

CHAPTER 10: I'LL HAVE MINE RARE OR DOES THIS COME WITH PICKLES?

The crew of six fell into the office as the wave of pressurized air and particles blew in from the detonation of the RoboBrain. It was the last time their grandfather would attempt to murder them...hopefully.

"Fer fuck's sake," Jenkins slurred as he held his head—his forehead had a minor laceration that was threatening to bleed into his eyes. He kept wiping at it as he got up beside the freshly dented desk to see what kind of shape the others were in. Given the strength of the blast, they were doing surprisingly well.

Ian and Harmony were both whimpering in a combination of discomfort and fear—Erik had landed on Ian's freshly broken leg and a limp Rush had pinned Harmony down onto the cold tile floor after shielding her from the blast. Jenkins stepped over Ian who looked up with a pitiful whimper, "why is he so heavy?" Jenkins smirked, trying to not laugh, "dead weight's funny like that." He bent down, forcing the room to spin a little, and pried Erik off of Ian's legs. He patted Erik's face as he rolled him over, "hey. Wake up you lazy bum. We've got wounded and work to do." Erik pried his lids open and stared up at Jenkins, "Ugh. Why're you bleeding all over? You okay?" Jenkins nodded and wiped his forehead again with a blood-smeared gauntlet.

"Shit," Erik muttered as he reached to the desk to lever himself up. "Rush. Rush! Wake up!" Erik's shouting was useless. He wobbled over to Rush and looked over to Jenkins for assistance. "Gimme a hand here." Jenkins nodded again and helped Erik to roll Rush off of a struggling Harmony, taking care to keep his head from moving too much. She sat up after she was freed and began to shake Rush feverishly, "cousin Rush. Wake up!" Unfortunately, her concern wasn't going to bring him back from black.

"What happened to him?" Jenkins shrugged as he began to pry open one of Rush's eyelids. His amber eyes were rolled back in his skull. "Looks like he's out," he assumed after quickly glancing around and noticing the basket ball-sized dent in the desk. "Must've smacked the desk pretty hard." Jenkins looked at Harmony and smiled, "let's not move him too much until I've examined him, okay? Why don't you go see how Ian is for me?" She nodded curtly, got up, and did as requested. Now that she was out of the way, Jenkins could perform a better examination. He began by feeling Rush's neck for tenderness, anything out-of-place, or broken. He was pleasantly surprised that nothing seemed out of the ordinary. As Jenkins was hovering over Rush's head, he came to with a groan. He looked up at Jenkins who was still

manipulating his neck, blinked a couple of times and grumbled, "mmmm, feels nice." Jenkins chuckled, "well, sir. That'll be fifty caps. How do you feel? Can you see straight? How many fingers am I holding up?" Rush squinted and correctly replied "three. Maybe." "Close enough, let's get you sitting up, big boy."

Jenkins moved from over Rush as he and Erik both extended a hand to help him up.

Both men grabbed an arm and pulled him up into a sitting position. The quick movement made the room tilt and wobble strangely to Rush who was quite paler than normal. Harmony looked over from Ian who was massaging his tender leg and noticed Rush's paleness; "uh oh." "Uh oh, What?" Jenkins immediately regretted the question. Rush doubled over and began heaving onto his boots. "Ugh, he's worse than I'd hoped," Jenkins muttered in slight disgust. Erik knelt down next to Rush and rubbed his back in small circles as what little stomach contents he had surged up. "Go check on Dorian, Jenkins. Rush'll be okay...It's not like he's got a crushed skull or anything..."

Jenkins sighed with a nod and attempted to knock some of Rush's bile off of his steel greaves and boots as he took a few short steps over to where Harmony was sitting next to Dorian. "How're you two," he asked as he squatted down next to Harmony. Harmony didn't respond but wrinkled her nose and nodded as she gently patted Ian on the leg, causing him to wince. "Oh, that doesn't look great. Let me have a look here." Jenkins knelt over Ian's splinted leg and felt around where the break was in his shin. It had swelled to fifty per-cent larger than what it was after he'd reset it. "Yeah, that's not good. I guess it doesn't help that Erik's fat ass landed on you," he said with a slight chuckle. Erik cut his eyes over at Jenkins angrily. His aggravated glare was interrupted by another dry heave from Rush.

"Okay buddy, enough of that," Erik muttered as he resumed rubbing and patting Rush's back. "Hey Jenkins, look. If you're feeling up to it, the lab's not farther on down the hall. There should be some medical supplies in there. My coat should be in the back room in there—there's a stim or two in the inside pocket. I'll stay here with the young'uns and Rush here. At the very least, we need to find a bite to eat..." Jenkins stood up and turned to face Erik, "yeah, I guess so, but you'll owe me one." Erik nodded, "thanks buddy." Jenkins nodded again as he turned to leave through the scorched doorway.

Although they'd heard some sort of rumbling in the distance earlier, Elder Redding and Franklin were oblivious to the other's predicament. Franklin was digging through his fifth apartment; it was on the north-east side of the complex, near the office

and Rush's abode. It's yellow paint had long faded and flaked away. As he entered through the screened door, he was quite surprised to find that, unlike the other apartments, this one was well kept. There was almost no dust to speak of; it smelled faintly of roses, lavender, and a hint of dogs. As he tread slowly into the double-wide apartment, he got the feeling that someone had been living there recently; there were plates with morsels of food on the small square kitchen table, children's toys and books were scattered near a bookshelf, and all three beds were made up and dust-free. "Who the hell's livin' in a shithole like this with kids," Franklin thought aloud.

No sooner than he got that thought out, he heard the elder hollering for him. "Franklin, where are you? Let's have a bite." Franklin strode back through the door and yelled back, "Aye, sir!" He took a moment to stretch in the artificial sunlight of the complex before taking his sweet time walking back to their temporary base. As he swung open the door, he saw the elder was wearing a hell of a grin. "Uh, sir? Find something worthwhile?" The elder nodded, "Found a stash of snack cakes, about thirty tins of Mentats, a six-pack of Nuka, a few holotapes, and what I suspect are blueprints for something you may be interested in. How 'bout you?" "Uh, yeah. Got some mentats, a bushel of holotapes, found some notes on some sort of research they were doin' here; didn't understand it, and uh, a plasma rifle under a bed next to what I assume is Erik's bag?"

"You got it with you?" "Yeah," Franklin replied as he hoisted it off of his left shoulder, "here." The elder opened it the main pocket and dug around. "Yup, it's Erik's." Franklin stared blankly at the elder, "how'd you know?" The elder pulled out a photo of himself, Erik, Franklin, and Jenkins on Erik's first hunting trip at age twelve. "He never leaves it behind. Reminds him of his family, he says." Franklin took the photo from the elder and smiled at the memory that surfaced: a cool autumn day had blown in from the North bringing with it some fowl and a more than a few creatures on the prowl for mates. They'd been lucky enough to find a pair of bucks fighting over a doe and decided to finish the fight for them. That was Erik's first kill, aside from training with the dummies back at the base. They'd even gone so far as to draw some blood from one of the bucks and do a up some war paint on themselves as a rite of passage. Franklin smiled inwardly and handed the photo back. "Better times."

Elder Redding nodded in agreement, "good eating too." "Speaking of, elder. You said something about a bite?" The elder nodded, "how's about we have some snack cakes and Nuka with half an MRE?" "Beats starving I guess," Franklin scoffed. As they milled around in the apartment, gathering chairs and plates, Elder Redding asked, "you said

something about research material, right?" Franklin nodded, "yeah, I didn't understand it any further than I coulda thrown it though. Genetic experiments I guess." "You see any names attached to it," the elder asked. "Uh, dunno, here," Franklin muttered as he dug through Erik's backpack for the files.

"Yeah, here ya go." Franklin tossed a stained manila folder on the table, spilling some of its contents amongst the guts of a previously hermetically sealed MRE and a handful of Fancy Lad's snack cakes. He reached for one of the chocolate-frosted snacks as the elder began to leaf through the ancient papers. As Franklin gobbled his first cake and reached for a second snack cake, the elder squinted at what he assumed was pages of genetic code interspersed with hand-written scrawls in faded black ink. They seemed to be in some sort of code. He didn't recognize any of them, unfortunately. "Should give the scribes a run for their money," he muttered to himself.

Franklin looked over after washing down his snack cake with a swig of Nuka, "you think we should go lookin' after them?" The elder looked up from the codes and shook his head. "They can fend for themselves. Enjoy the break while you can. I have the feeling that you're going to have your hands full once we get back home." Franklin raised an eyebrow at the elder's comment but decided to eat a third two-hundred-year-old cake rather than argue.

Rush had finally stopped dry heaving. After inspecting his cranium, Erik had decided that some swelling had gone down. Harmony sat opposite of Erik and Rush; she and Ian had both propped themselves against the cool metal desk. They thought back and forth to one another, "What do you think of him?" "I dunno." "Me either, seems nice though, reminds me of cousin Rush." "Yeah, me too. Why's he not got fur like us? What's that glowy thing on his arm?" "Dunno..." Harmony halted their conversation and instead turned it toward their subject. "Cousin Erik?"

Erik, who was preparing to send a radio to Jenkins, looked up from his Pip-Boy. "Yeah? Everything okay?" Harmony and Ian nodded nearly simultaneously. "How is cousin Rush?" Rush was wobbling a bit as if he were drunk, but had thankfully stopped vomiting and dry heaving. Erik pulled Rush's bile-stained muzzle to one side to widen an eyelid. Rush's eyes were still dilated. "Well, he's got a concussion, but he doesn't seem to be getting any worse.. He's not bleeding from his ears or anything, so I don't think there's any serious swelling going on. He's just got to shake it off."

The two cubs nodded slowly, again nearly in tandem; it was a bit unnerving. Harmony picked up her line of inquiry, "Why do you smell like cousin Rush?" "Ah, well, like I said earlier, it's probably because we've been spending a lot of time together recently." She shook her head, "no. You smell like us, the clan." "Oh, uh. Well, I reckon it's because I'm your kin. Rush and I are half-brothers. Apparently you two and me and Rush are second cousins...I think. I don't really know the specifics. I didn't know I even had any siblings until I met Rush earlier this week, let alone cousins."

She nodded, continuing. "Do you know what happened to grandfather?" Ian's ears perked up a bit at that question. Erik replied, "Well..I. I don't know, but I'm pretty sure he couldn't've made it through that blast. It was part of his body's programming to protect its secrets by exploding like it did...there's no way his brain could've survived a blast like that."

Ian looked at his lap after Erik responded, but Harmony continued on in her inquiry. "Are there more like you and Doctor Jenkins?" Rush nodded to Harmony's question, making the room slosh slightly. Erik patted Rush on the back and replied for him, "yeah. There're two more humans like me that came here to help. One is the man that raised me, my adopted father, Elder Marshall Redding. The other is a man Jenkins and I grew up with; James Franklin. He taught us to track animals and shoot weapons to defend and feed ourselves. He's rough on the outside, but he's a good guy at heart."

"Can I ask some questions of you two?" Harmony was readying another question then quickly stowed it. "Uh, okay," she paused to look over to Ian. He nodded his okay. "Uh, well," Erik fumbled. "Have y'all lived down here forever? Have you ever left this facility?" The siblings shook their heads one after the other. "Not allowed," Harmony said sadly. "Only a few were allowed to leave. Mommy and Daddy went all the time to go hunting for the clan. Not anymore though..."

Erik nodded, "what about the elder what's she do?" Harmony sighed, "she made us study. A lot. Made us read and do math and boring stuff." Ian chimed in with a smile, "the math part was bad. I liked the science stuff though. Mixing all those things together was fun." Harmony nodded and continued, "the elder was our clan's teacher. She also settled all of the arguments in the clan." Harmony paused and smiled mischievously at Rush, "but cousin Rush knows more than anyone about that."

Rush, who trying to shake off the remnants of a concussion, nodded in agreement. "Never agreed," he grumbled back to Erik. "Huh, I wouldn't've guessed, you seem

pretty laid-back until you get angry about something," Erik replied. Rush nodded in the children's direction, "must be a good example for cubs."

"Cousin Erik, what's the outside like?" Ian and Rush both perked up at Harmony's question. "Uh, well. That's a tough question. The outside's a lot of things: at night, it's beautiful. You can see millions of bright, shining stars twinkling in the sky. During the day, provided the weather's not bad, you can see for miles across the wastes. My favorite time to be outside is during the fall when the living trees that are left start to change and drop their leaves."

Harmony sighed at what must be a romantic landscape. Erik continued, "it can also be a very dangerous place. Since the war long ago, people have been hurting each other to get what they want. There're murderers, rapists, psychos, slavers, druggies, and worse out there. Not everyone knows how to live with others—some're too self-centered to care about anyone other than themselves. Lots of issues with the outside world."

The two children stared at Erik; Ian whimpered slightly, "I...don't want to go outside anymore..." Rush spoke on Erik's behalf, "not all are bad. Erik and his clan protect others." He nodded back at Erik. "Uh, yeah! I'm a member of a clan called the 'Brotherhood of Steel.' We work to protect the people living in our town from people that want to harm others. When we're not scouting for supplies or technology—which my job — we try to help people that are sick, or hungry, or homeless or whatever. To be honest, we're not really like any other group of people in the Wastes. Not even really like other Brotherhoods in the other places left in America."

The children nodded. Ian asked, "why do you have to scout? Do your elders not bring things back for you?" Erik shook his head, "no...not really, or not any more anyway. We've lost a fair portion of our members in the last few years due to various things: deathclaws, yao guai, the Enclave, raiders, and such. It's my job to find new things for our clan that we can use to keep us safe, or to make our existing equipment better. That's why I came here. I was told there was some sort of information down here that we could use to help a lot of people on the outside...I'm starting to wonder if that's true though. I've only found some mysterious holotapes, a few letters from old Doctor Hawthorne, and some other science-y stuff that I can't even begin to understand."

Rush reached back to tousle Erik's hair, "found us, brother." Erik genuinely smiled and nodded, "yeah, found my family, too."

Jenkins was sloughing through another dark hall when he finally decided to radio Erik. "Erik, come in. It's Jenkins. I think...I'm lost." He didn't get a reply, just static. "Damn it Erik. I could use a hand here." No response. Jenkins sighed a low "fuuuuuck" to himself. "Wish I'd asked Erik if he had a copy of the schematics for this damn rat's nest. Stupid scribes mangled mine apparently. 'Contact an administrator' my ass." As he continued to walk through the stuffy hallway, he decided to try Erik one more time. "Erik, this is Jenkins. Are you there?" No reply came through his Pip-Boy.

As he'd been whining to his radio, his feet had been carrying him through the halls on their own. They'd actually managed to carry him just past an open door and nearly trip him on scattered components of a terminal scattered across a stained concrete floor.

There were small droplets of oxidized blood drops near the wall. He was absentmindedly poking at his Pip-Boy's screen when it notified him of a new radio signal. It was a broadcast on the emergency radio channel: a prerecorded statement not unlike something that belonged on a holotape.

Notice: Specimen tank number twelve contaminated.
Warning: Specimen number twelve health stats borderline.
Repeating ...
Notice: Specimen tank number twelve contaminated.
Warning: Specimen number twelve health stats borderline. Please...

"The hell's this all about," Jenkins thought aloud. He peeked in through the oxidized door frame and spied what appeared to be a lab, complete with large vats of glowing...stuff. One of the ones in the far corner was different from the others though; it wasn't as bright as the others. His interest piqued and slightly irritated by the looping broadcast, Jenkins wandered into the lab to investigate. As he neared the Northwest corner of the large room, he noticed why that specimen tank was so much darker. There was actually a specimen in it! It looked a bit like Rush did—longish limbs with a healthy amount of muscle. Although, the one floating in the tank was a bit more slender than Rush and had a larger chest. Maybe it was female? Was it alive?

He actually went as far as to tap on the glass of the specimen tank. Who was this, interrupting her rejuvenation?

Jenkins clacked on the glass again, "Hello?" She reached out to place a palm against the inside of the glass door to show she was indeed alive and responsive. Jenkins recoiled momentarily at the response—he wasn't really expecting one. "Uh..hello? Are you...alive in there? Do you need help? I'm a medic...I can try to help..." The female inside the specimen tank tapped twice on the glass then sluggishly gestured through the thick gel toward the terminal that was attached to the right-hand side.

Jenkins meandered around to the side and suspiciously tapped at the terminal. To his surprise it was in working order and even offered him a few prompts:

```
Magnolia Terminal Server 07
  Specimen Management
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      Tank 12
-----
```

```
> Specimen Statistics
> Release Specimen
> Cleanse Specimen Tank
```

He chose "Release Specimen."

A vacuum pump nearby spun up with a sick sucking sound. Within thirty seconds, the tank was nearly completely drained of its azure, oxygen-rich gel and given a quick spray down with sterilized water. After its rinse cycle was complete, the door on the cylindrical tank slid forward and up, revealing a furred female who Rush strongly resembled. The specimen stumbled through the inch-thick threshold, she grumbled, blinking her almost-orange eyes. "Wer stört meinen Schlaf? Wer sind Sie?!" Jenkins was flabbergasted, "Uh, sorry. What? I wanted to make sure you were okay..."

She glared at him and shook her head, repeating her question, "Wer. Sind. Sie?"

Jenkins shook his head, "I don't understand you..." She shook her head exasperatedly, sending droplets of water flying from her fur. She patted her chest, "Elena." "Oh! Okay. I'm Jenkins, Elena." She nodded and pointed to the Brotherhood of Steel logo on his chest plate. "Erik," she questioned.

Jenkins was surprised. "Erik? How do you know him?" She answered his question with a nod and a question of her own, "Wo ist Rush und my kinder? Sind Sie mit Erik?" "You know Rush too? Who /are/ you," Jenkins asked bewildered. She pushed past Jenkins as she shook the last of the water from her coat. She muttered "Muss meine Kinder zu finden..." as she began to make her way toward the exit.

"Look, Ms. Elena, at least let me look at some of those lacerations. Some of them look pretty deep." She completely ignored the lesser creature bleating at her until it gently grabbed her left shoulder. She didn't appreciate that at all. Spinning around with a snarl and a pant-soiling growl, she snapped her maw near the end of Jenkins' nose and shouted "Nicht!" He froze in place and stared, wide-eyed at her momentarily before whispering an apology. The elder squinted at him, then very slowly waded through some basic English after backing away a few inches. "Where my children?"

Jenkins blinked a few times then replied, "Children? Who, Melody and Ian?" She nodded abruptly. "They're with Rush and Erik, I was on my way here to get some medicine for the lot of them." A flash of panic streaked across her maw as she demanded: "Show me!" "Uh, okay, sure. Just remember, I can't show you where they are if you kill me or anything," Jenkins mumbled sheepishly. He started to walk back toward the hall and paused, "Do you know where the 'back' area is here? Erik said there's some medicine in there..." The elder silently pointed Jenkins toward the North wall where the walnut double doors hung slightly ajar. "Thanks, uh, be right back." Jenkins jogged off to the back room while the elder stood in place and waited on the irritating human.

Jenkins scrambled around the back room—his stomach churned at the faint scents of vomit and copper. He finally found Erik's trench coat in the bathroom as well as the stimpacks that were in the inner pocket. He donned the coat and rushed out to meet the elder, even though he wasn't sure it was in his best interests. He stopped to her left, "I'm ready, if you are, ma'am." She nodded through a knitted brow and slit yellow eyes as she waited for him to lead.

It was a long walk back to the office that the four clan members were in. The elder refused to answer any of Jenkins' questions, let alone look at him in a way that didn't make him think he was going to bleed to death from the daggers she was staring. After a few wrong turns and referencing his Pip-Boy multiple times, they finally found the correct hall that housed the safe haven containing Rush, Erik, Harmony, and Ian.

As they neared the office, the duo heard laughter. It was the laughter of children. Jenkins smiled inwardly, as it had been a long time since he heard laughter that was so innocent. Erik was telling his furred companions about the time he and Jenkins had gotten drunk and lost in the red light district of a trading hub far southwest of their base: the Crescent. The Crescent had once been known as New Orleans, before it flooded; the city now consisted of buildings interconnected across the Crescent Lake by boards and bridges. It's one of the largest trading hubs in the south. Their combined laughter renewed as the elder and Jenkins walked in.

"So, Franklin and I had gone to the Pirate's Booty, it's one of the two gay bars down in the Crescent. We didn't find that important fact out until later. Poor Jenkins had gone in and demanded a room, thinking that he was back at our hotel." Erik chuckled, "well, in a place like that, you get a gigolo to go with it. By the time we'd found Jenkins, his /escort/ had gotten half of his clothes off and was"

Erik paused, wide-eyed as he noticed his compatriots in the door. "Oh, hey there," he said sheepishly. "Glad to see you made it back okay...you find the stimpacks?" Jenkins glowered at Erik as he fought to get out of Erik's trench coat. "Yeah, here. Do you warm everyone's hearts with that tale?"

Erik smiled, "no, not everyone. We just needed something to lift the spirits. It's been a pretty shitty day so far. Don't you agree?"

The elder pushed past Jenkins, only to stand in the middle of the small office and stare down Rush. He was still seated across from the pups, but looking much better. He looked up from his lap, causing his vision to dip and swim about. The clan's elder was not impressed, as she let him know mentally in very stern German. After his mental tongue-lashing, he slowly nodded as he pinned his ears to his scalp, showing his subordination. After Rush's mental whipping, the elder turned her attention to Erik and performed the same on him. "Ihre Arbeit ist es, Ihren Clan zu schützen. Du und dein Bruder enttäuschen mich. Verstehen Sie, Mich?!" Erik shook his head violently, but was pretty sure he got the gist. "No ma'am, I don't understand, but I gather that you're not happy." She quickly snapped her gaze back to Rush and demanded verbally with a sneer, "Sie übersteizen." He nodded as he averted his eyes from her gaze.

Rush thought to Erik, "We've failed our roles as the elder children of the clan—you and I are both a disappointment. She's clearly unhappy as we've got two pups, both of which are pretty beat up, not including us." Erik imitated Rush's averted gaze and spoke softly to the elder. "I'm sorry elder. I have no excuse for our failures,

but we will do much better." She glared at them both and then nodded slowly, her demeanor softening a bit.

The elder's entire attitude changed as she knelt next to Harmony and Dorian. She looked at them and smiled as she patted their heads lovingly. "Wie sind meine Kinder?" Harmony replied verbally to their adoptive mother. "We're okay elder. Cousins Rush and Erik did their best. Please don't be mad! Their friend Mr. Jenkins even helped!" The elder nodded at Harmony and then looked over to Dorian. "Wie ist dein Bein?" He looked down, a bit ashamed. "It hurts, but...they did do their best, mother." She nodded and patted him softly on the cheek.

Her soft side quickly dissolved as she spun around to stand face to face with Jenkins. "Reparieren ihn. Now." Jenkins blinked twice and replied squarely, "uh, yeah. That's what these are for." He pulled out a pair of stimpacks from his right-front pocket. "One for you," he pointed at Dorian, "and the other for you," he pointed the same stimpack at Rush. "Children first," he mumbled aloud as he knelt down next to Dorian under the critical eye of the elder.

"Now, I'm not going to lie, this is gonna sting, but not for long. Give it ten minutes, and you'll be able to run around after we get that sling off," Jenkins said sweetly. Dorian looked up at the elder and whimpered. She nodded at him, instantly stifling his complaints. "Ready? On three..." Jenkins gently placed a hand on Ian's trembling leg to steady it as he deftly jabbed the pup's upper thigh with the stimpack, "one." Dorian cried loudly but tapered off quickly as his fractured leg deftly healed itself. "You said it was on three..." Ian whined. "Yeah, sorry about that," Jenkins apologized as he freed Dorian's leg of its rebar and wire sling.

"Walk around a bit; should be good as new, little man." Dorian looked up at the elder for permission, she nodded. Harmony helped her brother up to limp around on his freshly-mended leg. The elder turned her gaze back to Jenkins and said, "Jetzt Rush." "Right, right. Rush's turn," Jenkins muttered with an underscore of sarcasm.

Jenkins slid across the floor to Rush and Erik. "He's concussed still?" "Yeah, I think so," Erik replied. Jenkins nodded as he pried open Rush's eyelids for inspection. "Any bleeding, Rush? Nose, ears, mouth?" Rush grumbled a "no." "Good, good. I don't think you'll be needing this stimpack—it looks like a minor concussion. You can have some painkillers, though." Rush nodded in agreement after Jenkins finished probing his ears and mouth. Jenkins nabbed his bag from nearby and rooted through it. "Here," he said as he offered Rush Buffout and a flask of water.

Rush gobbled the pills and drowned them with water. Jenkins took back the empty flask and returned it to his bag. He looked over his shoulder to the elder, "there you go. All better. Mostly." She failed to respond as she was watching Harmony and Ian playing as if nothing Earth-shattering had happened in the past hour. They'd found a toy car in the desk and were currently racing it along the desktop. The elder shook her head and offered Jenkins a hand up. "Danke, Jenkins." nodded and in turn offered hands to Erik and Rush. Erik declined, and instead helped Jenkins get Rush up.

He was still a bit unsteady, but Rush was back on his own two feet. The elder looked at Rush, then her two cubs, Erik, and finally Jenkins, "wir gehen Zuhause." She didn't wait for any questions or complaints as she waltzed through the office's door frame. Ian and Harmony quickly followed suit, leaving their new toy on the desk. Rush fumbled out after them, followed by Erik who was trying to get his trench coat back on. Jenkins stood alone in the office momentarily before grabbing the toy car, stashing it in his medical bag, and following the troupe.