then get the fuck out." FEV Grim said a dark monstrous evil tone that made everyone in the room freeze up.

"Now. Normally we would have more questions, but the fucking Critic Union are assholes. So I only have a handful. Sorry." FEV Grim calming down.

"Alright. First question goes to everyone from RedRat8. What are some of your favorite weapons that you have seen in Storyteller?" FEV Grim.

Ruby: Maybe one of the their sniper rifles
Weiss: Tanner's weapon would do.
Blake: I agree with Weiss on this one.
Yang: That shotgun from the first season wasn't so bad looking.
Jaune: A laser weapon?
Pyrrha: Laser rifle
Nora: Was their any hammers?
Ren: I'm fine.
Winter: Same.
Penny: I don't want a new weapon.

"Okay the next one is. Who is your favorite guy or gal in Storyteller so far?"

Ruby: Edna.
Weiss: Tandi.
Blake: Marcus.
Yang: Harold.
Jaune: Ian.
Pyrrha: Hmm... I can't really say.
Nora: Oh! Daisy!
Ren: I think I just need to stay quiet.
Winter: Tanner.
Penny: Edna.

"Great. Now is Boltguard for RWBY. If you ever had to choose any of the many companions mentioned in the storyteller's tale to accompany you in your travels which one would you pick?"

Ruby: Ian.
Weiss: Robodog.
Blake: Marcus.
Yang: Tycho.

"Cool. Robert Ed. House of 48 Aces ask everyone. what song do you like from Wasteland?"

JNPR, Winter and Penny: We never heard any songs.

"I think we all agree that the best song was. "I Don't Want To Set The World On Fire".

"I agree to that. Well bye." FEV Grim said as portals take everyone away.

"So... I had some guest questions that are for the stories. So the first one is, "I was wondering when RWBY volume 4 releases on October 22, 2016 will you postpone your fanfic's so you can add the new material and adjust the character's personalities that Rooster Teeth will show in volume 4?""

FEV Grim
"Well that is a good question. I am using volume 3 for the setting of Fallout Vytal. So I'll be working on the fanfic, but after that I'll wait for both volume and season 4 for both series." FEV Grim smiled. "Next one is. "Will RWBY and the gang ever meet storyteller and his friend or will you change the end of the story's end so they will some how meet?" FEV Grim. "Hmm... You'll have to wait and see." FEV Grim smirk. "Last one is. "Will you have them watch the psycho spin off?" FEV Grim. "That'll be for Yang." FEV Grim said point his pointer finger up.
RWBY woke up ate breakfast and went to their room.
"So I wonder what well happen in... Ow!" Ruby yelled in pain as a paper airplane hit her eye. Yang remove the paper and found a note.
"Hi, sorry if this hit anywhere the would hurt. But Layne is all better now. Anyways, this is the last episode in the season. See you afterwards."
"Okay. Remember, when the episodes over. Run like hell." Yang said.

The Storyteller: FALLOUT S3 E24 - A Story's End
*Storyteller close a door after Tanner and Jr. room into the same room*
"I hope that door is locked." Yang said.
*Three VD clones runs up to the door*
"Vault dweller." Clones.
"I'll take that as a yes." Blake said.
*Back to the group*
"Daisy, what's the situation?" Tanner.
{Compiling threat assessment.} Daisy.
"Easy, high." Yang said.
*Storyteller turn around and see londs of clones behind the three windows*
{My senses are detecting- 31 hostiles - in close proximity.} Daisy.
"That's a understatement." Yang said.
"We get it, high risk of everything." Weiss said.
"Ask your dog gun if we're safe in here!" Jr.
"That door won't hold forever, so knowing when it opens would help get ready to fight back." Blake said.
{Risk of immediate breach: 13%.} Daisy.
"So they have some time." Ruby said, with a smile.
"Good, so we won't die now, we'll just die later." Jr.
Then Ruby loss her smile.
"I figured the Vault Dweller android would come here to breed himself an army, but I'm impressed he managed to succeed so quickly." Storyteller.
"That is a lot for a sort a moment of time." Ruby said.
"You're observant Storyteller, I'll give you that, but no one could've anticipated this. How did you even know the android was coming to Vault 108 in the first place? Is there something you're not telling us...?" Tanner.
"Not liking secrets huh? Man karma is a bitch." Yang said.
"Several days ago, when were setting up camp, Daisy said something that caught my attention..." Storyteller.
"When was this?" Yang ask.
*Flashback to episode 18*
She said she detected nearby lifeforms that could outlive her, but ED-NA was the only other robot nearby. Had Daisy been human I would have written it off as an honest mistake.
"Really? Man that happen a long time ago." Yang said.
"It was only yesterday." Weiss said.
"Oh!" Yang respond.
*Back too the group*
"That night I couldn't stop thinking about it. I went for a walk to clear my head. I started mulling..."
over the mission and got to thinking about the android, and how he always seemed to be just one step ahead of us. The more I thought about it, the more it bugged me. The story just wasn't adding up." Storyteller.

"He could have the lead. You know with his dog cart." Yang said.

"The Storyteller's right. I hate to say it, but the Vault Dweller's dog cart was a faster way to get around the Wasteland than my Highwayman. The android could've left us far behind 'em." Jr.

"That's what I'm saying." Yang said.

*Flashback to episode 16 to episode 20*

(-and every time we arrived on the scene it looked like the android had just left.)

"It's almost like there's a spy in your group." Blake said.

*Back to the group*

"On a hunch I checked my armor's data storage. Sure enough my files had been tempered with, specifically my data regarding androids, clones, the Institute and Vault 108." Storyteller.

"The Institute!" Ruby yelled. This of course cause her teammates to look at her. But before Weiss opens her mouth.

"Wait! Yang didn't you own me." Blake smiled.

"Shit! Here!" Yang pulled out 50 lien and handed it to Blake.

"The android. Did it...?" Tanner.

"Yes."

"Hm." Blake thought.

*VDA watching the team's camp from a far*

My guess is that it stuck close to us long enough to find a way to hack the data I've been gathering.

"Sounds like Natalia. Remember that she once hack her vault's mainframe." Blake said, which of course made her teammates nod.

*Back too the group*

"It's probably learned a lot about the Wasteland. That explains how it found the location of this Vault. He would know the location of the Institute by now too, but luckily I use a heavy encryption to protect my more sensitive data files. It seems your NCR intel was correct Ranger, your android is trying to get to the Commonwealth, and he's been using us to do it." Storyteller.

"That's sucks." Yang said.

"I was sent to hunt down the android and stop it from reaching the East Coast. You're telling me we've been helping it this whole time?" Tanner.

"Yep." Ruby said.

"So the Vault Dweller played us for fools!" Jr.

"It was a smart move." Blake said.

"You signed our death warrants the moment you let us walk into this trap. Why didn't you warn us?"

Tanner.

"Well... What if he was still spying on you?" Weiss try to justified Storyteller's reasoning.

"Because despite how bad things might look right now, this isn't a trap set for us..." Storyteller.

"Huh?" Everyone said.

*Edna flots through*

"Edna!?" Ruby yelled.

"Huh? Vault Dweller?" Clone.

'Angry beep' Edna.

"Yeah. Turn them to ashes!"

*A clone pulls out a gun*

"Vault dweller." Clone.

"Okay. They have guns... Run for it Edna!" Ruby yelled.

*Edna flots away with clones on her heels*

'Scared beep' Edna.

"Glade that fear of Gary is still around." Yang jokily say.

*The Lyons' Pride*
"Well hello there." Sarah.
"Hello." Everyone waved at Sarah.
"Looks like we've caught some boys with their pants down. Light 'em up!" Sarah.
"I like her already." Yang said.
"Yeah. But she kind of remind me of someone." Ruby said.
*Back too the group*
'Laser fire'
"I called in a few favors. You'll have to forgive me for not speaking up sooner, but once I found out
that the android was spying o us I had to keep my mouth shut." Storyteller.
"Yeah! Brotherhood back up!" Yang cheered.
"True. But I'm more impressed he keep his mouth shut about it." Weiss said.
"You actually kept your mouth shut about something? I'm impressed. I don't know what kind of ace
you had up your sleeve Storyteller, but it's working. The clones are clearing out. Look." Tanner.
*The clones are moving away from the group*
"If we make our push now we might be able to catch the android before it's realized what's
happened." Tanner.
"Good plan." Ruby said.
*The group walking into the main hall*
"Why?" Voice.
The team jump hearing the voice.
*The group turned around and see VDA behind the window*
"Why are you still hunting me?" VDA.
"Ah. Its a bounty mission." Yang said. As it is one of a view mission types for Huntsman and
huntress.
"You've been following me for three thousand miles, so I take it I don't need to come introduce
myself." VDA
"You're the android!!" Weiss said a little confuse.
"The three of you have been very persistent." VDA.
"Yeah. Well, everyone has a goal." Blake said.
"You. Old man. You're that guy I saw with the broken down car back on I-15. If I kew you'd get it
running, I would have-" VDA.
"Killed him for it." Yang said as her eyes turn red.
"Shot me in the back without even lookin' me i the eye? I know the homicidal gene runs strong in
you and your kin." Jr.
"Their not the only ones." Ruby said as she look at her sister.
"I might have just stolen the car, or convinced you to sell it to me at a steep discount. All are options.
I opted to leave you be. Surely you, of all people, could understand old timer." VDA.
Yang's eyes turn back into their normal lilac color.
"All I want is to live free of the NCR. To be left alone. And are you two some sort of
Brotherhood/NCR coalition? Here to rob me of that freedom?" VDA.
"Freedom?" Blake said with disgust.
"We're here to administer justice." Tanner.
"For the Luddites you killed back in St. Louis." Ruby said.
"Yes, I escaped the NCR's cage, and you would have done the same. The Ranger here hunts me out
of her sense of duty. I don't hold it against her. Dedication is important. After all, my "first" self
contributed to the founding of your Republic." VDA.
"You have no right to say, you're the same person." Ruby said with a little hate in her voice.
"But you, Brotherhood. Why are you here? Surely a man of your knowledge and skill would be
better spent elsewhere." VDA.
"He's a historian, he wants to know what happens personally." Weiss said.
"I always wanted to meet the Vault Dweller, or at least his shadow. I heard rumors of your silver
tongue. They say the Vault Dweller could charm a bird out of a tree. I can see now the stories
 weren't exaggerated." Storyteller.
"Wait. Albert... But how?" Weiss ask.
"The NCR must have combined all three of them. Albert silver tongue. Natalia sneaking and
hacking. And Max's brute strength." Ruby said, which terrify everyone.
"I merely play the hand I've been dealt." VDA.
"Does that include murdering the innocent?" Tanner.
"Answer that!" Ruby said.
"I did what I had to do to be free." VDA.
"That's a lye!" Ruby shouted.
"That might help you rationalize the scientists you butchered, but you didn't stop with them did you?
What about the other innocent people you killed to get here? Weren't they just "people who wanted
to live free of the NCR"?" Tanner.
Blake's eyes narrow.
"What happened to the Luddites was- regrettable, but I was left with no other choice. Your
Highwayman gave me quite the chase. My pursuers were hot on my trail and I had no time to tip-toe
my way through King Ludd's territory." VDA.
"Liar!" Jr.
"We know you've been taking it slow on purpose. Gathering intel and keeping an eye on us."
Tanner.
"So you murder them!" Ruby yelled.
"You hacked my power armor to discover the location of Vault 108. The fact that you're standing
here now confirms it." Storyteller.
"Your coat red handed." Yang said.
"I did do that didn't I? Answer me this Brotherhood. If you knew I found a way to remotely hack
your armor's operating matrix, why did you even bother showing up today?" VDA.
"What?" Everyone ask.
*VDA using his pipboy*
'Electricity charging up'
*Storyteller is being shocked as his friends were shocked at the sight*
"Argh!" Storyteller.
"No!" Ruby yelled.
*Storyteller fell down*
"Oh my Oum." Yang said as she hug Ruby.
"I tried to reason with you. Clearly that wasn't in the cards today." VDA.
"Bastard!" Blake yelled.
*Tanner pulls out Daisy and Jr. pulls out his pa's rifle*
"Luckily, my technical skills are a lot more reliable. I was able to enhance some of the cyberdogs I
found in Denver. You'll find that their bite is a lot worse than their bark. Good luck." VDA.
The hairs on the back of Blake's hairs stand up.
*VDA release four cyberdogs*
"Daisy! Suppressive fire!" Tanner.
"Get them!" Everyone cheered.
*Jr. killed two dogs*
"Nice shooting!" Ruby cheered feeling better.
*Tanner and Daisy not hitting a dog*
"Something's wrong! Daisy's targeting is all over the place!" Tanner.
"Android must have hack her targeting systems." Weiss said.
*The bit Tanner, which made her fall to her right*
"Ouch." Yang said.
*Jr.'s scope, see Tanner fighting off the dog*
"I can't get a clean shot!" Jr.
"Shit." Yang said under her breath.
"Get over here you mangy mutts!" Jr. said as he runs to Tanner aid.
"Jr. slams it against the dogs brain, killing it. Tanner then gets up*
"That'll do it." Yang said.
"Sorry you had to see that Ranger. I know ya fancy yourself a dog lover, hehe." Jr.
"Those weren't dogs, they were monsters. I think you just saved my life." Tanner.
"Yeah. She owns you one." Ruby said smiling.
"I'll take that as a 'thank you'." Jr.
"I would." Blake said.
"Now we gotta find where the-" Tanner.
'Laser shot'
"What!" Weiss said.
*Jr. drops, and behind him is VDA holding pa's rifle*
"Jr.!!" Everyone yelled.
*Tanner gets on her knees too Jr.*
"Junior!" Tanner shout.
Yang was hold both a cry Ruby and a shaking Weiss, as her own eyes were Red with tears. Blake's eyes just was widen.
"I haven't lived long, but if you think I'm a prodigy now, just imagine what I could become at the Institute. I'm not running from you anymore Ranger." VDA.
"You don't have to." Tanner said with disgust.
Everyone look at Tanner when she said that.
*Tanner sweep kick VDA, making him fly backwards*
"Kick his ass Tanner!" Yang cheered.
*Tanner then pick up Daisy*
"Daisy." Tanner said with a hit of revenge.
{Yes Tanner?} Daisy.
"Sic 'em." Tanner still with hate in her voice.
*Daisy doesn't fire*
Everyone was confuse to why Daisy isn't firing.
"What are you waiting for Daisy? He shot Junior! Kill him!" Tanner.
{I'm sorry Tanner. I'm afraid I can't do that.} Daisy.
"What? Why!?" Tanner.
"Is she out of ammo?" Weiss ask.
But Blake understand what's happening already. "No."
{Because I've been a bad bad dog.} Daisy.
*Daisy shock Tanner*
"Argh!" Tanner.
"What?!" RWY yelled as Blake fear was true.
*Tanner fell as VDA watch*
*Storyteller finaling gets up*
"He lives!" Yang said happily
"Ugh. I've been knocked unconscious before ya' know. Not one of my fonder memories." Sarah.
"I bet." Yang said as she and everyone smiled.
*The Lynos' Pride standing before Storyteller as he gets up*
"Where am I?" Storyteller.
"Shit. Don't tell me he lost his memories." Weiss ask ferly.
"You're right where I found you. Pass out on the floor of this Vault." Sarah.
"No doubt sleeping on the job while we do all the hard work." Bigsley.
"Hey! He was knock out!" Yang yelled angry.
'laughs' Sarah.
"You remember Scribe Bigsley." Sarah.
"Seriously, she don't remind you of anyone?" Ruby ask.
"Sentinel Lyons and I got your message. Did you really have to encrypt it?" Bigsley.
"Wait. Does Lyons had a daughter?" Yang ask.
"Looks like it." Weiss said.
"I was afraid ED-NA might be intercepted. It was necessary." Storyteller.
"Well it was a good idea." Blake said.
"It was a pain in my ass, that's what it was. I cracked your coordinates quicky, but the Pride here had
to drag me along until I decrypted the rest. It was real fun running around the Wasteland, so thanks
for that." Bigsley.
"Hey, watch it." Yang said in a treat tone.
"Is it true? Were you really chasing an android/clone hybrid? Did it create all those clones we fought
back there?" Sarah.
"Yes." Blake said.
"Yes, and by the looks of it he got away. Again." Storyteller.
"He left behind a holodisk addressed to you. It says your friend Tanner is being help hostage."
Sarah.
"So she alive!" Weiss said happily.
"Tanner's gone?" Storyteller.
"Appears so. The message went on to say that she won't be returned until you've guided him to the
Institute. He says he'll be close by. Watching you." Sarah.
Everyone was piss at the android even more.
"What about Junior and Daisy?" Storyteller.
"Daisy is a fucking traitor." Blake said with anger in her voice.
"I don't know who Daisy is, but Junior-" Sarah.
"He didn't make it." Weiss said as everyone bowed their heads.
"well, I don't know how else to say this..." Sarah.
*Jr.'s body next to 4 empty stimpacks*
"He didn't make it." Sarah.
*Jr.'s grave, has his pa's rifle on the cross. Storyteller and Edna looking at*
The girls start having tears again.
*Storyteller kneels down at the grave*
(Fallout 3 Main Theme)
"This actually sit the mod." Weiss said.
'What are you going to do now?' Sarah's voice.
"Go to the commonwealth." Ruby said.
'The only thing I can do. I'm going to see this story through til the end.' Storyteller's voice.
The girls nodded.
'You know we can't help you.' Sarah's voice.
'Yeah... I know.' Storyteller's voice.
"He has Edna, that's all he'll need for a journal." Blake said.
'We'll get you resupplied, then you're on your own.' Sarah's voice.
"Thanks." Weiss said.
*Storyteller gets up*
"Well. time to go." Ruby said.
*Both Storyteller and Edna walks travels too the Commonwealth*
"Its going to a long road ahead of them." Blake said.
"But he'll do it." Ruby said.
to be continued...
"Yes there's more." Ruby said smiling, only to loss it as portals take them away.
RWBY, Winter, Penny, Sun, Neptune, Emerald and Ozpin landed on the same chairs as last time. Fox and Yastuhashi land on two chairs next too each other. Coco landed on Yastu's lap, as Velvet landed on Fox's. Jaune landed on a chair with the Arkos emblem, a sec. later Pyrrha landed on his lap. Ren landed on a chair with the Noren emblem, same time as Pyrrha, Nora landed on Ren's lap. "Hey guys." Layne waved. "Well Grim will have his questions answer later." "Now the first one isn't a question, but here we go. only4jtr says, hello rwby I'm Jason I am apart of the brotherhood of steel in the commonwealth and I destroyed the institute now before you go all hay wire ruby I hate synth's I hate them they killed my spouse took my son and killed everyone who was in cryo storage but me and I reactivated Liberty prime know note this I do not hate penny she isn't like a synth who just murders people but a person who has emotions.” "Wait! Penny is a... What just happen?” Weiss ask, as everyone but Layne forget. "The first question is from the boltguard. RWBY what would you do if you were the storyteller?” "Hunt down the bustard." Yang. "Do as he said, that way. I'll have some fate of hope.” Weiss. "Find some clues." Blake. "I don't know." Ruby. "This next one comes from good old RedRat8. This is for everyone, did you think you learned something while learning or watching Storyteller?” Winter: That somethings that needs well guarded. Penny: I learned some... "new" things. Sun: Never go into a swamp. Neptune: No argument. *Emerald points at RWBY* Emerald: That you all are crazy. Ozpin: You'll be surprise. Coco: That the Mr. House is a smart business man. Fox: The Pitt is hell. Velvet: Deathclaws are so cute! Yastu: That the company families are just like the Americans and Chinese for the last of oil. Jaune: That anyone, even a no body can be a hero. Nora: That the Khans are tough. Pyrrha: That anyone could fine their destiny. Ren: That their world is spuriously similar to are own. Yang: That the world can go to hell like that. Blake: That there are good or... non good people out there. Weiss: That we can't afford to waste time arguining about useless problems. Ruby: That no matter what, never stop moving forward. Layne start hitting his chest. "You okay?” Yang ask. "I'm fine. Just hitting the feels." Layne responded. "Alright time for you all to leave." And just like that everyone is swallowed by a portal. "Now its time for FEV Grim." FEV Grim walks to his chair. "Thank you Layne." "You're welcome. Oh, and you have some blood on you.” Layne pointed at FEV Grim's clothes. "Their not my. So questions.” FEV Grim. "Alright. The Multiversal Writer ask. Are you going to watch Season 3?” "Yes.” "Brandon Vortex ask. I wonder how they react when they learn that Sarah Lyons is dead during they last seen her?” "I have no idea what that even means. But... I rather not say.”
"Agree. Now RedRat8 gave us three questions, so let's get it over with. Grim, when do you think you will upload the sequel to the story? Also, will it still take place in the same time or at a later time period? Do you plan to upload a copy of it onto Wattpad as well as FanFiction? And go."

"Okay, the sequel will hopefully be upload before the end of the month. It'll take place during the first episode of volume 3, just not starting at Summer's grave. And every chapter of the sequel will be upload to Wattpad a week after its posted here, like the last RWBY volume did."

"Well that's all the questions."

"Great. Now, I have three things to tell you. First make sure to read the last part of this chapter. Second in order to tell you all that the sequel is out I'll release one final chapter, which is a theory chapter. Send me one to three theories which are, series, dark and joke. I believe I don't have to tell you what those are suppose to mean. And third, after Fallout Vtyal I'll be working on another story. If you want to know some things before it's upload go to my deviantart and take a look for yourself."

FEV Grim smiled and waved. "And please listen to the music that down below. That's like are credits, or something."

RWBY woke up around launch time, and walk along side JNPR. CFVY starts to train for the tournament. Sun starts getting his team all ready, well Neptune is on his scroll. Penny happily walk around the school yard, well Winter keeps an eye on her.
In Ozpin's office he looks through some messages, then one caught his attention. "I'm here." The scene is moving out of Ozpin's window.
In Cinder's room. "Well, what did you gain?" Cinder ask her thief. Emerald looks down. "Nothing, that you need to worry about."
"Good are plan is almost ready." Cinder smile, then her scroll ringed. "Hmm. Adam what is..." "Cinder. We have a... problem." Adam.

Die-By Jeff Williams & Casey Lee Williams
Land of Confusion-By Disturbed

Outside of Vale, a man looked out from the forest. Beowolves growls are heard from afar. The man's hand turn into a fist, then flames came out of it.
Sequel is out

Just a heads up that the sequel is out. Fallout Vtyal.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!